THE TUDOR EDITION OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE THE COMPLETE WORKS

COLLINS' SHAKESPEARE

THE COMPLETE WORKS

A new edition, edited with an introduction and glossary by

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

'All trustworthy restoiation of corrupted texts is founded on a study of their history.' This principle, long established in the recension of classical and biblical texts, is implicit in the work of Shakespeare's earlier editors, but its full implications were first made completely explicit in the criticism of A. W. Pollard, R. B. McKerrow and Sir Walter Greg. Their study of Elizabethan books and theatrical documents in the light of collateral evidence hitherto neglected or misinterpreted enabled them to redraw on more probable and intelligible lines the history of the versions in which Shakespeare's work has been transmitted to us. The gap the earlier editors left between Shakespeare and his text, they closed: minutiae—such as the original punctuation—once considered negligible, they have made relevant for the interpretation of the text.

This development in critical method has prompted the present revision of the text of Shakespeare that Messrs. Collins first published nearly ninety years ago. That edition was based on the work of the earlier editors, and their contribution to the elucidation of the text is naturally still invaluable. The lines are now numbered as in the great Cambridge edition of Clark and Wright. They were the first editors to provide so simple but necessary a means of reference; and by this and their authoritative survey of all previous editions, digested in a compendious textual apparatus, they greatly facilitated subsequent work on the text. It is unfortunate that the standard concordance follows the line-numbering of their Globe edition, for there the references no longer always correspond with that of the apparatus, so indispensable

to all students of the text, of their major edition.

The range of detail that now confronts a general editor is so extensive that he is necessarily indebted not merely to previous editors but more and more to scholars who have made an intensive study of some aspect or portion of the text. Of the many special contributions that I have found most helpful I must name Dr. Greg's The Variants in the First Ouarto of 'King Lear', and its sequel, Professor G. I. Duthie's 'oldspelling' edition of the play; Professor David Patrick's The Textual History of 'Richard III', a study of a text that shares a peculiar history with Lear; Professor J. Dover Wilson's The Manuscript of 'Hamlet', and its sequel, the critical study of the play by Professor Thomas Parrott and Professor Hardin Craig, an edition admirably adapted editorum in usum. In the interpretation of the punctuation of the early texts—for to reproduce this punctuation would merely confuse and mislead the general reader—I am indebted to Dr. Percy Simpson's Shakespearian Punctuation and to the studies of the late Alfred Thiselton. To the glossaries of Dr. C. J. Onions and R. J. Cunliffe I am conscious of owing much; and I have found helpful matter in the work of Professor M. A. Shaaber and Dr. Richard Flatter.

The complete editions I have consulted with advantage include those by Mr. M. R. Ridley and G. L. Kittredge and that by W. A. Neilson and

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Professor C. J. Hill. Lastly I must mention the edition still in progress edited by Professor J. Dover Wilson, although my debt to him is not the least I have to acknowledge; for whenever I have ventured to disagree with him on general principles or their particular application, I have not spared myself the expense of second thoughts.

My personal thanks are due to Mr. George F. Maine, 'the onlie begetter' of this revision, for his constant encouragement and assistance; to Mr. James C. Harrison and the caseroom staff for their courtesy and patience in spite of my many requests; to Mrs. Hilda Bone for all her care and pains in the task; and to Sir Walter Greg and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press for their generous permission to reproduce the special transcript of Shakespeare's contribution to Sir Thomas More.

P. A.

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T is still true in the study of Shalespe, re that 'the dispersion of error is the first step in the discovery of truth'. The scholarly criticism of his plays, which found but casual expression in his lifetime and took systematic shape only in the eighteenth century when men of letters and scholars found the editing of his works a source of profit or reputation, began by remarking that he ignored the Rules. These rules or laws of the drama were generalizations from the practice of the Greek dramatists; and Renaissance critics and their eighteenth century disciples regarded plays that failed to conform to these Laws as deficient in Art. Shakespeare ignored the Rules so constantly that his critics, however much they admired his natural powers, could not accept him as a great Artist. This openion is still maintained to-day by men of distinction in letters; but it is an opinion born of a fashion in European thought that has passed away, and it survives only as a prejudice that will no longer bear critical examination.

It is now realised that this demand for the scholarly imitation of the external or accidental features of classical masterpieces is an appeal to the letter not to the spirit of Art. No one to-day will argue that Westminster Abbey is inferior as a work of art to St. Paul's because the Gothic builders were not so familiar as Wren with 'the four regular orders of Greece'. Indeed, the complete revolution wrought by the progress of European criticism is best seen in the attitude of the French, who were the most jealous guardians of what they considered 'classical' form. The French were in this phase of their culture as severe in their

*To spare the reader a succession of footnotes, I mention here some of the studies I should otherwise have to refer him to in passing. J. S. Smart's Shakespeare: Truth and Traduton, 'a new landmark in Shakespeare scholarship' is the best introduction to a study of A Life of Shakespeare by J. Quincy Adams; the student will then be in a position to profit by Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems by Sir Edmund Chambers. The best idea of the structure of Shakespeare's theatre is given by The Globe Playhouse by John C. Adams, of Shakespeare's Audience by Alfred Harbage's Shakespeare's Audience. On dramatic questions Granville-Barker's Prefaces are most helpful. Bradley's Shakespearean Tragedy is still an important guide in interpretation, and those who fancy that recent 'historical or objective' criticism has outmoded his method should read Alfred Harbage's As They Liked It. Dr. Tillyard's Shakespeare's History Plays is a valuable study of Shakespeare's attitude to his material and of the implications it suggests; and in Dr. Ivor Brown's Shakespeare can be seen the reactions to academic opinion of one familiar with the modern theatre. All Dr. Hotson's works have added valuable touches to the social background of Shakespeare's life and his Shakespeare's 'First Period' unnecessary. Pollard's Shakespeare's Figlit with the Pirates is the ideal preparation for Sir Walter Greg's The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare, an authoritative review that will enable the reader to study with advantage Professor Dover Wilson's Introductions to the Cambridge 'New Shakespeare'. The views summarized in the introduction now before the reader will be found argued in some detail in the writer's Shakespeare's Life and Art.

denunciations of their own early architecture as they were of the lawless Shakespeare. Now France is proud to reckon the buildings they once despised as Gothic as their greatest and most original contribution to the art of the world. And for the very same reasons the English may now claim that Shakespeare is the greatest artist to whom their race has so tar given birth—a dramatist unsurpassed, as all acknowledge, in the gifts that nature alone can bestow, but as unsurpassed for the judgment that gives to work almost as various as nature itself the unity and commanding power found only in the world's supreme masterpieces.

When Rowe in 1709 and Pope in 1725 ventured on the systematic criticism of Shakespeare, so important did the Rules seem to them and their contemporaries that they deduced from Shakespeare's practice three important conclusions that were long accepted as almost selfevident. First: Shakespeare could not have received any instruction worthy of the name of education, and consequently Stratford where he was born and brought up must have been peopled merely by ignorant and unbookish rustics. Second: the form in which Shakespeare cast his dramas, not being prescribed by the Rules of Art, was dictated by the dramatist's desire to gratify, in his pursuit of gain, an ignorant and untaught audience. Third: so little interest, except financial, did Shakespeare and his even more ignorant fellow-actors take in his works that his plays were transmitted to posterity in so sadly mangled a condition, so full of interpolations from hands other than his own, that it was hardly possible to judge in many instances which were and which were not his writings, or to believe that we had them in a form even approximating to that in which he left them.

On the first and third of these issues modern criticism has shown that in general the truth is the very opposite to what was once so confidently maintained; on the second the wiser judgments of the great critics of the past are being gradually confirmed and developed.

STRATFORD

In Elizabethan England every self-respecting community made careful provision for the education of its children. Measured by this standard the inhabitants of Stratford could claim an honourable place amongst their countrymen. Education had in its beginnings in England been the business of the Church, but, like many other functions of the Church, education had in the course of the Middle Ages been transferred to lay administration; and the school at Stratford had passed from the Church into the keeping of the Guild of the Holy Cross, the organisation in which the social instincts of the locality, according to the fashion of the time, found expression. There has been a long-standing belief that the schools of England were largely the creation of the Reformation, but this serious historical error was exposed by A. F. Leach; and in his

Social History of England Sir George Trevelyan has summarised the true course of events when he says that it was not the Reformation that made the Schools of England but the schools that made the Reformation. In 1553 the school at Stratford was renamed The King's New School of Stratford-upon-Avon; but the school owed nothing to Edward VI or his Council, and was not new by some centuries.

This renaming of the school merely marks the change from the old Guild system to a more modern form of administration in which Stratford became by Royal Charter a corporate borough under a Bailiff, Alderman, and Burgesses. The new Common Council, whose original members had all served on the Guild, now paid the Vicar and the Schoolmaster and administered the property and revenues of the Guild. It was during this period of transition that the poet's father, John Shakespeare, came to Stratford.

John Shakespeare must have left his father's home in Snitterfield, some four miles to the north of Stratford—where his father Richard Shakespeare worked as a yeoman farmer—at least seven years before 1552. In that year is found the first mention of him in Stratford records, and he is already in business as a glover in Henley Street; and to become a member of the Craft of Glovers, Whitetawers and Collarmakers, he must have served a seven year apprenticeship. By 1557 John Shakespeare had so prospered in business that he was able to return to the district of his birth to marry the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, the gentleman from whom his father, Richard Shakespeare, rented his land.

Further than Richard Shakespeare no one has yet traced with any certainty the poet's paternal connections. But on his mother's side he was related to one of the great families of the West Country, for Robert Arden came of a younger branch of the Ardens of Park Hall, a family settled in the Arden district of Warwickshire, from which they took their name, from before the Norman Conquest.

Of the marriage of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden there were eight children—four sons and four daughters. William, the third child and first son, was christened on 26th April 1564. The only member of this group to survive the poet was his younger sister Joan, who is mentioned in his will. The other three girls died in infancy, and though his brothers reached manhood they too predeceased him.

In the year of his marriage John Shakespeare was elected to the Common Council and soon took a leading part in its affairs. He acted as Chamberlain for four years—a term of office without precedent in Stratford—presumably because he was specially qualified for keeping the borough accounts. In 1568 he became Bailiff, and by virtue of his office a gentleman entitled to his coat of arms. In 1577, however, after twenty years of continuous service, he suddenly ceased to attend the Council meetings.

It has been conjectured that in his zeal for public affairs he had

neglected his own business; and he certainly, at this time, was or wished to be taken for a poor man, mortgaging as he did a valuable property inherited by his wife. The authorities however took a different view of his circumstances: in 1580 he was summoned before the Queen's Bench in Westminster and fined £20 for failing to provide security that he would keep the Queen's peace; and on the same day he was fined another £20, as he had stood surety for another man in the same position as himself. That this was the outcome of the measures of John Whitgift, the new Bishop of Worcester, who had come to Worcester as he was later to go to Canterbury to restore church discipline, there can be little doubt. John Shakespeare's troubles therefore were probably political not financial, and that he was a 'recusant' there is no doubt, though the grounds of his discontent are unknown.

In 1582 his son William married Ann Hathaway the daughter of an old family friend. The licence was issued in November 1582; the first child of the marriage, Susanna, was born in May 1583. All attempts to show from an examination of the Bishop's Register and the circumstances of the marriage that it reflects discredit on either party rest on the unhistorical conjecture that the church ceremony was then, as it would be now, the marriage ceremony. The church ceremony, for which the licence was obtained, was in respectable Elizabethan society frequently no more than an after-ceremony to the marriage proper; the licence is in no respect out of the ordinary. Ann Hathaway may have been eight years older than her husband, but this is not absolutely certain, and even if it were this would be no proof of irregularity. Those who still insist that there was some impropriety in the matter may be asked to produce their evidence. In February 1585, the twins, Hamnet and Judith, were christened at Stratford.

How Shakespeare intended to support a wife and family is a natural question, and fortunately the only tradition about Shakespeare's youth that has any trustworthy pedigree behind it supplies the answer. The group of traditions that gathers round Rowe's account of Shakespeare's deer-stealing and of his prosecution by Sir Thomas Lucy has not only no pedigree but is contradicted by the fact that there was no deer-park at Charlecote at that time, the Lucy family establishing one there only in the next generation. The passage from the first scene of The Merry Wives of Windsor that is regularly cited as Shakespeare's reminiscence of this adventure is more probably the origin of the story itself; and, as Professor Hotson has shown, any personal reference in the lines may be directed towards a man very different in character from Sir Thomas This and the other popular stories about Shakespeare's youth are the kind of conjecture commonly drawn in to fill the vacuum that biographers naturally abhor. The story however that the youthful Shakespeare was a country schoolmaster rests on a quite different foundation. The antiquary John Aubrey, who made a valuable series of notes on the men of Shakespeare's generation, was advised to visit

William Beeston, then an old man, but well informed about the history of the stage, for he, like his father, Christopher Beeston, had been an actor and actor-manager. His father, Christopher, had actually been in the same company as Shakespeare for a number of years. That Aubrey discussed with Beeston the observation by Jonson on Shakespeare's 'small Latin and less Greek' is revealed in Aubrey's note:

'Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country'.

In the margin Aubrey recorded that his authority was Mr. Beeston. Shakespeare's next step—his departure to London—is a venture that needs no fanciful embroidery to make it intelligible. Conscious, like a later country schoolmaster, of the genius within him, he naturally sought the field where alone his talents could find their full employment.

LONDON

Those who think of Shakespeare as an ignorant youth driven by a wrathful landlord from his careless rustic existence have now to explain how he started on his new and very different career in London It is not surprising that some look elsewhere, to Bacon or to Lord Oxford, for the author of *Hamlet* or the *Sonnets*; for the explanation usually offered is as improbable as the transformation it attempts to account for. Shakespeare began, we are told, by rewriting the plays of others, among them those of Robert Greene. Why the works of a writer who boasted of a degree from both Universities should have been turned over to an illiterate new-comer is hardly to be understood; and the evidence that was for long advanced by scholars in support of this story is now seen to indicate a different and more natural course of events.

Those, however, who accept Beeston's statement that Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster find no difficulty in understanding his beginnings and progress as a dramatist. No miracle except that of genius, no hidden hand, whether that of Bacon or Lord Oxford, need be invoked. Shakespeare began as any educated young man might have begun by adapting for his purposes the models prescribed by the fashion of his time, the Latin authors familiar to him from his schooling.

Before grouping his plays in the approximate order of their composition one important observation that emerges from such a chronological arrangement as almost self-evident must be considered. Viewed as a whole and as the successive episodes in the life of one creative mind his plays reveal in their creator powers of development and self-criticism found, whether the medium be music, or painting, or literature, only in the greatest masters—those who gave to their art the devotion of a life-time. To suppose that this development could come by chance or

from the mere desire to gain the applause or money of the ignorant is to deny the evidence of experience. Shakespeare had of course to make the major contribution to the fortunes of a large and important Company of actors, and at times this part of his task affected his work, but such plays as *Hamlet* and *Othello* are clearly the creations of a man who had thought long and deeply about his art. A later and in its own opinion better instructed generation did not hesitate to deny to Shakespeare even the rudiments of stage craft. The more carefully, however, this side of Shakespeare's work is examined the more clearly it is seen to be skilfully contrived for his own stage; and, what is more important, the more clearly it is seen that his craft is not an end in itself but the technical mastery inseparable from any powerful manifestation of art.

Beginning then with plays fashioned on the models then approved—plays so little like his masterpieces that they are frequently attributed to other hands—Shakespeare soon developed an original style of his own that commanded the applause of a wide public. In spite, however, of his popularity and success he was not content to repeat himself but from about his thirty-fifth year started on the series of tragic masterpieces, matched, if at all, only by the drama of ancient Athens. Nor do the works of his later years echo in feebler tones these triumphs but bring with their colouring and glow the splendid evening to the noon-day intensity of his genius—a conclusion visionary and apocalyptic.

FIRST PERIOD

From Shakespeare's arrival in London (1584) to his joining the Lord Chamberlain's men (1594)

o definite date can be given for Shakespeare's arrival in London: but by 1594 he had a body of work to his credit that must have occupied a considerable number of years. Naturally no details survive of his London connections when he was still unknown to the world, but what evidence there is indicates that he was for a time at least a member of Lord Pembroke's Company, and that for them he wrote some of his early plays.

Before the end of this period Shakespeare had established himself as a popular dramatist and as a poet of whom much was expected. The first reference to him in print, from the pen of the poet and dramatist Robert Greene, provides, indirectly, evidence of his success. Greene had failed to find in London the reward he expected for his work, and his irregular life was closing in misery and want. He felt with much bitterness that a writer received but a small return for his plays compared with the drawings taken by the performers; and on his death-bed he wrote for publication a letter to some playwrights with whom he claimed acquaintance, warning them by his own fate against depending on such ungrateful employers as the actors.

APPROXIMATE ORDER OF COMPOSITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

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PERIOD	COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
1584 I	Comedy of Errors Taming of the Shrew Two Gentlemen of Verona	1, 2, 3 Henry VI Richard III King John	
1592	Love's Labour's Lost	Venus and Adoms } poems	
II 197	Midsummer-Night's Dream Me chant of Venice Merry Wives of Windsor Mu h Ado About Nothing As You Like It	Richard II I Henry IV 2 Henry IV Henry V	Romeo and Juliet
III %	Twelfth Night Troilus and Cressida Measure for Measurc All's Well		Julius (aear Henkt Offello Timon of Athens Lear Macheth Antony, and Ckopatra Correlanus
IV IV 1613	Pericles Cymbeline Winter's Tale Tempest	Непгу VIII	

'Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery you be not warn'd; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burrs to cleave—those Puppets (I mean) that spake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours.'

Greene then, as the allusions indicate, goes on to attack Shakespeare not merely as an actor but also as an actor-dramatist whose success, though undeserved, was making it more difficult for Greene and his friends to gain a living.

'Yes trust them not; for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tiger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes tae totum is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.'

Soon after Greene's death his friend Chettle printed this letter in a pamphlet entitled Greene's Groutsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance.

Marlowe, with whom Greene claimed acquaintance, was naturally displeased with the letter, for Greene like many self-confessed sinners found satisfaction in proclaiming the faults of his friends. Shakespeare also was annoyed. Chettle, three months later, in a preface to his own Kind-Heart's Dream refused to admit he had wronged Marlowe but made full apology for what he confessed was an unwarranted attack on Shakespeare.

'I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his Art.'

As Chettle's words indicate, Shakespeare was already highly thought of in courtly circles; and this is confirmed by the publication of his Venus and Adonis in 1593 and the Rape of Lucrece in 1594, with dedications to Lord Southampton, whose gracious entertainment of the poet is publicly and warmly acknowledged in the dedicatory epistle to Lucrece. Further evidence of Shakespeare's familiarity with courtly and learned circles is found in his Love's Labour's Lost with its copious allusion to personalities, events, and fashions, then current topics in such society. Shakespeare's poems were no doubt written during the years 1591-93 when the plague and other troubles had closed the London theatres and the Companies had to tour the provinces for a living. Shakespeare can hardly have been on tour during this period of composition, and it was not till the return to London of the leading companies, and after the extensive regrouping that it made necessary, that he joined the Lord Chamberlain's men.

Venus and Adonis, although Shakespeare's first published work, was that of a writer of recognised reputation. His success had been made on the stage; but actors were very unwilling to publish their pieces, xvi

partly owing to lack of copyright protection, partly owing to their behief that publication would lessen their takings at the theatre. In this policy Shakespeare acquiesced throughout his life-time, never hastening into print with new pieces. The straitened circumstances of the actors however during their enforced absence from London gave the publishers a chance to pick up some of these much desired productions, and versions, good and bad, of certain of Shakespeare's plays now appeared in print.

From this and related evidence one can with some confidence assign to the period before the poems: his first tragedy, Titus Andronicus; his comedies, The Comedy of Errors, The Taming of the Shrew, The Two Gentlemen of Verona; his history plays, Henry VI (in three parts), and possibly Richard III. The assumption that Shakespeare did not begin his work as a dramatist till 1591 rests on the misinterpretation by Malone of Greene's attack on Shakespeare. Malone interpreted it as a charge of plagiarism. Now that this interpretation is rejected the conclusions drawn from it are unsupported, and indeed contradicted not only by the evidence of Greene and Chettle but by the circumstances in which his Poems and early plays were printed. Shakespeare must have been working as a dramatist for some years before 1590. This period of successful work explains how by 1594 he could take a leading place in the first company of the age.

SECOND PERIOD

From Shakespeare's joining the Lord Chamberlain's men in 1594 to the opening of the Globe Theatre in 1599

THE Company which Shakespeare now joined included Richard Burbage, who was to prove himself in the rôles Shakespeare provided for him the greatest tragic actor of his age, Will Kemp the popular comedian, and John Heminge and Henry Condell, who became the Company's managers and later Shakespeare's first editors. Their headquarters were at The Theatre, the first play-house to be built in England for theatrical performances.

During this period Shakespeare was living, as the subsidy rolls indicate, in easy circumstances in London; and there still survives a letter to him from a friend of his father, Richard Quiney, who was twice Bailiff of Stratford, that confirms the evidence of the subsidies. In 1596 John Shakespeare obtained from the College of Heralds a grant of arms. He was entitled to this as a former Bailiff of Stratford, but although nearly thirty years before the actual grant he had taken the preliminary steps towards this dignity, he had allowed the matter to lapse. It was no doubt considered proper in view of the poet's position in London to complete the necessary formalities, and the family shield now showed in a field of gold upon a bend sable, a spear of the first, the point

upword, headed argent', and above as crest 'a falcon, with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear, armed, headed, and steeled silver'. The motto was 'NON SANS DROICT' In 1597 Shakespeare bought New Place at Stratford.

Whatever his interests at this time in his personal and private affairs, Shakespeare's mind must have been unsparingly given to his work in the theatre. In 1598 Francis Meres in his Palladis Tamia describes him as 'the most excellent in both kinds [comedy and tragedy] for the stage', and adds 'for comedy, witnes his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love labours lost, his Love labours wonne, his Midsummer night's dreame, and his Merchant of Venice: for tragedy his Richard II, Richard III, Henry IV, King John, Titus Andromeus, and his Romeo and Juliet.' He also mentions his poems and 'his sugred Sonnets among his private friends'.

The period opens with a group of 'poetical plays', Mt-lsummer-Night's Dream, Richard II, and Romeo and Juliet. The comedy is perfect in its kind and unsurpassed for the marvellous harmony it establishes among so many apparently discordant elements. The tragedy is another of the early masterpieces and anticipates in its spacious design and intensity of handling the works of Shakespeare's full maturity. But for some years to come comedy and prose were the main interest, and this, in the figure of Falstaff, overwhelms even the historical interest in the two parts of Henry IV. With Falstaff gone, there is little left for Henry V but pageantry; yet this opportunity for costume effects and patriotic verse may have been not unwelcome to Shakespeare as a suitable opening for the new Globe Theatre in 1599.

THIRD PERIOD

From the opening of the Globe (1599) to the taking over of the Blackfriars Theatre (1608)

THE Globe Theatre was opened about May 1599. With the lease of the ground on which the Theatre stood nearing an end, the Burbages bought the old dining-hall of the Blacktriars and furnished it as a theatre, but an influential circle who lived in the vicinity had this project defeated. The Burbages then acquired ground just over London Bridge on the Bankside. To this side, south of the river, they transferred some of the main timbers from the Theatre; force was necessary for the landlord hoped to retain their building for his own profit. To meet this additional expense they took into partnership as 'householders' five of the leading 'sharers' of the company, of whom Shakespeare was one.

The Blackfriars they leased to the Children of the Queen's Revels. The actors were choir boys and their theatre was described as 'private' xviii

to distinguish it from ordinary theatres where the charges were not beyond the vulgar purse.

Near the beginning of this period Shakespeare's father died, in 1601; at the end, his mother, in 1608. His daughter Susanna married the well-known physician John Hall in 1607.

The great public-event of the time was the death of Queen Elizabeth and the arrival of James in London in May 1603. The King at once took over the Lord Chamberlain's Company and they were now known as the King's Men. The senior members became Grooms of the Royal Chamber and in that capacity formed part of the entourage of the Spanish Ambassador who came in August 1604, to negotiate a peace between England and Spain.

During part of this period, as Professor Wallace has shown, Shakespeare lodged with a Huguenot family in Silver Street. He was now in a position to make considerable purchases of land at Stratford and investments in the tithes of the parish.

As before, however, Shakespeare must have given unremitting attention to his art, for he was now from his thirty-fifth year to engage in the most sustained and intense effort of his career.

The plays that were to make the name of the Globe for ever famous were very different from Henry V. During the next ten years Shakespeare produced there his seven great tragedies: Julius Casar, Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, and Corvolanus.

Many explanations have been offered for this apparently sudden shift in Shakespeare's interest. Some have blamed the dark lady of the Sonnets and the conduct of the friend for inducing a mood of gloom and misanthropy; others have dwelt on Shakespeare's connections with Essex and Southampton, and the former's death on the block, as the cause of his disillusionment and pessimism; others again see in this tragic mood Shakespeare's infection with the spirit of a new age. The accidents of life undoubtedly provide the material on which the imagination operates; but the relationship between this accidental and the universal element in art is not so simple as cause and effect. The process of transformation is even more complicated and vital than that of digestion. But it is unnecessary to attempt an analysis of this psychological problem here, for the tragedies rightly interpreted do not reveal a spirit of gloom and disillusionment.

Many critics have dwelt on the bitterness and disgust in the works of this period. And it is true that nowhere can one find a fiercer invective and more withering scorn than that poured by these plays on the baser side of our nature. The picture of man dressed in a little brief authority playing his fantastic tricks before high heaven with an effrontery that makes the angels weep has never been drawn with more penetrating irony. And as a background we have the cowardly or malignant complacency in our natures that tolerates such shameless

wickedness. Passage after passage emphasizes the der adation to which men can sink. It is summed up in one terrible line from King Lear

A dog's obey'd in office.

King Lear has been described as a tragedy of ingratitude—an ingratitude that divides parent from child and splits the very core of human existence. And the elements seem to take part in the confusion as the old and cast-off father rages on the heath with a fury that outtongues the elements. But those who find in this fury the climax of the drama have missed half the vision and the half that is greater than the whole. The design on which the drama is constructed is one familiar to great spirits in all ages, and is perhaps exhibited in its simplest elements in the old story of Elijah fleeing from Jezebel's vengeance and how as he stood at the mouth of a cave

'a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice?

The heart of Shakespeare's drama is not reached till the storm and tempest are over and we come on the stillness of Lear's reconciliation with Cordelia. Here at last he recognises goodness for what it is in its own right. And the play's real theme is the gratitude of the converted heart at such a revelation. To see the virtues struggling in a world where their very virtue is the cause of their undoing is to be aware of tragedy; but—and this is the touch of nature that makes the reader kin with the poet—this makes us love the virtues not less but more. Had Shakespeare not seen so clearly the hollowness of the world he could not have created with such passionate brooding those spirits whom his art has made the dwellers for all time in the imaginations of men. He is not confounded by his terrible visions, for he sees in the midst of them what walks unscathed; and we read his plays because, however unconsciously, we share in that triumph, and have at least a sense, however our intelligence or conduct may later deny it, of what the soul hungers to attain to.

This revelation which is the consummation of his art did not come to Shakespeare suddenly or because a woman was false or a friend disloyal. It is born of the modest and ceaseless years of thought and labour which are not without their intimations of the final triumph of this period. Viewed in retrospect the humour and comedy, which his earlier critics found more natural to his genius, are only another aspect, a partial realisation, of his tragic vision. Philosopheis have indeed maintained that tragedy and comedy have another and finer connection than that of contrast; but, though there have been great tragic artists and great comic artists before and since Shakespeare's time, nowhere are

they found united as in his work, and in such a manner that each but adds a new force to its apparent opposite.

Viewed after the event, the tragic period is seen as the natural development of the previous periods and to be explained only in so far as we can explain to ourselves the growth and nature of Shakespeare's art.

FOURTH PERIOD

From the taking over of the Blackfriars (1608) to the burning of the Globe Theatre (1613)

HE manager of the Children at the Blackfriars theatre was foolish enough to allow indiscreet stage allusions to royalty that led to the suppression of his company. The Burbages and a group of actors as 'householders' that included Shakespeare took over from him his lease, and the King's men now acted at the Blackfriars during the winter months instead of in the open Globe Theatre, to the very substantial increase in their takings. The King's men were now too well established in official favour for the old objections to their presence there to be raised again.

The plays of this period have happy endings; but to distinguish their peculiar colouring from that of his earlier comedies they have been called Romances.

Once again critics have dwelt on the contrasts between this and the previous period and denied any spiritual continuity between them, or have paradoxically asserted that the Romances are the flight into a world of make-believe that alone could save the poet from the madness in which his tragic thoughts would inevitably have engulfed him. Or again the fashion of the time is thought by some to have directed Shakespeare's interest to this type of play.

But the tragedies are the foundation on which the Romances rest. If Shakespeare had found the heart of man wanting in the fiery trial of the tragedies, what would be the hopes and aspirations in which human nature reclothes itself with every new generation as regularly as the flowers return with the spring—what would these hopes and aspirations be but will-o'-the-wisps to lure mankind to its destruction, or to leave it, should it survive, bogged in disillusion and a dreary materialism?

If fashion had anything to do with Shakespeare's return to comedy, it was because it gave him an opportunity for the expression of something he had now very much at heart, something that came naturally after the struggle of the tragedies, as naturally as Prospero's sympathies with Miranda's hopes and fears.

There can be little doubt that the *Tempest*, considered in conjunction with what we know of Shakespeare's arrangements at this date for taking over his house in Stratford from his cousin Thomas Greene,

the town-clerk, indicates that he intended it to be his farewell to the tage. Persuaded no doubt by the importunity of his old colleagues he returned to take a final bow in *Henry VIII*. During the first performance of the piece, on 29th June 1613, the Globe was burnt to the ground; and this accident, for lack of more precise knowledge, may be taken as marking the conclusion of Shakespeare's work as an actor and dramatist.

STRATFORD

CHARESPEARE seems to have passed his last days quietly at Stratford, though there is a record of at least one visit to London. He made his will in January 1615 or 1616, and revised it on 25th March 1616, after the marriage of his second daughter Judith to Thomas Quiney in February 1616. He remembers amongst other friends his old colleagues, Burbage, Heminge and Condell, the last survivors of the group with which he had acted for some twenty years. He makes provision for Judith and for his sister Joan Hart, but the bulk of his estate is settled on his daughter Susanna and her heirs. His wife was obviously going to live with her daughter, who was, if what she put on her mother's grave gives any echo of truth, devoted to her.

Shakespeare died on St. George's day, 23rd April 1616, and was buried, having this right as a tithe-holder, in the Chancel of the Church at Stratford. The monument on the north wall was erected sometime before 1623. In 1623 his wife was buried beside him, and his daughter Susanna not far away in 1649. She left a daughter Elizabeth Hall who had married Thomas Nash and, on his death, Sir John Bernard, but was to die without issue. Judith Shakespeare had three sons who all died childless before her. From his sister only, and that through her second son Thomas, can those living to-day who are related to Shakespeare claim their descent.

THE FIRST FOLIO

In 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, his old friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, gave the world the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. This is now known as the First Folio, because of its format and to distinguish it from the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, issued in 1632, 1663, and 1685 respectively. Each of these later Folios is in turn based on its predecessor. Heminge and Condell attributed thirty-six plays to Shakespeare, all that are included in the present volume except *Pericles*, for *Pericles*, although its omission by Shakespeare's colleagues is good evidence that it is not wholly his, undoubtedly contains scenes from his pen.

Their long friendship with Shakespeare, their admiration for his

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genius, their position of authority in the company, for they had acted as its managers for many years, made Heminge and Condell in some respects well qualified for their task. They, if anyone did, must have known what was by Shakespeare and what was not; their office in the company had made them familiar with his manuscripts. Yet their edition has presented students with problems for which reasonable solutions have been found only in recent years; problems that may be summarized here in the questions: Why did Shakespeare himself not supervise the printing of his plays; and why, since Heminge and Condell claimed to be Shakespeare's literary executors and to have used his papers, is the First Folio not accepted as the last and final authority for the text of all the plays? Why have there been so many subsequent editors, a line that begins with Rowe in 1709, and includes Pope (1725), Theobald (1733), Johnson (1765), Capell (1768) and Malone (1790), and threatens, like the phantom procession that appalled Macbeth, to stretch out to the crack of doom.

Shakespeare did not print his plays when he produced them because the actors did not favour such a procedure. They feared that publication might affect adversely their takings at the theatre, and the financial return from such publications, at least to the author or actors, was insufficient to overcome this fear. It was not because there was no reading public; publishers were only too ready to print his plays; but there was nothing in the nature of modern copyright to protect the author's interest; and to dispose for a pittance of plays that were drawing good houses did not seem sound policy. Yet in spite of these considerations nineteen of Shakespeare's plays were printed in some form or other during his lifetime, and a twentieth just before 1623.

THE QUARTOS

THE Quartos, so called from their format, contained single plays and sold at sixpence apiece, compared with the pound charged for the First Folio. For their printing the initiative lay with the publishers rather than with the actors. Enterprising if unscrupulous printers were ready to issue even imperfect versions of the plays, whether put together by needy actors who had had parts in them, or vamped up by someone who had carried away from performances the drift of the plot. Seven plays were published in this manner: The Contention, The True Tragedy (these were pirated versions of 2 and 3 Henry VI), A Shrew, Romeo and Juliet, Merry Wives of Windsor, Henry V, and Hamlet—and The Troublesome Reign of King John may be an eighth. These are now known as the Bad Quartos.

This attack on their property inevitably provoked a reaction in Shakespeare and his company. They published in reply the genuine text of Romeo and Juliet and Hamlet, and they were not unwilling to

print plays that had become well known through frequent performance. In contrast, then, to the seven or eight mutilated or distorted versions stand fourteen authorised or authoritative texts: Titus Andronicus, Love's Labour's Lost, Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, Richard III, I and 2 Henry IV, Merchant of Venice, Midsummer-Night's Dream, Much Ado, Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida, King Lear, Othello. These are the Good Quartos. Even they, however, were treated as in some measure provisional publications. Shakespeare never revised the proofs for any of them, and the printer, although he was in quite a number working from a manuscript in Shakespeare's own hand, found difficulties (see p. 1350) he failed to master. The Good Quartos are therefore in places faulty or corrupt, and Shakespeare died before he cared to mend matters.

The actors, when at last they came to their task, had to provide the publisher with copy that extends in print to nearly 900 pages in double column. Their knowledge that many of the Good Quartos were set up from the author's manuscript or an authorised transcript prompted their use of some printed versions as copy for their own text; they took the precaution, however, of having the printed versions compared with manuscripts in their possession, but too casually to exclude all error. The manuscript copy they had to provide for the other plays was also defective for much the same reasons that the Quarto prints were not faultless: the scribe prepared his draft from material not originally designed for the printer's use, and only careful supervision could have prevented his not infrequent stumblings.

To the printed record of this large body of theatrical copy, often entangled as it were in Quarto and Folio, a modern editor has to address himself in an attempt to remove its corruptions. Heminge and Condell discharged their task honestly and with all the skill that could be expected of them; posterity can never be too grateful for their care and pains; but only those who read their Shakespeare regularly in the early versions can know how much the general reader owes to the subsequent editorial labours of those whom Johnson defined as harmless drudges.

PETER ALEXANDER

The Preliminary Matter to the FIRST FOLIO (1623)

Heminge and Condell, who chited the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, arranged their contents in three sections: Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. That arrangement as well as the order in which they placed the pieces in each section is preserved in this edition.

To their text the editors prefixed the preliminary matter here reproduced. Opposite the engraved portrait of Shakespeare which stood as frontispiece—now known as the Droeshout engraving after the name of the engraver—they placed Ben Jonson's lines To the Reader. Then follow their dedicatory epistle and the address to 'the great variety of readers'. They also included Ben Jonson's famous lines to Shakespeare's memory and short tributes from Leonard Digges and John Mabbe, both of Oxford University, and verses from the sister University of Cambridge by Hugh Holland.

Their 'Catalogue' does not mention Troilus and Cressida, for they were able to include this play, in a kind of no man's land, between the Histories and the Tragedies, only at the last moment and after the settlement of a dispute with the publishers who had issued the Quarto version in 1609. Heminge and Condell originally intended to place Troilus and Cressida among the Tragedies immediately after Romeo and Juliet.

TO THE READER

This Figure, that thou here seest put, It was for gentle Shakespeare cut; Wherein the Grauer had a strife with Nature, to out-doo the life: O, could he but haue drawne his wit As well in brasse, as he hath hit His face; the Print would then surpasse All, that vvas euer vvrit in brasse. But, since he cannot, Reader, looke Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN, WILLIAM, EARLE OF PEMBROKE, &c., LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTY, AND PHILIP, EARLE OF MONTGOMERY, &c., GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAIESTIES BEDCHAMBER; BOTH KNIGHTS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND OUR SINGULAR GOOD LORDS.

Right Honourable,

X 7 HILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we have received from your L.L. we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and have prosequited both them, and their Author living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequator to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you have done vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the seuerall parts. when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE. HENRY CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS

ROM the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, & you wil stand for your primiledges wee know: to read, and censure Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde socuer your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Indge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fine shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of

Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious imposters, that expos'd them: euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

IOHN HEMINGE. HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOUED, THE AVTHOR MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT VS.

To draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name, Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame: While I confesse thy writings to be such, As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much. 'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise: For seeliest Ignorance on these may light, Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right; Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance; Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise, And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise. These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore, Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more? But thou art proofe against them, and indeed Aboue th' ill fortune of them, or the need. I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age! The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage! My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye A little further, to make thee a roome: Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe, And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue, And we have wits to read, and praise to give. That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses; I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses: For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres, I should commit thee surely with thy peeres, And tell, how farre thou didst our *Lilv* out-shine, Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line. And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke, From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æschilus*, Euripides, and Sophocles to vs. Paccuuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead, To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread, And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on, Leaue thee alone, for the comparison Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome sent forth, or since did from their ashes come. Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe, To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe. He was not of an age, but for all time!

And all the Muses still were in their prime,

When like Apollo he came forth to warme Our earce, or like a Mercury to charme I Nature her selfe was proud of his designes. And loy'd to weare the dressing of his lines ! Which were so nichly spun, and wouen so fit, As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit. The merry Greeke, tast Aristophanes, Neat Terence, witty Plantus, now not please; But antiquated, and deserted lye As they were not of Natures family. Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art, My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part. For though the Posts matter, Nature be, His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he, Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat, (such as thine are) and strike the second heat Vpon the Muses anuile: turne the same. (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame; Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne, For a good Poet's made, as well as borne And such wert thou. Looke how the fethers face Liues in his issue, euen so, the race Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines In his well torned, and true-filed lines: In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance, As brandish't at the eves of Ignorance. Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were To see thee in our waters yet appeare, And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames, That so did take Eliza, and our Iames! But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!

Shine forth, thou Starre of *Poets*, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,

And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

Ben: Ionson.

VPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENICKE POET. MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Those hands, which you so ciapt, go now, and wring You Britaines braue; for done are Shakespeares dayes. His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes, Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring. Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring, Turn'd all to teares, and Phabus clouds his rayes. That corp's, that coffin now besucke those bayes, Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets King. If Tragedies might any Prologue haue, All those he made, would scarse make one to this. Where Fame, now that he gone is to the graue (Deaths publique tyring-house) the Nuncius is. For though his line of life went soone about,

The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.

TO THE MFMORIE OF THE DECEASED AUTHOUR MAISTER W. SHAKESPEARE.

CHAKE-SPEARE, at length thy pious fellowes give The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-line Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent, And Time dissolues thy Stratford Moniment, Here we aliue shall view thee still. This Boo. ... When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie That is not Shake-speares; eu'ry Line, each Verse Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse. Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said, Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade. Nor shall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead (Though mist) vntill our bankrout Stage be sped (Impossible) with some new straine t' out-do Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo; Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take, Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest, Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye, But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. DIGGES.

TO THE MEMORIE OF M. W. SHAKE-SPEARE

WEE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went's so soone From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth, Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth To enter with applause. An Actors Art, Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part. That's but an Exit of Mortalitie; This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

THE WORKES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
CONTAINING ALL HIS COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES*
TRUELY SET FORTH, ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST ORIGINALL.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPALL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYES.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Philips,
William Kempt
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Osiler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinsen.
John Shancke.
John Rice.

A CATALOGVE

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THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, King of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother. PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan

FERDINAND, son to the King of Nables. Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor.

ADRIAN, $\}$ lords. FRANCISCO,

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave. Trinculo, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

Master of a Ship. Boatswain. Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS. CERES, TUNO.

spirits. Nymphs, Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

THE SCENE: A ship at sea: afterwards an uninhabited island.

ACT ONE

Scene I. On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Master, Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master; what cheer? Master. Good! Speak to th' mariners; fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and Others.

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below. Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! Trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than my-

self. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority; if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.-

Cheerly, good hearts!-Out of our way. I say. IExit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this Methinks he hath no drowning fellow. mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast. Yare, lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' maincourse. [A cry within] A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt. Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs. Ser by drunkaids.

This wide-chopp'd rascal—would thou Lie there my art. mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides! He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within: Mercy on us! We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and ctuldren l

Farewell, brother I We split, we split, we spiit I

Ant. Let's all sink wi' th' King. Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[Exeunt Ant. and Seb. Gon. Now would I give a thousand turlongs of sea for an acre of barren groundlong heath, brown furze, any thing. wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The island. Before Prospero's cell. Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, vou have

Put the wild waters in this rear, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek.

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered 5 With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel.

Who had no doubt some noble creature in her.

Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would to Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere It should the good ship so have swallow'd and

The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected; No more amazement; tell your piteous heart

There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day! No harm. Pro. I have done nothing but in care of thee, 16 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell. And thy no greater father.

More to know Mira. Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. "I'is time I am out of patience. 51 I should inform thee farther. Lendthy hand. And We are merely cheated of our lives And pluck my magic garment from me. So, [Lays down his manile.

Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direcul spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely ordered that there is no soul-No, not so much perdition as an hair Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st civ, which thou saw'st

sink. Sit down, For thou must now know farther.

You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd, And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding 'Stay; not yet'.

The hour's now come: The very minute bids thee ope thine ear. Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst: for then thou wast not

Out three years old.

Mıra. Certainly, sir, I can. Pro. By what? By any other house, or person?

Of any thing the image, tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance?

'Tis far off, Mira. And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four, or five, women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time? If thou rememb'rest aught, ere thou cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here thou mayst. Mıra. But that I do not. Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve

year since, Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and A prince of power.

Mıra. Sir, are not you my father? Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and

She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir And princess no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens! What foul play had we that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Both, both, my girl. By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence:

But blessedly holp hither.

O, my heart bleeds Mira. To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,

you, farther.

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio-

I pray thee, mark me that a brother should Be so perfidious. He, whom next thyself Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put The manage of my state; as at that time Through all the signories it was the first, 71 And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts Without a parallel, those being all my study-

The government I cast upon my brother 75 And to my state grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle-

Dost thou attend me?

Sir, most heedfully. Mira. Pro. Being once perfected how to grant

How to deny them, who t' advance, and who To trash for over-topping, new created 81 The creatures that were mine, I say, or charg'd 'em,

Or else new form'd 'em; having both the

key

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O, good sir, I do!

I pray thee, mark me. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

To closeness and the bettering of my mind With that which, but by being so retir'd, 91 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false That wrings mine eyes to't. brother

Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust, Like a good parent, did beget of him A falsehood, in its contrary as great As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,

A confidence sans bound. He being thus

lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact, like

one Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100 Made such a sinner of his memory,

To credit his own lic-he did believe He was indeed the Duke; out o' th' substitution,

And executing th' outward face of royalty With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing-

Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness. Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd

Which is from my remembrance. Please And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan. Me, poor man-my library Was dukedom large enough-of temporal rovalties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates. So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of Naples.

To give him annual tribute, do him homage. Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom, yet unbow'd-alas, poor Mılan I-

To most ignoble stooping.

O the heavens! Mira. Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event.

then tell me If this might be a brother.

I should sin Mira. To think but nobly of my grandmother: Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Now the condition: This King of Naples, being an enemy 121 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;

Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises, Of homage, and I know not how much tribute.

Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan With all the honours on my brother. Whereon,

A treacherous army levied, one midnight Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness.

The ministers for 'a' purpose hurried thence

Me and thy crying self.

Alack, for pity! Mira. I, not rememb'ring how I cued cut then, Will cry it o'er again; it is a hart

Hear a little further. Pro. And then I'll bring thee to the present business

Which now's upon 's; without the which this story Were most impertinent.

Wherefore did they not Mira.

That hour destroy us? Well demanded, wench! Pro. My tale provokes that question. Dear, they

durst not, So dear the love my people bore me; cor set

A mark so bloody on the business; but With colours fairer painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us aboard a bark; Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared 145

105 A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd.

Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us.

To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh Come away, servant; come; I am ready To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,

Did us but loving wrong.

Alack, what trouble Mira. Was I then to you!

O. a cherubin Pre.

Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile.

Infused with a fortitude from heaven, When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt.

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in

An undergoing stomach, to bear up Against what should ensue.

How came we ashore? Pro. By Providence divine. Some food we had and some fresh water

that A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity, who being then appointed

Master of this design, did give us, with Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,

Which since have steaded much: so, of his

gentleness, Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me From mine own library with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

Would I might Mira.

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise. IPuts on his mantle.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. Here in this island we arriv'd; and here Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princess' can, that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful. Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now,

I pray you, sir. For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason

For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth: By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies Brought to this shore; and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon A most auspicious star, whose influence If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes Will ever after droop. Here cease more In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the questions;

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullness.

And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

Miranda sleeps. now.

Approach, my Ariel. Come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride 191 On the curl'd clouds. To thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

Hast thou, spirit. Pro. Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak. Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divide, And burn in many places; on the topmast, The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors

O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty

Neptune Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd tricks of desperation. Alĺ but Some mariners

Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,

Then all afire with me; the King's son. Ferdinand.

With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair-

Was the first man that leapt; cried 'Hell is empty And all the devils are here'.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit! But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master. Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Not a hair perish'd; Ari. On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,

isle.

The King's son have I landed by himself, Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs La an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

Of the King's ship, Pro. The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd. and all the rest o' th' fleet ?

Safely in harbour Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stowed. Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'red labour.

I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet,

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again, And are upon the Mediterranean flote Bound sadly home for Naples. Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd.

And his great person perish.

Ariel, thy charge Pro. Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Refusing her grand hests, she did confine work.

What is the time o' th' day?

Past the mid season. Ari. Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously. Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains.

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd.

Which is not yet perform'd me.

How now, moody? What is 't thou canst demand?

My liberty. Ari. Pro. Before the time be out? No more! I prithee.

Remember I have done thee worthy service. Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd

Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

Dost thou forget Pro. From what a torment I did free thee? Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north, To do me business in the veins o' th' earth When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir. Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envv

Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her? Ari. No. sir.

Pro. Thou hast. Where was she

born? Speak; tell me. Arl Siz. in Argier.

Pro. O. was she so? I must Once in a month recount what then hast been,

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,

For muschiefs manifold, and sorcerietertible

To enter human hearing, from Argier Thou know'st was banish'd; for one thing she did

They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari Ay, sir. Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither Pro. brought with child,

And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

thee, By help of her more potent ministers, 273 And in her most unmitigable rage. Into a cloven pine; within which rift Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years; within which space she died,

And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this

island-Save for the son that she did litter here, A freckl'd whelp, hag-born-not honour'd

A human shape.

Yes, Caliban her son. Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st

What torment I did find thee in; thy groans Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts

Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax Could not again undo. It was mine art, When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master. Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till 295 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Pardon, master: Ari. I will be correspondent to command, And do my spriting gently.

Do so; and after two days Pro. I will discharge thee.

Ari That's my noble master ! I do? 800

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea; be subject

To no sight but thene and mine, invisible To every eyeball else. Go take this shape, And hither come in 't. Go, hence with diligence I [Exit Ariel.

well: Awake.

Mira. The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off. Come on. We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never

Yields us kind answer. 'Tis a villain, sir, Mira.

I do not love to look on.

But as 'tis, Pro. 310 We cannot miss him: he does make our fire.

Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban Thou earth, thou! Speak.

Cal. [Within] There's wood enough

within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee. Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel, Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit. Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth ! Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome

Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye

And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps.

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging

Than bees that made 'em.

I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, Which thou tak'st from me. When thou Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee cam'st first,

Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how To name the bigger light, and how the less,

What shall I do? Say what. What shall That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee.

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle. The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.

Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

Awake, dear heart, awake; thou hast slept For I am all the subjects that you have, Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o' th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate

The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! Would 't had been done. Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else This isle with Calibans.

Abhorred slave. Mira. Which any print of goodness wilt not take, Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee.

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

One thing or other. When thou didst not. savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish. I endow'd thy purposes With words that made them known. But

thy vile race, Though thou didst learn, had that in't

which good natures Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou

Deservedly confin'd into this rock; who hadst

Deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me langauge, and my profit on't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you

For learning me your language !

Hag-seed, hence ! Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou 'rt

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps.

roar, That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee. [Aside] I must obey. His art is of such pow'r, t would control my dam's god, Setebos,

THE TEMPEST Scene 21

And make a vassal of him.

So, stave; hence t Pro. (Ext Caliban.

Re-enter ARISL invisible, playing and strging : FERDINAND following.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands. And then take hands: Curtisted when you have and Liss'd. The wild waves whist, Foot it featly here and there, 379 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear. Hark, hark I Burden Jispersedly. Bow-wow.

The warch dogs bark. Burden dispersedly. Bow-wow. Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer 385 Cry. Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? I' th' air or th' earth? It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon Some god o' th' island. Sirting on a bank. Weeping again the King my father's wreck, This music crept by me upon the waters,

Allaying both their fury and my passion With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd

Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone. No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made; Those are pearls that were his eyes: Nothing of him that doth fade But doth suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange. Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: Burden. Ding-dong. Hark! now I hear them-Ding-dong bell.

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound That the earth owes. I hear it now above I fear you have done yourself some wrong;

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

And say what thou seest yond.

What is't? a spirit? Mira. Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, To be inclin'd my way! It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

hath such senses 412 As we have, such. This gallant which thou The Queen of Naples.

Was in the wreck; and but he's something [Aside] They are both in either's pow'rs; stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows. And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him A thing divine: for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

It goes on, I see, Pro. [Aside]

As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee Within two days for this.

Most sure, the goddesa Fer. On whom these airs attend ! Vouchsafe my

play'r May know if you remain upon this island; And that you will some good instruction

give How I may bear me here. My prime request,

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder I

If you be maid or no? Mira. No wonder, sir;

But certainly a maid.

My language? Heavens! I am the best of them that speak this speech, Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best? What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee? Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that

wonders To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear

me: And that he does I weep. Myself am

Naples, Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, heheld

The King my father wreck'd. Alack, for mercy! Mira. Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords, the

Duke of Milan And his brave son being twain.

The Duke of Milan Pro. [Aside] And his more braver daughter could control thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight my They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel, 405 I'll set thee free for this. [Io Fer.] A word, good sir;

a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father

O. if a virgin, Fer. P10. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and And your affection not gone forth, I'll make

you Soft, sir! one word more. Pro.

but this swift business 450 I must uneasy make, lest too light winning Make the prize light. [To Fer.] One word more; I charge thee

That thou attend me; thou dost here usurp The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself

Upon this island as a spy, to win it From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man. Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

If the ill spirit have so fair a house. Good things will strive to dwell with't. Follow me

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come:

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together. Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots,

and husks Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

I will resist such entertainment till 465 Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charmed from moving. Mira O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say, My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward:

For I can here disarm thee with this stick And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father! Pro. Hence! Hang not on my garments. Mıra. Sir, have pity; I'll be his surety.

Silence! One word more Pro. Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush! Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!

To th' most of men this is a Caliban, 480 And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections Are then most humble: I have no ambition To see a goodlier man.

Come on: obey. Thy nerves are in their infancy again, And have no vigour in them.

So they are: My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up. My father's loss, the weakness which I feel, The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's

threats To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day wager, first begins to crow?

Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of: space enough Have I in such a prison.

Pro. [Aside] It works. [To Fer.] Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Fer.] Follow me.

[To Ariel] Hark what thou else shalt do me. Mira. Be of comfort: My father's of a better nature, sir, Than he appears by speech; this is un-

wonted Which now came from him.

Pro. [To Ariel] Thou shalt be as free As mountain winds; but then exactly do All points of my command.

To th' syllable. Ari. Pro. [To Fer.] Come, follow. [To Mira.] Speak not for him. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause.

So have we all, of joy; for our escape Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe Is common; every day, some sailor's wife, The masters of some merchant, and the merchant.

Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir,

Our sorrow with our comfort.

Prithee, peace. Alon.Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so. Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir-Seb. One-Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd.

Comes to th' entertainer-

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purpos'd. 20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord-

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done; but yet-Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good

Seb. The old cock. Ant. The cock'rel. 30 Seb. Done. The wager? Ant. A laughter. Seb. A match! Adr. Though this island seem to be

desert-

Ant. Ha, ha, ha!

Seb. So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible-

Seb. Yet-Adr. Yet-

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench. Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen. Gon. Here is everything advantageous to

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little. Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit-

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dv'd, than stain'd with salt

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his

report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 66

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that 'widow' in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it! Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage. Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage. Ant. His word is more than the miracu-

lous harp. Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses

too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there. Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. Ant. O, widow Dido! Ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort. Ant. That 'sort' was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had

nevei Married my daughter there; for, coming

thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live: I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the

water. Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and

oared Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis

bowed, As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt 115

He came alive to land. Alon. No, no, he's gone. Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this

great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your

daughter, But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't. Alon. Prithee, peace. Seb. You were kneel'd to, and impor-

tun'd otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd between loathness and obedience

Which end o' th' beam should bow. have lost your son. I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have Moe widows in them of this business'

making, Than we bring men to comfort them:

The fault's your own. So is the dear'st o' th' loss, Alon.

Gon. My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore. When you should bring the plaster. Seb. Verv well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir. When you are cloudy.

Fowl weather? Seb.

Ant. Very foul. Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my 137

Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed. Seb. Or docks, or mallows. Gon. And were the king on't, what would

I do? Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine. Gon. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraties

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches. poverty,

And use of service, none; contract. succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard,

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too, but innocent and pure: No sovereignty-

Seb. Yet he would be king on't. Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any êngine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects? Ant. None, man; all idie; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern,

T' excel the golden age.

Save his Majesty! Ant. Long live Gonzalo! Gon. And-do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister eccasion to the e gentlemen, who are of such sensible and numble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given I Seb. An it had not fall'n flat-long.

Gen. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere. if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a-batfewling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry. Gon. No. I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will

you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy? Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. [All sleep but Alon., Seb. and Ant.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

Please you, sir, Seb. Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

We two, my lord, Ant. Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you—wondrous heavy! [Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them! Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Why S:b. Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find net

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Nor I; my spirits are nimble. Ant. They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian? O, what might! No

more l

And yet methinks I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be; th' occasion speaks thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown 199 Dropping upon thy head.

What, art thou waking? Seb. Ant. Do you not hear me speak? Seb. I do: and surely It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st

IO

Scene 11 THE TEMPEST

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? We all were sea-swallow'd, though some This is a strange repose, to be asleep cast again. With eves wide open; standing, speaking, And by that destiny, to perform an act Wil reof what's past is prologue, what to moving. 205 And vet so fast asleen. come Noble Sebastian, In yours and my discharge. Ant. Thou let'st thy fortune sleep-die rather : Seb. What stuff is this! How say you? wink'st Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Whiles thou art waking. Tunis: Thou dost snore distinctly; So is she hear of Naples; 'twixt which There's meaning in thy snores. regions Ant. I am more serious than my custom; There is some space. Ant. A space whose ev'ry cubit Must be so too, if heed me; which to do Seems to cry out ' How shall that Claribel Trebles thee o'er. Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake.'. Say this were Well, I am standing water. Seb. Ant. I'll teach you how to flow. death Do so: to ebb. That now hath seiz'd them; why, they Hereditary sloth instructs me. were no worse Than now they are. There be that can rule If you but knew how you the purpose Naples cherish. As well as he that sleeps; lords that can Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping prate As amply and unnecessarily it. You more invest it! Ebbing men indeed. As this Gonzalo; I myself could make Most often, do so near the bottom run A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore By their own fear or sloth. The mind that I do! What a sleep were this Prithee say on. For your advancement! Do you under-The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim stand me? A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, Seb. Methinks I do. Which throes thee much to yield. Ant. And how does your content Thus, sir: Tender your own good fortune? Although this lord of weak remembrance, Seb. I remember this You did supplant your brother Prospero. Who shall be of as little memory Ant. True. When he is earth'd, bath here almost And look how well my garments sit upon persuadedme. Much feater than before. For he's a spirit of persuasion, only My brother's Professes to persuade—the King his son's servants Were then my fellows; now they are my alive. 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd men. 265 As he that sleeps here swims. Seb. But, for your conscience-Seb. I have no hope Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? If 'twere That he's undrown'd. a kibc. O, out of that 'no hope' Ant. What great hope have you! No hope that not way is Another way so high a hope, that even sciences Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, But doubt discovery there. Will you grant be they with me That Ferdinand is drown'd? brother,

'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel This deity in my bosom; twenty con-That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your No better than the earth he lies upon. He's gone. Then tell me, If he were that which now he's likethat's dead; Who's the next heir of Naples? Claribel. 236 Whom I with this obedient steel, three Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she inches of it. that dwells Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that thus. from Naples To the perpetual wink for aye might put This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who Can have no note, unless the sun were post, The Man i' th' Moon's too slow, till new-Should not upbraid our course. For all the born chins Be rough and razorable; she that from whom They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk; II

Seb.

Ant.

Seb.

They'll tell the clock to any business that We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, Shall be my precedent; as then got'st Milan, 28

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together; And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.

Scb. O, but one word. 287
[They talk apart.

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, with music and song.

Ark My master through his art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—

For else his project dies—to keep them living. 290
[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie, Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware. 295
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels [They wake. Alon. Why, how now?—Ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's

To make an earthquake! Sureit was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo? Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me;

I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd, 320

I saw their weapons drawn—there was a noise.

noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search

For my poor son.

Grow. Heavens keep him from these beasts! Por he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away. 214
Art. Prospero my lord shall know what I
have done:

So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Briter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me.

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me; Sometime like apes that mow and chatter

at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs
which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount

Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me r5 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;

Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head. Youd same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of not-of-the-newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted. not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster' make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a

doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man, and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [Thunder] Alas, the storm is come again ! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, Here shall I die ashore-

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.

> The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I.

The gunner, and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate; For she had a tongue with a tang, Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang! She lov'd not the savour of tar nor

of pitch. Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. [Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me. O! Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said: As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me. O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod ou neat's leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll

bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

him that hath him, and that soundly. Cal. Thou dost me yet but little burt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils. O, defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come-Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster; I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo-be not afeard-thy good friend

Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drown'd. I hope now thou are not Stephano? drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my

stomach is not constant.

Cal. [Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.

I will kneel to him. Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither-I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard ---by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was

cast ashore. Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst. Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck; I 120

Ste. [Passing the bittle] Here, kiss the Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose

Trm. O Stephano, hast any more of this? Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! How does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven? Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee; I was the Man i' th' Moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear. [Caliban drinks.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of h.m! A very weak monster! The Man i' th' Moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot.

I prithee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When 's god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself

thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then: down, and swear. Trm. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him-

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries:

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee let me bring thee where

crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts:

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring Pray, set it down and rest you; when this thee

To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly] Farewell, master: farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish. 'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,

Has a new master-Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom, high-day, freedom! Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful. and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me as odious, but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead.

And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's

crabbed; And he's compos'd of harshness. I must

remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them

Upon a soie injunction; my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busy, least when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.

Mira. Alas, now; pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had

to pile.

burns,

'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress. The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

If you'll sit down. Mira. I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that:

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature; I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, 26

Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sat lazy by.

Mird. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will
is to it.

And yours it is against.

Pro. [Aside] Poor worm, thou art infected!

This visitation shows it.

Mna. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, What is your name?

Miranda—O my father, I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women, never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd.

And put it to the foil; but you, O you, So perfect and so perless, are created Of every cleature's best!

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face temember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have
I seen

More that I may call men than you, good friend,

And my dear father. How features are abroad,

I am skilless of; but, by my modesty, The jewel in my dower, I would not wish Any companion in the would but you; 55 Nor can imagination form a shape,

Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king—
I would not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer 62
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my
soul speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service; there resides

We were a brave r

We were set in his tail.

To make me slave to it, and for your sake Am I thus patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound.

And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true! If hollowly, invert 70 What best is hoded me to mischief! I, Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world, Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. [Aside] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Beavens rain
grace

On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer.
Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give, and much less take What I shall die to want. But this is triding;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bathful cunning!

And prompt me plain and holy innocence! I am your wife, if you will marry me; If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow You may deny me; but I'll be your

servant, Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then? Fer Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And now tarewell 90
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand ! [Exeunt Fer. and Mira. severally.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot Le, Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing At nothing can be more. I'll to my book; For yet eie supper time must I perform 95 Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another part of the island. Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me—when the butt is out we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servantmonster, drink to me.

Trm. Servant-monster! The folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head. Trin. Where should they be set else?

He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's

no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster. Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll he like

dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, it thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick

thy shoe.

I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou

let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I

made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL. invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. monkey, thou;

I would my valuant master would desiroy He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not thee.

I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle: From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him-for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not-

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows. And take his bottle from him. When that's

gone

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are. Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further

and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, [Beats As you like this, give me the lie him another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.— Prithee stand further off. Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time. I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou mayst brain him.

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake.

Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

Thou liest, thou jesting First to possess his books; for without them

> One spirit to command; they all do hate him

> As rootedly as I. Burn but his books. He has brave utensils—for so he calls them-

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman But only Sycorax my dam and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass? Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant. 100

56 And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queensave our Graces !- and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot. Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I heat thee; but while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halt hour will he be asleep.

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ay, on mine honour. Ste. Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund; will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

> Flout 'em and scout 'em, And scout 'em and flout 'em; Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe. Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd

by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness; if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, foigive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard? Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises.

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices.

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and show riches

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,

I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by; I remember the story.

follow it, and after do our work. Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would

I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'il follow, Stephano. [Excunt.

SCENE III. Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio. GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no fuither, sii; My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod,

indeed, Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,

I needs must lest me.

Alon.Old lord, I cannot blame thee. Who am myself attach'd with weariness To th' dulling of my spirits; sit down and

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer; he is drown'd Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [Aside to Sch.] I am 11ght glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] The next advantage Will we take throughly.

Art. [Asiac to Seb] Let it be to-night; For, now they are oppress'd with travel,

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance As when they are fresh.

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] I say; to-night; no

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phænix' throne, one phœnix

At this hour reigning there.

I'll believe both: And what does else want credit, come to

And I'll be sworn 'tis true; travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

If in Naples Gon. Trin. The sound is going away; let's I should report this now, would they believe me?

> If I should say, I saw such islanders, For certes these are people of the island,

Who though they are of monstrous shape! One dowle that's in my plume; my fellowvet, note. Their manners are more gentle-kind than of

Our human generation you shall find Many, nay, almost any.

Honest lord. Pro. [Asule]

Thou hast said well; for some clyou there present

Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,

Although they want the use of tongue, a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pio [Aside] Praise in departing. 39

Fr.11. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since They have left their viands behind: for we have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here? Not I. Alon.

Gon Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys.

Who would believe that there were mountaineers.

Dewlapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us Good warrant of.

I will stand to, and feed, Although my last; no matter, since I feel The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke.

Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table: and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny.

That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit-you 'mongst

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown Their proper selves.

[Alon, Seb. &c., draw their swords. You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of Fare: the elements Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'dat stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt. Your swords are now too massy for your strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember-For that's my business to you—that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed

The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures.

Thee of thy son. Against your peace. Alonso.

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death Can be at once, shall step by step attend You and you ways; whose wraths to

guard you from-Which here, in this most desolate isle, else

Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's sorrow.

And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had. devouring.

Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated In what thou hadst to say; so, with good life And observation strange, my meaner ministers

Their several kinds have done. My high charms work.

And these mine enemies are all knit up In their distractions. They now are in my

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd.

And his and mine lov'd darling. [Exit above.

Gon. I' th' name of something hely, sir, why stand you

In this strange stare?

O. it is monstrous, monstrous! Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-

nounc'd The name of Prosper; it did bass my

trespass. Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded: and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,

And with him there he mudded. But one fiend at a time. I'll fight their legions o'er. I'll be thy second. Ant.

[Exeunt Seb. and Ant. Gon. All three of them are desperate:

their great guilt, Like poison given to work a great time after.

Now gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,

And hinder them from what this ecstasy May now provoke them to. Áđr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Before Prospero's cell. Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you, Your compensation makes amends; for I Have given you here a third of mine own life, Or that for which I live; who once again I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations 5 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hast strangely stood the test; here, afore heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand! Do not smile at me that I boast her off, For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,

And make it halt behind her.

I do believe it Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But If thou dost break her virgin-knot before 15 All sanctimonious ceremonies may With full and holy rite be minist'red,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow; but barren

hate, Sour-ey'd disdain. and discord. shall bestrew

The union of your bed with weeds so leathly That you shall hate it both. Therefore

take heed. As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

As I hope For quiet days, fair issue, and long life, With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,

The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion

Our worser genius can, shall never melt Mine honour into lust, to take away

The edge of that day's celebration, When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard; founder'd

[Exit. Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke. Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.

What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel I

Enter ARTEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? Here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another trick. Go bring the rabble, O'er whom I give thee pow'r, here to this place.

Incite them to quick motion; for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say 'come' and And breathe twice, and cry 'so, so', Each one, tripping on his toa,

Will be here with mop and mow. Do you love me, master? No?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach Till thou dost hear me call.

Well! I conceive. IExit. Ari. Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance

Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw

To th' fire 1' th' blood. Be more abstemious, Or else good night your vow!

I warrant you, sir, The white cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.

Well! Now come, my Ariel, bring a corollary, Rather than want a spirit; appear and

pertly. No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.

ISoft mueic.

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease; Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling

sheep, And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them

to keep; Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air-the Queen o' th' sky.

Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I. Dids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place. To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.

Juno descends in her car.

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;

Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flow'rs Diffusest honey drops, refreshing show'rs; And with each end of thy blue bow dost

My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down, Rich scarf to my proud earth-why hath

thy Queen

Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green? It is. A contract of true love to celebrate.

And some donation freely to estate On the blest lovers.

Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the Queen? Since they did

The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company I have forsworn.

Of her society Iris. Be not afraid. I met her Deity Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and A contract of true love; be not too late. her son

Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid.

Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain. Mars's hot minion s return'd again;

Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows, Swears he will shoot no more, but play with

sparrows, And be a boy right out.

[Juno alights. Highest Queen of state, Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait. Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,

And honour'd in their issue.

They sing.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty, Barns and garners never empty: Vines with clust'ring bunches grow-Plants with goodly burden bowing; Spring come to you at the farthest,

In the very end of harvest! Scarcity and want shall shun you, Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines call'd to enact

My present fancies. Let me live here ever: So rare a wond'red father and a wise 123

Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Sweet now, silence; Juno and Ceres whisper seriously. There's something else to do; hush, and be mute.

Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind'ring brooks.

With your sedg'd crowns and ever harmless looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land

Answer your summons; Juno does command. Com ϵ . temperate nymphs, and help to

celebrate

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,

Come hither from the furrow, and be merry; Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every

In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance: towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of the beast Caliban and his confederates Against my life; the minute of their plot Is almost come. [To the Spirits] Well done;

avoid; no more! Fer. This is strange; your father's in some passion

That works him strongly Mira. Never till this day Saw I him touch'd with anger so dis- O'erstunk their feet. temper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort.

As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir. Our revels now are ended. These our actors, As I foretold you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air, into thin air : And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous Nurture can never stick; on whom my palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself. Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, 154 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff As dreams are made on; and our little life Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd: Bear with my weakness; my old brain is

troubled;

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mira. We wish your peace.

Exeunt. Pro. Come, with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban. Ari. Ay, my commander. When I pre- If I should take a displeasure against you, sented 'Ceres', look you—

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd

Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to these variets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the pool! ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always honour in that, monster, but an infinite loss. bending

Towards their project. Then I beat my

At which like unback'd colts they prick'd their ears. Advanc'd their evelids, lifted up their

noses As they smelt music; so I charm'd their This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and

ears, That calf-like they my lowing follow'd Do that good mischief which may make

through Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,

and thorns. Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I left them

I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake

Pro. This was well done, my bird. Thy shape invisible retain thou still. The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither

For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari I go, I go. [Exit. Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

pains. Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:

And as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers. I will plague them all. Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel. &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell. Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss at which my nose is in great indignation. 199 Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster?

look you-Trin. Thou went but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour

Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore speak softly. 205 All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dis-Trin. That's more to me than my wetting; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster. 211

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. thou here,

enter.

this island Thine own for ever, and L, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy nand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O. bo, monster; we know what belongs to a trippery. O King Stephano

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by trus

hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it. Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! What

do you mean To dote thus on such luggage? Let't

alone. And do the murder first. If he awake, 231 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with

pinches: Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line; now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin. 237

Trin. Do. do. We steal by line and level

an't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate: there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't. We shall lose our time.

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villamous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

Trin. And this. Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver I there it goes, Silver ! Pro. Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out. Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinchspotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar. Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At And they shall be themselves. this hour 261

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies. Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little

Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:

My charms crack not, my spirits obey; and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord.

You said our work should cease.

I did say so. When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit.

How fares the King and 's followers? Confin'd together Ari.

In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir, In the line-grove which weather-fends your

cell: They cannot budge till your release. The

King. His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted.

And the remainder mourning over them. Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him you term'd, sir, 'the good old lord,

Gonzalo': His tears rup down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em

That if you now beheld them your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit? Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply. Passion as they, be kindler mov'd than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck

to th' quick, Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury Do I take part; the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go release them,

Ariel; My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

ArL I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit. Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do ny him

When he comes back; you demi-puppers Didst thon, Alonso, the the and my

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make. Whereof the ewe not bites: and you

whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms, that

rejoice To hear the solemn curiew; by whose

214---Weak masters though ye be-I have be-

dımm'd The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds.

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory Have I made shake, and by the spurs

pluck'd up

The pine and cedar. Graves at my com-

Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em

By my so potent art. But this rough magic I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd Some heavenly music-which even now I do-

To work mine end upon their senses that This arry charm is for, I'll break my staff. Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

Here enters ARIEL before; then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gon-ZALO: SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRAN-CISCO. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand which Prospero observing. charm'd: speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand.

For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, hopourable man.

Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,

Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo, My true preserver, and a loyal sir 66 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces As late I have been, I not know. Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly

daughter:

The brother was a furtherer in the act. Thou art pinch'd for 's tion, Sepastian Flesh and blood,

Yoa. brother mine. Clas entertain'd ambition. Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with

Sepastian-Whose inward pinches therefore are most STROME-

Would here have kill'd your king, I do formie thee.

Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shore That now lies foul and middly. Not one of them

That yet looks on me, or would know me, Ariel.

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; I will discase me, and myself present As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit: Thou shalt ere long be tree.

ARIEL, on returning, sings and helps to attne lum.

> Where the bee sucks, there suck I: In a cowship's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry. oc On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee; But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.

To the King's ship, invisible as thou art; There shalt thou find the mariners asleen Under the hatches: the master and the boatswain

Being awake, enforce them to this place; And presently, I prithee,

Aru I drink the air before me, and return Or ere your pulse twice beat. Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and

amazement. Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide

Out of this fearful country! Behold, Sir King,

Pro. The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero. For more assurance that a living prince And as the morning steals upon the night. Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy

body: And to thee and thy company I bid

A hearty welcome. Whe'er thou be'st he or no. 60 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

pulse

THE TEMPEST saw thee. Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which. I fear, a madness held me. This must crave-An if this be at all—a most strange story. Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero Be living and be here? Pro. First, noble friend, Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot Be measur'd or confin'd. Gon. Whether this be Or be not, I'll not swear. You do yet taste Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you things certain. Believe Welcome. my friends all! 125 [Aside to Seb. and Ant.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded, I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon And justify you traitors; at this time I will tell no tales. Seb. [Aside] The devil speaks in him. No. Pro. For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 130 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive Thy rankest fault—all of them: and My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know Thou must restore. If thou beest Prospero, Alon. Give us particulars of thy preservation; How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since Were wreck'd upon this shore: where I have lost-How sharp the point of this remembrance is l-My dear son Ferdinand. Pro. I am woe for't, sir. Alon. Irreparable is the loss: and patience Says it is past her cure. I rather think Pro. You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace For the like loss I have her sovereign aid, And rest myself content. You the like loss! Pro. As great to me as late; and, supportable To make the dear loss, have I means much

Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I O heavens, that they were living both in Naples. The King and Queen there! That they were. I wish Myself were mudded in that oozy bed Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter? Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords At this encounter do so much admire That they devour their reason, and scarce think Their eyes do offices of truth, their words Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have Been justled from your senses, know for certain That I am Prospero, and that very duke Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed To be the lord on't. No more yet of this; For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast, nor Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir; This cell's my court; here have I few attendants, And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in. My dukedom since you have given me again, I will requite you with as good a thing; At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye As much as me my dukedom. Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA blaying at chess. Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false. Fer. No, my dearest love, I would not for the world. Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle, And I would call it fair play. If this prove Alen. 175 A vision of the island, one dear son Shall I twice lose. Seb. A most high miracle! Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful: I have curs'd them without cause. [Kneels. Alon. Now all the blessings Of a glad father compass thee about! Arise, and say how thou cam'st here. Mira. O, wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world That has such people in't! 'Tis new to thee. Alon. What is this maid with whom thou Than you may call to comfort you, for I wast at play? Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three

Alon.

weaker

Have lost my daughter.

A daughter!

hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us. And brought us thus together ?

Sir. she is mortal: Fer. But by immortal Providence she's mine. I chose her when I could not ask my father For his advice, nor thought I had one. She Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan, Ot whom so often I have heard renown But never saw before; of whom I have Receiv'd a second life; and second father

This lady makes him to me. Alon. I am hers. 190 But, O, how oddly will it sound that I Must ask my child forgiveness!

There, sir, stop; Let us not buiden our remembrances with A heaviness that's gone.

I have inly went, Gon. Or should have spoke ere this. Look down. you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown; For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither.

I say, Amen, Gonzalo! Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become Kings of Naples? O, rejoice Beyond a common joy, and set it down With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage Did Claubel her husband find at Tunis: And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom

In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves When no man was his own.

Alon. [To Fer. and Mir.] Give me your hands.

Let griet and sorrow still embrace his heart That doth not wish you joy.

Be it so. Amen! Gon.

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, sir; look, sir! Here is more of us! I prophesied, if a gallows were on land, This fellow could not drown. Now. blasphemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is that we have safely found

Our King and company; the next, our

Which but three glasses since we gave out

Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as in my head, here's a goodly sight. when

We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to Pro.] Sir, all this service How fine my master is! I am afraid Have I done since I went.

Pro. [Aside to Ari.] My tricksy spirit!

Alor. These sie not natural events; they stiengthen

From strange to stranger. Say hew came you hither?

Boats. It I did think, sir, I were well awake.

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep.

And—hoa, we know not—all clapp'd under hatches:

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises

Of roating, shucking, howling, jingling chains.

And moe diversity of sounds, all heirible, We were awak'd; straightway at liberty; Where we, in all her trim, freshly belield Our royal, good, and gellant ship; our master

Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please vou,

Even in a dieam, were we divided from them.

And were brought moning hither,

Art. [Aside to Pro.] Was't well done? Pro. [Aside to Art.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. Alon. This is as strange a mare as e'er

men trod; And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of. Some oracle Must rectify our knowledge.

Sir, my hege. Do not infest your mind with heating on

The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure. Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve

Which to you shall seem probable, of every

These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful

And think of each thing well. [Aside to Ari.] Come hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free; Until the spell. [Exit Aruel] How tares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits

indeed!

He will chastise me. Seb. Ho. ha!

THE TEMPEST [Act 5

What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable. Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave—

His mother was a witch, and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and chbs,

And deal in her command without her power.

These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them

To take my life. Two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I 275

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now; where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling tipe; where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? 280
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones. I shall not fear flyblowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano! 285 Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. [Pointing to Caliban] This is as

strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely. Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double

Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to: away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[Evenut Cal., Sie., and Trin. Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train 500

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

Por this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away—the story of my life, And the particular accidents gone by 505 Since I came to this isle. And in the morn I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized, 509 And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long To hear the story of your life, which must Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'il deliver ali;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious
gaies,

And sail so expeditious that shall catch sis Your royal fleet far oil. [Aside to Art.] My Ariel, chick,

Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you,
draw near.
[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own, Which is most faint. Now 'tis true, I must be here confin'd by you. Or sent to Naples. Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got, And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell In this base island by your spell; But release me from my bands With the help of your good hands. TO Gentle breath of yours my sails Must fill, or else my project fails, Which was to please. Now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is despair 15 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer, Which pierces so that it assaults Mercy itself, and trees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your indulgence set me free.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, father to Silvia. VALENTINE, the two gentlemen. PROTEUS, ANTONIO, father to Proteus. THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine. EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape. SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine. LAUNCE, the like to Proteus. PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.

Host, where Julia lodges in Milan. Outlaws, with Valentine.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved of Proteus. SILVIA, the Duke's daughter, beloved of Valentine.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Music:ans.

THE SCENE: Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Verona. An open blace.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus: Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. Were't not affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, I rather would entreat thy company To see the wonders of the world abroad. Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home. Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,

Even as I would, when I to love begin. Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valen-

tine, adieu l Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply

seest Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel. Wish me partaker in thy happiness

When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger. If ever danger do environ thee,

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,

For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine. Val. And on a love-book pray for my

success? Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont. Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love; For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love.

And yet you never swum the Heliespont. Pro. Over the boots! Nay, give me not the boots

Val. No. I will not, for it boots thee not. Pro. What?

Val. To be in love—where scorn is bought with groans, Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fad-

ing moment's mirth With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labour won; However, but a folly bought with wit. Or else a wit by folly vanguished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foól.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
'Tis love you cavil at; I am not

Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool, Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise. Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turn'd to folly blasting in the bud, Losing his verdure even in the prime, And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee

That art a votary to fond desire? Once more adieu. My father at the road Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters Of thy success in love, and what news else Betideth here in absence of thy friend; And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 60 Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in

Milan!

farewell! [Exit Valentine.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love: He leaves his friends to dignify them more: I leave myself, my friends, and all for love. Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphis'd me, Made me neglect my studies, lose my time, War with good counsel, set the world at nought:

Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed, Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already.

And I have play'd the sheep in losing him. Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep. Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd. Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by from her?

another. Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee. Therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa'.

Pro. But dost thou hear? Gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere

best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter. Pro. You mistake; I mean the pounda pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? Fold it over and over.

Val. As much to you at home; and so 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [Nodding] Ay.

Pro. Nod-ay. Why, that's 'noddy'. Speed. You mistook, sir; I say she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I say 'Ay'

Pro. And that set together is 'noddy' Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No. no: you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me? Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for

my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter; in brief, what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win ber.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much

Speed. Sir. I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? Nothing?

Speed. No. not so much as 'Take this for thy pains'. To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself; and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

[Exit Speed. I must go send some better messenger. I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exit.

Scene II. Verona. The garden of Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love? Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthest love? Luc. Please you, repeat their names: I'll

show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat. and fine:

But, were I you, he never should be mine. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself. so so.

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord. Lord! to see what folly reigns in us !

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing' shame

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen. Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:

I think him so, because I think him so. Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my

love on him? Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia '-Say, from whom? Luc. That the contents will show. Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

in the way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

To whisper and conspire against my youth, Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth. And you an officer fit for the place. 4° There, take the paper; see it be return'd; Or else rerurn no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Evit. Jul. And yet, I would I had c'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again, And pray her to a fault for which I chid her. What fool is she, that knows I am a mail And would not force the letter to my view ! Since maids, in modesty, say 'No 'to that Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay'

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love, That like a testy babe will scratch the

nurse. And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod! How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence. When willingly I would have had her here! How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile !

My penance is to call Lucetta back And ask remission for my folly past. 65 What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

What would your ladyship? Luc. Jul. Is 't near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were. That you might kill your stomach on your meat

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly? 70 Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall. Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,

Unless it have a faise interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a

Give mc a note; your ladyship can set. Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.

He would have given it you; but I, being Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love'. Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune. Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden

> Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high. Jul. Let's see your song. [Lucetta with-

holds the letter! How now, minion! Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out.

And yet methinks I do not like this tune. Jul. You do not!

Luc. Jul. You, minion, are too saucy. Luc. Nay, now you are too flat

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song. Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus. Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!

[Tears the letter. Go. get you gone; and let the papers lie. You would be fing'ting them, to anger me. Luc. She makes it strange; but she

would be best pleas'd To be so ang'red with another letter. [Exit. Jul. Nay, would I were so ang'red with

the same! O hateful hands, to tear such loving words! Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends. Look, here is writ 'kind Julia'. Unkind Julia.

As in revenge of thy ingratitude, I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain. And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus'. Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed, Shall lodge thee till thy a ound be throughly heal'd:

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss. But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away Till I have found each letter in the letter-Except mine own name; that some whillwind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock, And throw it thence into the raging sea. Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ: 'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus, To the sweet Julia '. That I'll tear awa; ; And yet I will not, sith so prettily 126 He couples it to his complaining names. Thus will I fold them one upon another; Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you There shall he practise tilts and tourna-

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam.

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go. Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;

No, madam; 'tis too sharp. Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold. Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

> Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see; I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will't please you go? Exeunt.

Scene III. Verona. Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wond'red that your lordship Would suffer him to spend his youth at

While other men, of slender reputation, Put forth their sons to seek preferment out: Some to the wars, to try their fortune there: Some to discover islands far away; TO

Some to the studious universities. For any, or for all these exercises, He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:

And did request me to importune you To let him spend his time no more at home. Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In having known no travel in his youth. Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon this month I have been hammer-

I have consider'd well his loss of time. And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being tried and tutor'd in the world: Experience is by industry achiev'd, And perfected by the swift course of time. Then tell me whither were I best to send

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant How his companion, youthful Valentine, Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:

ments. Hear sweet discourse, converse with noble-

130 And be in eye of every exercise

Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth. Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:

And that thou mayst perceive how well I

The execution of it shall make known: Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court. Pan. To-morrow, may it please you. Don Alphonso

With other gentlemen of good esteem Are journeying to salute the Emperor. And to commend their service to his will. Ant. Good company: with them shall Proteus go.

Enter PROTEUS.

And-in good time !- now will we break He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go. with him.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life! Here is her hand, the agent of her heart: Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn. O that our fathers would applaud our loves. To seal our happiness with their consents! O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! What letter are you, reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine, Deliver'd by a friend that came from him. Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes

How happily he lives, how well-belov'd And daily graced by the Emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune. Aut. And how stand you affected to his

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,

And not depending on his friendly wish. Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed; For what I will, I will, and there an end. 65 I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the Emperor's court; What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me. To-morrow be in readiness to go-Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;

Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee.

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd To hasten on his expedition.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fearof burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father julia's letter. ... Less he should take exceptions to my love; And with the vantage of mine own excuse Hath he excepted most against my love. O, how this spring of love resemble...

The uncertain glory of an April day, Which now shows all the beauty of the

And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus your father calls for you;

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto:

And yet a thousand times it answers 'No'. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine: my gloves are on. Speed. Why, then, this may be yours; for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see; ay, give it me, it's mine:

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine! Ah, Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. [Calling] Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir. Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves? Val. Why, how know you that I am in

love? Speea. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; 10 weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when [Exeunt Ant. and Pan. you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphis'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me? Speed. They are all perceiv d without ye. Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you! Nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would; but you are so without these follies that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady

Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits

at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? Even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not. 40 Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir? Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd. Speed. Sir, I know that well enough. 45 Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you,

well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,

but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted,

and the other out of all count.

51

Val. How painted? and how out of

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account

of her beauty.

55

Speed. You never saw her since she was

deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd? Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her. Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd! 65 Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

71

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

55
Speed. I would you were set, so your

affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.

Enter SILVIA.

Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [Aside] O excellent motion! O exceeding pupper! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. [Aside] O, give ye good ev'n! Here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [Aside] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'The very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off:

For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at random, very doubtfully. xoo Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,

Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;

And yet I will not name it—and yet I care not.

And yet take this again—and yet I thank you—

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no

more.

Speed. [Aside] And yet you will; and yet

another 'yet'.

Val. What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;

But, since unwillingly, take them again. Nay, take them. [Gives back the letter.

Val. Madam, they are for you. Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my

request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's wiit, for my sake read it over;

And if it please you, so; if not, why, so. too Val. If it please me, madam, what then? Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.

And so good morrow, servant. [Exit Silvia. Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! 125 My master sues to her; and she hath taught

her suitor. He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! Was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself

should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir What are you

reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia?

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she woos you

by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me. 140 Speed. What need she, when she hath

made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter. Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend. Speed. And that letter hath she del.ver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well.

'For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might

her mind discover, r55
Herself hath taught her love himself to
write unto her lover.'

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? "Tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the 'This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am and this my father. A vengeance on 't! one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and There 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister, would fain have meat. O, be not like your for, look you, she is as white as a lily and mistress! Be moved, be moved. [Exeunt. as small as a wand; this hat is Nan our

Scene II. Verona. Julia's house.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia. Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the
sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [Giving a ring.

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange.
Here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the daw Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, ru The next ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love's forgetfulness! My father stays my coming; answer not; The tide is now—nay, not thy tide of tears: That tide will stay me longer than I should. Julia, farewell! [Exit Julia. What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak; For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for. Pro. Go; I come, I come. 20 Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exeuni.

Scene III. Verona. A street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the Prodigious Son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourestnatured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! There 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog-O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father: 'Father, your blessing'. Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her-why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away aboard! Thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? Why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass! You'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any

man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide? Laun. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my

dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service-Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy

tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail! Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was

sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Milan. The Duke's palace. Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, and

SPEED. Sil. Servant! Val. Mistress? Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love. Speed. Not of you. Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

[Exit.

Sil. Servant, you are sad. Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so. Thu. Seem you that you are not? Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not? Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary? Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly? Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! Do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen,

and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Enter DUKE.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father is in good health. What say you to a letter from your friends

Of much good news? Val. My lord, I will be thankful

To any happy messenger from thence. Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your

countryman? Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

To be of worth and worthy estimation. And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves

The honour and regard of such a father. Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our

We have convers'd and spent our hours together:

And though myself have been an idle If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear truant. 60

Omitting the sweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection.

Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe:

And, in a word, for far behind his worth Comes all the praises that I now bestow. He is complete in feature and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make

this good. He is as worthy for an empress' love As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me With commendation from great potentates,

And here he means to spend his time awhile. I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth-

I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurso;

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it. I will send him hither to you presently. Exit Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship

Had come along with me but that his mistress

Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you? Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as vourself :

Upon a homely object Love can wink. Exit Thurio.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome

from.

Val. Mistress, it is; sweet lady, entertain

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship. Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress. Val. Leave off discourse of disability;

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else. Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.

71 Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but vourself.

Sil. That you are welcome? Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter Thurio.

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome. I'll leave you to confer of home affairs; When you have done we look to hear from

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship. [Exeunt Silvia and Thurio. Val. Now, tell me, how do all from

whence you came? Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health. Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse. Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd

now; have done penance for contemning

Love, Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bifter fasts, with penitential groans. With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs:

For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord, And hath so humbled me as I confess There is no woe to his correction, Nor to his service no such joy on earth. Now no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel. sleep,

Jpon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in vour eve. Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon. Val. Call her divine.

I will not flatter her. Pro. Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises!

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills, And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine.

Yet let her be a principality,

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any; 150 Except thou wilt except against my love. Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour-

To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss

And, of so great a favour growing proud, Disdain to root the summer-swelling flow'r

And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this? Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can is

nothing To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;

She is alone.

Then let her alone. Pro.

Val. Not for the world! Why, man, she is mine own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. Forgive me that I do not dream on thee. Because thou seest me dote upon my love. My foolish rival, that her father likes Only for his possessions are so huge, Is gone with her along; and I must after, For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you? Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nav more, our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight, Determin'd of-how I must climb her window,

The ladder made of cords, and all the means Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness. Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber, with him, it stands well with her.

Pro. Go on before: I shall enquire you forth:

I must unto the road to disembark Some necessaries that I needs must use: And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste? Pro. I will. Exit Valentine.

Even as one heat another heat expels Or as one nail by strength drives out another.

So the remembrance of my former love 190 Is by a newer object quite forgotten. Is it my mind, or Valentinus' praise, Her true perfection, or my false trans-

gression.

That makes me reasonless to reason thus? She is fair; and so is Julia that I love-That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd; Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire Bears no impression of the thing it was. Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold, And that I love him not as I was wont. 200 O! but I love his lady too too much, And that's the reason I love him so little. How shall I dote on her with more advice That thus without advice begin to love her! 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, And that hath dazzled my reason's light; But when I look on her perfections, There is no reason but I shall be blind. If I can check my erring love, I will; If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

Scene V. Milan. A street.

Enter Speed and Launce severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty.

welcome to Padua. Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say 'Welcome!

Speed. Come on, you madcap; I'll to the alchouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him? Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her? Laun. No, neither. Speed. What, are they broken ?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well

Speed. What an ass art thou! I under- Fie, fie, unreverent tongue, to call her bad stand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou that thou With canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Av. and what I do too; look thee. I'll but lean, and my staff understands me. Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and under-

stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match? Laun. Ask my dog. If he say av, it will: if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it

will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. Launce, how say'st thou that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou

mıstak'st me. Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee my master is become a

hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. Exeum.

Scene VI. Milan. The Duke's palace. Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn a

To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn; To wrong my friend, I shall be much

forsworn;

And ev'n that pow'r which gave me first my oath Provokes me to this threefold perjury:

Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd, Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!

At first I did adore a twinkling star, But now I worship a celestial sun. Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken; And he wants wit that wants resolved will To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.

Whose sovereignty so off thou hast preferr'd twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths!

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do: But there I leave to love where I should

Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose: If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; If I lose them, thus find I by their loss: For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.

I to myself am dearer than a friend : For love is still most precious in itself: And Silvia-witness heaven, that made

her fair !-

Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope. I will forget that Julia is alive, Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead:

And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,

Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. I cannot now prove constant to myself Without some treachery us'd to Valentine. This night he meaneth with a corded ladder To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window. Myself in counsel, his competitor.

Now presently I'll give her father notice Of their disguising and pretended flight,

Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine, For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:

But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly

By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose

As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift.

Scene VII. Verona. Julia's house. Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me: And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee,

Who art the table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly character'd and engray'd, To lesson me and tell me some good mean How, with my honour, I may undertake A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long! Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,

And when the flight is made to one so dear, Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus. Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make

return. Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in By longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inly touch of love, Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with For undertaking so unstaid a journey? 66 snow

As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,

Lest it should burn above the bounds of If Proteus like your journey when you

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the No matter who's displeas'd when you are more it burns.

The current that with gentle murmur I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal. glides.

Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered. He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones.

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge He overtaketh in his pilgrimage; And so by many winding nooks he strays, With willing sport, to the wild ocean. Then let me go, and hinder not my course. I'll be as patient as a gentle stream, And make a pastime of each weary step, 35 Till the last step have brought me to my

And there I'll rest as, after much turmoil. A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along? Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent

The loose encounters of lascivious men; Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots-

To be fantastic may become a youth Of greater time than I shall show to be. Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make

your breeches? Jul. That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,

What compass will you wear your farthingale'.

Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes. Lucetta.

codpiece, madam. Jul. Out, out, Lucetta, that will be ill-

favour'd. Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not

worth a pin. 55 Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me

What thou think'st meet, and is most Which else no worldly good should draw mannerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my repute me

I fear me it will make me scandeliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

come.

gone.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear: A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, And instances of infinite of love, Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men that use them to so base effect!

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth; His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles, His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate, His tears pure messengers sent from his heart.

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me. do him not that wrong

To bear a hard opinion of his truth; Only deserve my love by loving him. And presently go with me to my chamber. To take a note of what I stand in need of To furnish me upon my longing journey. 85 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, My goods, my lands, my reputation; Only, in heu thereof, dispatch me hence.

Come, answer not, but to it presently; 89 I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:

We have some secrets to confer about. [Exit Thurio.

Luc. You must needs have them with a Now tell me. Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal; 5 But, when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that from me.

friend.

This night intends to steal away your daughter;

Myself am one made privy to the plot. I know you have determin'd to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stol'n away from

It would be much vexation to your age. Thus for my duty's sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows which would press you down, 20

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I live. This love of theirs myself have often seen, Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep.

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid Sir Valentine her company and my court; But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err And so, unworthily, disgrace the man, A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, 30 I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tow'r, 35 The key whereof myself have ever kept; And thence she cannot be convey'd awav. Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd

a mean

How he her chamber window will ascend
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly That my discovery be not aimed at; 45 For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this. 49

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends, And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import? 55 Val. The tenour of them doth but signify My health and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nav then, no matter; stay with me awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.

'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter. Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him? Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty; Neither regarding that she is my child 70 Nor fearing me as if I were her father; And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers, Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her; And, where I thought the remnant of mine

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty, 75

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife And turn her out to who will take her in. Then let her beauty be her wedding-dow'r; For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, in Verona here, Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy, And nought esteems my aged eloquence. Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—

For long agone I have forgot to court; 85 Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd—How and which way I may bestow myself To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90 More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.

Send her another; never give her o'er, For scorn at first makes after-love the more. If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you, 96 But rather to beget more love in you; If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone, For why the fools are mad if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; For 'Get you gone' she doth not mean

'Away!' rot Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;

Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man.

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth: And kept severely from resort of men, That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe.

That no man hath recourse to her by night. Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it

Without apparent hazard of his life. Val. Why then a ladder, quaintly made

of cords. To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,

Would serve to scale another Hero's tow'r, So bold Leander would adventure it. Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of

blood.

Advise me where I may have such a ladder. Val. When would you use it? Pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child.

That longs for everything that he can come

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:

How shall I best convey the ladder thither? may bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length. Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Then let me see thy cloak. Duke. I'll get me one of such another length. Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn,

my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. What letter is this same? What's here? To Silvia '!

And here an engine fit for my proceeding! I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. Reads.

'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly, And slaves they are to me, that send

them flying. O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where, senseless, they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,

While I, their king, that thither them importune.

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune.

I curse myself, for they are sent by me, That they should harbour where their lord should be.'

What's here? 150 'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.' 'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaethon—for thou art Merops' son-

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car.

And with thy daring folly burn the world? Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee? 156

Go. base intruder, over-weening slave, Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates:

And think my patience, more than thy desert.

Is privilege for thy departure hence. Thank me for this more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself. Be gone; I will not hear thy vain excuse, But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [Exit Duke.

Val. And why not death rather than living torment? To die is to be banish'd from myself, And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her Is self from self, a deadly banishment. What light is light, if Silvia be not seen? What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? Unless it be to think that she is by, And feed upon the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night. There is no music in the nightingale; Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180 There is no day for me to look upon. She is my essence, and I leave to be If I be not by her fair influence Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive. I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: 185 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;

But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run. boy, run, run, and seek him out Laun. So-ho, so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit? Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Laun, Nothing,

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. pray you-

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear good news, So much of bad already hath possess'd

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury

mine, For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead? Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.

What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished-O, that's the news!-

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O. I have fed upon this woe already. And now excess of it will make me surfeit. Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom-

Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force-

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;

Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only became them

As if but now they waxed pale for woe. But neither bended knees, pure hands held virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding . 230 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire— news with your mastership?

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die. Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so. When she for thy repeal was suppliant, That to close prison he commanded her, 235 With many bitter threats of biding there. Val. No more; unless the next word that

thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life: If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear. 195 As ending anthem of my endless dolour, 243

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love:

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. I Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that.

And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence.

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. The time now serves not to expostulate.

Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate; And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love affairs. As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce an if thou seest my boy. Bid him make haste and meet me at the

Northgate. Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come,

Valentine. Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! [Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a waterspaniel-which is much in a bare Christian. Those at her father's churlish feet she Here is the cate-log [Pulling out a paper] tender'd; 225 of her condition. 'Inprimis: She can tender'd; 225 of her condition. 'Inprimis: She can With them, upon her knees, her humble self, fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk.' Look you, a sweet

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! What

Laun. With my master's ship? Why, it is

Speed. Well, your old vice still: mistake legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her. What news, then, in your the word. paper?

Laun. The black'st news that ever thou I love crusts. heard'st.

Speed. Why, man? how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink. Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst liquor. not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Laun. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who

begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather. Laun. O illiterate loiterer. It was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy

paper.

Laun. [Handing over the paper] There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed.

Speed. [Reads] 'Inprimis: She can milk.'

Laun. Ay, that she can. Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.' Laun. And thereof comes the proverb: Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale. Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'

Laun. That's as much as to say 'Can she

so? Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.' Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. 'Item: She can spin.'
Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living. Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say 'bastard virtues'; that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. ' Here follow her vices. Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.' Laun. That makes amends for her sour

breath. Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep."

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.' Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed, 'Item: She is proud,'

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

Laun. I care not for that neither, because

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.' Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more

wealth tl.an faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in

that last article. Rehearse that once more. Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit '-

Laun. More hair than wit. It may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs'-Laun. That's monstrous. O that that were out!

Speed. ' And more wealth than faults.' Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; an if it be a match, as nothing is impossible-

Speed. What then? 360 Laun. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the Northgate.

Speed. For me? Laun. For thee! ay, who art thou? He hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him? Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long that going will scarce serve the turn. 368

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox of your love letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. IExit.

Scene II. Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me Being entreated to it by your friend. most.

Forsworn my company and rail'd at me. That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a

Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts. And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,

According to our proclamation, gone? Pro. Gone, my good lord. Duke. My daughter takes his going

grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee-For thou hast shown some sign of good desert-

Makes me the better to confer with thee. Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace

Let me not live to look upon your Grace. Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

ignorant

How she opposes her against my will. Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers

What might we do to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine falsehood, cowardice, and poor With descent-

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it; Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend. Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him; Therefore the office is indifferent.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise, She shall not long continue love to him. But say this weed her love from Valentine,

It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him.

Lest it should ravel and be good to none. You must provide to bottom it on me: Which must be done by praising me as

much As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine. 55 Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in

this kind. Because we know, on Valentine's report,

You are already Love's firm votary And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access Where you with Silvia may confer at la ge-For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy, And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of

vou-Where you may temper her by your

persuasion

To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect. But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough: You must lay lime to tangle her desires Bv wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. Duke. Ay,

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy. Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears Moist it again, and frame some feeling

lipe That may discover such integrity: For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets'

sinews. Whose golden touch could soften steel and

stones. Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans 80 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies. Visit by night your lady's chamber window With some sweet consort; to their instru-

ments Tune a deploring dump—the night's dead

silence Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

practice:

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my directiongiver.

Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper.

And afterward determine our proceedings. Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. The frontiers of Mantua. A forest. Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but An heir, and near allied unto the Duke. down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you. Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends-

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your

2 Out. Peace! we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;

A man I am cross'd with adversity: My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you? Val. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan. 3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there? Val. Some sixteen months, and longer

might have stay'd, If crooked fortune had not thwarted me. 1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was. 2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:

But yet I slew him manfully in fight, Without false vantage or base treachery.

done so.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in But were you banish'd for so small a fault? Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,

Or else I often had been miserable. 3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar.

This fellow were a king for our wild faction! 1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it 's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen.

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth Thrust from the company of awful men; Myself was from Verona banished For practising to steal away a lady,

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentle-

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart. 1 Out. And I for such-like petty crimes

as these. But to the purpose—for we cite our faults That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives:

And, partly, seeing you are beautified 75 With goodly shape, and by your own report A linguist, and a man of such perfection As we do in our quality much want-

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.

Are you content to be our general-To make a virtue of necessity.

And live as we do in this wilderness? 3 Out. What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?

Say 'ay' and be the captain of us all. We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king. 1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy

thou diest. 2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women or poor passengers. 3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent; Come, go with us; we'll b ing thee to our crews.

And show thee all the treasure we have got: 1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt

Scene II. Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's window.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine.

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my
friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows, She bids me think how I have been forsworn In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd; And notwithstanding all her sudden quips, The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love 14

The more it grows and fawneth on her still.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,

And give some evening music to her ear.
Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept

before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now,
gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall. [Music plays.
Jul. That will be music.
Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? What is she, That all our swains commend her? Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her.

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now, are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? The music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not. 55

Host. Why, my pretty youth? Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

60

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes
me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music. Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so. 65 Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Ho.'. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, Host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, 70

Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce? 74
Host. Gone to seek his dog, which tomorrow, by his master's command, he must
carry for a present to his lady.

Júl. Peace, stand aside; the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead 78

That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good ev'n to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, it you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your think 'tis almost day. servant.

Sil. What's your will?

That I may compass yours. Pro. Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this.

That presently you hie you home to bed. 90 Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man, Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows? Return, return, and make thy love amends For me, by this pale queen of night I swear, I am so far from granting thy request That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit.

And by and by intend to chide myself Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;

But she is dead.

speak it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives, to whom, thyself art witness. 105 I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave Assure thyself my love is buried. Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the

earth. Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence:

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside] He heard not that. Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchşafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber:

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep; For, since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoted, I am but a shadow; And to your shadow will I make true love. Jul. [Aside] If 'twere a substance, you

would, sure, deceive it And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir; But since your falsehood shall become you

To worship shadows and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it; And so, good rest.

As wretches have o'ernight That wait for execution in the morn.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep. Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus? Host Marry, at my house. Trust me, I

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest nizht

That e'e. I watch'd, and the most heaviest. Exeunt.

Scene III. Under Silvia's window.

Enter EGLAMOUR. Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia

Entreated me to call and know her mind; There's some great matter she'd employ me

Madam madam!

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command. Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow!

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself! Jul. [Aside] 'Twere false, if I should According to your ladyshap's impose, I am thus early come to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in. Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman— Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not-Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant what dear good will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine: Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors. Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say No grief did ever come so near thy heart As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine, To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode: And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, I do desire thy worthy company, Upon whose faith and honour I repose. Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour, But think upon my grief, a lady's grief, And on the justice of my flying hence To keep me from a most unholy match, Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart As full of sorrows as the sea of sands. To bear me company and go with me; If not, to hide what I have said to thee, 35 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;

Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,

I give consent to go along with you, Recking as little what betideth me [Exeunt Proteus and Silvia. As much I wish all good befortune you. 230 When will you go?

This evening coming. Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell. Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Under Silvia's window. Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hardone that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely 'Thus I would teach a dog'. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber. but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the Duke's table: he had not been there, bless the mark, a pissing while but all the chamber smelt Out with the dog' says one; 'What cur is that?' says another; 'Whip him out' says the third; 'Hang him up' says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. Friend,' quoth I 'you mean to whip the dog.' 'Ay, marry do I' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong;' quoth I ''twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stol'n, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick? 36

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well.

And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please; I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [To Launce] How now, you whoreson peasant! Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not; here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight. Away, I say. Stayest thou to vey me here?

[Exit Launce. A slave that still an end turns me to shame! Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I have need of such a youth 60 That can with some discretion do my business.

For 'tis no trusting to youd foolish lout. But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour, Which, if my augury deceive me not, Witness good bringing up, fortune, and

truth: Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee, Deliver it to Madam Silvia-She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.

She is dead, belike? Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas! Pro. Why dost thou cry ' Alas '?

Jul. I cannot choose But pity her.

Wherefore shouldst thou pity her? Pro. Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia. She dreams on him that has forgot her love: You dote on her that cares nor for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary; And thinking on it makes me cry 'Alas!' Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my And full of new-found oaths, which he will

I claim the promise for her heavenly As easily as I do tear his paper. picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber.

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [Exit Proteus.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertain'd A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs. Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him That with his very heart despiseth me? Because he loves her, he despiseth me; Because I love him, I must pity him.

me, To bind him to remember my good will; -

And now am I, unhappy messenger, To plead for that which I would not obtain.

To carry that which I would have refus'd, To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love, But cannot be true servant to my master Unless I prove false traitor to myself. Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly As, heaven it knows, I would not have him When she did think my master lov'd her speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you be my mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

patience

Sil. From whom? Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus,

madam. Sil. O, he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. Go, give your master this. Tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget.

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd Deliver'd you a paper that I should not. This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again. Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold!

I will not look upon your master's lines. I know they are stuff'd with protestations,

break

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times His Julia gave it him at his departure. 131 Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong. Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself. To think upon her woes, I do protest That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you; But since she did neglect her looking-glass And threw her sun-expelling mask away, The air hath stary'd the roses in her cheeks And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.

That now she is become as black as I. 152 Sil. How tall was she? Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost.

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your When all our pageants of delight were play'd. To hear me speak the message I am sent on. Our youth got me to play the woman's

part. And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown: Which served me as fit, by all men's judg-

As if the garment had been made for me; Therefore I know she is about my height. And at that time I made her weep agood, For I did play a lamentable part. Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning For Theseus' persury and unjust flight:

Which I so lively acted with my tears That my poor mistress, moved therewithal, Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.

Alas, poor lady, desolate and left! I weep myself, to think upon thy words. Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Faiewell. [Exit Silvia with attendants. Jul. And she shall thank you for't, it e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!

I hope my master's suit will be but cold, Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture; let me see. I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine rist
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love, 180
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

189

What should it be that he respects in her

But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded
god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form, Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd!

And were there sense in his idolatry
My substance should be statue in thy
stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow, I should have scratch'd out your unseeing

To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Milan. An abbey. Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky.

And now it is about the very hour That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.

She will not fail, for lovers break not hours Unless it be to come before their time, 5 o much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes. Ladv, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,

Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not. The forest is not three leagues off;

If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Milan. The Duke's paloce.

Enter Thurio, Protels, and Julia as Sebastian.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was; And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long? Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [Aside] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saving is:

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eves.

Jul. [Aside] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse? 15
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [Aside] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour? 19
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [Aside] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [Aside] True; from a gentleman to

a fool.

Thu Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore? Jul. [Aside] That such an ass should owe

them. Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Fnter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now,
Thurio!

Which of you day Sir Eglamour of late?

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late? Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then, She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company. 36
'Tis true; for Friar Lawrence met them both

As he in penance wander'd through the forest;

30

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was. This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; Besides, she did intend confession At Patrick's cell this even; and there she And to the nightingale's complaining notes was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse. But mount you presently, and meet with

Upon the rising of the mountain foot That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl That flies her fortune when it follows her. I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. IExit.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[Exit.

The frontiers of Mantua. SCENE III. The forest.

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

1 Out. Come, come,

Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

with her ?

2 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us.

But Moyses and Valerius follow him. Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;

There is our captain; we'll follow him that's fled. The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our

captain's cave; Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! Exeunt.

Scene IV. Another part of the forest. Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man I

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any, Tune my distresses and record my woes. O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless. Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall And leave no memory of what it was! Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

What halloing and what stir is this to-day? These are my mates, that make their wills their law.

Have some unhappy passenger in chase. 15 They love me well; yet I have much to do To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine. Who's this comes here? [Steps aside.

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA as Sebastian.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for

Though you respect not aught your servant doth.

To hazard life, and rescue you from him That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look:

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg. And less than this, I am sure, you cannot

give. Val. [Aside] How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I 2 Out. Come, bring her away. 5 came; 1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [Aside] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion. I would have been a breakfast to the beast Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine. Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!

And full as much, for more there cannot be. I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus.

Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. 40 Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look? O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd, When women cannot love where they're belov'd!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd! Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love. For whose dear sake thou didst then rend to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths Descended into perjury, to love me. Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst

two.

And that's far worse than none; better have none

Than plural faith, which is too much by

Thou counterfest to thy true friend! In love. Pro.

Who respects friend?

All men but Proteus. Sil. Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can no way change you to a milder form. I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end. And love you 'gainst the nature of loveforce ye.

Sil. O heaven!

I'll force thee yield to my desire. Pro. Val. Ruffian! let go that rude uncivil touch:

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

/alentine! Pro. Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love-

For such is a friend now; treacherous man. Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eve

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not

I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand

Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus, I am forry I must never trust thee more, But count the world a stranger for thy sake. The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me. Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow Be a sufficient ransom for offence, I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer As e'er I did commit.

Then I am paid; Val. And once again I do receive thee honest. Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these arc pleas'd;

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia I give thee. Jul. O me unhappy! [Swoons. Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! What's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy? Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

Pro. How! let me see. Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;

This is the ring you sent to Silvia. Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring?

At my depart I gave this unto Julia. Jul. And Julia herself did give it me:

And Julia herself have brought it hither. Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart. How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush! Be thou asham'd that I have took upon

Such an immodest raiment-if shame live In a disguise of love,

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man But constant, he were perfect! That one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins. What is in Silvia's face but I may spy 114 More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either. Let me be blest to make this happy close; 'Twere pity two such friends should be long

foes. Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

.Ital. And I mine. Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the Duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd. Banished Valentine.

Sir Valentine! Duke. Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine. Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath; Do not name Silvia thine; if once again, Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands Take but possession of her with a touch-I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I; I hold him but a fool that will endanger His body for a girl that loves him not. 134

T 20

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

thou 136 To make such means for her as thou hast

done

And leave her on such slight conditions. Now, by the honour of my ancestry, I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140 And think thee worthy of an empress'

love. Know then, I here forget all former griefs, Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again, Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit, To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine, Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd; Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd

hei Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake, To grant one boon that I shall ask of you. Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities; Forgive them what they have committed

And let them be recall'd from their exile:

Duke. The more degenerate and base art. They are reformed, civil, full of good. 156 And fit for great employment, worthy lord. Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will include all jars 160 With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity. Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord? Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord-more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying? Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along.

That you will wonder what hath fortuned Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance but to hear,

The story of your loves discovered. That done, our day of marriage shall be youis:

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness! Exeunt.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF. FENTON, a young gentleman. SHALLOW, a country justice. SLENDER, cousin to Shallow. FORD, gentlemen of Windson. PAGE, [WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page. SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson. DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician. Host of the Garter Inn. BARDOLPH, followers of Falstaff. PISTOL. NYM.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff. SIMPLE, servant to Slender. Rt GBY, servant to Doctor Caus.

MISTRESS FORD. MISTRESS PAGE. MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, her daughter. MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Causs.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

THE SCENE: Windsor, and the neighbourhood.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Windsor. Before Page's house. Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, Justice of Peace, and Coram.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Custalorum.

Slen. Ay, and Ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself 'Armigero' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation- 'Armigero'.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz. Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

24 Evans. Yes, py'r lady! If he has a quarter she has good gifts. of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but possibilities, is goot gifts, that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have Shal. Well, let us see ho committed disparagements unto you, I am Is Falstaff there?

of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has

brown hair, and speaks small like a woman. Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed -Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven

hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny. Shal. I know the young gentlewoman;

Evans. Seven hundred pounds,

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. 59

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Fuans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a har as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight Sir John is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [Within] Who's there?

Enter PAGE.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow. Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How

doth good Mistress Page ?- and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not con-

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault; 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog. Can there be more said? He is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page. Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it. Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH. NYM and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the King? Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd. Fal. I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answer'd. Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts. Fal. Good worts! good cabbage! Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your conycatching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tayern, and made me drunk, and afterward pick'd my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese! Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus! Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! That's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot. I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreet v as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! What phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? Why, it is affectations. 135

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he-or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else!--of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shove!boards that cost me two shilling and two pence apiece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No, it is false, if it is a pick-purse. Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo. Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial! Froth and scum, thou

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he. 149 Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours; I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John? Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses; fie, what the

ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil godly company, for this trick. drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous

mind. Fal. You hear all these matters deni'd

gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; Exit Anne Page. we'll drink within. Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne

Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford! Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good Kisses her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michael-

mas?

186 Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, Anne. The dinner is on the table; this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a father desires your worships' company. kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh 100

here. Do you understand me? Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reason-

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions: Master Slender, I will description the matter to 106 you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says; I pray you pardon me; he's a forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my

justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question. The question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry is it; the very point of it:

to Mistress Anne Page. Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her

upon any reasonable demands. Evans. But can you affection the oman? Let us command to know that of your

mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies ! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her. Will you, upon Shal. That you must.

good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your requist, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nav. conceive me, conceive me. sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, vet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another. I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt. But if you say marry her', I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer, save the fall is in the ord 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, ' resolute-

ly'; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well. Slen. Av, or else I would I might be hang'd, la!

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. Would I were young for your sake, Mistress 230 Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne!

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be able; if it be so, I shall do that that is absence at the grace. [Exeunt Shallow and Evans.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come 194 in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily;

I am verv well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir. 215 Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you,

man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow, letter; for it is a oman that altogether's [Exil Simple] A justice of peace sometime acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; may be beholding to his friend for a man, and the letter is to desire and require her I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my to solicit your master's desires to Mistress mother be dead. But what though? Yet Anne Page. I pray you be gone. I will I live fike a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your and cheese to come.

worship; they will not sit till you come. Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sır, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruis'd my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence -three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunesand, I with my ward defending my head, he hot my shin, and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears i' th' town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard

them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir. 267
Slen. That's meat and drink to me now. have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it that it pass'd; but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir. 275 Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! Come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you keep on. Sle 1. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I play you, sir.

Slen, I'll rather be unman terly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong indeed, la ' [Exeunt.

SCINE II. Before Page's house.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

251 make an end of my dinner; there's pippins

SCENE III. The Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, PISTOL and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor—Cæsar, Keiser. and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he

shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully Hecter

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host, I have exole; let lam follow. [To Barda bhi Let me see thee froth and lime. I am at a word : follow. Exit Host.

Fal. Bardolph, tollow him. A tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapsier. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I

will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! Wilt thou the spigot wield? Exit Bardolph. Nym. He was gotten in drink. Is not the

humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am se acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer-he

kept not time. Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. 'Convey' the wise it call. 'Steal' foh! A fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels. Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must conycatch: I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town? Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance

good. Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what

I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

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Fal. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's 5 wife; I spy entertainment in her; she Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is 'I am Sir John Falstaff's '.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her will out of honesty into English. Nym. The anchor is deep; will that

humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain: and 'To

her, boy'say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good,

humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious œillades: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine Nym. I thank thee for that humour. Fal. O, she did so course o'er inv exteriors with such a greedy intention that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her. She bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will threve.

Pist. Shall I Sii Pandarus of Trov become

And by my side wear steel? Then Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour. Here, take the humour-letter; I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [To Robin] Hold, sirrah; bear you

these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones. go;

Trudge, plod away i' th' hoof; seek shelter,

pack!

Falstaff will learn the homour of the age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

Exeunt Falstaff and Robm. Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low begules the rich and poor:

Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt is a good girl, and I wish lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I. I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold How Falstail, variet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold.

And his soft couch defile. Nym. My humour shall not cool; I wul incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with vellowness; for the revole of mine is dangerous. That is my true liamoui

Pist Thou art the Mars of malcontents; I second thee, troop on. [Excunt.

Scene IV. Doctor Caus's house.

Enter MISTRLSS QUICKLY, SIMPLE and RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee go to the casement and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If ne do. i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English.

Rug. I'd go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [Exit Rugby] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate; his worst tault is that he is given to prayer: he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Av, for fault of a better. Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Av, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little whey face, with a little yellow beard, a Camcolour'd beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not? Sim. Av, torsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his

head; he hath rought with a warrener. -5 Quick. How say you? O, I should remember him. Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he. Quick. Well heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master. Anne

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master. Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet] He will not

stay long. What, John Rugby! John! what John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well that he comes not home. [Singing

And down, down, adown-a, etc.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray vou, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert—a box, a green-a box. Do intend vat I speak? A gieen-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. [Aside] I am glad he went not in humself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ou:; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave, Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Catus. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch. 55 Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai j' oublié? Dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man

there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villainy! larron! [Pulling Simple out] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a? Quick. The young man is an honest man. Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? Dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

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Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an

errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell?

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baillez me some paper. Tarry you a little-a-while. [Writes.

Quick. [Aside to Simple] I am glad he is so quiet; if he had Leen throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wing, brew, bake, scour, draw meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself—

Sim. [Aside to Quickly] 'Tis a great charge

to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [Aside to Simple] Are you avis'd o' that? You shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding—to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind—that's neither here nor there.

Caus. You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge; I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [Exil Simple.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend. Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat. Do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate. What the good-year!

Caus. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt Caius and Rugby. Quick. You shall have—An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within] Who's within there? ho! Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? How does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands

above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenpany! What should I say to him? I was ton, I'll be swoin on a book she loves you. then frigal of my mirth. Heaven forgive Have not your worship a wart above your me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliaeye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that? Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread. We had an hour's talk of that wart; I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing; but for you-well,

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold. there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou seest her before

me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? I'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell: I am in great haste

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [Exit Fenton] Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon 't, what have I forgot? Exit.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Before Page's house. Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I scap'd loveletters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me

Reads. see. 'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I: ha! ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page-at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice—that I love thee. I will not say, Pity me: 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, Love me. By me,

Thine own true knight, By day or night, Or any kind of light, With all his might. For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd-with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my com-

ment for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me. I was going to your house.

Mis. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill. Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that;

I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman? Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it? Dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? Thou liest. Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight. Here. read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty, and gave such orderly and wellbehaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Greensleeves'. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names-sure, more!-and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put Believe it. Page: he speaks sense. us two. I had rather be a giantess and he under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste

Mis. Ford. Why, this is the very same:

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he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. 'Boarding' call you it? I'll

be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O that my husband saw this letter! It would give

eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman. Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They retire.

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with N. M.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. Pist. He woos both high and low, both messenger to this paltry knight. rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, me, I thought on her; she'll fit it. Ford;

He loves the gallimaufry. Ford, perpend. daughter Anne? Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, does good Mistress Anne? or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy have an hour's talk with you. heels.

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do me, did you not? foot by night;

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym.

[Exit Pistol. Ford. [Aside] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [To Page] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged the very hand, the very words. What doth me in some humours; I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long.

My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch:

'Tis true. My name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.

Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

dieu. [Exit Nym. Page. 'The humour of it' quoth 'a! Here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page, I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian though the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow. Well. [Mistress Page and Mistress Ford come forward.

Page. How now, Meg!

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home; go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page ? 130

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? [Aside to Mrs. Ford] Look who comes yonder; she shall be our

Mrs. Ford. [Aside to Mrs. Page] Trust

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my I 15

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we

[Exeunt Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Mistress Quickly.

Page. How now, Master Ford! Ford. You heard what this knave told

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they. Ford. I like it never the better for that.

Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Av. marry, does he. If he should intend this vovage toward my wife. I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it he on stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident. I would have nothing he on my head. I cannot be thus

satisfied.

Enter Host.

Page. Look where my janting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily. How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully rook! Thou'rt a gentleman. [To Shallow following] Cavaleiro Justice, I sav.

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? Жe have sport in hand. 178

Host. Tell him, Cavaleiro Justice; tell

him, bully rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford, Good mine host o' th' Garter, a

word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully rook? [They go aside.

Shal. [To Page] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall [They converse apart.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my

knight, my guest-cavaleiro.

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brookonly for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress-said I well ?-and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, Mynheers? 196

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier. Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think more. In these times you stand on distance, the knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

The first the state of the tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! Shall we

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

Exeunt all but Ford. Foid. Though Page be a secure tool, and cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into 't, and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [Exit.

Scene II. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny. Pist. I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,

Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn. I have grated upon my good friends for three repnieves for you and your coachfellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? Hadst thou

not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason. Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go-a short knife and a throng !- to your manor of Pickt-hatch; go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! You stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it. you!

Pist. I do relent; what would thou more

of man?

Enter ROBIN.

with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS OUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow. Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship. Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn;

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and

I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir-I pray, come a little nearer this ways. I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius. 41

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say-Quick. Your worship says very true. I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee nobody hears mine own people, mine own people.

make them his servants!

Fal. Well; Mistress Ford, what of her? Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I

Fal. Mistress Ford: come. Mistress Ford-

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lav at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could neve- get an eyewink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty; and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief,

my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven. 76

Fal. Ten and eleven?

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Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of. Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! He's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely I think you have charms, la! Yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and attraction of my good parts aside, I have

no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't! Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted

each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed! They have not so little grace, I hope-that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves. Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list. rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any for 'tis not good that children thing; should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [Exeunt Quickly and Robin] This news distracts me.

Pist. [Aside] This punk is one of Cupid's discover a thing to you, wherein I must

fights;

Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[Exit Pistol. Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack; go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done: so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [Exit Bardolph] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? Go to; via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless vou, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak Pursuing that that flies, and flying what with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more ecquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yoursnot to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embold'ned me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and

will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve

to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall

be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar-I will be brief with you—and you have been

carriers; very much lay open mine own imperfec-Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your tion; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my foilies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of vour own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy is it to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I proyou, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this: Love like a shadow flies when substance

love pursues ;

pursues '.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands? Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love.

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of a man long known to me, though I had your time in exchange of it as to lay an never so good means as desire to make amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's myself acquainted with you. I shall wife; use your art of wooing, win her to

consent to you; if any man may, you may hour is fix'd; the match is made. Would as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my duft. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattl d against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall. Ford, Want no money, Sir John; you

shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous lascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know Low I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance.

Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not; yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckold! rogue's coffer; and there's my harvesthome.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt he with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. Exit. 255

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident

any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputawhat you would enjoy? Methinks you tion gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends. But cuckold! Wittol! Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife: he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect. they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! Exit. 270

Scene III. A field near Windsor.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius, Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack? Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir

Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came. Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence! Carus. Villainy, take your rapier. Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

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Host. Bless thee, bully doctor! Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius I Page. Now, good Master Doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir. Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree,

four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto. thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy jealousy? My wife hath sent to him; the montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? Ha! is he dead, bully stale? Is he

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld: he is not show his face. Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal.

Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two tree hours for

him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Master Doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of

peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow. 45 Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me. Master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, Guest Justice. A word,

Mounseur Mockwater.

Caius. Mock-vater! Vat is dat?

Host. Mockwater, in our English tongue.

is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mockvater as de Englishman. iack-dog priest! By gar, me vill cut his ears. Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly,

bully.

Caius, Clapper-de-claw! Vat is dat? 60 Host. That is, he will make thee amends. Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let

him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully-but first: [Aside to the others] Master Guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. 68

Page. [Aside] Sir Hugh is there, is he? Host. [Aside] He is there. See what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well? Shal. [Aside] We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good Master Doctor. [Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page. Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried game! Said I well?

Caus. By gar, me dank you vor dat; by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well? Carus. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then. Casus. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward; every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

[Exit. Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork. Pless my soul! ISings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing, madrigals; There will we make our peds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow-

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. Sings.

Melodious birds sing madrigals— Whenas I sat in Pabylon-And a thousand vagram posies. To shallow, etc.

Re-enter SIMPLE.

Sim. Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh. [Sings. Evans. He's welcome.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls-

Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for master, Master Shallow, and another gentle-

Evans. Prav vou give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. Takes out a book.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, Master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. [Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! Do you study them both, Master Parson? Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it. Page. We are come to you to do a good

office, Master Parson. Evans. Fery well; what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw. 50

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him: Master the renowned French Doctor Caius, physician.

Evans. Got's will and his passion of my lu art! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and he is a knave besides-a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal. . 62

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should

fight with him.

Slen. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page! Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor Pray you follow. Caros.

Enter Host, Cajus, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Master Doctor. 69 Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you use your patience; in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, let us go you?

man, from Frogmore, over the stile, this not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [Aloud] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby-mine Host de Jarteer-have I not stay for him to kill him? Have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-

Casus. Ay, dat is very good! excellent! Host. Peace. I say. Hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic ? am I subtle ? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? No; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sır Hugh? No; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art. I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow,

gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page! [Exeunt all but Caius and Evans. Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? Have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Cair: By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Erans. Well, I will smite his noddles. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The street in Windsor.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf. 5 Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy;

now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, it marıy.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that-two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-

cock? Page. I cannot tell what the Mrs. dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff. Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir. I am sick till I see her. [Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy as a cannon will shoot pointblank He pieces out his wife's twelve score. inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this show'r sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots! They are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock strikes] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me cearch; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather prais'd for this than mock'd: for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford. Ford. Trust me, a good knot; I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford. Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. 51

Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you. But my wife, Master Doctoi, is for you altogether.

Caus. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is your husbands were dead, you two would love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so 12 mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eves of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May; he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance; if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport: I will show you a monster. Master Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well; we shall have

the freer wooing at Master Page's. [Exeunt Shallow and Slender. Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come

anon. [Exit Ruzby. Host. Farewell, my hearts; I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary

with him. [Exit Host. Ford. [Aside] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Ford's house.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert! Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket-

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down. Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge;

we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders. That done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side. 13

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and thing in me, over; they lack no direction. Be gone, Fal. What and come when you are call'd.

16 persuade to

[Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have

you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threat'ned to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [Exit Robin] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [Exit Mrs. Page.

act it, hiss me. [Exit Mrs. Page. Mrs. Ford. Go to, then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross wat'ry pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?

Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John? Alas,

I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become nothing else, nor that

well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so; thou wouldst make an absolute courtier, and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were, not Nature, thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckleisbury in simple 'time; I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deserv'st it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it. 70 Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind. 73 Rob. [Wuthin] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly,

and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. Sne shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

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Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [Falstaff hides himself.

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? How now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're sham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?
Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?
Out upon you, how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter? Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a genti-man that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so that you have such a man here; but 'tis most that you have such a man here; but 'tis most that Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you ant to know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; solute but if you have a friend here, convey, y foot convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all o thy your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for were, ever.

st Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a 56 gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not

mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand ' you had rather, and 'you had rather '! Your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance; in the house you cannot hide him. O. how have you deceiv'd me! Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here: and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking, or-it is whitingtime-send him by your two men to Datchet Mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there.

What shall I do?

Fal. [Coming forward] Let me see 't, let me see 't. O. let me see 't! I'll in. I'll in: follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! [Aside to Falstaff] Are these your letters,

knight?

Fal. [Aside to Mrs. Page] I love thee and none but thee; help me away.-Let me creep in here; I'll never-

IGets into the basket: they cover him

with foul linen.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! Exit Robin.

Re-enter Servants.

Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staft? Look how you drumble. Carry them to the laundress in Datchet Mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh EVANS.

Ford. Pray you come near. If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now, whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth. Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best You were best

meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! ay, buck! I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt Servants with the basket Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. 11'11 warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [Locking the door] So, now uncape. 145

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

men, you shall see sport anon; follow me. gentlemen. IExu. Evens. This is fery fantastical humours

and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[Exeunt Evans, Page, and Caius. Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excel-

lency in this? Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or

Sir John. Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband ask'd who was in the

basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest cascal! I would all of the same strain were in the

same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff. His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to a_other punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass. Mrs. Page. [Aside to Mrs. Ford] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so. Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen. Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it. Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at

the day of judgment! Caius. Be gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford, are you not asham'd? What spirit, what devil suggests Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentle- this imagination? I would not ha your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Cannot attain it, why then-hark you Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page; I suffer For it

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience. Your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Casus. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife, come, Mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartly, pardon me.

Page Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you tomorrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together: I have a tine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so? 207

Ford. Any thing.

Trans If there is one, I shall make two in the company. Ca us. If there be one or two, I shall

make a the turd. Find. Pray you go, Master Page.

Frans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host. Carus. Dat is good: by gar, with all my

· hearí. Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Before Page's house.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love: Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property. Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee. Anne ;

Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Gentle Master Fenton. Anne. Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir. If opportunity and humblest suit

[They converse apart. hither

> Enter Shallow, Slender, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd. Slen. No, she shall not dismay me. I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye, Master Slender would

speak a word with you. Anne. I come to him. [Aside] This is my

father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

And how does good Master Quick. Fenton? Pray you, a word with you. 35 Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you. Slen. Av. that I do: as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will come cut and long-

tail, under the degree of a squire. Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz; I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender-Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne-

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender! Love him, daughter Anne-

Why, how now, what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt inv house.

I told you sir, my daughter is dispos'd of. Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not im-

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come net to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir. will you hear me?

No, good Master Fenton. Page. Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender,

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page. Shallow, and Slender Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love

your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do.

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners.

I must advance the colours of my love, 80 And not retire. Let me have your good will. Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to vond fool.

Mis. Page I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, Master Doctor. Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth.

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mis. Page. Come, trouble not yourself.
Good Master Fenton.

I will not be your friend, not enemy: My daughter will I question how she loves

And as I find her, so am I affected: Till then, farewell, sir; she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; fare-

well, Nan.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne. Quick. This is my doing now: 'Nay,' said I 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton'. This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee,

once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for

thy pains.

Quick. Now Heaven send thee good fortune! [Exit Fenton] A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But vet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fent in had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it! [Exit.

Scene V. The Gater Inn.

Eiter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say ! Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [Exit Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I il have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a newyear's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drown'd but that the shore was shelvy and shallow-a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with sack.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MISTRESS OUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go. brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit Bardolph] How now! Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I

have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day, good heart, that was not her fault! She does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection. 35 Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a

foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine; I must carry her word quickly. She'il make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well. I will visit her. Tell her so: and bid her think what a man is. Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, thou?

Ouick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her. Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit. Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my

business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook. Ford. How so, sir; did she change her

determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and

could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket! Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! Ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins, that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there? Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane; they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I

Master Brook-I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous 10tten bell-wether; next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own Think of that-a man of my grease. kidney. Think of that-that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw. It was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than halfstew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe: think of that-hissing hot. Think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll under-

take her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding; I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir. Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I and the conclusion shall crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit. 122

Ford. Hum! ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford. There's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the lecher; he is at my house. He cannot scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse nor into a pepper box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me-I'll be horn mad. [Exit. 131

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Windsor. A street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY. and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou? Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad about his thiowing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mis. Page. I'll be with he, by and by : I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh, no school to-day? Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart! 12 Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up

your head; come.

Mis. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master; be not

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will, Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say 'Od's nouns'.

Evans. Peace your tattlings. What is fair', William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! There are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity oman: I pray you, peace. What is 'lapis', William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone', William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis'; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined: Singulariter, nominativo; hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child. Accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. ' Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, oman. What is the focative case, William? Will. O—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William: focative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. Onian, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Enais What is your genitive case plural, William ?

Will Genitive case?

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive: horum, harum, horum, 55 Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case: fie on hei! Never name hei, child, if she be a whore.

Erans. For shame, oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words He teaches him to hick and to hack, which the ''ll do fast enough of themselves; and to call 'horum'; fie upon you!

Evans. Oman, art thou lunatics? Hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Puthee hold thy neace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot. Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod; if you forget your qui's, your que's, and your quod's, you must be preeches. Go your ways

and play; go. Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I

thought he was. Exam. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Victross Page

Mrs. Page. Adieu. good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh! Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.

SCENE II. Ford's house.

Enter FALSTATE and MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Fold, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a han's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accourrement, complement. and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mis. Page. [Within] What hoa, gossip Ford, what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into th' chamber. Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.

Enter MISTRLSS PAGE.

Mrs. Page How now, sweetheart, who's at home besides yourself? Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own

people. Mis. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her] Speak louder.

Mis. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Fold. Why?

50

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband

is in his old lunes again. He so takes on vonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets hunself on the forehead, crying 'Peer-out, peer-out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him? 25 Mis. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress

Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone: the knight is

here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then, you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. V'hich way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enier Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mis. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into

the chimney.

Mis. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd.

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him? Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for hun; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muiller, and a kerchief, and so escape. 60

Ful. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mis. Fold. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above, 64 Mis. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrumm'd hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go. go. sweet Sir John. Mistress Page and I will look some linen for vour head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight. Put on the gown the [Exit Falstaff. while.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford: he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threat'ned to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his

cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming? Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence. 80
Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll

appoint my men to carry the basket again. to meet him at the door with it as they did

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Co up; I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest variet! we cannot misuse him enough

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will Wives may be merry and yet honest too. We do not act that often jest and laugh; 'Is old but true: Still swine eats all the

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD, with two Serv ints.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; quickly, dispatch. Extt.

1 Scrv. Come, come, take it up. 2 Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had lief as bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me agam? Set down the basket, villain! Somebedy call my wife. Youth in a basket! O von pand rly rascals, there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be sham'd. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics. This is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed. Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford. the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. Ford, Well said, brazen-face : hold it out.

Come forth, sırrah.

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd? Let goodly credit for you. the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

up your wife's clothes? Come away. 125 has a great peard; I spy a great peard Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there a rain? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he

shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for. 140 Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your

brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table sport; let them say of me 'As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman'. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, hoa, Mistress Page! Come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman? What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford. 150

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening ministers. quean! Have I not forbid her my house?

simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure, and such daub'ry as this is, beyong our element. We know nothing. Come down, you witch, you has you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband: Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old

woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Plat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. [Beating him] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! Out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I [Pulling clothes out of the basket. think you have kill'd the poor woman. 116 Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the oman Evans. 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take is a witch indeed; I like not when a oman under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again. 175 Page. Let's obey his humour a little

further. Come, gentlemen.

Execut all but Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mis. Foid. Nav, by th' mass, that he did not: he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs. Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

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Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is sure scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the

Mrs. Ford. I 'll warrant they'll have him She comes of errands, does she? We are publicly sham'd; and methinks there

would be no period to the jest, should he 1418

not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it. I would not have things cool. Exeunt.

Scene III. The Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they

speak English?

Bard. Ay, s'r; I'll call them to you. Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay: I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests. They must come off; I'll sauce them. Come ii Exeunt.

Scene IV. Ford's house

Ford, MISTRESS Enter PAGE. PAGE. MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour. Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth, do

what thou wilt: I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand.

In him that was of late an heretic. As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission as in

offence But let our plot go forward. Let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him and disgrace him toi it. Ford. There is no better way than that

they spoke of. Page. How? To send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, 10 fie! he'll never come!

Erans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten as an old oman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd; he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither. them vizards.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Heine the Hunter.

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest. Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight, Walk round about an eak, with great ragg'd horns:

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle.

And makes milch-kine vield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner, You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed eld Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age.

This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth. Page. Why vet there want not many

that do tear In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.

But what of this?

Marry, this is our device-Mis. Ford. That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us. Disguis'd, like Herne, with huge hoins on his head.

Page Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.

And in this shape. When you have brought hun thither.

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus: Nan Page my daughter, and my little son. And three or four more of their growth. we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waven tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden, As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met, 51 Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once With some diffused song; upon their sight We two in great amazedness will fly.

Then let them all encircle him about, And fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight: And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel, In their so sacred paths he dares to tread In shape profane.

Mis. Ford. And till he tell the truth. Let the supposed tairies pinch him sound. And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known, We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,

And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must Be practis'd well to this or they'll nev'r

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-anapes also, to burn the knight with my taber. Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the Queen of all the Fairies.

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [Aside] And in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away, And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight

Ford. Nav. I'll to him again, in name of Brook:

He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties

And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knavenes.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans. Mis. Page. Go, Mistress Ford. Send Quickly to Sir John to know his mind. [Exit Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page. That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot:

And he my husband best of all affects. The Doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [Exit.

SCENE V. The Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? What, thick-skin? Speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed, 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropopha-ginian unto thee. Knock, I say.

Sira. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? The knight may be robb'd. I'll call. Bully knight! Bully Sir John! Speak from thy lungs military. Art thou there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [Above] How now, mine host? Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy, fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

woman even now with me; but she's gone. town tells me there is three cozen-germans

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell. What would you with her?

Sun. My master, sir, my Master Slender. sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it. Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir? 31 Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguil'd Master Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Av. come: quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Ful. Conceal them, or thou diest. Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page: to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sum What, sir? 45 Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the

woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir? Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold? Sim. I thank your worship; I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

Ext Simble. Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out. alas, sir. cozenage, mere côzenage!

Host. Where be my horses? Speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like German devils. three three Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not say they be fled. Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host? Host. What is the matter, sir?

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat ments. There is a friend of mine come to

that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readins. of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vloutingstogs, and 'tis not convenient you should mind is heavy; I will give over all. be cozened. Fare you well. IExit.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer? Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity

and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jamany. By my trot, dere is no duke that the court is know to come: I tell you for good will. Adieu.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight; lam undone. Fly, run, hue and cry,

villain; I am undone.

[Exeunt Host and Bardolph. Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfall'n as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wand were but long enough to say my

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

prayers, I would repent.

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth. Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other! And so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot

about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford. But that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Scene VI. The Garter Inn. Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: mv Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in

my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel. Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, So far forth as herself might be her chooser. Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at: The mirth whereof so larded with my

matter

That neither, singly, can be manifested 15 Without the show of both. Fat Falstaff Hath a great scene. The image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one.

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen-

The purpose why is here—in which disguise.

While other jests are something rank on foot.

Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry; she hath con-

Now, sir,

Her mother, evén strong against that

match

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away While other sports are tasking of their minds.

And at the dean'ry, where a priest attends, Straight marry her. To this her mother's plot

She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the doctor. Now thus it rests:

Her father means she shall be all in white: And in that habit, when Slender sees his

To take her by the hand and bid her go. She shall go with him; her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor— For they must all be mask'd and vizarded-That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd.

With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt. And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,

To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token.

The maid hath given consent to go with

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me.

vicar

To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and

And in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee:

Besides, I'll make a present recompense. 55 [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. The Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. 6 Fal. Away, I say; time wears; hold up your head, and mince. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Enter FORD, disguised.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him. Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy, I will tell you—he beat me grievously in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me. I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom tonight I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, "aster Brook! Follow. 28 remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you;

SCENE II. Windson Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' th' Castle ditch till we see the 'ight of our fairies. Remember, son Siender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with And here it iests—that you'll procure the her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your mum or her budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

Scene III. A street leading to the Park. Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park; we two must go together. Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. 5

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely. Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery. Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS like a satyr, with Others as fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and [Exeunt. follow me into the pit; and when I give

the watch-ords, do as I pid you Come come; tub, trib. [Exeunt

Scene V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Heine.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa love set on thy horns. O powerful love that in some respects makes a beast a man in some other a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast-O Jove, a heastly fault !- and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl-think on't, Jove, a foul fault! When gods have hot backs what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest. Send me a cool juttime, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my

Fnler MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Mis. Ford. Sii John! Art thou there my deer, my male deer.

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Greensleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me [Embracing her here.

me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [A noise of hoins. Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away. [They run off. Mrs. Page. Fal. I think the devil will not have me

damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me

Enter Sir Hugh Evans like a satyr, Anne PAGE as a fairy, and Others as the Fairy Queen, fairies, and Hobgoblin; all with tabers.

Fairy Queen. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white.

You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,

Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oves.

Puck. Elves, list your names; silence. you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap;

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery. Fal. They are fairies; be that speaks to them shall die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye. [Lies down upon his face. Evans. Where's Pede? Go you, and

where you find a maid That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers

said. Raise up the organs of her fantasy,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy; But those as sleep and think not on their sins.

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Fairy Queen. About, about;

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out;

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,

That it may stand till the perpetual doom In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the owner and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm and every precious flower ;

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with Each fair instalment, coat, and sev'ral ciest.

With loyal blazon, evermore be blest! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring; Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see: And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write 67 In em'rald tufts, flow'rs purple, blue and white:

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee.

Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery. Away, disperse; but till 'tis one o'clock, Our dance of custom round about the oak Of Herne the Hunter let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set; And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns

be, To guide our measure round about the

tree. But, stay. I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Puck. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Fairy Queen. With trial-fire touch me for my love again; but I will always count his finger-end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend. And turn him to no pain; but if he stait. It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Puck. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire? [They put the tapers to his fingers, and he starts.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Fairy Queen. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme; And, as you trip, still pinch him to your

The Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy! Fie on lust and luxury! Lust is but a bloody fire, Kindled with unchaste desire, Fed in heart, whose flames aspire, As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher. Pinch him, fairies, mutually:

Pinch him for his villainy:

Pinch him and burn him and turn him

Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and FENTON steals away Anne Page. noise of hunting is heard within. the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now.

Will none but Herne the Hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? Do not these fair

yokes

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?

Master Brook Foldant's a known. Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a here are his horns, cuckoldly knave; Master Brook; and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buckbasket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master his horses are arrested for it, Brook; Master Brook.

we could never meet. I will never take you should have been a pander. Over and

you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fames; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers. drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyine and reason, that they were fair es. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent when 'tis upon ill employment.

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse vou.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English. Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it. that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frieze? 'Tis time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter;

your belly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese 'and 'putter'! Have I hv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intoleiable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife? Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; have cozen'd of money, to whom you above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house. where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [Aside] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho, ho, father Page! Page. Son, how now! how now, son!

Have you dispatch'd? Slen. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in

Gloucestershire know on't: would I were hang'd, la. else l

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!-and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the

wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cried 'mum' and she cried 'budget' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not

Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry. I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the dean'ry, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened. 195

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress r, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit Caius. Ford. [Exeunt. gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father. Good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, Mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender? Mrs. Page. Why went you not with

Master Doctor, maid? Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth

of it.

You would have married her most shamefully.

Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted.

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve 115.

Th' offence is holy that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft. Of disobedience, or unduteous title,

Since therein she doth evitate and shun 215 A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy.

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton. heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton.

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John, 230 To Master Brook you yet shall hold your

word:

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, the Duke. ANGELO, the Deputy. Escalus, an ancient Lord. CLAUDIO, a young gentleman. Lucio, a fantastic. Two other like gentlemen. VARRIUS, a gentleman, servant to the Duke. PROVOST. THOMAS, \ two friars. PETER, A JUSTICE. ELBOW, a simple constable. FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, a clown and servant to Mistress Overdone. ABHORSON, an executioner. BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio. MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo. JULIET, beloved of Claudio. FRANCISCA, a nun. MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attend-

THE SCENE: Vienna.

ACT ONE

Scene I. The Duke's palace. Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus! Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold

Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse,

Since I am put to know that your own Heaven doth with us as we with torches do. science

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice My strength can give you; then no more remains

But that to your sufficiency-as your worth is able-

And let them work. The nature of our people. Our city's institutions, and the terms

As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember. There is our commission.

From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an Attendant. What figure of us think you he will bear? For you must know we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply; Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our

love. And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power. What think you of it? Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, Proceeded to you; therefore take your It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO

Duke. Look where he comes. Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will.

I come to know your pleasure. Duke. Angelo. There is a kind of character in thy life That to th' observer doth thy history

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings Are not thine own so proper as to waste 31 Thyself upon thy vartues, they on thee. Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike 35 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd

But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor, For common justice, y'are as pregnant in Both thanks and use. But I do bend my

speech To one that can my part in him advertise. Hold, therefore, Angelo-

In our remove be thou at full ourself: Morta ity and mercy in Vienna Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus, Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy commission. Now, good my lord, Ang. Let there be some more test made of my

metal. Before so noble and so great a figure

Be stamp'd upon it. Duke. No more evasion! We have with a leaven'd and prepared

choice honours. Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

t prefers itself, and leaves un-That question'd Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,

As time and our concernings shall im-

portune,

How it goes with us, and do look to know What doth befall you here. So, tare you well.

To th' hopeful execution do I leave you 60 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord, That we may bring you something on the

way. Duke. My haste may not admit it; Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do With any scruple: your scope is as min own.

So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good. Give me your

hand;

I'll privily away I 'ove the people, But do not like to stage me to their eyes; Though it do well, I do not reash well 70 Their loud applause and Aves vehement; Nor do I think he man of safe discretion That does affect it. Once more, fare you for a French velvet. Do I speak feeingly

Ang. The heavens give safety to your

purposes! Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit. Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me

To have free speech with you; and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place: A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

Scene II. A street.

Enter Lucio and two other Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen. Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the tab e.

2 Gent, 'Thou shalt not steal'? Lucio. Av. that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it. Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou

never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? A dozen times at least. 20

1 Gent. What, in metre?
Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of ali grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of

shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as hef be a list of an English kersey as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd,

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art ta nted or free.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her 100f as come to-

2 Gent. To what, I pray? 46
1 Gent. Judge.
2 Gent. To three thousand do ours a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more. 1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

1 Gent. How now! which of your hips has

the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well! there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison? 'Tis not so. Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested : saw him carried away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling. would not have it so. Art thou sure of

this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, th s may be; he promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping. 2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws some-

thing near to the speech we had to such a

purpose.

1 Gen!. But most of all agreeing with the

proclamat on.

Lucio. Awav let's go learn the truth Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen. of it. Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you? 81 Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well, what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence? Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What! is there a maid with

child by him?
Pom. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man? Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those

in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort

in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress. Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of

Pom. Come, fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will

be considered. Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas

Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam [Exeunt. Juliet.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio following,

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to pisson, where I am committed. Prov. I do it not in evil disposition. But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight The words of heaven: on whom it will, it will:

On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just. Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio, whence

comes this restraint? Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio. liberty;

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue. Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die. Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. offence, Claudio? What's thy

Claud. What but to speak of would offend

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery? Claud. Cail it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed. You know the lady she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order; this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dow'r

Remaining in the coffer of her fr ends. From whom we thought it meet to hide

our love Till time had made them for us. But it chances

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment.

With character too gross, is writ on Juliet. Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Unhappily, even so. 149 Claud. And the new deputy now for the Duke-Whether it be the fault and glimpse of

newness, Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

85

130

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in. But this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung
by th' wall
160

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name. 164

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be

found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the closter enter, And there receive her approbation; Acquaint her with the danger of my state; Implore her, in my voice, that she make

friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him.

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect 176 Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse.

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio. L. .io. Within two hours. 186

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.

Scene III. A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life removed, And held in idle price to haunt assemblies Where youth, and cost, a witless bravery keeps.

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo, A man of stricture and firm abstinence, My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir, You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,

Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of

birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight 25

For terror, not to use, in time the rod Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead; And liberty plucks justice by the nose; The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you
pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd

Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful. Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope, 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them

For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father.

I have on Angelo impos'd the office; 40 Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I
prithee.

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action

At our more leisure shall I render you. Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall
we see,

If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. A nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough? Isab. Yes, truly I speak not as desiring

But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls? Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella, Turn you the key, and know his business of him;

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn;

When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men

But in the presence of the prioress; Then, if you speak, you must not show your

face. Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you answer him. [Exit Francisca.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be. as those cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less. Can you so stead

As bring me to the sight of Isabella, A novice of this place, and the fair sister To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her 'unhappy brother'? Let me ask

The rather, for I now must make you know I am that Isabella, and his sister. Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother

kindly greets you.

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison. 25 Isab. Woe me! For what?

his judge, He should receive his punishment in thanks:

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

It is true. I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin 31 With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest.

Tongue far from heart-play with all virgins so:

I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted, By your renouncement an immortal spirit, And to be talk'd with in sincerity, As with a saint.

mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth. 'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd. As those that feed grow full, as blossoming That from the seedness the bare fallow

brings

To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry. Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is. Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence:

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, In hand, and hope of action; but we

learn. By those that know the very nerves of state.

His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place.

And with full line of his authority. Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood Is very snow-broth, one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense, But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge With profits of the mind, study and fast. 61 He—to give fear to use and liberty,

Which have for long run by the hideous law.

As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act Under whose heavy sense your brother's

Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it, And follows close the rigour of the statute To make him an example. All hope is gone, Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be To soften Angelo. And that's my pith of business

> 'Twixt you and your poor brother. Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him Already, and, as I hear, the Provost hath A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me 75

To do him good? Assay the pow'r you have. Lucio. Isab. My power, alas, I doubt!

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors, And make us lose the good we oft might win

By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo, Isab. You do blaspheme the good in And let him learn to know, when maidens and kneel.

All their petitions are as freely theirs As they themselves wou'd owe them. Isab. I'll see what I can do.

But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight: No longer staying but to give the Mother

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you. Commend me to my Liother; soon at night I'll send him certain word of my success. Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu. 90 [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey, And let it keep one shape till custom make it

Their perch, and not their terror.

Ay, but yet Let us be keen, and rather cut a little Than fall and bruise to death. Alas! this

gentleman, Whom I would save, had a most noble father.

Let but your honour know,

Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue. That, in the working of your own affections, Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of our blood Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your lıfe

Err'd in this point which now you censure officer. him.

And pull'd the law upon you.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,

Another thing to fall. I not deny The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,

That justice seizes. What knows the laws That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't, Because we see it; but what we do not see We tread upon, and never think of it. You may not so extenuate his offence For I have had such faults: but rather tell

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Men give like gods; but when they weep Let mine own judgment pattern out my death.

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Where is the Provost? Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

See that Claudio Ang. Be executed by nine to-morrow morning; Bring him his confessor; let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. Exit Provost.

Escal. [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall; Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none.

And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

Enter ELBOW and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them awav.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name, and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Well-what bene-Ang. Benefactors! factors are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have. Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise

Ang. Go to; what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow. Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? A tapster, sir; parcelbawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that? Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour-

Escal. How! thy wife!

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman-Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that

constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? 85 Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit dish, a dish of some three pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the

dish, sır.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three pence again—

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be rememb'red, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be rememb'red, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well then-

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool. To the purpose: what was done to Elbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to

that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir, a man of tourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there; I'll take my leave.

And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo. Now, sir, come on; what was done to Flhow's wife once more?

Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once?—sir. There was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me. 137 Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

To her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well. Escal. Well, I do so.

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Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in

his face? Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be suppos'd upon a book his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right, constable; what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Ēlb. Vārlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him

before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

ou, Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal,

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too. 173 Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship

for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they

Elb. Mairy, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked variet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet: thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Esca'. So. What trade are you of, sir? Pom. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster. Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last. Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part. I never come into any room in a

taphouse but I am drawn m.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth ; farewell. [Exit Froth] Come you hither to me, Master Tapster; what's your name, Master Tapster?

Pom. Pompey. Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum. sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that

would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey—by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir. Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey. Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they Come, sir.

or I'll have mine action of batt'ry on will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

> Escal. There is pretty orders beginning. I can tell you: it is but heading and hang-

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads; if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever-no. not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So for this time, Pompey, fare you well. 238

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [Aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. 241 Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable? Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir? Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Elbow] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with

Just. I humbly thank you. Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;

But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe. It is but needful: Escal. Mercy is not itself that oft looks so:

Pardon is st.ll the nurse of second woe. 270 220 But yet, poor Claudio! There is no remedy. Scene II. Another room in Angelo's house. Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Pray you do. [Exit Servani]

I'll know His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas. He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he To die for 't!

Enter ANGELO.

Now, what's the matter. Ang. Provost?

Prov. Is t your will Claudio shall die And let go by the actor. to-morrow?

thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Lest I might be too rash; Under your good correction, I have seen 10 When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Go to; let that be mine. Ang. Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

Dispose of her Ang. To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd

Desires access to you.

Hath he a sister? Ang. Prov. Av. my good lord: a very virtuous maid.

And to be shortly of a sisterhood.

If not already.

Well, let her be admitted. Ang. [Exit Servant.

See you the fornicatress be remov'd: Let her have needful but not lavish means: There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. [Going] Save your honour! 25 Stay a little while. [To Isabella] Y'are welcome; what's your will? Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,

Please but your honour hear me. Ang.

Well; what's your suit? Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of iustice:

For which I would not plead, but that I And you were Isabel! Should it then be must:

For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter? Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:

I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault and not the actor of it!

Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done;

Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,

Isab. O just but severe law! Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. [To Isabella] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him,

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold: if you should need a pin.

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Maiden, no remedy. Ang. Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would? Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse

As mine is to him?

He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late. Lucio. [To Isabella] You are too cold. 56 Isab. Too late? Why, no; I, that do

speak a word, May call it back again. Well, believe this: No ceremony that to great ones longs,

Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword.

The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe.

Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slipp'd like him; but he,

like you. Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you be gone. Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,

thus?

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [To Isabella] Ay, touch him; there's the vein. 70 Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law.

And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas! Why, all the souls that were were forfeit

And He that might the vantage best have took 74

Found out the remedy. How would you be If He, which is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O, think on that:

And mercy then will breathe within your lips.

Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid It is the law, not I condemn your brother. Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him.

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens

We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven 85

With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you.

Who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside] Ay, well said. Ang. The law hath not been dead, though

it hath slept. 90
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil
If the first that did th' edict infringe

Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake, Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass that shows what future evils—95

Either now or by remissness new conceiv'd, And so in progress to be hatch'd and born—

Are now to have no successive degrees, But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice:

For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall, And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied; 104 Your brother dies to-morrow; be content. Isab. So you must be the first that gives

this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength! But it is
tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [To Isabella] That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
Iso
As Jove himself does, Jove would never be
quiet,

For every pelting petty officer Would use his heaven for thunder,

Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven, Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt.

Splits the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud
man,

Dress'd in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd, His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens.

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [To Isabella] O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent;

He's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. [Aside] Pray heaven she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;

But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. [To Isabella] Thou'rt i' th' right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the capta.n's but a choleric word

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [To Isabella] Art avis'd o' that?

More on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself

That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom,

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know

That's like my brother's fault. If it confess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Against my brother's life.

Ang. [Aside] She speaks, as

Ang. [Aside] She speaks, and 'tis Such sense that my sense breeds with it.—
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you; good, my lord, turn back.

Ang. How, bribe me? 146
Isab, Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall

share with you.

Lucio. [To Isabella] You had marr'd all else.

Scene 21

Isab. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold.

poor

As fancy values them; but with true prayers That shall be up at heaven and enter

there Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls.

From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate

To nothing temporal.

Well; come to me to-morrow. Ang. Lucio. [To Isabella] Go to: 'tis well:

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe! [Aside] Amen; for I Ang.

Am that way going to temptation

Where prayers cross. At what hour to-morrow Isab.

Shall I attend your lordship? At any time 'fore noon, Ang.

Isab. Save your honour! [Exeunt all but Angelo.

From thee: even from thy Ang.virtue!

or mine? The tempter or the tempted, who sins More fit to do another such offence most?

Ha! Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I That, lying by the violet in the sun. Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r. Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be That modesty may more betray our sense Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie! What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo? Dost thou desire her foully for those things

That make her good? O. let her brother

Thieves for their robbery have authority When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again, And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on To sin in loving virtue. Never could the

strumpet, With all her double vigour, art and

nature, Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite. Ever till now, [Exit. how.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Scene III A prison.

Or stones, whose rate are either rich or Enter, severally, Duke, disguised as a Friar. and Provost

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order.

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison. Do me the common right

To let me see them, and to make me know The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,

Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth, Hath blister'd her report. She is with child;

What's this, what's this? Is this her fault And he that got it, sentenc'd-a young man

> Than die for this. 15

Duke. When must he die? Prov. As I do think, to-morrow

[To Juliet] I have provided for you; stay awhile

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently. Duke. I'll teach you how you shall

arraign your conscience, And try your penitence, if it be sound

Or hollowly put on. Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually. Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but lest you do repent As that the sin hath brought you to this

shame. Which sorrow is always toward ourselves,

not heaven. When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'red Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

But as we stand in fear-Juliet. I do repent me as it is an evil, 35 And take the shame with joy. There rest. Duke.

Your partner, as I hear, must die tomotrow,

And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Ex
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, it IExit. O. injurious law,

That respites me a life whose very comfort Is still a dying horior! 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt. Prov.

Scene IV. Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray To several subjects. Heaven hath my

empty words, Whilst my invention, hearing not my

tongue, Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth, As if I did but only chew his name, And in my heart the strong and swelling

evil Of my conception. The state whereon I

studied

Is, like a good thing being often read, and tedious; Grown sere yea. mv gravity.

Where n—let no man hear me—I take pride.

Could I with boot change for an idle plume Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form.

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood. Let's write 'good angel' on the devil's horn:

'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there? Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Servant] O heavens !

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,

Making both it unable for itself And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness? So play the foolish throngs with one that

swoons: Come all to help him, and so stop the air 25 By which he should revive; and even so The general subject to a well-wish'd king Quit their own part, and in obsequious

fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid? 30 Isab. I am come to know your pleasure. Ang. That you might know it would much better please me

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Even so! Heaven keep your Isab. honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be.

As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When? I beseech you; that in his reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40 That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n A man already made, as to remit Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image

In stamps that are forbid; 'the all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.

Which had you rather—that the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him.

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this: I had rather give my body than my soul. Ang. I talk not of your soul; our com-

pell' I sins Stand more for number than for accompt. Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law, Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;

Might there not be a charity in sin To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't, I'll take it as a peril to my soul

It is no sin at all, but charity. Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul.

Were equal poise of sin and charity. Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin, Heaven let me bear it! You granting of my And rather prov'd the sliding of your

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer A merriment than a vice. To have it added to the faults of mine. And nothing of your answer.

Nay, but hear me Ang. Your sense pursues not mine; either you are ignorant

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing

But graciously to know I am no better. Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright

When it doth tax itself; as these black masks

Proclaim an enshielded beauty ten times louder

Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me:

To be received plain, I'll speak mo gross-

Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears, Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True. Ang. Admit no other way to save his life. As I subscribe not that, nor any other, But, in the loss of question, that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person Whose credit with the judge, or own great

Could fetch your brother from the manacles Of the all-binding law; and that there were No earthly mean to save him but that either You must lay down the treasures of your

What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself;

That is, were I under the terms of death, Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And strip myself to death as to a bed That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield

My body up to shame.

Then must your brother die. Ang. Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way: Better it were a brother died at once Than that a sister, by redeeming him, Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the

sentence That you have slander'd so?

pardon

Are of two houses: lawful mercy Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

a tyrant;

brother

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord! It oft falls

To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate For his advantage that I dearly love. Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die, If not a fedary but only he

Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves. Which are as easy broke as they make

forms. Women, help heaven! Men their creation mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail:

For we are soft as our complexions are, And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well; 130 And from this testimony of your own sex,

Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger

Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold.

I do arrest your words. Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;

If you be one, as you are well express'd By all external warrants, show it now By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my lord,

To this supposed, or else to let him suffer- Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you. Isab. My brother did love Juliet,

And you tell me that he shall die for't. Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,

Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.

Believe me, on mine honour, Ang. My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd.

And most permicious purpose! Seeming. seeming! I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't.

Sign me a present pardon for my brother Isab. Ignominy in ransom and free Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud

What man thou art.

Who will believe thee, Isabel? Ang. Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my **155** life.

My youch against you, and my place i' th' Servile to all the skyey influences, state.

Will so your accusation overweigh That you shall stifle in your own report, And smell of calumny. I have begun, And now I give my sensual race the rein: Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes That banish what they sue for; redeem thy

brother By yielding up thy body to my will; Or else he must not only die the death, 165 But thy unkindness shall his death draw

To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most.

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for vou. Say what you can: my false o'erweighs your true. [Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Dig I tell this, 171

O perilous Who would believe me? mouths

tongue

Either of condemnation or approof, Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite. 176

To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother, Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood.

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour That, had he twenty heads to tender down On twenty bloody blocks, he'd vield them

Before his sister should her body stoop To such abhorr'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die: More than our brother is our chastity. I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,

And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. The prison.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angélo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine

But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die. Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life.

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art.

That dost this habitation where thou keep'st

Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun

And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble:

For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st

Are nurs'd by baseness.

means valiant; Thou 'rt by no

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep, And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself:

For thou exists on many a thousand grains That issue out of dust. Happy thou art

not; For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st

to get, That bear in them one and the self-same And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor; 25 For, like an ass whose back with ingots

bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey.

And Death unloads thee. Friend hast mou none:

For thine own bowels which do call thee

The mere effusion of thy proper loins. Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed

youth Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms 35 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fear.

That makes these odds all even. Claud. I humbly thank you. To sue to live, I find I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life. Let it come

Isab. [Within] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company! Prov. Who's there? Come in; the wish

deserves a welcome.

again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you. Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[Exeunt Duke and Provost. Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Tsab. Why. As all comforts are; most good, most

good, indeed. Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven. Intends you for his swift ambassador. Where you shall be an everlasting leiger. 60

Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;

To-morrow you set on.

Is there no remedy? Claud. Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save à head.

To cleave a heart in twain.

But is there any? Claud. Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge, life.

But fetter you till death.

Perpetual durance? Claud. Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint.

Though all the world's vastidity you had. o a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature? Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't.

Would bark your honour from that trunk vou bear.

And leave you naked.

Let me know the point. Claud. Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain, And six or seven winters more respect Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die? The sense of death is most in apprehension; And the poor beetle that we tread upon 80 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this sname? Think you I can a resolution fetch From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die: Thou art too noble to conserve a life

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil: His filth within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The precise Angelo! Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell 96 The damned'st body to invest and cover

In pr.cse guards! Dost thou think. Claudio,

If I would yield him my virginity

Thou mightst be freed?

Claud.

O heavens! it cannot be. Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence. So to offend him still. This night's the time

That I should do what I abhor to name. Or else thou diest to-morrow. Claud.

Thou shalt not do't. Isab. O, were it but my life! I'd throw it down for your deliverance

As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabe... Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him That thus can make him bite the law by th'

If you'll implore it, that will free your When he would force it? Sure it is no sin: Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so

Why would he for the momentary trick 115 Be perdurably fin'd ?-O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing. Isab. And shamed life a hateful. Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know

not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot; This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit To bathe in fiery floods or to reside

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice; To be imprison'd in the viewless winds, 125 And blown with restless violence round

about The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought Imagine howling-'tis too horrible. The weariest and most loathed worldly life That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment, Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death. Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live. What sin you do to save a brother's life, Nature dispenses with the deed so far 136 That it becomes a virtue.

O you beast! O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch! Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice? Is't not a kind of incest to take life From thine own sister's shame? should I think?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father substitute, and to save your brother? 186

For such a warped slip of wilderness Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my

defiance: Die; perish. Might but my bending down Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death. No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

O fie, fie, fie! Isab. Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. 150 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd; 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

O, hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister. but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your lessure, I would by and by have so ne speech with you; the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stav must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [Walks apart

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there. Farewell. [Exit Claudio] Provost, a word with you.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Pro. What's your will, father? Duke. That, now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. Exit Provost. Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your avail?

complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath ex-What amples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this

> Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But. O. how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

> Duke. That shall not be much amiss: vet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid vour accusation: he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

> Isab. Let me hear you speak farther: I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

> Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

> Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she vet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage: first. that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in courseand now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place. If the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it? 249

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most

prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly. 257

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt severally.

Scene II. The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.

Elb. Nav. if there be no remedy for it. but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here? 4 Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox on lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father.

What offence hath this man made you, sir ? Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir. for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked

bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice; say to thyself 'From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live'. Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

So stinkingly depending? Go mend, gomend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort. sir; but yet, sir, I would prove-

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee

proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison. officer ;

Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be.

From our faults, as his faults from seeming, free.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist-a cord, sir.

Enter Lucio.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' th' last rain, ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it ?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse! Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her

beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so; ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd—an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison Pompey?

Pont. Yes, faith, sir.

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Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss. Pompev. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For

debt. Pompey-or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd. Lucio. Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity, too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Commend me to the prison, Pompey. Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will

be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me then, sir? .75 Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey, go.

[Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers. What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio, Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome; but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whereso-

ever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him. Something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity

must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it .s impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then? 99 Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he may live to report you. makes water his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true. And he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this

in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not

inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.
Lucio. Who—not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon: 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand: the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? Why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much dark'ned in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him Duke. Love talks with better knowledge. and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come. sir, I know what I know. D. ke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you; and I pray you your

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again. 156 I'll be hang'd first. Thou art Lucio.

deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir? Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again. This ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light. Would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee pray for me. The Duke. I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet; and, I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar though she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so. Farewell. Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality

Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong 175

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous

tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me;
your honour is accounted a mercifil man;
good my lord.

150

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour. 185

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage. His child is a year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me. 191

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license. Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison. Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Officers with Mistress Overdone] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd: Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father. Duke. Bliss and goodness on you! Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time. I am a brother 205 Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' th' world? Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and, as it is, as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough on make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself. 219

Duke. What pleasure was he given to? Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at anything which profess'd to make him rejoice; a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice. Yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

Execute Be with your.

[Execute Escalus and Provost.]

He who the sword of heaven will bear Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Make a practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by th' disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.
[Exit.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. The moated grange at Saint Luke's.

Enter MARIANA; and Boy singing.

Song

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.

I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish You had not found me here so musical. 11 Let me excuse me, and believe me so, My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd

my woe.

Duke: 'Tis good; though music oft hath

such a charm

To make bad good and good provoke to
harm.

I pray you tell me hath anybody inquir'd for me here to-day. Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after; I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little. May be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit. Duke. Very well met, and well come. 24 What is the news from this good deputy? Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd

with brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;

And to that vineyard is a planched gate
That makes his opening with this bigger
key;

This other doth command a little door 30 Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.

There have I made my promise Upon the heavy middle of the night To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence.

With whispering and most guilty diligence, In action all of precept, he did show me The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you 'greed concerning her observance? 40

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' th' dark:

And that I have possess'd him my most stay Can be but brief; for I have made him

I have a servant comes with me along, 44 That stays upon me; whose persuasion is I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What ho, within! come
forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid; She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like. Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I

respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear. 54 I shall attend your leisure; but make haste; The vaporous night approaches.

Marî. Will't please you walk aside?
[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.
Duke. O place and greatness! Millions

of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious
quest
60

Upon thy doings. Thousand escapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dream, And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father.

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent, 65
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say, When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

'Remember now my brother'.

Mari. Fear me not. Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract. To bring you thus together 'tis no sin, Sith that the justice of your title to him Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

SCENE II. The prison.

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can vou cut

off a man's head? Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir. I can:

but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches and vield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Where's Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Abhorson there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do vou call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! He will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a

feather will turn the scale. [Exit. Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favourfor surely, sir, a good favour you have but that you have a hanging look-do you call,

sir, your occupation a mystery? Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine. 36 Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief,

your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct

thee in my trade; follow. Pom. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir,

for your kindness I owe you a good turn. 54 Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio. Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

Tis now dead midnight, and by eight tomorrow

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine? Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as

guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones. He will not wake.

Who can do good on him? Prov. prepare yourself. [Knocking Well, go, within But hark, what noise? Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[Exit Claudio. [Knocking continues] By and by. I hope it is some pardon or reprieve For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke, disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night

Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel? Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio? Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy. Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;

He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself which he spurs on his pow'r To qualify in others. Were he meal'd with that

nous:

But this being so, he's just. [Knocking you will answer it at your peril.' within Now are they come.

This is a gentle provost; seldom when The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

[Knocking within. How now, what noise! That spirit's possess'd with haste That wounds th' unsisting postern with

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio vet

But he must die to-morrow?

these strokes.

Prov. None, sir, none. Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as

You shall hear more ere morning.

Happily You something know; yet I believe there

No countermand; no such example have

Besides, upon the very siege of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man. Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon. Mess. My lord hath sent you this note: and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger. Duke. [Aside] This is his pardon,

purchas'd by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in; Hence hath offence his quick celerity, When it is borne in high authority. When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended

That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads] ' Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought

Which he corrects, then were he tyran- that more depends on it than we must vet 80 deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as

[Exit Provost. What say you to this, sir?

F 201 Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in th' afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred. One that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was-ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by

himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd? Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless, of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality and desperately mortal. 138

Duke. He wants advice

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov, Pray, sir, in what? Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! How may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest. 160

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and

vou may add to it. Shave the head and tie rapier and dagger man, and young Dropheir the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence if the Duke avouch the justice of

your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that? Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you. Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance of the Duke's death. perchance entering into some monastery: but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away: it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The prison.

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own hearing how hastily you are to depart, I house, for here be many of her old am come to advise you, comfort you, and First, here's young Master customers. Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks ready money. Marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deepvow, and Master Copperspur, and Master Starvelackey, the

that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Sh. otie the great traveller, and wild Halfcan that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more-all great doers in our trade, and are now ' for the Lord's sake '.

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither. Pom. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [Within] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are vou?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put Barnar. [Within] Away, you rogue, away;

I am sleepy

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that

quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out. Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah? Pom. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson, what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir! For he that drinks all night and is hanged betimes in the morning may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore I

beseech you

Look forward on the journey you shall go. Barnar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion. ٠ 56 Duke. But hear you—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any-

thing to say to me, come to my ward: for That want no ear but yours. [Exit. thence will not I to-day. Duke. Unfit to live or die. O gravel

heart!

After him, fellows; bring him to the block. [Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.

Enter PROVOST.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the When it is least expected. prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death:

And to transport him in the mind he is 64 Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head

Just of his colour. What if we do omit 69 This reprobate till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the deputy with the visage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? Duke. O, 'tis an accident that reaven

provides!

Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnaidine must die this afternoon; And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come

If he were known alive?

Let this be done: Duke. Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine

and Claudio. Ere twice the sun hath made his journal

greeting To the under generation, you shall find 85

Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost. Now will I write letters to Angelo-

The Provost, he shall bear them-whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home, And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly. Him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause myself.

return:

For I would commune with you of such Before the Duke; and to the head of things

Prov. I'll make all speed.

Isab. [Within] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, 105 To make her heavenly comforts of despair

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave! Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.

His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo! Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;

Forbear it, therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find By every syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow. Nav. dry your eyes.

One of our covent, and his confessor. Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour. Isab.

I am directed by you. Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give ; 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return. Say, by this token, I desire his company

and yours Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring vou

Angelo

Accuse him home and home. For my poor an hour before his ent'ring that, if any self.

I am combined by a sacred yow.

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.

Command these fretting waters from your eves

With a light heart; trust not my holy order.

If I pervert your course. Who's here? 145 Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the Give notice to such men of sort and suit Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red. Thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother. If the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is,

he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day.

Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true. none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Angelo's hor se.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in

140 crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:

Betimes i' th' morn I'll call you at your house:

As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [Exit Escalus. This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflow'red maid!

And by an eminent body that enforc'd 20 The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss. How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no :

For my authority bears a so credent bulk 24 That no particular scandal once can touch But it confounds the breather. He should have hv'd.

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge.

By so receiving a dishonour'd life

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

Scene V. Fields without the town.

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [Giving letters. The Provost knows our purpose and our

plot.

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction

And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench from this to that

As cause doth minister. Go. call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay; give the like notice

To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;

But send me Flavius first. F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[Exit Friar.

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. i thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon. My gentle Varrius! [Exeunt.

Scene VI. A street near the city gate. Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part. Yet I am advis'd to do it:

He says, to veil full purpose.

Be rul'd by him. Mari. Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if perad-

He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic

That's bitter to sweet end. Mari. I would friar Peter-

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come. F. Peter. Come. I have found you out a stand most fit.

Where you may have such vantage on the Duke

He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens

Have hent the gates, and very near upon The Duke is ent'ring; therefore, hence, [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. The city gate.

Enter at several doors DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords: ANGELO, Escalus. Lucio. Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met! Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Happy return be to your royal Escal. Grace!

Duke, Many and hearty thankings to you

We have made inquiry of you, and we hear Such goodness of your justice that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,

Forerunning more requital.

You make my bonds still greater. Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom. 10 When it deserves, with characters of brass. But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground, A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand, 80z

And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim

Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus, You must walk by us on our other hand: And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud.

and kneel before him. Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard

Upon a wrong'd—1 would fain have said a maid!

O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object

Till you have heard me in my true complaint,

And given me justice, justice, justice, justice. In what?

Duke. Relate your wrongs. By whom? Be brief. Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;

Reveal yourself to him. Isab. O worthy Duke. You bid me seek redemption of the devil! Hear me yourself: for that which I must

speak Must either punish me, not being believ'd, Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O,

hear me, here! Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm;

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother.

Cut off by course of justice-Isab.

By course of justice! Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange? That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange? That Angelo is an adulterous thief, An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,

Is it not strange and strange?

Nay, it is ten times strange. Duke. Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange; 44 Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth To th' end of reck'ning.

Duke. Away with her. Poor soul, She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince! I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

There is another comfort than this world, That thou neglect me not with that opinion That I am touch'd with madness. Make

not impossible SI That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible

absolute.

As Angelo: even so may Angelo. In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms, Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal Prince, If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more.

Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty, If she be mad, as I believe no other. Her madness hath the oddest frame of

Such a dependency of thing on thing.

As e'er I heard in madness.

O gracious Duke, Isab. Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason

For inequality; but let your reason serve To make the truth appear where it seems

And hide the false seems true.

Many that are not mad Have, sure, more lack of reason.

would you say? Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio, . Condemn'd upon the act of tornication 70 To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.

I, in probation of a sisterhood, Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio

As then the messenger-

That's I, an't like your Grace. I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo

For her poor brother's pardon.

That's he. indeed. Duke. You were not bid to speak. No, my good lord;

Lucio. Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then; Pray you take note of it; and when you have

A business for yourself, pray heaven you then

Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right. Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the

To speak before your time. Proceed.

I went To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Pardon it; The phrase is to the matter. Duke. Mended again.

proceed. Isab. In brief-to set the needless process

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and And to set on this wretched woman here kneel'd.

How he refell'd me, and how I replied,

55 For this was of much length—the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter: He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust.

Release my brother; and, after much debatement.

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,

His purpose suifeiting, he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head.

Duke.

This is most likely! Isab. O that it were as like as it is true! Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st. Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour In hateful practice. First, his integrity 107 Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himself. If he had so offended, IIO

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself.

And not have cut him off. Some one hath set vou on;

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice Thou cam'st here to complain.

And is this all? Then, O you blessed ministers above. 115 Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time.

Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace from woe.

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go! Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer! To prison with her! Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick. 125

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord. I know him: 'tis a meddling friar.

I do not like the man; had he been lay. my lord,

For certain words he spake against your Grace

The matter- In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly. Duke. Words against me? This 's a good

friar, belike!

Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

that friar.

I saw them at the prison; a saucy friar, 136

A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace! I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute; Who is as free from touch or soil with her As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less. Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holv

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler, 145 As he's reported by this gentleman; And, on my trust, a man that never yet Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace. Lucio. My lord, most villainously;

believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself : But at this instant he is sick, my lord, Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request-Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo-came I

hither know

Is true and false; and what he, with his

And all probation, will make up full clear, Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman-

To justify this worthy nobleman,

So vulgarly and personally accus'd- 160 Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes, Till she herself confess it.

Good friar, let's hear it. Duke. [Exit Isabella guarded.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo? O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo; In this I'll be impartial; be you judge 166 Of your own cause.

Enter Mariana veiled.

Is this the witness friar? First let her show her face, and after speak. Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face Until my husband bid me. Duke. What, are you married? Mari. No, my lord. Duke. Are you a maid? Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then? Mari. Neither, my lord. Duke. Why, you are nothing then; neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for

Lucio. But vesternight, my lord, she and many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married.

And I confess, besides, I am no maid. 185 I have known my husband: yet my husband

Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the beneat or suence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo. Marı. Now I come to't, my lord:

She that accuses him of fornication.

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband: And charges him, my lord, with such a time

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms. With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she moe than me? Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? You say your husband. Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's. Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will [Unveiling. unmask. This is that face, thou cruel Augelo, 203

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract.

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body That took away the match from Isabel, 209 And did supply thee at thy garden-house In her imagin'd person.

Know you this woman? Duke. Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;

And five years since there was some speech of marriage 170 Betwixt myself and her; which was broke

off. Partly for that her promised proportions Came short of composition; but in chief

For that her reputation was disvalued 219 175 In levity. Since which time of five years I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her.

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince. As there comes light from heaven and honest in nothing but in his clothes; and words from breath,

there is sense in truth and truth in virtue.

I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly As words could make up vows. And, my good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in's gardenhouse,

He knew me as a wife. As this is true, Let me in safety raise me from my knees, Or else for ever be confixed here. A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now. Now, good my lord, give me the scope of iustice:

My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive These poor informal women are no more But instruments of some more mightier member

That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord.

To find this practice out.

Ay, with my heart: Duke. And punish them to your height of pleas-

Thou foolish friar, and thou permicious woman.

Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit.

That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus.

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind

To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. Be sometime honour'd for his burning There is another friar that set them on: Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord! For he indeed

Hath set the women on to this complaint. Your provost knows the place where he abides.

And he may fetch him.

Go, do it instantly. Duke. [Exit Provost.

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin.

Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, Do with your injuries as seems you best In any chastisement. I for a while will

leave you; But stir not you till you have well determin'd

Upon these slanderers.

My lord, we'll do it throughly. Escal. [Exit Duke. Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. 'Cuculius non facit monachum': And in the witness of his proper ear,

one that hath spoke most villamous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow. 206

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word. Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly, she'll be asham'd. 276

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA: and PROVOST with the DUKE in his friar's habit.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her. Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time. Speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum. 285 Escal. Come, sir; did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.
Escal. How! Know you where you are? Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

throne!

Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak;

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox. Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's uniust

Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth

Which here you come to accuse. Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I

spoke of. Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth. 305 To call him villain: and then to glance from him

To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

Take him hence; to th' rack with him! We'll touze you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.

What, 'unjust'!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine hanging. than he

Dare rack his own; his subject am I not, Nor here provincial. My business in this

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna. Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'errun the stew: laws for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him,

Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of? Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither,

good-man bald-pate. Do you know me? Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir. Lucio. Do vou so, sir? And was the Duke

a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me ere you make that my report: you. indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse. 336

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Dru not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches? Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark how the villain would close now, after his treas mable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more. Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion! 346

[The Provost lays hands on the Duke. Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; feh, sir! Why, you bald-pated lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd Labouring to save his life, and would not an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke. First. Provost. let me bail these gentle

three. [To Lucio] Sneak not away, sir, for the

friar and you Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than Duke. [To Escalus] What you have spoke

I pardon; sit you down. We'll borrow place of him. [To Angelo] Sir,

by your leave. Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out. O my dread lord. Ang.

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness. 365 To think I can be undiscernible.

When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine.

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good Prince. No longer session hold upon my shame,

But let my trial be mine own confession; Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana. Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,

Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

> [Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince. As I was then

Advertising and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit. I am still Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd

ar unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd Isabel. And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself.

rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden Lend me your knees, and all my life to pow'r

Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid. It was the swift celerity of his death. Which I did think with slower foot came on. That brain'd my purpose. But peace be

with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear. Make it

your comfort, So happy is your brother.

I do, my lord. Isab.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man approaching here.

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon

For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudg'd your brother-

Being criminal in double violation

Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach, Thereon dependent, for your brother's life-

The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue. An Angelo for Claudio, death for death! Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested. Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

Away with him!

O my most gracious lord, Marı. I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguaid of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputafron.

For that he knew you, might reproach your lıfe,

And choke your good to come. For his possessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man. Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive. Marı. Gentle, my liege-[Kneeling. Duke. Away with him to death! [To Lucio] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;

come

I'll lend you all my life to do you service. Duke. Against all sense you do importune

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact. Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break.

And take her hence in horror.

Isabel.

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; 435 Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak ail.

say best men are moulded out of They faults;

And, for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad; so may my husband. O Isabel, will you not lend a knee? Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

[Kneeling] Most bounteous sir. Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd. I partly think A due sincerity govern'd his deeds

Till he 'id look on me; since it is so, 405 Let h. not die. 'in brother had but ustice.

In tha ne did the thing for which he died: For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent. And must be buried but as an intent 450 That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects:

Intents but merely thoughts.

Marı. Merely, my lord. Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.

I have bethought me of another fault. 154 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so. Duke. Had you a special warrant for the

deed? Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office;

Give up your keys. Pardon me, noble lord: Prov. I thought it was a fault, but knew it not: Yet did repent me, after more advice;

For testimony whereof, one in the prison, That should by private order else have died, I have reserv'd alive.

What's he? Duke.

Prov. His name is Barnardine. Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.

You do but lose your labour. Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [Exit Provost. Escal. I am sorry one so learned and so

428 As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,

113

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of Wherein have I so deserv'd of you blood 470

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward. Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart That I crave death more willingly than mercy:

'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. 475 Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine.

CLAUDIO (muffled), and JULIET. Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

This, my lord. Prov. Duke. There was a friar told me of this

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul.

That apprehends no further than this world.

And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd:

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them

him:

I leave him to your hand. What muffl'd And see our pleasure herein executed. fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,

Who should have died when Claudio lost his head:

As like almost to Claudio as himself. Unmuffles Claudio.

Duke. [To Isabella] If he be like your brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake, Give me your hand and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe; Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye. Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well. Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.

I find an apt remission in myself; And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon. [To Lucio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman!

That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipi first, sir, and hang'd after.

Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city. woman wiong'd by this lewd fellow-

As I have heard him swear himself there's

Whom he begot with child, let her appear. And he shall marry her. The nuptial finish'd,

Let him be whip: and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your Highness said even now I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt mairy her.

And pray thee take this mercy to provide Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal For better times to come. Friar, advise Remit thy other torfeits. Take him to prison:

> Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging. Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. 522

> [Exeunt Officers with Lucio. She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

> Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo; I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue. Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:

> There's more behind that is more gratulate. Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy; We shall employ thee in a worthier place. Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

> The head of Ragozine for Claudio's: Th' offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good; Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

> What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

> So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show What's yet behind that's meet you all should know. [Exeunt.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus. ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of 1

Ephesus. Antipholus of

Syracuse,

twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and Æmilia.

twin brothers, and Dromio of Ephesus, attendants on the Dromio of Syracuse. two Antibholuses.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant. ANGELO, a goldsmith.

First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.

PINCH, a schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon; an abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus. LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, servant to Adriana.

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, Attendants,

THE SCENE: Ephesus.

ACT ONE

Scene I. A hall in the Duke's palace

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, the Merchant of Syracusa, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my

And by the doom of death end woes and all. Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no

I am not partial to infringe our laws. The enmity and discord which of late Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen, Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives, Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods.

Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars Twixt thy sedit ous countrymen and us, It hath in solemn synods been decreed, Both by the Syracusians and ourselves, To admit no traffic to our adverse towns; Nav. more: if any born at Ephesus Be seen at any Syracusian marts and fairs; Again, if any Syracusian born

Come to the bay of Ephesus—he dies, His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose.

Unless a thousand marks be levied, To quit the penalty and to ransom him. Thy substance, valued at the highest rate, Cannot amount unto a hundred marks; 25 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the

Why thou departed'st from thy native home, And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable; Yet, that the world may witness that my

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave. In Syracusa was I born, and wed Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me, had not our hap been bad. With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd

By prosperous voyages I often made To Epidamnum; till my factor's death, And the great care of goods at random left, Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;

From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before herself, almost at fainting under The pleasing punishment that women bear, Had made provision for her following me, And soon and safe arrived where I was. There had she not been long but she became A joyful mother of two goodly sons; And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names. That very hour, and in the self-same inn, A mean woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike. Those, for their parents were exceeding

Ege. Yet this my comfort: when your I bought, and brought up to attend my sons. My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

115

Unwilling I agreed. Alas! too soon We came aboard.

A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd Before the always-wind-obeying deep Gave any tragic instance of our harm: 65 But longer did we not retain much hope, For what obscured light the heavens did grant

Did but convey unto our fearful minds A doubtful warrant of immediate death; Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, Weeping before for what she saw must

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes, That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear.

Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me. And this it was, for other means was none: The sailors sought for safety by our boat, And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us; My wife, more careful for the latter-born. Had fast'ned him unto a small spare mast, Such as sea-faring men provide for storms: To him one of the other twins was bound, Whilst I had been like heedful of the other. The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I. Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd, Fast'ned ourselves at either end the mast, And, floating straight, obedient to the stream.

Was carried towards Counth, as we thought. At length the sun, gazing upon the earth, Dispers'd those vapours that offended us; And, by the benefit of his wished light, or The seas way'd calm, and we discovered Two ships from far making amain to us-Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.

But ere they came-O, let me say no

Gather the sequel by that went before. Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so:

For we may pity, though not pardon thee. Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now

Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues.

We were encount'red by a mighty rock, Which being violently boine uron, Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst; So that, in this unjust divorce of us, Fortune had left to both of us alike What to delight in, what to sorrow for. Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe, Was carried with more speed before the wind:

And in our sight they three were taken up By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought. At length another ship had seiz'd on us;

Made daily motions for our home letuin: And, knowing whom it was their hap to save.

healthful welcome to their ship-Gave wreck'd guests. And would have reft the fishers of their

prev.

Had not their bark been very slow of sail; And therefore homeward did they bend their course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss.

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou

sorrowest for, Do me the favour to dilate at full

What have befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive After his brother, and importun'd me That his attendant—so his case was like. Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name-Might bear him company in the quest of him:

Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see, I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd. Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,

Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia. And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus; Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought

Or that or any place that harbours men. But here must end the story of my life; And happy were I in my timely death, 139 Could all my travels warrant me they live. Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates

have mark'd To bear the extremity of dire mishap! Now, trust me, were it not against our

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity, Which princes, would they, may not dis-

My soul should sue as advocate for thee. But though thou art adjudged to the death, And passed sentence may not be recall'd But to our honour's great disparagement, Yet will I favour thee in what I can. Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day To seek thy help by beneficial hap.

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus; Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum, And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.

Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

annul.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend.

But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

IExeunt.

SCENE II. The mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Meichant.

First Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate. This very day a Syracusian merchant Is apprehended for arrival here; And, not being able to buy out his life, According to the statute of the town, Dies ere the weary sun set in the west. There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where

we host.

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. Within this hour it will be dinner time; Till that, I'll view the manners of the town, Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then return and sleep within mine inn; For with long travel I am stiff and weary. Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at

your word,

And go indeed, having so good a mean.
[Exit Dromio S.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very off, When I am dull with care and melancholy, Lightens my humour with his merry jests. What, will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to my inn and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,

Of whom I hope to make much benefit; 25 I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock, Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart.

And afterward consort you till bed time.
My present business calls me from you now.
Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose
myself,
30

And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your

own content. [Exit First Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content

Commends me to the thing I cannot get. I to the world am like a drop of water 35 That in the ocean seeks another drop, Who, falling there to find his fellow forth, Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself. So I, to find a mother and a brother, In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date. What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit; The clock hath strucken twelve upon the

My mistress made it one upon my cheek; She is so hot because the meat is cold,

The meat is cold because you come not home,

You come not home because you have no stomach,

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;

But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O—sixpence that I had a
Wednesday last

o pay the saddler for my mistrees'

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?

The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now;

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money? We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.

I from my mistress come to you in post; If I return, I shall be post indeed,

For she will score your fault upon my pate. Methinks your maw, like mine, should e your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests

are out of season;
Reserve them till a meirier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner. 75
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer

In what saic place you have bestow'd my money,

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours, That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again, Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! What mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress

at the Phœnix; She that doth fast till you come home to

dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to

dinner. 90

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus

unto my face, Being forbid? There, take you that, sir

knave. {Beats him. Dro. E. What mean you, sir? For God's

sake hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit Dromio E. An.. S. Upon my life, by some device or other

The villain is o'erraught of all my money. They say this town is full of corenage; As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eve, Dark-working soicerers that change the mind.

Soul-killing witches that deform the body, Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks, And many such-like liberties of sin, If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner. I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave I greatly fear my money is not sale. [Exit.

ACT TWO

Scene I. The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus, with Luciana, her sister.

Adr. Neith r my husband nor the slave return'd

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath in-

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner;
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty;

Time is their master, and when they see time.

They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's acthing situate under heaven's eye 118

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky. The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls, Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.

Man, more divine, the master of all these, Lord of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,

Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pie-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their
lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adi. This servitude makes you to keep

unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey. Adr. How if your husband start some

other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would

forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause:

They can be meek that have no other cause. A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity, We bid be quiet when we hear it ciy; 35 But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve

With urging helpless patience would relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft, 40 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

46

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him?
Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? 55
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro E Why, mistiess, sure my master is | What ruins are in me that can be found norn-mad.

Adr. Hoin-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. But, sure, he is stark mad.

dinner.

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold. 'Tis dinner time 'quoth I: 'My gold!' quoth he.

'Your meat doth burn' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he

'Will you come home?' quoth I: 'My gold!' quoth he

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain? 'My gold!'

'The pig' quoth I 'is buin'd auoth he.

'My mistress, sir' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistiess: I know not thy mistress; out on thy

inistress

Luc. Quoth who?

Dio. E. Quoth my master.

no mistress.

So that my errand, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders:

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there. Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch

him home. Dro E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger. Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate actoss.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80 Adr. Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me.

That like a football you do spurn me thus? You spuin me hence, and he will spurn me hithei:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

Luc. Fie, how impatience louieth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted

Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit? If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd, Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait That's not my fault; he's master of my For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was state.

By him not ivin'd? Then is he the ground Of my defeatures My decayed fair

I mean not cuckold-mad; A sunny look of his would soon revail. But, too untuly deer, he breaks the pale, ro When I desir'd him to come home to And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

> Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence.

Unteeling fools can with such Adr.wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere; Or else what lets it but he would be here? Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain; Would that alone a love he would detain. So he would keep fair quarter with his bed! I see the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still

That others touch and, often touching, will Where gold; and no man that hath a name

By falsehood and corruption doth it shame. Since that my beauty cannot please his eve, 'I know' quoth he 'no house, no wife, I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die. Luc. How many fond fools serve mad

jealousy! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid

Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave Is wand'red to:th in care to seek me out. By computation and mine host's report I could not speak with Diomio since at first I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir, is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again. You know no Centaur! You receiv'd no gold!

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner!

My house was at the Phœnix! Wast thou mad,

That thus so madly thou didst answer me? Dro. S. What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence.

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner: displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry

What means this jest? I pray you, master. tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [Beating him.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now your jest is earnest.

Upon what bargain do you give it me? Ant. S. Because that I familiarly some-

Do use you for my fool and chat with you, Your sauciness will jest upon my love, And make a common of my serious hours. When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect, And fashion your demeanour to my looks. Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head. An you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant S. Why, first for flouting me; and then wherefore,

For urging it the second time to me. Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus

beaten out of season. When in the why and the wherefore is

neither rhyme nor reason? Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that? Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; there's a time for all things. Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before

you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself. Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature. Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and

recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man. 75

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too. 90

Ant. S. Nay, not sound I pray you. Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them. 95 Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have

prov'd there is no time for all things. 100 Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But, soft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown. Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear, That never object pleasing in thine eye. 114 That never touch well welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me. That, undividable, incorporate.

Am better than thy dear self's better part Ah, do not tear away thyself from me: For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall A drop of water in the breaking gult, And take unmingled thence that drop again Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious, And that this body, consecrate to thee, By ruffian lust should be contaminate! Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me.

And hurl the name of husband in my face. And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-

brow, And from my false hand cut the wedding-

ring, And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst, and therefore see thou

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot; 139 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust; For if we two be one, and thou play false, I do digest the poison of thy flesh, Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured. 115 Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old, As strange unto your town as to your talk, Who, every word by all my wit being

scann'd. Wants wit in all one word to understand. Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is

chang'd with you! When were you wont to use my sister thus? She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner. Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from him-

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows Denied my house for his, me for his wife. Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names, 165 Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

To counterfeit thus grossly with you, slave, Abetting him to thwart me in my mood! Be it my wrong you are from me exempt, But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleave of thine ; Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine, Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state.

Makes me with thy strength to communicate.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross, Usurping avy, buer, or idle moss; Who all, for want of pruning, with in-

trusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me

for her theme. What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this? What error drives our eyes and ears amiss? Until I know this sure uncertainty, I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread

for dinner. Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy find. O spite of spites! We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites. If we obey them not, this will ensue: They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black

and blue. Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

No, I am an ape. Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool.

To put the finger in the eye and weep, Whilst man and master laughs my woes to

scorn. Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the

gate. Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day, And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks. Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

T2I

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advis'd? Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd? I'll say as they say, and persever so,

And in this mist at all adventures go. 215

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Sign or Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours. Say that I linger'd with you at your shop To see the making of her carcanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villain that would face me down

He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,

And that I did deny my wife and house.

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.

That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show;

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear. I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. Y'are sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God our cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here. 20

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. É. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. F. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest.

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part:

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft, my door is lock'd; go bid them let us in. 30

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [Within] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?
My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [Within] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant E. Who talks within there? Ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [Wuthin] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant E. Wherefore? For my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. [Within] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [Within] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name!

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Enter Luce, within.

Luce. [Within] What a coil is there, Dromio? Who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [Within] Faith, no, he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! Have at you with a proverb: Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [Within] Have at you with another: that's—when? can you tell?

Dro. S. [Within] If thy name be called Luce—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant E. Do vou hear, you minion? You'll If a crow help us in, s.rrah, we'll pluck a let us in, I hope?

Luce. [Within] I thought to have ask'd

you.

Dro. S. [Within] And you said no.

there was blow for blow.

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard. Luce. [Within] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [Within] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Enter ADRIANA, within.

Adr. [Within] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [Within] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

Adr. [Within] Your wife, sir knave! Go get you from the doos.

'knave' would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind. that we cannot get in.

garments were thin.

here in the cold:

so bought and sold. Ant. E. Go fetch me something; I'll

break ope the gate. Dro. S. [Within] Break any breaking

here, and I'll break your knave's

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind; not behind.

Dro. S. [Within] It seems thou want'st breaking; out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee let me in.

Dro. S. [Within] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so? For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl with-

out a feather;

crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir . O, let it not be so! Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck! Herein you war against your reputation, 56 And draw within the compass of suspect

Ant E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Luce. [Within] Can you tell for whose Once this—your long experience of her wisdom.

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown:

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me : depart in patience, And let us to the Tiger all to dinner: And, about evening, come vouiself alone To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it, 100 And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalled estimation That may with foul intrusion enter in Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this And dwell upon your grave when you are

dead: For slander lives upon succession, For ever hous'd where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And in despite of mirth mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse, Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too,

gentle: There will we dine. This woman that I mean, Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your My wife—but, I protest, without desert—

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal; Your cake here is warm within; you stand To her will we to dinner. [To Angelo] Get you home

It would make a man mad as a buck to be And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made.

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine; For there's the house. That chain will I bestow-

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife-Upon mine hostess there; good sir, make

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain

> Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour bence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me [Exeunt. some expense.

Scene II. Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot

A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous? If you did wed my sister for her wealth. more kindness:

Muffle your false love with some show of

blindness; Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty: Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger: Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret-false. What need she be acquainted? 15

What simple thief brags of his own attaint?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed And let her read it in thy looks at board; Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed; Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word. Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

sleeve;

move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again; 25 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.

'Tis holy sport to be a little vain

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress—what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine-Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not

Than earth's wonder-more than our earth, divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:

Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit, Smoth'red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak, The folded meaning of your words' deceit. Against my soul's pure truth why labour you

To make it wander in an unknown field? Are you a god? Would you create me new? Transform me, then, and to your pow'r

I'll yield. But if that I am I, then well I know Your weeping sister is no wife of mine, Nor to her bed no homage do I owe; Far more, far more, to you do I decline. O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote; Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs.

And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie: And in that glorious supposition think Then for her wealth's sake use her with He gains by death that hath such means to die.

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth; Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

> Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

> Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? Call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister. Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. It is thyself, mine own self's better part: Being compact of credit, that you love Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

Though others have the arm, show us the My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim.

We in your motion turn, and you may My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life: Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife. Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still: I'll fetch my sister to get her good will. 70 [Exit Luciana.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! Where run'st thou so fast?

Dron. S. Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man, and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman-one that claims me, one

that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee? 8,
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you
would lay to your horse; and she would
have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she,

being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

he say 'Sir-reverence'. I have but lean witch. luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage. 92

marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchenwench, and all grease: and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of? 100 Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe; but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will

mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it. 106

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth? Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than Of such enchanting presence and discourse, from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I

found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand. Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead, arm'd and re- I thought to have ta'en you at the Porverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies? Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose. 435

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Nether-

lands?

conclude: this drudge or diviner laid claim

57 assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder. Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such the mole in my neck, the great wart on my a one as a man may not speak of without left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel. Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat She had transform'd me to a curtal dog.

and made me turn i' th' wheel. Ant. S. Go hie thee presently post to the road:

An if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk till thou return to me. If every one knows us, and we know

none. 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be

gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[Exit. Ant. S. There's none but witches do

inhabit here. And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.

She that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, 153

Hath almost made me traitor to myself; But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, Ant. S. In what part of her body stands I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus!

Ay, that's my name. Ant. S.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.

pentine;

The chain unfilish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you. And then receive my money for the chain. Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now.

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To For fear you ne'er see chain nor money 175 Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you Which doth amount to three odd ducats [Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this I cannot tell;

Dut this I think, there's no man is so vain That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain. I see a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay; If any ship put out, then straight away. ſĖxit.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due.

And since I have not much importun'd you; Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage, Therefore make present satisfaction, Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you

Is growing to me by Antipholus: And in the instant that I met with you He had of me a chain; at five o'cleck I shall receive the money for the same. Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house.

I will discharge my bond, and thank you

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, from the courtezan's.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow Among my wife and her confederates. For locking me out of my doors by day. But, soft, I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year; I buy a rope. [Exit Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you!

I promised your presence and the chain; But neither chain nor goldsmith came to

Belike you thought our love would last too long,

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion.

more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman. I pray you see him presently discharg'd, For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money; Besides, I have some business in the town.

Good signior, take the stranger to my house, And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof. Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have:

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain; Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine: I should have chid you for not bringing it, But, like a shiew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes methe chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now. Either send the chain or send by me some

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour

out of breath! Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no: If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answei vou?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so. Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying

it.

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, airest him at my
suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation. Either consent to pay this sum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail. But, sırrah, you shall buy this sport as dear As all the metal in your shop will answer. Ang. Sır, sır, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not. 85 Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there's a bark of Epidam-

That stays but till her owner comes aboard, And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraught-

age, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ. 90
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought
at all

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why,
thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me? 95 Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon—

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark. 100 Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight; Give her this key, and tell her in the desk That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry There is a purse of ducats; let her send it. Tell her I am arrested in the street, 107 And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave, be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[Exeunt all but Dromio.
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass. Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [Exit.

Scene II. The house of Antipholius of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so? Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye. That he did plead in earnest? Yea or no? Look'd he or red or pale, or sud or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Lvc. First he denied you had in him no

Adr. He meant he did me none—the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd
of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still;

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still; My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere, Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind; Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such

a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away; My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here go—the desk, the purse. Sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath name One whose hard heart is button'd up i steel; A flend, a fairy, pitiless and rough; A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff: A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands:

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the Judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter? Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me, at whose suit?

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him that can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [Exit Luciana] This I wonder at:

Thus he unknown to me should be in debt. Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,

A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring? Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the with his mace than a morris-pike. clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! That did I never hear.

If any hour meet a Dro. S. O yes. sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear. Adi. As if Time were in debt! How

fondly dost thou reason! Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season. Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men sav

That Time comes stealing on by night and

If 'a be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA with a purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio, there's the money; bear it straight.

And bring thy master home immediately. Come, sister; I am press'd com with conceit-65

Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

Exeunt. SCENE III. The mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

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And every one doth call me by my name. Some tender money to me, some invite me. Some other give me thanks for kindnesses, Some offer me commodities to buy: Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop, And show'd me silks that he had bought for

And therewithal took measure of my body. Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not. Dro. S. No? Why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer? Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put to-night; and then were you hind'red by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Deiay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you. 36

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions. Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Well met, well met, Master Cour. Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.

Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day? Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan? Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit doth salute me of a light wench; and thereof comes that As if I were their well-acquainted friend; the wenches say 'God damn me!' That's as much to say 'God make me a light I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much wench!' It is written they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoonmeat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. Ant. S. Avoid then fiend! What tell'st

thou me of supping? Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone. Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail.

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give it her, 70 The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so. Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

'Fly pride' says the peacock. Dro.Mistress, that you know.

[Excunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. . Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad.

Else would he never so demean himself. A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain; Both one and other he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad, Besides this present instance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 85

On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house and took perforce My ring away. This course I fittest choose, For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

Scene IV. A street.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus with the Officer.

break away.

money.

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to-day, And will not lightly trust the messenger. 5 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus, I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a 10be's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money

How now, sir! Have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money? Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for

the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate. Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie

thee home? Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that

end am I return'd. Ant. E. And to that end, sir. I will

welcome you. Beating him. Off. Good sir, be patient. Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient:

I am in adversity. Off. Good now, hold thy tongue. Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold

his hands. Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain! Dio. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that

I might not feel your blows. Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold he heats me with beating; when I am warm he cools me with beating. I am wak'd with it when I sleep; rais'd with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcom'd home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders as a beggar wont her brat; and I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and a Schoolmaster call'd Pinch.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem', respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not parrot, 'Beware the rope's-end'. Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beating him. Cour. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less. Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer: Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand. Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel [Striking him. your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers, And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven. Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace!

am not mad. Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face Revel and feast it at my house to-day, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house? Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,

Where would you had remain'd until this

Free from these slanders and this open shame!

what sayest thou?

dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me? Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-

vestal scorn'd vou. Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from

thence?

bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his

rage. Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these

contraries? Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds Hast thou delight to see a wretched man his vein.

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you.

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. Dro. E. Money by me! Heart and goodwill you might.

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. Ĥe came to me, and I deliver'd it. Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope! Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks. 90 They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold:

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack To make a loathsome abject scorn of me: Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou, y prisoner. Wilt thou suffer them

I am thy prisoner. To make a rescue?

Masters, let him go: Off. Dro. E. In verity, you did. My bones He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too. [They bind Dromio.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Do outrage and displeasure to himself? Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go, The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from of me, I could find in my heart to stay here thee: 116

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor. And, knowing how the debt grows, I will

pay it.

Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd Home to my house. O most unhappy day! Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet! 12 Dro. E. Master, I am here ent'red in bond

for you. Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! Wherefore

dost thou mad me? Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master; cry 'The devil!

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer, and Courtezan.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at? Off. One Angelo, a gold mith; do you His word might bear my wealth at any know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due? Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring-

The ring I saw upon his finger now-Straight after did I meet him with a chain. Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it. Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth hereof at large. 140

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us! [Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.

as fast as may be, frighted. Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of

swords. Dro. S. She that would be your wife now

ran from you. Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our

stuff from thence.

I long that we were safe and sound aboard. Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage. still and tuin witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town: Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [Excunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. A street before a priory.

Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hind'red you;

But I protest he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it. Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, 5 Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city;

time. Sec. Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I

think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck Which he forswore most monstrously to

have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble:

And, not without some scandal to yourself. With circumstance and oaths so to deny This chain, which now you wear so openly. Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment.

You have done wrong to this my honest fuend:

Who, but for staying on our controversy, Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day. This chain you had of me; can you deny

it? Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or

forswear it? Mer. These ears of mine, thou Sec. know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou lıv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus; I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand. Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! He is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away; Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house. 35

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd. [Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the priory.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad, 45

And much different from the man he was; But till this afternoon his passion Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye 50

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love? A sin prevailing much in youthful men Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing. Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;

55

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have repre-

hended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough. Adr. As roughly as my modesty would

let me.
Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference. In bed, he slept not for my urging it; At board, he fed not for my urging it; Alone, it was the subject of my theme; 65 In company, I often glanced it; Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man

was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hind'red by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred; 75 And what's a fever but a fit of madness? Thou say'st his sports were hind'red by thy brawls.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, And at her heels a huge infectious troop 87 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life? In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,

To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast.

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. 90 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary, 94

And it shall privilege him from your hands Till I have brought him to his wits again, Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr, I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself; 100 And therefore let me have him home with

Abb. Be patient; for 1 will not let him stir

Till I have us'd the approved means I have, With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man again.

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order; Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him. [Exit Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at Nor send him forth that we may bear him his feet. TIA

and never rise until my tears and pravers Have won his Grace to come in person

And take persorce my husband from the Abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five;

Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120 The place of death and sorry execution. Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay Against the laws and statutes of this town, Beheaded publicly for his offence.

behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass Beaten the maids a-row and bound the the abbev.

Enter the DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, If any friend will pay the sum for him, 131 He shall not die; so much we tender him. Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against

the Abbess! Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong. Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus, my husband,

Who I made lord of me and all I had At your important letters—this ill day A most outrageous fit of madness took him, That desp'rately he hurried through the street,

With him his bondman all as mad as he, Doing displeasure to the citizens By rushing in their houses, bearing thence Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like. Once did I get him bound and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went. That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon. I wot not by what strong escape. He broke from those that had the guard of him.

And with his mad attendant and himself, Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,

Met us again and, madly bent on us, Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid, We came again to bind them. Then they

Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them; And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us. And will not suffer us to fetch him out,

hence.

Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command

Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word. When thou didst make him master of thy bed.

To do him all the grace and good I could. Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate, And bid the Lady Abbess come to me. 166 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save vourself!

Ang. See where they come; we will My master and his man are both broke luose,

doctor,

Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;

And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him Great pails of puddled mire to quench the

My master preaches patience to him, and the while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool; And sure, unless you send some present help.

Between them they will kill the conjurer. Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here.

And that is false thou dost report to us. Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true:

I have not breath'd almost since I did see it. He cries for you, and vows, if he can take vou.

To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [Cry within.

gone! Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness vou

That he is borne about invisible.

Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here. And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke; O, grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did

When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood

That then I lost for thee, now grant me A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch, justice.

A living dead man. This pernicious slave.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

And with no face, as 'twere Arthur Western and The Cries out I was possess'd. that woman there!

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife, That hath abused and dishonoured me Even in the strength and height of injury. Beyond imagination is the wrong 201 That she this day hath shameless thrown

on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me.

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman,
didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord. Myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together. So befall my soul As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day nor sleep on night

But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say:

214

Neither disturbed with the effect of wine, Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then; Who parted with me to go fetch a chain, Promising to bring it to the Porpentine, Where Balthazar and I did dine together. Our dinner done, and he not coming thither, I went to seek him. In the street I met him, And in his company that gentleman. 226 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain, Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which

He did arrest me with an officer. 230 I did obey, and sent my peasant home For certain ducats; he with none return'd. Then fairly I bespoke the officer

To go in person with me to my house. By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more

Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry leanfac'd villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank, A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller, A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch, A living dead man. This pernicious slave, Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer, 242 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me, Cries out I was possess'd. Then all together

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,

And in a dark and dankish vault at home There left me and my man, both bound together;

Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250 Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him.

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord, and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck. Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him, 260

After you first forswore it on the mart; And thereupon I drew my sword on you, And then you fled into this abbey here, From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me; I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven! And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. If here you hous'd him, here he would have

been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.

You say he din'd at home: the goldsmith here

Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the Abbess hither. 280

I think you are all nined or stack had. [Exit one to the Aboess.]

Æge. I ost raighty Duke, voucasare me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what
thou wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

Bur he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords; 289

Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.

Age. I am sure you both of you remember

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound as you are now. You are not Finch's patient, are you, sir? Ege. Why look you strange on me? You know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;

And careful hours with time's deformed hand

Have written strange defeatures in my face. But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I. Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dio. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now

bound to believe him.

Bge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue

In seven short years that here my only son Knows not my teeble key of untun'd cares? Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's druzled snow, And all the conducts of my blood froze up, Yet hath my night of lite some memory, My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left.

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear; 315 All these old witnesses—I cannot err—

Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa,

Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son, 320

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city

Can witness with me that it is not so: I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syrocusian, twenty

Flave 1 been pation to Antipholas, During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa. I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter the Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mignty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see them. Adr. I see wo husbands, or mine eyes deceive me,

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;

And so of these. Which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dio. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay. 325 Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his

gnost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man That haust a wife once call'd Æmilia, 347 That bore thee at a burden two fair sons. O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak, And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou are Æmilia. If thou art she, tell me where is that son That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I And the twin Dromio, all were taken up; But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth By force took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidam-

What then became of them I cannot tell; I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story r ght.
These two Antipholus', these two so like, And these two Dromios, one in semblance—Besides her urging of her wreck at sea—These are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from

Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Colinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him. 365

most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me Thirty-three years have I but gone in to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

And are not you my husband? Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here. Did call me brother. [To Luciana] What I told you then.

I hope I shall have leisure to make good; If this be not a dream I see and hear. 375 Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you

had of me. Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not. Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain

arrested me. Ang. I think I did, sir: I deny it not. Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your

bail, By Dromio; but I think he brought it not. Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd

from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me. I see we still did meet each other's man, 385 And I was ta'en for him, and he for me.

And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir. I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our And now let's go hand in hand, not one fortunes:

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that And all that are assembled in this place 395 That by this sympathized one day's error Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company, And we shall make full satisfaction.

travaií

Of you, my sons; and till this present hour My heavy burden ne'er delivered.

The Duke, my husband, and my children both.

And you the calendars of their nativity, Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;

After so long grief, such nativity! Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. [Exeunt all but Ant. S. Ant. E.,

Dro. S., and Dro. E. Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff

from shipboard? Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast

thou embark'd? Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir. in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon. Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him. [Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house.

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner; She now shall be my sister, not my wife. 415 Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother;

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth. Will you walk in to see their gossiping? Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question; how shall we

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother,

before another. [Exeunt.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon. DON JOHN, his bastard brother. CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence. BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua. LEONATO, Governor of Messina. ANTONIO, his brother. BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro. BORACHIO. followers of Don John. CONRADE, FRIAR FRANCIS.

Dogberry, a constable. Verges, a headborough. A Sexton. A Boy. HERO, daughter to Leonato. BEATRICE, niece to Leonato. MARGARET, \ gentlewomen attending on URSULA. Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants,

THE SCENE: Messina

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Before Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE. with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the dick too much; but he'll be meet with achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally rememb'red by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a hon; he hath, indeed, better bett'red expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina

will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears? 20

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name. lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece? Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd, and as pleasant

as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina. and challeng'd Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? For, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Bene-

you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars. Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath

holp to eat it; he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady. Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord? Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man:

stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man; but for the stuffing-well, we are all mortal.

I eon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in

your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the

right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere 'a be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece. Beat. No, not till a hot January. Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, and John the Bastard.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone comfort should remain; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then

were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are

you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only

you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly. I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women! They would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! So some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were. 116 Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you ali, I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [To Don John] Let me bid you welcome, my lord—being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you; I am not of many

words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?
D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio. Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the

daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her. Claud. Is she not a modest young lady? Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her. Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

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Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest

lady that ever I look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles. and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero

would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's? Bene, I would your Grace would con-

strain me to tell.

D. Pedio. I charge thee on thy allegiance. Bene. You hear, Count Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance—he is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is: with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it utt'red. Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so!'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God fo: bid it should be otherwise!

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my

lord? D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know. Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake. 201

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate

heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his w.il.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon nie. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistiust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look

pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argu-

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me. let him be clapp'd on the shoulder and call'd Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try. In time the savage bull dorn bear the

yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's hoins and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire ' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou

wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then. D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke for such an embassage; and so I commit

> Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house-if I had it-

D. Pedro. The sixth of July. Your loving

friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither; ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit Benedick. Claud. My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good. Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only beir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord. When you went onward on this ended action.

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 260 That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love; But now I am return'd, and that war-

thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires. All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover

presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words. If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; 270 And I will break with her, and with her father.

And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story? Claud. How sweetly you do minister to

That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look what will serve is fit. 'Tis once, thou lovest;

And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know we shall have revelling to-night; I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudie; And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale. Then, after, to her father will I break; And the conclusion is she shall be thine. In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Leonato's house.

Enter, severally, LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music-

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

they have a good cover: they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told

you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream. till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you niercy, friend; go with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Leonato's house.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am; I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own

harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from 5 any. In this, though I cannot be said to be Ant. As the event stamps them; but a flattering honest man, it must not be

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denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchis'd with a clog: therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking; in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your

discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper. The Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness? 41

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? The most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick!

How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and, having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were o' my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

ACT TWO

Scene I. A hati in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, and Others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?
Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Bene-

dick's face-

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if 'a could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of

thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will

send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that

hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the berrord, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids'. So deliver I up my apes and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To Hero] Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say 'Father, as it please you'. But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me'.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some

other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust, to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you in that

kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing

shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see

a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are ent'ring, brother; make good room. [Antonio masks.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, and Borachio, as maskers, with a drum.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company? Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so? Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case! 81

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [Takes her aside.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me. 86 Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

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Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him. Urs. You could never do him so ill-well unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not. Los Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can yirtue hide itself? Go to; mum; you are

he; giaces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you
so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me. 109
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales'—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well

enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll

tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Music] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance. Then exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him

by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick? Claud. You know me well; I am he. 141 D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamour'd on

Hero; I pray you dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth. You may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves 1 .: ? D. John. I heard him swear his affection Bora. So did I too; and he swore he

would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banguet. 150 Exeunt Don John and Borachio. Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick.

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'Tis certain so: the Prince woos for him-

Friendship is constant in all other things Save in the office and affairs of love: 155 Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch Against whose chaims faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore. Hero.

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio? Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Rene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, County. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the Prince would have served you

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. Exit.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The Prince's fool! Ha! It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed; it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the Count? Did you see him?

Bar n, my id. I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found han here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think I told had tine, that your Grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I of red arm my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

D. Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the

stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself. and the rod he might have bestowed on you. who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying,

by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her told her she is much

wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd; she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation, follows her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE, LEONATO and HERO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes. Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies-rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it. 251

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady,

you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, Count!

Wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord. D. Pedro. How then, sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count-civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue. Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him

speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a

merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am cost me ten nights' watchings.

sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry Heigh-ho for a husband!'

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one. Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady? Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me; I was

born to speak all mirth and no matter. 297 D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me. and to be merry best becomes you; for, out o' question, you were born in a merry

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danc'd. and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, you will look to those things

I told you of?

Beat. I cry your mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. Exit Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasantspirited lady. Leon. There's little of the melancholy

element in her, my loid; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell

of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind. 326

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection th' one with th' other. I would fain have it a match: and I doubt not but to fashion it if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my

lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble stian, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archei; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exemid.

Scene II. Leonato's house.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it. ?
D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be med'cinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can at any unseasonable instant of the night appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the

death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them I will

endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio—as in love of your

brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd vith the semblance of a maid—that you have discover'd thus. They-will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret Heio; hear Margaret teim me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding-for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent-and there shall appear such seeming truth of Heio's disloyalty that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a

thousand duca...

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. 50 D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Leonato's orchard.

Enter BENEDICK, alone.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. [Within] Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. [Above, at chamber window] I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence and here again. [Boy brings book: Exit I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will. after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot to see a good armour, and now will he he ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turn'd orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be swom but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain: wise, or I'll none: virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. IW thdraws.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music? Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath

hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord; the music ended.

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth, 38

Enter Balthasar, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once. D. Pedro. It is the witness still of

excellenc To put a strange face on his own perfection. I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more. Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear he loves.

Nay, pray thee, come; D. Pedro. Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Do it in notes. Balth. Note this before my notes: There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets

that he speaks;

Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [Music. Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd. Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balthasar sings.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever, One foot in sea and one on shore. To one thing constant never. Then sigh not so, but let them go, And be you blithe and bonny: Converting all your sounds of woe Into Hey nonny nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe Of dumps so dull and heavy: The fraud of men was ever so, Since summer first was leavy. Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song. Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Claud. Ha, no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber

window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. [Exit Balthasarl Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day-that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O ay; stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that

corner 7

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection-it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

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Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you-you heard my daughter tell you

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide nimself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection; hold

it up. D. Pedro. Hath she made ber affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will; that's her torment. 116 'Tis true, indeed; Claud. so your daughter says. 'Shall I,' says she 'that have so oft encount'red him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be un twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all. 123 Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper,

I remember a pretty jest your daughter

told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found 'Benedick' and 'Beatrice' between the sheet!

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand haltpence; rail'd at herself that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. 'I measure him' says she 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.' 133 Claud. Then down upon her knees she

falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses-'O sweet Benedick!

God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and to ment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what

a will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you? Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness. Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very

wise!

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, 'a must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and

trembling.

D. Pedro And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato. Bene. [Coming forward] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of this from Hero: they seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! Why, it must be required. I hear how I am censur'd: they say I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never thin- to marry. I must not seem proud; happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with ner. may chance have some odd quirks and

remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter : A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor. I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fal. Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the

message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior; fare

vou well.

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner '-there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me '-that's as much as to say 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks'. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain: if I do not love her. I am a Jew. [Exit. I will go get her picture.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Leonato's orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the Prince and Claudio. Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole dis-

course Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower. Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter-like favourites. Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her

To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. IExit.

come.

As we do trace this alley up and down. Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit:

My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20 Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made. That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin:

Enter BFATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lanwing. runs

Close by the ground, to hear our conference. Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream. And greedily devour the treacherous bait. So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear

lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. [They advance to the bower. No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdamful; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely? Hero. So says the Prince and my new-

trothed lord. Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it.

madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;

persuaded them, if they lov'd But I Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection. And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man: But nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice. Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes. Misprising what they look on: and her wit Values itself so highly that to her

All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection. She is so self-endeared.

Sure, I think so; 56 And therefore, certainly, it were not good She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it. Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet

saw man. Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd.

But she would spell him backward. If fair- Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with fac'd.

She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic, Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed; If low, an agate very vilely cut; If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:

If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out, And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd and from all fashions.

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable: But who dare tell her so? If I should speak.

She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit! Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire. Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly. It were a better death than die with mocks. Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she you'll vouchsafe me. will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick And counsel him to fight against his passion: And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with. One doth not

How much an ill word may empoison liking. Urs. O. do not do your cousin such a wrong!

She cannot be so much without true judg-

Having so swift and excellent a wit As she is priz'd to have—as to refuse So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick. Hero. He is the only man of Italy,

Always excepted my dear Claudio. Urs. I pray you be not angry with me,

madam,

Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick, 95 For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,

Goes foremost in report through Italy. Hero, Indeed, he hath an excellent good it afterwards.

Urs. His excellence did earn it ere he had

When are you married, madam?

Why, every day-to-morrow. Come, go in;

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow. Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

traps. [Exeunt Hero and Ursula. Beat. [Coming forward] What fire is in

mine ears? Can this be true? Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride. adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such. 110 And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee.

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band: For others say thou dost deserve, and I 115 Believe it better than reportingly.

Scene II. Leonato's house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his n w coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks. 12

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been. Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder. Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! There's no true drop of blood in him to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it! Claud. You must hang it first and draw

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache? Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm. Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman today, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as

you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: 'a brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the

barber's?

Claud. No. but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he

did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet. Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? For the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him; conclude, conclude, he is in

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him. D. Pedro. That would I know too; I

warrant, one that knows him not. Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and,

in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato. D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him

about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN

D. John. My lord and brother, God save sequel. you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [To Claudio] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John, I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I

pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage-surely suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter? 89 D. John. I came hither to tell you; and. circumstances short'ned, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she-Leonato's Hero. your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloval?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window ent'red, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so? D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her, to-morrow in the congregation where I should wed, there

will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned! Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the [Exeunt.

Scene III. A street.

Enter DOGBERRY and his compartner VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the 80 Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, my will, much more a man who hath any neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George

Seacoal; for they can write and read. Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd you with a good name. To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by

nature.

2 Watch. Both which, Master Constable— Dogb. You have; I knew it would be Well, for your favour, sir, your answer. why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading. let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How if 'a will not stand? Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you

are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. You shall also make he noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stol'n. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not? Dogb. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not

the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir. Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief. shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a

merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by

honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night. you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think 'a cannot

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I tlank it be so. Dogb. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil tonight. Adieu; be vigitant, I beseech you. [Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

2 Watch [Aside] Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say !

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow. Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale. Bora. Stand thee close then under this

penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee. 2 Watch. [Aside] Some treason, masters;

yet stand close. Bora. Therefore know I have earned of

Don John a thousand ducats. Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's
the fool. But seest thou not what a de-

formed thief this fashion is?

2 Watch. [Aside] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman; I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody? Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house. Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddly 'a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-caten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club? 120

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamberwindow, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely. I should first tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was

Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but thiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enrag'd; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

2 Watch. We charge you in the Prince's

name, stand.

1 Watch. Call up the right Master Constable; we have here recover'd the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

2 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, 'a wears a lock. 155

Con. Masters, masters!

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters-

1 Watch. Never speak, we charge you; let us obey you to go with us.

Bera. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [Exit Ursula. Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear

Marg. By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought blowner; and your gown's a most rate fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed? Marg. Of what, lady, of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say 'saving your reverence, a husband'; an bad thinking do not wiest true speaking!'ll offend nobody. Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero. 35 Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love ': that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love with your heels! Then if your husband have stables enough. you'll see he shall lack no barnes.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I

scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband? Beat. For the letter that begins them

all—H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk. there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow? Marg. Nothing I; but God send every

one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell. Marg. A maid and stuff'd! There's goodly

catching of cold. Beat. O. God help me! God help me! How long have you profess'd apprehension? Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not

my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? You have some moral in this 'Benedictus'.

Marg. Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging. And how you may be converted I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue

keeps?

Maig. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Meg, good Ursula.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Scene V. Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends? Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter—an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no

honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious. Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart

to bestow it all of your worship. Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah? Dogb. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have

to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir, he will be talking; as they say 'When the age is in the wit is out'. God help us, it is a world to see! Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges; well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipp'd; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, Urs. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself,

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good and bring it me; I am now in great haste, [Exeunt. as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them; I am ready. Exeunt Leonato and Messenger. Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to ex-

amination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit. I warrant von: here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, HERO, BEATRICE, and Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar! You come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None. Claud. O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing

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what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he! Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by vour leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her

Claud. And what have I to give you back whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again; Give not this rotten orange to your friend: She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here. O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood as modest evidence To witness simple virtue? Would you not

swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid By these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed: 40 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married. Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton. Leon. Dear, my lord, if you, in your own proof.

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity-Claud. I know what you would say. If I

have known her. You will say she did embrace me as a

husband.

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin. No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large But, as a brother to his sister, show'd Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it.

You seem to me as Dian in her orb, As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown; But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamp'red animals That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you? What should I speak? D. Pedro. I stand dishonour'd that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial. Hero. True! O God! Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own? Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my

Hero. O. God defend me! how am I beset! What kind of catechising call you this? Claud. To make you answer truly to your

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Marry, that can Hero: Claud. Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue. What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this. Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour. my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato.

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour.

Myself, my brother, and this grieved Count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night.

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window: Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain.

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language Without offence to utter them. Thus. pretty lady.

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou

If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Farewell.

Thou pure implety and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love, And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm, And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [Hero swoons.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! Wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio. Bene. How doth the lady?

Dead, I think. Help, uncle! Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame That may be wish'd for. Beat.

Friar. Have comfort, lady. Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not? Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

79 Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood? Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes; For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die.

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I I had but one? Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? O, one too much by thee! Why had I one? Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes? 130 Why had I not, with charitable hand, Took up a beggar's issue at my gates.

Who smirched thus and mir'd with infamy, I might have said 'No part of it is mine: This shame derives itself from unknown loins '

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd.

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine. Valuing of her-why, she, O, she is fall'n Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea Hath drops too few to wash her clean again. And salt too little which may season give To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient. For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say. Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied! Bene. Lady, were you her bedtellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night.

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd? O. that is stronger made Which was before barr'd up with ribs of

iron! Would the two princes he; and Claudio lie.

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little; For I have only been silent so long. And given way unto this course of tortune. By noting of the lady: I have mark'd A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames

angel whiteness beat away those blushes: How now, cousin Hero! And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire

To burn the errors that these princes hold Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool; Trust not my reading nor my observations, Which with experimental seal doth warrant The tenour of my book; trust not my age, My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 168 If this sweet lady he not guiltless here Under some bitting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be. 170
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath

Is that she will not add to her damnation A sin of perjury; she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appear in proper paled page 2

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are
accus'd of?

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Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none.

If I know more of any man alive

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant, 179

Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father, Prove you that any man with me convers'd At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight Maintain'd the change of words with any

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision
in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this, The practice of it lives in John the bastard, Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies. Leon. I know not. If they speak but

truth of her, 190
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong

her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of

mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of

friends,
But they shall find awak'd in such a kind
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends, 199
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for
dead:

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good.

But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth. She dying, as it must be so maintain'd, Upon the instant that she was accus'd, 215 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd, Of every hearer; for it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the

Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,

Why, then we rack the value, then we find The virtue that possession would not show

Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio.

When he shall hear she died upon his words,

Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep Into his study of imagination, 225 And every lovely organ of her life Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit.

More moving, delicate, and full of life, Into the eye and prospect of his soul, Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he

If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her—
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal
her.

As best befits her wounded reputation, In some reclusive and religious life, Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you;

And though you know my inwardness and love

Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio, Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this As secretly and justly as your soul Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief The smallest twine may lead me. 250

Friar. 'Tis well consented. Presently away;

205 For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.

Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience and endure.

[Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.
on Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all
this while? 255

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer. Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason: I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her! Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours. Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

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Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I lov'd nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my consin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me: and I will make him eat it that says I love

Beat. Will you not eat your word? Bene. With no sauce that can be devised farewell. to it; I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice? 280 Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart? Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee. Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice. 290
Beat. I am gone though I am here;

there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice-

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Bcat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is 'a not approved in the height a villain that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured, my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour-O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice. Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!

A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice—

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wrong'd, she is sland'red, she is undone. Bene. Beat-

Beat. Princes and Counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies. valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd: I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of Go comfort your 275 me, so think of me. cousin; I must say she is dead; and so, [Exeunt.

Scene II. A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton. in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd? Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner. Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? Let them come before Master Constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio. Dogb. Pray write down Borachio. Yours. sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down Master Gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God? 15

Con. Yea, sir, we hope. Bora.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God; and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

you; but I will go about with him. Come thec by good witness. I am a wise fellow: you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside. Fore God. they are both in a tale. Have you writ down that they are none?

Sexton. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the

watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the Prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain. Dogb. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's

brother villain.

Bora. Master Constable-

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else? 2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was com-

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry

Dogb. O villain! thou will be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to Leonato's; I will go before and show him their examination. 61 Exit.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd. Verg. Let them be in the hands.

Con. Off, coxcomb.

Dogb. God's my life, where's the sexton? Let him write down the Prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou My griets cry louder than advertisement.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to: and a rich fellow enough, go to: and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass!

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Before Leonato's house.

Fnier LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel. Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel: Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child. Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine. And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a guef for such.

In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, And sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he

should groan, Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters—bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man; for, brother, Can counsel and speak comfort to that

grief Which they themselves not feel. tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptial medicine to rage, 24 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air and agony with words. 'tis all men's office to speak No, no; patience

To those that wring under the load of sorrow,

But no man's virtue nor sufficiency To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself. Therefore, give me no counsel;

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I play thee peace; I will be flesh

and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the toothache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods. And made a push at chance and sufferance Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon

vourself:

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied: And that shall Claudio know; so shall the

Prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her. Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio

hastily. Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedio. Good den, good den.

Good day to both of you. Claud. Leon. Hear you, my lords!

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato. Leon. Some haste, my lord! Well, fare you well, my lord.

Are you so hasty now? Well, all is one. D. Pedro. Nav, do not quarrel with

us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,

Some of us would lie low.

Who wrongs him? Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging dissembler, thou!

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword; I fear thee not.

Marry, beshrew my hand Claud. If it should give your age such cause of fear! In faith, my hand meant nothing to my How they might hurt their enemies, if they sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and And this is all. jest at me;

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,

As under privilege of age to brag What I have done being young, or what would do

Know, Claudio, to thy Were I not old. head,

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by, And with grey hairs and bruise of many days

Do challenge thee to trial of a man. I say thou hast belied mine innocent child Thy slander hath gone through and

through her heart, And she lies buried with her ancestors-O! in a tomb where never scandal slept, 7 Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud My villainy! Thine, Claudio; thine, I say Leon.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man. My lord, my lord, Leon. I'll prove it on his body if he dare,

Despite his nice fence and his active practice.

His May of youth and bloom of lustihood. Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;

Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40 If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: But that's no matter; let him kill one first.

Win me and wear me; let him answer me. Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come follow me:

45 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence:

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. 8< Leon. Brother-

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man indeed As I dare take a serpent by the tongue. 90 Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops! Brother Antony-Leon.

What, man! I Ant. Hold you content. know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple-

boys,

That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander, Go anticly, and six w outward hideousness, And speak off halt a dozen dang'rous words,

duist;

Leon. But, brother Antony-Come, 'tis no matter: Ant. Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death; But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof. Leon. My lord, my lord—

I will not hear you. D. Pedro. Leon.

Come, brother, away. I will be heard. Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it. [Exeunt Leonato and Antonio. D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news? Bene. Good day, my lord.

TIO

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had lik'd to have had our two noses snapp'd off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee: for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw

it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels-draw to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he 131

looks pale. Art thou sick or angry? Claud. What, courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff;

this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear? Claud. God bless me from a challenge! Bene. [Aside to Claudio] You are a villain: I jest not; I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may

have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast? 149 Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said thou prais'd thy wit the other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I 'the false report; moreover, they have committed the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she 'a untruths; secondarily, they have belied a lady; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady;

the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue: there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the proper'st man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily.

and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, 'God saw him when he was hid in the garden'.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the

savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossinlike humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[Exit Benedick.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely. D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch. with Conrade and Borachio.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd

D. Pedro. How now! two of my biother's men bound-Borachio one.

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves. 208

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one

meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your

offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this Count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her My villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

to this?

practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery,

And fled he is upon this villainv.

Claud. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first. Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eves. That when I note another man like him

I may avoid him. Which of these is he? Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd Mine innocent child?

Bora.

Yea, even I alone. 250 Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;

Here stand a pair of honourable men. A third is fled, that had a hand in it.

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience.

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge vourself:

Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not 260 But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I; And yet, to satisfy this good old man. I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live-

That were impossible; but, I pray you toth.

Possess the people in Messina here How innocent she died; and, if your love Can labour aught in sad invention.

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb. And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night. To-morrow morning come you to my house; And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on Almost the copy of my child that's dead; And she alone is heir to both of us.

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin,

And so dies my revenge. Claud. O noble sir!

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from

I do embrace your offer; and dispose 280 For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect

your coming; To-night I take my leave. This naughty

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not; Nor knew not what she did when she spoke

to me: But always hath been just and virtuous

In anything that I do know by her. Dogb. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass; I beseech vou. let it be rememb'red in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and

honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go; I discharge thee of thy

prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship: which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges. Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you

to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail. Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero. Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.

Leon. [To the Watch] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd [Exeunt severally.

Scene II. Leonato's orchard.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet

in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! Why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth: it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers. 16

Marg. Give us the swords: we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids. 19 there's not one wise man among twenty that

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, will praise himself.

who, I think, hath legs. IExit Margaret. Bene. And therefore will come.

> The god of love, That sits above.

And knows me, and knows me, How pitiful I deserve-

I mean in singing; but in loving-Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby'—an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn', 'horn'—a hard rhyme; for 'school', 'fool'—a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings. No. I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then! 40 Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now. And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I

will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against

my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 62 Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo

peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession:

Scene 21

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you? Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum. Therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for prais ng myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bens. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home. It is proved my Lady Hero h.th been falsely accus'd, the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?
Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. 90
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A churchyard.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato? A Lord. It is, my lord.
Claud. [Reads from a scroll]

Epitaph.

'Done to death by slanderous tongues Was the Hero that here lies; Death, in guerdon of her wrongs, 5 Gives her fame which never dies. So the life that died with shame Lives in death with glorious fame,'

Hang thou there upon the tomb, Praising her when I am dumb. 10 Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night. Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out;

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey. Thanks to you all, and leave us. Fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go. Claud. And Hymen now with luckier

issue speed's

Than this for whom we rend'red up this
woe.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated. But Margaret was in some fault for this, Although against her will, as it appears In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sorts so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforcid

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all.

Withdraw into a chamb, by yourselves; And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this

To visit me. You know your office, brother: You must be father to your brother's daughter,

10 And give her to young Claudio.

[Exeunt Ladies.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior? Bene. To bind me, or undo me—one of

Bene. To bind me, or undo me—one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

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Your niece regards me with an eve of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her. I am your husband, if you like of me. 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,

From Claudio, and the Prince. But what's vour will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical. But, for my will, my will is your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the state of honourable marriage; In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help. Here comes the Prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

pood Leon. Good morrow, Prince; morrow, Claudio;

We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd

to marry with my brother's To-day daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready. D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why.

what's the matter That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness? Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee, As once Europa did at lusty Jove, When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low; And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you. Here comes other reck'nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon? Ant. This same is she, and I do give you

me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take you were in a consumption.

Before this friar, and swear to marry her. 164

Claud. Give me your hand; before the holy friar

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife: [Unmasking.

And when you lov'd you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer. One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd. Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.

When, after that the holy rites are ended. I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death. Meantime let wonder seem familiar. And to the chapel let us presently,

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name. [Unmasking] What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Why no, no more than reason. Reat. Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the Pr.nce, and Claudio,

Have been deceived: they swore you

Beat. Do not you love mo?

Troth no, no more than reason. Bene. Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula.

[Exit Antonio. Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another. Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket.

Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90 Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told

Bene. Peace: I will stop your mouth. [Kissing her.

Scene 41

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince: a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No. If a man will be beaten with brains, 'a shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it: and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kınsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have thee a double dealer; which out of question Strike up, pipers.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward. Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife. There is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight.

108 And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow. cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. [Dance. Exeunt.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, King of Navarre. BEROWNE. LONGAVILLE. lords attending on the King. A Forester. DUMAIN, BOYET. lords attending on the Princess of France. MARCADE. DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard. SIR NATHANIEL, a curate. HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster. DULL, a constable.

COSTARD, a clown. MOTH, page to Armado. THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE. ROSALINE. ladies aftending on the MARIA, Princess. KATHARINE,

JAQUENETIA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, etc.

THE SCENE: Navarre.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Navarre. The King's park. Enter the King, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives. Live regist'red upon our brazen tombs. And then grace us in the disgrace of death; When, spite of cormorant devouring Time, Th' endeavour of this present breath may

That honour which shall bate his scythe's

keen edge, And make us heirs of all eternity. Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are That war against your own affections And the huge army of the world's desires-Our late edict shall strongly stand in force: Navarre shall be the wonder of the world; Our court shall be a little Academe. Still and contemplative in living art. You three, Berowne, Dumain, and Longa-

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes

That are recorded in this schedule here. Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down

That violates the smallest branch herein. If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do. Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast. The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty hits Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the

wits. Dum. My loving lord. Dumain is mortified.

The grosser manner of these world's delights He throws upon the gross world's baser

slaves; To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die. With all these living in philosophy.

Ber. I can but say their protestation over: So much, dear liege, I have already sworn. That is, to live and study here three

years. But there are other strict observances. As: not to see a woman in that term. Which I hope well is not enrolled there: And one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside, 40 The which I hope is not entitled there; And then to sleep but three hours in the night

And not be seen to wink of all the day— When I was wont to think no harm all night.

And make a dark night too of half the day--Which I hope well is not enrolled there. O, these are barren tasks, too haid to keep,

Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep! King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Ber. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please: I only swore to study with your Grace, And stay here in your court for three years'

space.

Long. You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

Scene 17

Ber. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study, let me know. 55 King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Ber. Things hid and barr'd, you mean. from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Ber. Come on, then, I will swear to study

To know the thing I am forbid to know, 60 As thus: to study where I well may dine, When I to feast expressly am foibid; Or study where to meet some mistress fine. When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath, Study to break it, and not break my trotn. If study's gain be thus, and this be so, Study knows that which yet it doth not

know.

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no. Kıng study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight. Ber. Why, all delights are vain; but

that most vain Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit

pain, As painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth; while truth the

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look Light, seeking light, doth light of light

beguile; So, ere you find where light in darkness lies, Your light grows dark by losing of your

eyes. Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80 By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed. And give him light that it was blinded by. Study is like the heaven's glorious sun, That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won, Save base authority from others' books. These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights That give a name to every fixed star Have no more profit of their shining nights Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Ber. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time. Dum. In reason nothing.

Something then in rhyme. Long. Berowne is like an envious sneap-

ing frost That bites the first-born infants of the

spring. Ber. Well, say I am; why should proud

summer boast Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should ' joy in any abortive birth? At Christmas I no more desire a rose Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled

But like of each thing that in season grows: So you, to study now it is too late.

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little

King. Well, sit you out; go home, Berowne; adieu. Ber. No, my good lord: I have sworn to

stay with you; These be the stops that hinder And though I have for barbarism spoke more

> Than for that angel knowledge you can say, Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore, And bide the penance of each three years'

> Give me the paper; let me read the same; And to the strictest decrees I'll write my

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Ber. [Reads] 'Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my court'-Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Ber. Let's see the penalty. [Reads] ' -- on pain of losing her tongue." Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Ber. Sweet lord, and why? Long. To flight them hence with that

dread penalty. Ber. A dangerous law against gentility. [Reads] 'Item. If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as

the rest of the court can possibly devise.' This article, my liege, yourself must break; For well you know here comes in embassy The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak-

A maid of grace and complete majesty-About surrender up of Aquataine To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father; Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So study evermore is over-shot. 140 While it doth study to have what it would,

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It doth forget to do the thing it should; And when it hath the thing it hunteth most, 'Tis won as towns with fire-so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with in God for high words.

this decree:

She must lie here on mere necessity. Ber. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space;

For every man with his affects is born, Not by might mast'red, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:

I am forsworn on mere necessity.

So to the laws at large I write my name; Subscribes.

And he that breaks them in the least degree Stands in attainder of eternal shame. Suggestions are to other as to me But I believe, although I seem so loath. I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted? King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you

know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain. A man in all the world's new fashion

planted. That hath a mint of phrases in his brain; One who the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony; 165 A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny. This child of fancy, that Armado hight, For interim to our studies shall relate, In high-born words, the worth of many a

knight From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I; But I protest I love to hear him lie, And I will use him for my minstrelsv. 174

Ber. Armado is a most illustrious wight, A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;

And so to study three years is but short.

Enter Dull, a constable, with a letter. and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person? Ber. This, fellow. What wouldst? Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's farborough; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Ber. How low soever the matter, I hope

Long. A high hope for a low heaven. God grant us patience!

Ber. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or, to forbear both.

Ber. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir: all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner-it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman. For the form-in some form.

Ber. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention? 210

Ber. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads] ' Great deputy, welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god and body's fost'ring patron'—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [Reads] 'So i'

Cost. It may be so; Lut if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so. King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets. I beseech you.

King. [Reads] 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time When? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which, I mean, I walk'd upon; it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place Where? where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most prepost'rous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the eboncoloured ink which here thou viewest. beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth north-north-east

and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'

Cost. Me?

King, 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'

Cost. Me?

King. 'that shallow vassal,'

Cost. Still me?

King. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'

Cost. O, me!

King.' sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon; which, with, O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith—'

Cost. With a wench.

King. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am

Anteny Dull.

King. 'For Jaquenetta—so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesand swain—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.'

Ber. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it,
but little of the marking of it.

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King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel. Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

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King. This 'maid' will not serve your

turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and

water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him delivered o'er; And go we, lords, to put in practice that Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain. Ber. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

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Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta as a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The park.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH, his page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp. 5

Moth. No, no, O Lord, sir, no!

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

Arm. Why tough signior? Why tough signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender. 15 Moth. And I, tough signior, as an apper-

tinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Aim. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little.

Wherefore apt?

Aim. And therefore apt, because quick. Moth. Speak you this in my plaise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers;
thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

ith Moth. [Asule] He speaks the mere cone82 trary: crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three methinks Samson had small reason for it. vears with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir. Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reck'ning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and gamestei, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts

Aim. It doth amount to one more than two

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call thiec.

Aim. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied ere ye'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three', and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [Aside] To prove you a cipher. 55 Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love. And as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devis'd curtsy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter;

and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love. my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir. Arm. Is that one of the four complexions? Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, He surely affected her for her wit. Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth, Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated in-

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red, 95

Her faults will ne'er be known: For blushing cheeks by faults are bied, And fears by pale white shown.

Then if she fear, or be to blame, By this you shall not know:

For still her cheeks possess the same Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. [Aside] To be whipt; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing. Moth. Forbear till this company be past. Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir. the Duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe; and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance: but 'a must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

130

Jag. Man!

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are! Arm. I will tell thee wonders. Jag. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

170

Jag. So I heard you say Arm. And so, farewell Jag. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away. [Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned. 110 Cost. Well, sii, I hope when I do it I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shall be heavily punished. Cost. I am more bound to you than your As Nature was in making graces dear, so fellows, for they are but lightly sewarded. When she did staive the general would Arm. Take away this villain; shut him!

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave.

awav.

fast, being loose.

Moth. No. sir: that were fast and loose. Thou shalt to prison. 150

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall sec.

Moth. What shall some see? Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exeunt Moth and Costard. Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser. guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn-which is a great argument of falsehood-if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil. There is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour, rust, rapier; be still, drum; for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit: write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. Exit.

ACT TWO

Scene I. The bark.

Enter the Princess of France, with three ladies. ROSALINE, MARIA, attending KATHARINE, BOYET, and two other Lords.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.

:35 Consider who the King your father sends, To whom he sends, and what's his embassy: Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem.

To pailey with the sole inheritor Or all perfections that a man may one, Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace

beside

And prodigally gave them all to you. Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty,

though but mean, Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utt'red by base sale of chapmen's tongues:

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth

Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, 20 You are not ignorant all-telling fame

Doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a

Till painful study shall outwear three years, No woman may approach his silent court. Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates. To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, Bold of your worthiness, we single you As our best-moving fair solicitoi.

Tell him the daughter of the King of France. On serious business, craving quick dispatch. Importunes personal conference with his

Grace. Haste, signify so much; while we attend, Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will. Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [Exit Boyet.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords, That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 Lord. Lord Longaville is one. Prin.

Know you the man? Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast.

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir

Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized In Normandy, saw I this Longaville. A man of sovereign parts, peerless esteem'd. Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms; 45 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss, If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will. Whose edge hath power to cut, whose w.l! still wills

It should none spare that come within his to the wide fields too base to be mine. power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

The young Dumain, a well-Kath. accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved; Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill :

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good. And shape to win grace though he had no

I saw him at the Duke Alencon's once; And much too little of that good I saw Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.

Berowne they call him; but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal. His eye begets occasion for his wit. For every object that the one doth catch 70 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest, Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor, Delivers in such apt and gracious words That aged ears play truant at his tales, And younger hearings are quite ravished: So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! Are they all in love.

That every one her own hath garnished With such bedecking ornaments of praise? 1 Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Now, what admittance, lord? Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,

And he and his competitors in oath Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady, Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:

He rather means to lodge you in the field. Like one that comes here to besiege his court,

Than seek a dispensation for his oath, To let you enter his unpeopled house. [The ladies-in-waiting mask.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, BEROWNE, and Attendants.

Here comes Navarre.

court of Navarre.

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again: and ' welcome 'I have not yet. The roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither. King, Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn

an oath-Prin. Our Lady help my lord! He'll be

forsworn. King. Not for the world, fair madam, by

my will. Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and

nothing else. King. Your ladyship is ignorant what

it is. Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance

were wise. Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath sworn out housekeeping.

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, And sin to break it. But pardon me, I am too sudden bold; To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my

coming, And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Giving a baber. King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. Prin. You will the sooner that I were away.

For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stav.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Kath. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? Ber. I know you did.

Kath. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Ber. You must not be so quick.

Kath. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Kath. Not till it leave the rider in the mire. T 20

Ber. What time o' day? Kath. The hour that fools should ask.

Ber. Now fair befall your mask! Kath. Fair fall the face it covers!

Ber. And send you many lovers! 125 Kath. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the Being but the one half of an entire sum 130 Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he or we, as neither have. Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which.

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, 135 Although not valued to the money's worth. If then the King your father will restore But that one half which is unsatisfied, We will give up our right in Aquitaine. And hold fair friendship with his Majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposeth. 141 For here he doth demand to have repaid A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns. To have his title live in Aquitaine; Which we much rather had depart withal, And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.

Dear Princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast, And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name. In so unseeming to confess receipt Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it; And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back Or yield up Aquitaine.

We arrest your word. Boyet, you can produce acquittances For such a sum from special officers Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so. Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound; To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview

All liberal reason I will yield unto. Meantime receive such welcome at my hand As honour, without breach of honour, may Make tender of to thy true worthiness. 170 You may not come, fan Princess, within my gates;

But here without you shall be so rece.v'd As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart.

Though so denied fair harbour in my house. Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell.

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace! King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every

place. [Exit with attendants.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations;

I would be glad to see it. 18T

Ber. I would you heard it groan. Ros. Is the fool sick?

Ber. Sick at the heart. Ros. Alack, let it blood. 185 Ber. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says 'ay'. Ber. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife. Ber. Now, God save thy life! 100

Ros. And yours from long living! Ber. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Retiring. Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. Exit. Long. I beseech you a word: what is she

in the white? Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw

her in the light. Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire

her name. Boyet. She hath but one for herself: to

desire that were a shame. Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter? 200 Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard! Boyet. Good sir, be not offended;

She is an heir of Falconbridge. Long. Nay, my choler is ended. 205 She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Longaville. Ber. What's her name in the cap? Bovet. Rosaline, by good hap. Ber. Is she wedded or no? 210

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so. Ber. You are welcome, sır; adieu! Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome

to you. [Exit Berowne. Ladies unmask.

Mar. That last is Berowne, the merry mad-cap lord ; Not a word with him but a jest.

And every jest but a word. Bovet. Prin. It was well done of you to take him

at his word. Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Kath. Two hot sheeps, marry!

And wherefore not ships? Boyet. No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Kath. You sheep and I pasture-shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [Offering to kiss her. Not so, gentle beast;

Kath. Ber. Lady, I will commend you to mine My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Kath. To my fortunes and me. Prin. Good wits will be janging; but, gentles, agree :

This civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies.

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected'.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed. Proud with his form, in his eye pride

expressed: His tongue, all impatient to speak and not

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to

All senses to that sense did make their

repair, To feel only looking on fairest of fair. Methought all his senses were lock'd in his

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy: Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they were glass'd.

Did point you to buy them, along as you experience? pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his, An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is dispos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which heart. his eye hath disclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eve. By adding a tongue which I know will not those three I will prove.

Mar. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Kath. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim. Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No. What, then; do you see? Boyet.

Mar. Ay, our way to be gone. You are too hard for me. Boyet.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. The park.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

[Moth sings Concolinel.

Arm. Sweet air! Go. tenderness of years. take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? Brawling in French?

Moth. No. my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love, with your hat penthouselike o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betraved without these; and make them men of note-do you note me?-that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O—but O—

25 Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Aim. Call'st thou my love 'hobbyhorse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master;

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must [Exeunt. carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd-a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha, what savest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

You are too swift, sir, to say so: Moth. Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he;

I shoot thee at the swain.

Thump, then, and I flee. [Exit. Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come,

thy l'envoy; begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy: no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue thou enforcest laughter: thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word 'l'envoy' for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? Is

not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-

Were still at odds, being but three. There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

The tox. the ape, and the numblebee,

Were still at odds, being but three. Arm. Until the goose came out of door, Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the .oose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see: a fat l'envoy: av. that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the l'envoy. Cost. True, and I for a plantain. Thus

came your argument in: Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that

vou bought: And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me: how was there a costard broken in a shin? 106

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that I'envoy.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within. Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter. Cost. Till there be more matter in the

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise

Cost. O. marry me to one Frances! I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated. bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [giving a letter] to the country maid Jaquenetta; there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [Exit.

Signior Moth. Like the sequel, I. Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my [Exit Moth. incony Jew! Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble- Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word Were still at odds, being but three. for three farthings. Three farthings—
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four. inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I'll give you
Now will I begin your moral, and do you
a remuneration.' Why, it carries it. Refollow with my I'envoy. sell out of this word.

Enter BEROWNE.

Bei. My good knave Costard, exceedingly well met!

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration? Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing. Ber. Why, then, three-farthing worth of

silk. Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi'

veu! Ber. Stay, slave; I must employ thee. As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir? Ber. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir; fare you well. Ber. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Ber. Why, villain, thou must know first. Cost. I will come to your worship tomorrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this afternoon. Haik, slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the cark.

And in her train there is a gentle lady; 155 When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Ro aline they call her. Ask for her, And to her white hand see thou do commend

seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go. [Giving him a shilling.

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; a 'leven-pence farthing better; most sweet gardon! I will do it,

sir, in print. Gardon—remuneration! [Exit. Ber. And I, forsooth, in love; I, that have been love's whip A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable; A domineering pedant o'er the boy, Than whom no mortal so magnificent! This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward

bov. This senior-junior. giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid; 170

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms, Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans, Liege of all loiterers and malcontents, Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces, Sole imperator, and great general Of trotting paritors. O my little heart! And I to be a corporal of his field, And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop! What! I love, I sue, I seek a wife-A woman, that is like a German clock, 180 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

than French crown. I will never buy and But being watch'd that it may still go right!

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all: And, among three, to love the worst of all A whitely wanton with a velvet brow, 186 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eves:

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed.

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her! 190 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might. Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. Exit.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. The park.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants. and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the King that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep-up rising of the hill? Boyet. I know not; but I think it was

not he. Whoe'er 'a was, 'a show'd a Prin.

mounting mind. Well, lords, to-day we shall have our

dispatch; On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice ; A stand where you may make the fairest

Prin. I thank my beauty I am fair that shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? First praise me, and again say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? Alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now; Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling [Giving him money. true: Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be say'd beauteous: truth itself that thou art by meut.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow. Now mercy goes to kill, And shooting well is then accounted ill: -5 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot . Not wounding, pity would not let me do't . If wounding, then it was to show my skill, That more for praise than purpose meant

to kıll. And, out of question, so it is sometimes: 30 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes, When, for fame's sake, for praise, an out-

ward part.

We bend to that the working of the heart: As I for praise alone now seek to spill The poor deer's blood that my heart means

no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that selfsovereignty Only for praise sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords? Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may

afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Coslard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest. Cost. The thickest and the tallest! It is

so: truth is truth. An your waist, mistress, were as slender as

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist

should be fit. Are not you the chief woman? You are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? your will? What's

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! He's a good friend of mine. Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can

carve.

Break up this capon.

I am bound to serve. Bovet. This letter is mistook; it importeth none here.

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

We will read it, I swear. Prin. Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet, [Reads] 'By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true that thou art To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

ovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eve upon the permicious and ndubitate beggai Zenelophon; and he it was that might lightly say. 'Veni, vici, vici': which to annothanize in the vidgar. -O base and obscure vulgar!-videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame. He came, one; aw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king. Why did he come?—to see. Why did he see 2-to overcome. To whom came he?-to the beggar. What saw he?-the beggar. Who overcame he?-the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose sine?theking's. The captive is enrich'd; on whose side?—the beggar's. The catastrophe s a nuptial; on whose side?—the king's No, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison, thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy owliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I entorce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What 40 shalt thou exchange for rags?-robes, for tittles?—titles, for thyself?—me. Thus expecting thy reply, I protane my lips on hy foot, my eves on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO,'

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean Iron roar Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prev:

Submissive fall his princely feet before, And he from forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then? Food for his rage, repasture for his den.'

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

vane? What weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the Prince and his book-mates.

Thou fellow, a word. Prın.

Who gave thee this letter?

I told you: my lord. Cost. Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it? From my lord to my lady. Cost.

Prin. From which lord to which lady? Cost. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put Come, lords, away.

'twill be thine another day. [Exeunt Princess and Train.

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter ?

Shall I teach you to know? Ros.

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry.

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on! Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Bovet. And who is your deer? Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

Finely put on indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow. 110 Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have

I hit her now? Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

[Singing]

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it. Thou canst not hit it, my good man. Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt Rosaline and Katharine Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! How both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet, A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be. 125 Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! I' faith,

your hand is out. Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or

he'll ne'er hit the clout. Bovet. An if my hand be out, then belike

your hand is in. Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath

cleaving the pin.

lips grow foul. 130 Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, And such barren plants are set before us

sir; challenge her to bowl.

night, my good owl. [Exeunt Boyet and Maria.

Cost. By my soul, a swain, a most simple For as it would ill become me to be vain. clown!

him down!

[To Rosaline] Here, sweet, put up this; O' my troth, most sweet jests, most inconv vulgar wit! When it comes so smoothly off, so obscene-

> lv. as it were, so fit. Armado a th' t'one side-O, a most dainty

> man! To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

> To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly 'a will swear!

> And his page a t' other side, that handful of wit!

> Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit! Sola, sola! [Exit Costard.

SCENE II. The bark.

From the shooting within, enter Holofernes. SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, sir, I assure ye it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo. Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud

credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus! O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;

not drunk ink; his intellect is not re-Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your plenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

that we thankful should be-

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good- Which we of taste and feeling are-for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters see him in a school.

But, omne bene, say I, being of an old father's mind:

the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not five weeks old as yet? Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull;

tynna, goodman Dull. Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more.

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the polusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I say, beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call the deer the Princess kill'd a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge, so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The proyful Princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket.

Some say a sore; but not a sore

till now made sore with shooting. The dogs did yell; put el to soie, then sorel jumps from thicket—

Or pricket sore, or else sorel;

the people fall a-hooting. If sore be sore, then L to sore

makes fifty sores o' sorel. Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull [Aside] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parish:oners; for their sons

profit very greatly under you. You are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, Many can brook the weather that love not they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, vir sapıt qui pauca loquitur. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Master Person.

Hol. Master Person, quasi pers-one. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine; 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good Master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado. I beseech you read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub "mbra

Ruminat-

and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

Venetia, Venetia, Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.

Old Mentuan, old Mantuan! Who understandetn thee not, loves thee not-

Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather as Horace says in his-What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Ho!. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse: 55 Lege, domine.

Nath. [Reads] ' If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love? Ah, never faith could hold, if not to

beauty vowed! Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll

faithful prove; Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and game, and we will to our recreation. sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O. pardon love this wrong.

That singes heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man. And why, indeed, 'Naso' but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the age his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline'. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, Berowne'. Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty. Adieu.

Jag. Good Costard, go with me. Sir. God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenelta. Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith-ひとま

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

143 Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [To Dull] S.r. I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away; the gentles are at their

156 Exeunt.

SCENE III. The park.

Enter BEROWNE, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Ber. The King he is hunting the deer: I am coursing myself. They have pitch'd a toil: I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile! a foul word. Well, 'set thee down, sorrow!' for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I am the fool. Well proved, wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me-I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me. I faith, I will not. O, but her eye! By this light, but for her eye, I would not love her -ves for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world. I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [Climbs into a tree.

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Ber. Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King. [Reads]

'So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not To those fresh morning drops upon the

As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down

flows: Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep, As loth thy face through tears of mine give light.

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep; No drop but as a coach doth carry thee; 30 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel No thought can think nor tongue of mortal How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper—

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [Steps aside.

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville, and reading! Listen, ear.

Ber. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool
appear!

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Ber. Why, he comes in like a perjure,

wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship.

in shame!

Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;

Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity. 50

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack

power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Ber. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. 55 [He reads the sonnet.
'Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argu-

ment,
Persuade my heart to this false perjuty?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove, 60 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love; Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine, 65

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is.

If broken, then it is no fault of mine;

It by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise?'

Ber. This is the liver-vein, which makes
flesh a deity,
70

A green goose a goddess—pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! We are much out o' th' way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?— Company! Stay. [Steps aside. Ber. 'All hid, all hid'—an old infant play.

Like a demigod here sit I in the sky, 75
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Dumain transformed! Four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Ber. O most profane coxcomb! 80
Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Ber. By earth, she is not, corporal; there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Ber. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Ber. Stoop, I say; 85 Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Ber. Ay, as some days; but then no sun
must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Ber. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good word? 90 Dum. I would forget her, but a fever

Reigns in my blood, and will rememb'red be.

Ber. A fever in your blood? Why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers. Sweet misprision!

On a day-alack the day!-

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love."'

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Ber. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. [Reads]

she

Love, whose month is ever May, Spied a blossom passing fair Playing in the wanton air. TOO Through the velvet leaves the wind, All unseen, can passage find; That the lover, sick to death, Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
"Air," quoth he "thy cheeks may blow: Air, would I might triumph so! But, alack, my hand is sworn Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn; Vow, alack, for youth unmeet, Youth so apt to pluck a sweet. Ito Do not call it sin in me That I am forsworn for thee; Thou for whom Jove would swear Juno but an Ethiope were:

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Berowne and Longaville, Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill, Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd And Nestor play at push-pin with the note:

For none offend where all alike do dote. Long. [Advancing] Dumain, thy love is far from charity

That in love's grief desir'st society:

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know.

To be o'erheard and taken napping so. King, [Advancing] Come, sir, you blush: as his, your case is such.

You chide at him, offending twice as much: You do not love Maria! Longaville Did never sonnet for her sake compile; 130 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart. I have been closely shrouded in this bush, And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion.

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.

'Ay me!' says one. 'O Jove!' the other cries.

One, her hairs were gold; crystal the other's eyes.

[To Long.] You would for paradise break faith and troth:

[To Dum.] And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.

What will Berowne say when that he shall

Faith infringed which such zeal did swear? How will he scorn, how will he spend his

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it! For all the wealth that ever I did see, 145 I would not have him know so much by me. Ber. [Descending] Now step I forth to

whip hypocrisy. Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me. Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to

reprove These worms for loving, that art most in love? 150

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears; You'll not be perjur'd; 'tis a hateful thing; Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting. But are you not ashamed? Nay, are you not.

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot? You found his mote; the King your mote did see:

But I a beam do find in each of three. O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen, 159 182

This will I send; and something else more Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen! O me, with what strict patience have I sat.

> To see a king transformed to a gnat! To see great Hercules whipping a gig, And profound Solomon to tune a jig, boys.

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! 166 Where hes thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?

And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain? And where my liege's? All about the breast. A caudie, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest. Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view? Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to

you. I that am honest, I that hold it sin To break the vow I am engaged in: I am betrayed by keeping company With men like you, men of inconstancy. When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time

In pruning me? When shall you hear that I Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye, A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a lımb-King. Soft! whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief that gallops so? Ber. I post from love; good lover, let me go. 181

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What present hast thou there? Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here? Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither. The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jag. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read;

Our person misdoubts it; 'twas treason he said. 190

King. Berowne, read it over. [Berowne reads the letter.

Where hadst thou it? Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adra-

madio. [Berowne tears the letter. King. How now! What is in you? Why dost thou tear it?

Ber. A toy, my liege, a toy! Your Grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name. [Gathering up the pieces. me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Ber. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:

He, he, and you-and you, my liege!and I

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O. dismiss this audience, and I shall tell vou more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

True, true, we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs, away. Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta. Ber. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be. The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his

Young blood doth not obey an old decree. We cannot cross the cause why we were born, 21 1

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn. King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Ber. 'Did they?' quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde At the first op'ning of the goigeous east. Bows not his vassal head and, strucken blind.

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye Dares look upon the heaven of her brow That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon; She, an attending star, scarce seen a light. Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair check, Where several worthies make one dignity, Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues-Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not! To things of sale a seller's praise belongs: the passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn, Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye. Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

[To Costard] Ah, you whoreson And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy. loggerhead, you were born to do O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine! King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Ber. Is ebony like her? O wood divine! A wife of 'uch wood were felicity. O, who can give an oath? Where is a book? That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack, If that she learn not of her eye to look. No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the school of night:

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Ber. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt, It mourns that painting and usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect; And therefore is she born to make black

Her favour turns the fashion of the days; For native blood is counted painting now; And therefore red that would avoid dispraise

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-

sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light. 265

Ber. Your mistresses dare never come in rain

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a tairer face not wash'd to-day. Ber. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [Showing his shoe.

Ber. O. if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread! Dum. O vile! Then, as she goes, what

upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Ber. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave the hat; and, good Belowne, now prive 280

Our loving lawful, and ou, faith not torn. Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed; Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil!

Dum. Some salve for periury.

Ber. "Tis more than need. 285
Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of
youth.

Say, can you fast? Your stomachs are too young. 290

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon
look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you, Have found the ground of study's excellence Without the beauty of a woman's face? From women's eyes this doctrine I derwe: They are the ground, the books, the academes, From whence doth spring the true Promethean

Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirus in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face, 305
You have in that forswon the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself, 310
And where we are our learning likewise is;
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our
books.

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation have found out Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with? Other slow arts entirely keep the brain; 320 And therefore, finding barren practisers, Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes, Lives not alone immured in the brain, But with the motion of all elements 325 Courses as swift as thought in every power, And gives to every power a double power, Above their functions and their offices. It adds a precious seeing to the eye: A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind. 330 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

that; and, good When the suspicious head of theft is

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible Than are the tender horns of cockled snails; Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.

For valour, is not Love a Hercules, Still climbing trees in the Hesperides? Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods 340

Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write

Until his ink were temp'red with Love's
sighs:

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears, And plant in tyrants mild humility. 345 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive. They sparkle still the right Promethean fire; They are the books, the arts, the academes, That show, contain, and nourish, all the world.

Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

Then fools you were these women to forswear;

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love:

Or for Love's sake, a word that loves all men;

Or for men's sake, the authors of these women; 355
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men—

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves, Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths. It is religion to be thus forsworn; For charity itself fulfils the law,

And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers,

to the field!

Ber. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! But be first advis'd,

In conflict, that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by.

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents. Ber. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand

Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace
them.

Such as the shortness of the time can shape; For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours, Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with at a great feast of languages and stol'n the flowers.

King. Away, away! No time shall be omuted

That will betime, and may by us be fitted. Ber. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no coin.

And justice always whills in equal measure. Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn:

If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. The park.

Enter Holorennes, Sir Nathaniel, and You hear his learning. DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the King's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book. Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak 'dout' fine, when he should say 'doubt'; 'det' when he should pronounce 'debt'-d, e, b, t, not d, e, t. He clepeth a calf 'cauf', half 'hauf'; neighbour vocatur 'nebour'; 'neigh' abbreviated This is abhominable—which he would call 'abbominable'. It insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

'bene'. 'Bone'?--'bone' tor Priscian a little scratch'd: 'twill serve. 26

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. Videsne quis venit? Hol. Video, et gaudeo. Arm. [To Moth] Chirrah!

Hol. Quare 'chirrah', not 'sirrah'? 30 Arm. Men of peace, well encount'red. Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

376 scraps.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the almsbasket of words. I marvel thy master hatn not eaten thee for a word, for thou are not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [To Hot.] Monsieur, are you not lett'red?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook. What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, puentia, with a horn added. Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant? Moth. The third of the five vowels, if You repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them: a, e. I-

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it: o, U.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit—snip, snap, quick and home. It rejoiceth my intellect. True wit!

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man:

which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Moth. Horns. Hol. Thou disputes like an infant; go

whip thy gig. Moth. Lend me your horn to make one.

and I will whip about your infamy circum circa-a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldest thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; 'dunghill'

for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate; we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill. Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most Moth. [Aside to Costard] They have been generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable, for the afternoon. The word is well cull'd, chose, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend. For what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy. I beseech thee, apparel thy head. And among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too-but let that pass; for I must tell thee it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is-but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet chuck. with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. 'Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking-out of mirth, as it were. I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rend'red For he hath been five thousand year a boy. by our assistance, the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princess-I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 107

Nath. Where will you find men worthy

enought to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, Alexander this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake: and I will have an apology for that purpose. 117

Moth. An excellent device! So, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules; now thou crushest the snake!' That is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies? Hol. I will play three myself. Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman! Arm. Shall I tell you a thing? 125 Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! Thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir. Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hav.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The park.

Enter the PRINCESS, MARIA, KATHARINE, and ROSALINE.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in. A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! Yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper

Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all, That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name. Ros. That was the way to make his god-

head wax; Kath. Ay, and a shiewd unhappy

gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him: 'a kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

And so she died. Had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might 'a been a grandam ere she died. And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff:

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument. Ros. Look what you do, you do it still i'

th' dark. Kath. So do not you; for you are a light

wench. Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care'.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too? 30 Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne;
The numbers true, and, were the numb'ring

I were the fairest goddess on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Anything like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink—a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils, ho! Let me not die your debtor.

My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's! 45
Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew

all shrows!

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain? Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover, 47 Some thousand verses of a faithful lover; A huge translation of hypocrisy, Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearl, to me sent

Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart

The chain were longer and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go. 65 O that I knew he were but in by th' week! How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek.

And wait the season, and observe the times, And spend his piodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my hests, And make him proud to make me proud that jests! 66

So pertaunt-like would I o'ersway his state That he should be my fool, and I his fate. Prin. None are so surely caught, when

they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

70

Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note 73 As fool'ry in the wise when wit doth dote,

As fool'ry in the wise when wit doth dote Since all the power thereof it doth apply To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyer.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter!
Where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! Arm, wenches, arm! Encounters mounted are

Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd.

Muster your wits; stand in your own
defence;

85

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they

That charge their breath against us? Say, scoul, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour; 90

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest, Toward that shade I might behold addrest The King and his companions; warily I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear—95 That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here. Their herald is a pretty knavish page, That well by heart hath conn'd his em-

That well by heart hath conn'd his em bassage.

Action and accent did they teach him there: 'Thus must thou speak' and 'thus thy body bear', 100

And ever and anon they made a doubt Presence majestical would put him out; 'For' quoth the King' an angel shalt thou

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously'. The boy replied 'An angel is not evil; I should have fear'd her had she been a

devil'.

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder.

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder. One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore

A better speech was never spoke before. Another with his finger and his thumb 112 Cried 'Via! we will do't, come what will come'.

The third he caper'd, and cried 'All goes well'.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that they all did tumble on the ground.

With such a zealous laughter, so profound. That in this spleen ridiculous appears, To check their folly, passion's solemn tears

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,

Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess. Their purpose is to parley, court, and dance And every one his love-feat will advance Unto his several mistress: which they'll

By favours several which they did bestow. Prin. And will they so? The gallant: shall be task'd,

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd; And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face. Hold. Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear. And then the King will court thee for his

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine.

So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline. And change you favours too; so shall your loves 134

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes. Ros. Come on, then, wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs.

They do it but in mocking merriment. And mock for mock is only my intent. 140 Their several counsels they unbosom shall To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal Upon the next occasion that we meet

With visages display'd to talk and greet. Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot,

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:

But while 'tis spoke each turn away her

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out. There's no such sport as sport by sport To tread a measure with you on this grass. o'erthrown,

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our So shall we stay, mocking intended game,

188

And they well mock'd depart away with [Trumpet sounds within. shame. Bovet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd: the maskers come.

The Ladies mask.

Enter Blackamoors with music, MOTH as Prologue, the King and his Lords as maskers, in the guise of Russians.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no 11cher than rich taffeta. Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[The Ladies turn their backs to him. That ever turn'd their-backs-to mortal views I

Ber. Then eyes, villain, their eyes. Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to

mortal views! Out-

Bovet. True: out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe Not to behold—

Ber. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sunbeamed eyes-with your sun-beamed eyes-

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes '.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Ber. Is this your perfectness? Be gone, Exit Moth. vou rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? Know their minds, Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know what they would.

What would you with the Bovet. Princess?

Ber. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they? Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measur'd many miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass. Boyet. They say that they have measur d many a mile

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile? If they have measured many,

The measure, then, of one is eas'ly told. 100 Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles.

And many miles, the Princess bids you tell How many inches doth fill up one mile. Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary

Boyet. She hears herself.

How many weary steps 195 Of many weary miles you have o'ergone Are numb'red in the travel of one mile?

Ber. We number nothing that we spend for you;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without accompt. Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your tace.

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded taa.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.

Vouchsate, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine, Those clouds removed, upon our watery

evne. Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter:

Thou now requests but moonshine in the water.

Km3. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.

Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then. Nay, you must do it soon. Not yet? No dance! Thus change I like

the moon. King. Will you not dance? How come

you thus estranged? Ros. You took the moon at full; but

now she's changed. King. Yet still she is the Moon, and I the

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion

to it. Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

But your legs should do it Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands. We wil not dance.

King. Why take we hands then? Only to part friends

Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Price you yourselves. What buy your company? Ros. Your absence only.

That can never be. 225 King.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adien_

Twice to your visor and half once to you. King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that, They converse abart.

Ber. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Ber. Nay, then, two treys, an if you grow so nice.

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; well run. dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

Pun. Seventh sweet, adieu! Since you can cog, I'll play no more with

Ber. One word in secret.

Let it not be sweet. Ber. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Ber. Therefore meet. [They converse apart.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it. Dum. Fair ladv-

Say you so? Fair lord-Mar. Take that for your fair lady.

Please it you, 240 As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

They converse apart. Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you

Kath. O for your reason! Quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. 'Veal' quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady! No, a fair lord calf. Kath.

Long. Let's part the word. No, I'll not be your half. Kath.

Take all and wean it; it may prove an ox. Long. Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. [They converse apart. Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen 256

180

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

As is the razor's edge invisible. Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen. Above the sense of sense: so sensible Seemeth their conference: their conceits

have wings. Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,

swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Ber. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors. Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Musco-

Are these the breed of wits so wondered at? breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout! Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever but in vizards show their faces? This pert Berowne was out of count'nance quite.

Ros. They were all in lamentable cases! The King was weeping-ripe for a good

Prin. Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword.

No point 'quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart:

And trow you what he call'd me?

Qualm, perhaps. Prin.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art! 280 Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

sworn.

faith to me.

born. Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on

tree. Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses,

give ear: Immediately they will again be here In their own shapes; for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity. Prin. Will they return?

They will, they will, God knows, And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair.

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? Speak to be understood.

Bovet, Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud: Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture

shown.

260

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown. Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do

If they return in their own shapes to woo? Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd.

Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd.

Let us complain to them what fools were here.

Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear: Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet And wonder what they were, and to what

> Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,

And their rough carriage so ridiculous, Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land. [Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.

Re-enter the King, Berowne, Longaville, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the Princess? Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your

Májesty Command me any service to her thither? King. That she vouchsafe me audience

for one word. Boyet, I will; and so will she, I know.

my lord. [Exit. Ber. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,

And utters it again when God doth please. He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares But will you hear? The King is my love At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;

Prin. And quick Berowne hath plighted And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth

know, Kath. And Longaville was for my service Have not the grace to grace it with such

show This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve; Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve. 'A can carve too, and lisp; why this is he That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay; he can sing A mean most meanly; and in ushering, Mend him who can. The ladies call him sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet. 330 This is the flow'r that smiles on every one To show his teeth as white as whales-bone And consciences that will not die in debt Pay him the due of 'honey-tengued

Boyet'.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart, That put Armado's page out of his part!

Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE.

Ber. See where it comes! Behaviour. what wert thou

Till this man show'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I Prin. conceive.

King, Construe my speeches better, if you mav.

Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave. King. We came to visit you, and purpose

now To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it

then. Prin. This field shall hold me, and so

hold your vow: Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke.

The virtue of your eye must break my oath. Prin. You nickname virtue: vice vou should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure As the unsullied lily, I protest,

a world of torments though I should endure.

I would not yield to be your house's guest; So much I hate a breaking cause to be 355 Of heavenly oaths, vowed with integrity. King. O, you have hv'd in desolation here.

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame. Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;

A mess of Russians left us but of late. King. How, madam! Russians! Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state. Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord.

My lady, to the manner of the days, In courtesy gives undeserving praise. We four indeed confronted were with four In Russian habit; here they stayed an By this white glove—how white the hand.

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my Henceforth my wooing mind shall be lord. 360

They did not bless us with one happy word. I dare not call them fools; but this I think, When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Ber. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet.

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet.

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye, 373 By light we lose light; your capacity

Is of that nature that to your huge store Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eve-

Ber. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380 Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong.

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possess Ros. All the fool mine?

Ber. I cannot give you less. Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you

wore? Ber. Where? when? what vizatd? Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case

That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

King. We were descried; they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your Highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows ' he'll swoon! Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy. Ber. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out? 395 Here stand I, lady-dart thy skill at me, Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit; And I will wish thee never more to dance. Nor never more in Russian habit wait. 409 O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd, Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue Nor never come in vizard to my friend. Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation, Figures pedantical—these summer-flies Have blown me full of maggot ostentation-I do forswear them; and I here protest, 414

song.

God knows !-

express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.

And, to begin, wench—so God help me,
law!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw Ros. Sans 'sans', I pray you.

Ren. Yet I have a trick Of the old rage; bear with me, I am sick; I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see—Write 'Lord have mercy on us' on those

three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of
your eyes.

These lords are visited; you are not free, For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Pin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Ber. Our states are forfeit; seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true.

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Ber. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bei. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at
an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.

Pim. And were you well advis'd? King.I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here, 435
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject hei.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear; Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.
Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold
me dear

As precious eyesight, and did value me 4.5 Above this world; adding thereto, more-

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! The noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King What mean you, madam? By my life, my troth,

450

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and, to confirm it plain,

You gave me this; but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the Princess I

did give;

454

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she

weai;
And Loid Belowne, I thank him, is my dear

What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Ber. Neither of either; I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't: here was a consent, 460 Knowing aforehand of our merriment, To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd, Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours; and then we.

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 170 We are again forsworn in will and error. Much upon this it is; [To Boyet] and might not you

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue? Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye? 475 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire.

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily? You put our page out. Go, you are allow'd; Die when you will, a smock shall be your

shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Ber. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! Thou part'st a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know whether the three Worthies shall come in or no?

Ber. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine, For every one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir,
I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you. sir: we know what we know; 490 I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir-

Is not nine. Ber.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Ber. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reck'ning, sir.

Ber. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves. the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount. For mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the Great; for mine own part. I know not the degree of the Worthy: but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit Costard. King. Berowne, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-proof, my lord, and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the King's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents 515

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents. Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Converses apart with the King, and delivers a paper.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Ber. Why ask you?

Prin. 'A speaks not like a man of God his making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet. honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain; but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couple-[Exit Armado. ment !

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy

the swain, Pompey the Great: the parish cuiate, Alexander; Armado's page, Heicules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus. And if these four Worthies in their first

show thrive.

These four will change habits and present the other five.

Ber. There is five in the first show. King. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

Ber. The pedant, the braggart, the hedgepriest, the fool, and the boy; Abate throw at novum, and the whole

world again Cannot pick out five such, take each one în his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, armed for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am-

Ber. You lie, you are not he. Cost. I Pompey am-

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee. Ber. Well said, old mocker; I must

needs be friends with thee. Cost. 1 Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big-

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, sir.

Pompey surnam'd the Great,

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance, And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet

lass of France. If your ladyship would say 'Thanks, Pompey', I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in Great.

Ber. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lw'd, I was the world's commander:

By east, west, rorth, and south, I spread my conquering might.

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alısander-

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander-

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right, you were so, Alisander. 565

Ber. Pompey the Great! Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

640

Ber. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [To Sir Nail.] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this. Your lion, that holds his poleaxe siting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror and afeard to speak! Run away for shame, Alisander. [Sir Nail. retires] There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander—alas! you see how 'tis—a little o'erpaited. But there are Worthes acoming will speak their mind in some other soit.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. 586

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this

imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus Quontam he seemeth in minority, Ergo I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish
[Moth retires

Judas I am—

Dum. A Judas! Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, yeliped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain

Judas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art the prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am-

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas !

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder. Ber. Well followed: Judas was hange

on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A death's face in a ring. 60 Long. The face of an old Roman coin scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Ber. Saint George's half-cheek in a

brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 610 Ber. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-

drawer. And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of counten-

Ber. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outfac'd them all. 613 Ber. An thou wert a lion we would do so. Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him

and so adieu, sweet Jude! Nay, why dost

Dum. For the latter end of his name. Ber. For the ass to the Jude; give it

him—Jud-as, away. 620 Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! It grows dark, he may stumble.

[Holofernes retires. Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

Ber. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think Hector was not so cleantimber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's. Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small. Ber. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Ber. A lemon.

59

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven. Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breathed that certain he would fight ye, 615

From morn till night out of his pavilion. I am that flower—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine. Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

550

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [To the Princess] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[Berowne steps forth, and speaks to Costard.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's Is heavy in my tongue. The King your slipper.

Boyet. [Aside to Dumain] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [Aside to Boyet] He may not by the vard.

Aim. This Hector far surmounted Hannıbal-

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector. she is gone; she is two months on her will right myself like a soldier.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away. She's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou in amonize me among

potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipt for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him. 670

Dum. Most rare Pompey! Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Ber. Greater than Great! Great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles. Ber. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more

Ates! Stir them on! stir them on! Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in his belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the North Pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a Northren man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies! Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will. Ber. What reason have you for 't? Arm. The naked truth of it is: I have no

shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter as messenger. Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you, madam! Welcome, Marcade; Mar. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring

father-Pru... Dead, for my life!

Mar. Even so; my tale is told. Ber. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I

Exeunt Worthies.

King. 115w fares your Majesty? Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to

night. King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you. gracious lords.

For all your fair endeavours, and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide 720 The liberal opposition of our spirits.

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath—your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord. A heavy heart bears not a n mble tongue. Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms

All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often at his very loose decides That which long process could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy suit which fain it would convince. Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it From what it purpos'd; since to wail

friends lost Is not by much so wholesome-profitable As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Ber. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the King. For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents; And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, As love is full of unbefitting strains,

All wanton as a child, skipping and vain; Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye, Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of

forms.

But that thou interruptest our merriment. Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance: Which parti-coated presence of loose love Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes 755 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities, Those heavenly eyes that look into these The sudden hand of death close up mine faults

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove

false. By being once false for ever to be true To those that make us both-fair ladies,

you; And even that falsehood, in itself a sin, Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love:

Your favours, the ambassadors of love; And, in our maiden council, rated them At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, As bombast and as lining to the time; But more devout than this in our respects Have we not been; and therefore met your loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

We did not quote them so. Ros. King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour.

Grant us your loves.

A time, methinks, too short To make a world-without-end bargain in. No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much.

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this, I'll change my black gown for a faithful If for my love, as there is no such cause, You will do aught-this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with

speed To some forlorn and naked hermitage. Remote from all the pleasures of the world: There stay until the twelve celestial signs Have brought about the annual reckoning. If this austere insociable life Change not your offer made in heat of

blood.

If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds.

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, But that it bear this trial, and last love, Then, at the expiration of the year, Come, challenge me, challenge me by these

deserts: And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine, I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut My woeful self up in a mournful house, Raining the tears of lamentation For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part, Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny.

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,

eve!

Hence hermit then, my heart is in thy breast. Ber. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd .

You are attaint with faults and perjury: Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never

But seek the weary beds of people sick. Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty: With threefold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.

Come when the King doth to my lady come: Then, if I have much love, I'll give you

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

At the twelvemonth's end Mar. friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you: few taller are so young.

Ber. Studies my lady? Mistress, look on

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye. What humble suit attends thy answer there. Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,

Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue 830

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks.

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts. Which you on all estates will execute That lie within the mercy of your wit.

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain.

And therewithal to win me, if you please, Without the which I am not to be won. You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day

800 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse

With groaning wretches; and your task shall be. With all the fierce endeavour of your wit. To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bei. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mith cannot move a soul in agony. Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear Of him that hears it, never in the tongue Of him that makes it; then, if sickly ears. Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear gioans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then. And I will have you and that fault withal. But if they will not, throw away that spuit. And I shall find you empty of that fault. Right joyful of your reformation. 857 Bei. A twelvemonth? Well, befall what

will befall.

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital. Prin. [To the King] Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave. King. No, madam; we will bring you on

your way. Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old play:

lack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy Might well have made our sport a comedy. King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth an' a day,

And then 'twill end. That's too long for a play. Ber.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me-Prin. Was not that Hector? Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Ann. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three year. But, most estcemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the Owl and the Cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show. King. Call them forth quickly; we will

do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter All.

This side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver. the Spring-the one maintained by the Owl, th' other by the Cuckoo. Ver. begin.

Spring.

When daisies pied and violets blue And lady-smocks all silver-white And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue Do paint the meadows with delight, The cuckoo then on every tree Mocks married men, for thus sings he: 'Cuckoo: Cuckoo, cuckoo'-O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks; When turtles tread, and rooks and daws, And maidens bleach their summer smocks; The cuckoo then on every tree Mocks married men, for thus sings he: 895 Cuckoo: Cuckoo, cuckoo '-O word of tear, Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall, And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, And Tom bears logs into the hall, And milk comes frozen home in pail, When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul, Then nightly sings the staring owl: 'Tu-who; 905 Tu-whit. Tu-who '-A merry note, While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow, And coughing drowns the parson's saw. And birds sit brooding in the snow, OIO And Marian's nose looks red and raw, When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, Then nightly sings the staring owl: 'Tu-who;

Tu-whit, To-who '-A merry note, 915 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Meicury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way: Exeunt. we this way.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

To every varied object in his glance: Which parti-coated presence of loose love Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes 755 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false.

By being once false for ever to be true To those that make us both-fair ladies,

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin, Thus purifies itself and turns to grace. Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full

Your favours, the ambassadors of love; And, in our maiden council, rated them At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, As bombast and as lining to the time; But more devout than this in our respects Have we not been; and therefore met your loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment. more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

We did not quote them so. Ros. King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour.

Grant us your loves.

A time, methinks, too short To make a world-without-end bargain in. No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this, If for my love, as there is no such cause, You will do aught—this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage. Remote from all the pleasures of the world; There stay until the twelve celestial signs Have brought about the annual reckoning. If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood.

If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin Before I saw you; and the world's large

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, But that it bear this trial, and last love, Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come, challenge me, challenge me by these deserts;

And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine, I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut My woeful self up in a mournful house, Raining the tears of lamentation For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part, Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eve!

Hence heimit then, my heart is in thy bleast. Ber. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd:

You are attaint with faults and perjury: Therefore, if you my favour mean to get, A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never

But seek the weary beds of people sick. Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

A wife?

rest.

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty: With threefold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.

Come when the King doth to my lady come: Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again. 820

Long. What savs Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so VOIDE.

Ber. Studies my lady? Mistress, look on me;

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye, What humble suit attends thy answer there. Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne.

tongue Proclaims you for a man replete with

mocks,

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts. Which you on all estates will execute That lie within the mercy of your wit.

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain. And therewithal to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won, You shall this twelvemonth term from day

800 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse

With groaning wretches; and your task shall be, 840

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit, To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bei. To move wild laughtei in the throat of dooth?

of death ?

It cannot be; it is impossible;

Mith cannot move a soul in agony. 845
Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear S49
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it; then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamous of their own dear
groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then, And I will have you and that fault withal. But if they will not, throw away that spirit, And I shall find you empty of that fault, Right joyful of your leformation.

Ber. A twelvemonth? Well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [To the King] Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave. 850 King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old play:

Jack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy Might well have made our spoit a comedy. King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth an' a day,

And then 'twill end.

Ber.

That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me-Prin. Was not that Hector? Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy. 869 Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three year. But, most estremed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the Owl and the Cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will

do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter All.

This side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver, the Sping—the one maintained by the Owl, th' other by the Cuckoo. Ver, begin.

Spring.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:

'Cuckoo;
Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo '—O word of fear, Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, soo And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks; When turtles tread, and rooks and daws, And maidens bleach their summer smocks; The cuckoo then on every tree Mocks married men, for thus sings he: 895 'Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo '—O word of tear, Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
'Tu-who;
Tu-whit, Tu-who'—A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
'Tu-who;
Tu-who,'—A merry note,
915

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Meicury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this way.

[Exeunt.]

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, Duke of Athens. ECEUS, father to Hermia. LYSANDER. in love with Hermia. DEMETRIUS. PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to COBWEB. Theseus. QUINCE, a carpenter. SNUG, a joiner. BOTTOM, a weaver. FLUTE, a bellows-mender. SNOUT, a tinker. STARVELING, a tailor. HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

OBERON, King of the Fairies. TITANIA, Queen of the Fantes. PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW. PEASEBLOSSOM,) - fan ies. Мотн. MUSTARDSEED. PROLOGUE. Quince. PYRAMUS. Воттом. presented FLUTE THISBY. WALL. bySNOUT. MOONSHINE, STARVELING SNUG. LION.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

Lysander. HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

THE SCENE: Athens and a wood near it.

ACT ONE

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with

Scene I. Athens. The palace of Theseus. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial

Draws on apace; four happy days bring in Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow

This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires.

Like to a step-dame or a dowager. Long withering out a young man's revenue. Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the

And then the moon, like to a silver bow New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night Of our solemnities.

Go, Philostrate, Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments; Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth; Turn melancholy forth to funerals; The pale companion is not for our pomp. 15

Exit Philostrate. Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, And won thy love doing thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key, With pomp, with triumph, and with

revelling.

Enter EGEUS, and his daughter HERMIA. LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my caughter Hermia. Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord, This man hath my consent to marry her. 25 Stand forth, Lysander. And, my gracious Duke.

This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes.

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love, And stol'n the impression of her fantasy With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits.

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeatsmessengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd mv daughter's heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me, To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious Duke,

Be it so she will not here before your Grace Consent to marry with Demetrius. I beg the ancient privilege of Athens: As she is mine I may dispose of her; Which shall be either to this gentleman Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Or to her death, according to our law Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid.

To you your father should be as a god; One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax, By him imprinted, and within his power 50 To leave the figure, or disfigure it. Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,

The other must be held the worthier. 55
Her. I would my father look'd but with
my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold, Nor how it may concein my modesty 60 In such a piesence here to plead my thoughts;

But I beseech your Grace that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice.

You can endure the livery of a nun, 70 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd, To live a barren sister all your life, Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage; 75 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd Than that which withering on the virgin thorn

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new moon—

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship—

Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and,
Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;

Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander, true, he hath
my love;

95

And what is mine my love shall render him;

And she is mine; and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he, As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts
can be.

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady,

dotes, Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man. rre
The. I must confess that I have heard so
much.

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs, My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come; And come, Egeus; you shall go with me; I have some private schooling for you both. For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself To fit your fancies to your father's will, Or else the law of Athens yields you up—Which by no means we may extenuate—To death, or to a vow of single life. 12x Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?

Demetrius, and Egeus, go along;
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
[Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.
Lys. How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well

Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read.

Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run

smooth;
But either it was different in blood——

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of

years—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.

friends-

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it, Making it momentary as a sound, Swift as a shadow, short as any dream, Brief as the lightning in the collied night 145 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and

earth. And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!' The jaws of darkness do devour it up;

So quick bright things come to confusion. Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd.

It stands as an edict in destiny.

Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs.

Wishes and tears, poor Fancy's followers. Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia:

I have a widow aunt, a dowager Of great revenue, and she hath no child— From Athens is her house remote seven leagues-

And she respects me as her only son. There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee; And to that place the sharp Athenian law Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then. Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow

night: And in the wood, a league without the

Where I did meet thee once with Helena To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee.

My good Lysander! Her. I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow, By his best arrow, with the golden head, 170 By the simplicity of Venus' doves, By that which knitteth souls and prospers

loves, And by that fire which buin'd the Carthage Queen,

When the false Troyan under sail was seen, By all the vows that ever men have broke, In number more than ever women spoke, In that same place thou hast appointed me, To-moriow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away 3

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsav.

Demetrius loves vour fair. O happy fair! Your eyes are lode-stars and your From tongue's sweet air

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear. When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

> Sickness is catching; O, were favour so, Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go! My ear should catch your voice, my eve your eye,

> My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated.

The rest I'd give to be to you translated. O, teach me how you look, and with what

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart! Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place. Before the time I did Lysander see, Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me. O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phobe doth behold Her silver visage in the wat'iv glass. Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass, A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal, Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood where often you and I

Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie. Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet; And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight

lovers' food till morrow midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [Exit Hermia. Ĥelena adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! 225 Exit Lysander.

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she. But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; He will not know what all but he do know. And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230 So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity. Love can transpose to form and dignity. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the

mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste; Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:

And therefore is Love said to be a child. Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd. As waggish boys in game themselves for-

So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere; For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's evne. He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;

And when this hail some heat from Heimia felt.

So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did you. melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight: Then to the wood will he to-morrow night Pursue her; and for this intelligence If I have thanks, it is a dear expense. But herein mean I to enrich my pain, To have his sight thither and back again.

SCENE II. Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Ouince, Snug. Bottom, Flute. SNOUT and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here? Bot. You were best to call them generally.

man by man, according to the scrip. Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names

of the actors; and so grow to a point. 9
Quin. Marry, our play is 'The most Lamentable Comedy and most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby'.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. Nick

Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bortom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms: I will condole in some measure. To the restyet my chief humour is for a tyrant. could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

> 'The raging rocks 25 And shivering shocks Shall break the locks Of prison gates; And Phibbus' car Shall shine from far, 30 And make and mar The foolish Fates .'

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's players. vein: a lover is more condoling.

Ouin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender. Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby 'on

Flu. What is Thisby? A wand'ring

knight? Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; 250 I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it [Exit. in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: 'Thisne, Thisne!' [Then speaking small 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince. Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play

Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker. Snout. Here, Peter Quince. 54 Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself,

Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part. And, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear

50

me; I will roar that I will make the Duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again'.

Quin. An you should do it too terribly you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shrick; and tha were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, tha I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pylamus for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play baiefac'd. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we reheatse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet. 97
Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.
[Execunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. A wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier, Over park, over pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire, I do wander every where, Swifter than the moon's sphere; And I serve the Fairy Queen, To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowships tall her pensioners be; In their gold coats spots you see; Those be rubies, fairy favours, In those freckles live their sayours.

I must go seek some dewdrops here, And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 15 Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone. Our Queen and all bar elses come here appe.

Our Queen and all her elves come here anon. Puck. The King doth keep his revels here

to-night;
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20 Because that she as her attendant hath A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king. She never had so sweet a changeling; And jealous Oberon would have the child Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild; But she perforce withholds the loved boy, Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her lov.

And now they never meet in grove or green, By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen.

But they do square, that all their elves for fear

Creep into acorn cups and hide them there. Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite

Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he That frights the maidens of the villagery, Sk m milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Those that Hobgobhn call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speakest aright:

I am that merry wanderer of the night. I jest to Oberon, and make him sm.le When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, 45 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal; And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl In very likeness of a roasted crab, And, when she drinks, against her lips

I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh

me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough; And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh, And waxen in their mirth, and neese, and The auman mortals want their winter swear.

A merrier hour was never wasted there. But room, fairy, here comes Oberon. Fai. And here my mistress. Would that

he were gone!

Enter OBERON at one door, with his Train. and TITANIA, at another, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies. skip hence;

I have forsworn his bed and company, Obe. Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady; but I know

When thou hast stolen away from fairy land.

And in the shape of Corin sat all day. Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here. Come from the farthest steep of India, But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,

To Theseus must be wedded, and you come

To give their bed joy and prosperity? Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame,

Titania, Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, Knowing I know thy love to Theseus? Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night

From Perigouna, whom he ravished? And make him with fair Ægles break his

With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy; And never, since the middle summer's spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead, By paved fountain, or by rushy brook, Or in the beached margent of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land, Hath every pelting river made so proud 91 That they have overborne their continents. The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard; The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And crows are fatted with the murr.on flock;

The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud, And the quaint mazes in the wanton green, For lack of tread, are undistinguishable. 100 here:

No night is now with hymn or carol blest; Therefore the moon, the governess of floods. Pale in her anger, washes all the air. That rheumatic diseases do abound. And thorough this distemperature we see The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose: And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown 100 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,

The childing autumn, angry winter, change Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world.

By their increase, now knows not which is which.

And this same progeny of evils comes 115 From our debate, from our dissension; We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in vou.

Why should Titania cross her Oberon? I do but beg a little changeling boy To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest: The fairy land buys not the child of me. His mother was a vot'ress of my order; And, in the spiced Indian air, by night, Full often hath she gossip'd by my side; 125 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, Marking th' embarked traders on the flood: When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive

And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind: Which she, with pretty and with swimming

Following—her womb then rich with my young squire—

Would imitate, and sail upon the land, To fetch me trifles, and return again, As from a voyage, rich with merchandise. But she, being mortal, of that boy did die:

And for her sake do I rear up her boy; 136 And for her sake I will not part with him. Obe. How long within this wood intend

vou stav? Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round, 140 And see our moonlight revels, go with us; If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairles, away.

We shall chide downright if I longer stay. [Exit Titania with her Train. Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. memb'rest

Since once I sat upon a promontory, And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath

That the rude sea grew civil at her song And certain stars shot madly from their And I shall have no power to follow you. spheres

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember. Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not. Flying between the cold moon and the

earth

Cupid, all arm'd; a certain aim he took At a fair vestal, throned by the west, And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow.

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry

moon; And the imperial vot'ress passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free. Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell. It fell upon a little western-flower. Before milk-white, now purple with love's

And maidens call it Love-in-idleness. Fetch me that flow'r, the herb I showed

thee once. The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid 170 Will make or man or woman madly dote Upon the next live creature that it sees. Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth

[Exit Puck. In forty minutes. Ohe. Having once this juice, I'll watch Titania when she is asleep, And drop the liquor of it in her eyes; The next thing then she waking looks upon, Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, On meddling monkey, or on busy ape, She shall pursue it with the soul of love. And ere I take this charm from off her sight,

As I can take it with another herb, I'll make her render up her page to me. 185 But who comes here? I am invisible; And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia? The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190 Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood.

And here am I, and wood within this wood, Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Thou re- Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

You draw me, you hard-hearted Hel. adamant; But yet you draw not iron, for my heart Is true as steel. Leave you your power to

draw, Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you? Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you. Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave. Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love, And yet a place of high respect with me. Than to be used as you use your dog? 210

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too

much

To leave the city and commit yourself 215 Into the hands of one that loves you not; To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsel of a desert place,

With the rich worth of your virginity. Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that:

It is not night when I do see your face, Therefore I think I am not in the night; Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,

For you, in my respect, are all the world. Then how can it be said I am alone When all the world is here to look on me? Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes.

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts. Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as

you. Run when you will; the story shall be chang'd:

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

Makes speed to catch the tiger-bootless speed,

When cowardice pursues and valour flies. Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius I

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex. 240 We cannot fight for love as men may do: We should be woo'd, and were not made [Exit Demetrius. to woo.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, To die upon the hand I love so well.

Exit Helena. Obe. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this grove. Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? wanderer.

Puck. Av. there it is.

Obe. I pray thee give it me. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, Quite over-canopied with luscious woodhine.

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine; There sleeps Titania sometime of the night, Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight:

And there the snake throws her enamell'd

skın, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in; And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes: But do it when the next thing he espies May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man By the Athenian gaiments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may prove More fond on her than she upon her love. And look thou meet me ere the first cock And, to speak troth, I have forgot our crow

Puck. Fear not, my loid; your servant shall do so. [Exeunt,

Scene II. Another part of the wood. Enter TITANIA, with her Train.

Tita. Come now, a roundel and a fairy song;

Then, for the third part of a minute, hence: Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds; Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,

To make my small elves coats; and some keep back

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep; Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The Fairies sing.

1 Fairy. You spotted snakes with double tongue.

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; to Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong.

Come not near our fairy Queen.

Chorus. Philomel with melody Sing in our sweet lullaby. Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby. Never harm Nor spell nor charm

Come our lovely lady nigh. So good night, with lullaby, 19

Welcome, 2 Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here; Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence.

Beetles black, approach not near; Worm nor snarl do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel with melody, etc. Titania sleeps.

1 Farry. Hence away; now all is well. 25 One aloof stand sentinel. [Exeunt Fairies.

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on Titania's evelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake.

Do it for thy true-love take; Love and languish for his sake. Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, 30 Pard, or boar with bristled hair, In thy eye that shall appear When thou wak'st, it is thy dear. Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood; way:

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good. And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,

For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40 Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:

One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,

Lie further off yet; do not lie so near. Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence! Love takes the meaning in love's confer-

ence. I mean that my heart unto yours is knit, So that but one heart we can make of it; Two bosoms interchained with an oath, So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50

Then by your side no bed-room me deny, For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily. Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied! 55
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie turther off, in human modesty;
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night, sweet
friend.

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer

And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's
eyes be press'd!
[They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none 67
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,

On the dank and dirty ground. 75 Pretty soul! she durst not lie Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw All the power this charm doth

When thou wak'st let love forbid Sleep his seat on thy eyelid. So awake when I am gone; For I must now to Oberon, IExit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond

chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies, 90 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. How came here eyes so bright? Not with

salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius 93 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus. What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! roo
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no

wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awa'te.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, aware.

Lys. [Waking] And run through fire I will
for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy
heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word Is that vile name to perish on my sword! Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so. What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Heimia still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent. Not Hermia but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove? The will of man is by his reason swav'd, 115 And reason says you are the worthier maid. Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man, 125

That I did never, no, nor never can, Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye, But you must flout m_f insufficiency? Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth,

you do, In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130 But fare you well; perforce I must confess I thought you lord of more true gentleness. O, that a lady of one man refus'd

Should of another therefore be abus'd!

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;

And never may st thou come Lysander near! For, as a suifeit of the sweetest things. The deepest leathing to the stomach i rings, Or as the heresies that men do leave. Are hated most of those they did deceive, So thou, my surfeit and my heresy, 141 Of all be hated, but the most of me! And, all my powers, address your love and

might

To honour Helen, and to be her knight!

Her. [Starting] Help me, Lysander, help me; do thy best To pluck this crawling serpent from my

Av me, for pity! What a dream was here! Lysander, look how I do quake with fear. Methought a serpent eat my heart away, And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. Lysander! What, remov'd? Lvsander! lord!

What, out of hearing gone? No sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear:

Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.

No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh. Either death or you I'll find immediately. [Ext.

ACT THREE

Scene I. The wood. Titania lying asleep. Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince!

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom? Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing

out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Wel, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six. Bot. No, make it two more; let it be

written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourself to bring in-God shield us !--a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must [Exit. tell he is not a Lon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through. saying thus, or to the same defect: 'Ladies. or 'Fair ladies, I would wish you' or 'I would request you' or 'I would entreat you not to fear, not to tremble. My life for yours! If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are'. And there, indeed, let him name his name. and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things-that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know. Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall.

What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen homespuns have we swagg'ring here,

So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen? What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor; An actor too perhaps, if I see cause. Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand

forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet-

Quin. 'Odious '--odorous!

-odours savours sweet ; Bot .-So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear. But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile, And by and by I will to thee abbear. [Exit Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! [Exit

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lilywhite of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew.

As true as truest horse, that yet would never

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb', man! Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire'.

Flu. O-As true as truest horse, that yet

would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Ouin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray masters! fly, masters! Help!

[Exeunt all but Bottom and Puck. Puck. I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire; And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn.

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every IExit.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an asshead of your own, do you? [Exit Snout.

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! Thou art translated. [Exit. 109 Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what

they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

> The ousel cock, so black of hue, With orange-tawny bill. The throstle with his note so true, The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

Bot. [Sings]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark. The plain-song cuckoo grey, 120 Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer nay-

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so? 124

Tuta. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.

Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note: So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On-the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the tiuth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make Nay, I can gleek upon them friends. occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate: The summer still doth tend upon my state; And I do love thee; therefore, go with

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee; And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I. Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go? Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks and dewberries. With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;

The honey bags steal from the humble-bees. And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs. 155

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eves.

To have my love to bed and to arise: And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies. тбт

Peas. Hail, moital!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail! Mus. Hail!

Pot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily; I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peas-Good Master Peasecod, your father. blossom, I shall desire you of more Your name, I beseech acquaintance tos. you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly grant-like ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindied hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eve:

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower.

Lainenting some enforced chastity. Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Another part of the wood. Enter OBERON.

Ohe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd; Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit!

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanicals, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were met together to rehearse a play Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.

The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort. Who Pyramus presented, in their sport Forsook his scene and ent'red in a brake; When I did him at this advantage take, 16 An ass's nole I fixed on his head.

Anon his Thisby must be answered,

And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy.

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort, 21 Rising and cawing at the gun's report, Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky, So at his sight away his fellows fly;

And at our stamp here, o'er and o'er one falls:

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls. Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears

thus strong, Made senseless things begin to do them

wrong, For briers and thorns at their apparel

snatch:

Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. I led them on in this distracted fear.

And left sweet Pyramus translated there; When in that moment, so it came to pass, Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise. But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do? Puck. I took him sleeping-that is

finish'd too-

And the Athenian woman by his side: That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ev'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe. Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep, Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep.

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day As he to me. Would he have stolen away From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon

May through the centre creep and so displease Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes. So should a murderer look-so dead, so giun.

Dem. So should the murdered look: and so should I.

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern I'll charm his eyes against she do appear. cruelty;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,

As vonder Venus in her glimmering sphere. Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?

Ah. good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me? Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

O, once tell true; tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake.

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much? An adder did it; for with doubler tongue Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:

Not is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I provides the dead. I am not guilty of Lysander's blood; Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more. And from thy hated piesence part I so; 80 See me no more whether he be dead or no. [Exit

Dem. There is no following her in this

fierce vein ; Here, therefore, for a while I will remain. So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe:

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite.

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath. Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind.

It cannot be but thou hast murd'red him; And Helena of Athens look thou find; 95 All fancy sick she is and pale of cheer, With sighs of love that costs the fresh

blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her nere: Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,

Switter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple dve. Hit with Cupid's archery, Sink in apple of his eye. When his love he doth espy, 205 Let her shine as gloriously A the Venus of the sky. When thou wak'st, if she be by, Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Henceforth be never numb'red among men! Puck. Captain of our fairy band. *** Helena is here at hand, And the youth mistook by me Pleading for a lover's fee; Shall we their fond pageant see? Lord, what fools these mortals be! 115 Stand aside. The noise they make

Obe. Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one. That must needs be sport alone; And those things do best please me That befall prepost'rously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears. Look when 1 vow, I weep; and vows so

In their nativity all truth appears. How can these things in me seem scorn to

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?

W'eigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales, Will even weigh; and both as light as tales. Lys. I had no judgment when to her I

swore. Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give

her o'er. Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

[Awaking] O Helen, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy grow!

That pure congealed white, high Tar rus snow. Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment. If you were civil and knew courtesy, You would not do me thus much injury. Can you not hate me, as I know you do, But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show, You would not use a gentle lady so: To yow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia: 155 And now both rivals, to mock Helena. A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes With your derision! None of noble sort Would so offend a virgin, and extort A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so:

For you love Hermia. This you know I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part; And yours of Helena to me bequeath, 166 Whom I do love and will do till my death. Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. 170 My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd, And now to Helen is it home return'd. There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so. Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost

not know, Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes, The ear more quick of apprehension makes; Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense, It pays the hearing double recompense. 180 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found:

sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? Lys. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysand r from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide-

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light. Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so? Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy! Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three To fashion this false sport in spite of me. Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid! Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd.

To bait me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd. The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time For parting us-O, is all torgot?

school-days' friendship. childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods. Have with our needles created both one

flower, Both on one sampler, sitting on one

cushion, Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds. Had been incorporate. So we grew together. Like to a double cherry, seeming parted. But yet an union in partition, Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart: Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, Due but to one, and crowned with one

And will you rent our ancient ic e asunder, To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

It is not friendly, 'tis not inaidenly; Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words: I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn

me. Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in

scorn.

To follow me and praise my eyes and face? And made your other love, Demetrius, Who even but now did spurn me with his

foot. To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare.

Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your this

To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander

Deny your love, so rich within his soul, And tender me, forsooth, affection, But by your setting on, by your consent? What though I be not so in grace as you, So hung upon with love, so fortunate, But miserable most, to love unlov'd?

This you should pity rather than despise. Her. I understand not what you mean by

this. Hel. Ay, do-persever, counterfeit sad

looks, Make mouths upon me when I turn my back, 238

Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up; This sport, v 1 carried, shall be chronicled. If you have any pity, grace, or manners, You would not make me such an argument. But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault, Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy. Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my

excuse: My love, my life, my soul, faii Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Sweet, do not scorn her so. Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel. Lvs. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.

Helen, I love thee, by my life I do; I swear by that which I will lose for thee To prove him false that says I love thee Now I perceive that she hath made com-

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too. 255

Dem. Quick, come. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope! Dem. No. no. he will Seem to break loose-take on as you would

follow. But yet come not. You are a tame man; go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent. Her. Why are you grown so jude? What change is this,

Sweet love?

Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out! Lys. Out, loathed med'cine! O hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you. 265 Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive

word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her. kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270 Her. What! Can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news. my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander? I am as fair now as I was erewhile. Since night you lov'd me; yet since night

vou left me. Why then, you left me-O, the gods

forbid!-In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life!

And never did desire to see thee more. Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:

Be certain nothing truer; 'tis no jest That I do nate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you cankerblossom !

You thief of love! What! Have you come by night.

And stol'n my love's heart from him? Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, No touch of bashfulness? What! Will you

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue? Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you! Her. 'Puppet!' why so? Ay, that way

goes the game. pare 200

Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height:

And with her personage, her tall personage. Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem Because I am so dwarfish and so low? 295 How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak.

How low am I? I am not yet so low But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen, Let her not hurt me. I was never curst; 300

I have no gift at all in shrewishness; I am a right maid for my cowardice: Let her not strike me. You perhaps may

think, Because she is something lower than myself, That I can match her.

Lower' hark, again. 305 Her. Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia, Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

300

Save that, in love unto Demetrius.

I told him of your stealth unto this wood. And so far am I glad it so did sort, He followed you; for love I followed him; But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too; And now, so you will let me quiet go, To Athens will I bear my folly back, And follow you no further. Let me go. You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone! Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What! with Lysander?

With Demetrius. 320 Hel. Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm

thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school: And, though she be but little, she is fierce. Her. 'Little' again! Nothing but 'low and 'little'!

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus? Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf; You minimus, of hind'ing knot-grass made:

You bead, you acorn.

You are too officious 330 In her behalf that scorns your services. Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for if thou dost intend Never so little show of love to her, Thou shalt aby it.

Now she holds me not. 335 Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right.

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena. Dem. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius. Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long

of you. Nay, go not back.

I will not trust you, I; 340 Nor longer stay in your curst company. Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away Exit.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what Exit. to say.

Still thou Obe. This is thy negligence. mistak'st. 345

Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully. Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man But, By the Athenian garments he had on? And so far blameless proves my enterprise We may effect this business yet ere day. 393 That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight.

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night; The starry welkin cover thou anon With drooping fog as black as Acheron,

And lead these testy rivals so astray As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue.

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; And sometime rail thou like Demetrius: And from each other look thou lead them thus.

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eve: Whose liquor hath this virtuous property. To take from thence all error with his might And make his cycballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision 370 Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision: And back to Athens shall the lovers wend With league whose date till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, 374 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy:

And then I will her charmed eve release From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste.

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast:

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger, 380 At whose approach ghosts, wand'ring here and there,

Troop home to churchyards. Damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial, Already to their wormy beds are gone, For fear lest day should look their shames upon;

They wilfully themselves exil'd from light. And must for aye consort with blackbrow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort: I with the Morning's love have oft made sport;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red, Opening on Neptune with fair blessed

beams, Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

notwithstanding, haste, make no delay;

[Exit Oberon.

Puck. Up and down, up and down. I will lead them up and down. I am fear'd in field and town. Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

400

Lvs. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and readv. Where art thou?

Lvs. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then, To plainer ground. [Exit Lysander as following the voice.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Lysander, speak again. Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars.

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars.

And wilt not come? Come, recreant, come, thou child:

I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd 410 That draws a sword on thee.

Yea, art thou there? Dem. Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [Exeunt.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lvs. He goes before me, and still dares

When I come where he calls, then he is gone. The villain is much lighter heel'd than I. I followed fast, but faster he did fly, That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. [Lies down] Come,

thou gentle day. For if but once thou show me thy grey I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Re-enter Puck and DEMETRIUS.

[Sleeps.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot

Thou run'st before me, shifting every

And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

Come hither; I am here. 425 Puck. Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear.

If ever I thy face by daylight see;

By day's approach look to be visited. 430 [Lies down and sleeps.

Enter HLLENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,

That I may back to Athens by daylight, From these that my poor company detest. And sleep, that sometimes shuts up

sorrow's eye, Steal me awhile from mine own company. [Sleeps.

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more: Two of both kinds makes up four. Here she comes, curst and sad. Cupid is a knavish lad, Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe, Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with

I can no further crawl, no further go: 441 My legs can keep no pace with my desires. Here will I rest me till the break of day. Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [Lies down and sleeps.

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound ; I'll apply

450 To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy. [Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.

When thou wak'st, Thou tak'st True delight 455

In the sight Of thy former lady's eye; And the country proverb known, That every man should take his

own. In your waking shall be show . Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill: The man shall have his mare asain, and all shall be well. [Extl.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. The wood. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep.

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASE-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED and other Fairies attending; OBERON behind, unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do cov.

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,

To measure out my length on this cold bed. And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb: good mounsieur get you your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too mucl in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflowen with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Pray you, Mustardseed. leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music,

my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay. sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall

The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [Exeunt Fairies.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Obe. [Advancing] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity; For, meeting her of late behind the wood, Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool, I did upbraid her and fall out with her. For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers: And that same dew which sometime on the

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes. Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her. And she in mild terms begg'd my patience, I then did ask of her her change ing child; Which straight she gave me, and her farry sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes. And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain, That he awaking when the other do May all to Athens back again repair, And think no more of this night's accidents But as the fierce vexation of a dream. But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

Touching her ever Be as thou wast wont to be; See as thou was wont to see.

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower Hath such force and blessed power. Let's have the tongs and the Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet

> queen. Tita. My Oberon! What visions have I

seen! Methought I was enamour'd of an ass. Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass? O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now! Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this

head. Titania, music call; and strike more dead Than common sleep of all these five the

Tita. Music, ho, music, such as charmeth

sleep! Puck. Now when thou wak'st with thine own fool's eyes peep,

Obe. Sound, music. Come, my Queen, take hands with me. [Music. And rock the ground whereon these sleepers

Now thou and I are new in amity, And will to-morrow midnight solemnly 85

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly, And bless it to all fair prosperity.

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark; 90 I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my Queen, in silence sad, Trip we after night's shade. We the globe can compass soon, Swifter than the wand'ring moon-

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night 97 That I sleet of here was found With these mortals on the ground. Exeunt.

To the winding of horns, enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester; For now our observation is perform'd, And since we have the vaward of the day, My love shall hear the music of my hounds. Uncouple in the western valley; let them

Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. [Exit an attendant.

We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion

Of hounds and echo in conjunction. Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear Such gallant chiding, for, besides the groves, The skies, the fountains, every region near Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the

Spartan kınd, So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are

With ears that sweep away the morning

Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls :

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly. Judge when you hear. But, soft, what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep.

And this Lysander, this Demetrius is, This Helena, old Nedar's Helena. I wonder of their being here together

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe

The rite of May; and, hearing our intent, Came here in grace of our solemnity. But speak, Egeus; is not this the day That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[Horns and shout within. sleepers awake and kneel to Theseus. Saint Valentine Good-morrow, friends. is past:

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up. I know you t vo are rival enemies: How comes this gentle concord in the world

That hatred is so far from jealousy To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I su ear.

I cannot truly say how I came here. But, as I think-for truly would I speak, And now I do bethink me, so it is-I came with Hermia hither. Our intent Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,

Without the peril of the Athenian law- 150 Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord; you

have enough;

I beg the law, the law upon his head. They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me: You of your wife, and me of my consent, Of my consent that she should be your wife. Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their

stealth. Of this their purpose hither to this wood; And I in fury hither followed them, Fair Helena in fancy following me. But, my good lord, I wot not by what power-

But by some power it is-my love to Hermia.

Melted as the snow, seems to me now As the remembrance of an idle gaud Which in my childhood I did dote upon; And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, The object and the pleasure of mine eye, Is only Helena. To her, my lord, Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia. But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food: But, as in health, come to my natural taste. Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,

And will for evermore be true to it. The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met; Of this discourse we more will hear anon. Egeus, I will overbear your will; For in the temple, by and by, with us These couples shall eternally be knit. And, for the morning now is something

worn. Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. Away with us to Athens, three and three; We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. Exeunt Theseus, Hip-Come, Hippolyta.

polyta, Egeus and Train. Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

So methinks; And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem.

Ale you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
190
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you
think

The Duke was here, and bid us follow him? Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel.

And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake; et's

follow him;

And by the way let us recount our dreams

[Execute]

Bot. [Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is 'Most fair Pyramus'. Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was-there is no man can tell what Methought I was, and methought I had, but man is but a patch'd fool, it he will offer to say what methought I had. The offer to say what methought I had eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be call'd 'Bottom's Dream'. because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit.

Scene II. Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Qum. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of

doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; it goes not forward, doth it? 6
Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge

Pyramus but he.

Flu. No; he hath sireply the best wit of

any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon'. A paramour is—God bless us!—a thing of

naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple; and there is two or three lords

and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men. 17

Flu. O sweet buily Bottom! Thus hath he lost supence a day during his life; he could not have scaped supence a day. An the Duke had not given him supence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged. He would have deserved it: surence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Qum. Bottom! O most courageous day!
O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am not true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the hon pair his nails, for they shall hang out tor the hon's claws And, most dear actors, eat no onions not garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words. Away, go, away! [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostryie,
Lords and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend 5 More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:

That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic.

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from

earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
Itow easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over.

And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, 25 And grows to something of great constancy, But howsoever strange and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love

Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us 30 Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours Between our after-supper and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? 35 What revels are in hand? Is there no play To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we begule 40

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;

Make choice of which your Highness will see first. [Giving a paper.

The. 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.' 45
We'll none of that: that have I told my love.

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device, and it was play'd so
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
'The thrice three Muses mourning for the
death

Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Act sorting with a hupital ceremony. 55
'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

60

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play; But by ten words, my lord, it is too long, Which makes it tedious; for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
66
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry
tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed. The. What are they that do play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men that work in

Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now:

And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories

With this same play against your nuptial The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord, It is not for you. I have heard it over, And it is nothing, nothing in the world; Unless you can find sport in their intents, Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel

To do you service.

The.

I will hear that play;

pain,

For never anything can be amiss When simpleness and duty tender it. Go, bring them in; and take your places,

ladies. [Exit Philostrate. Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-

charged, And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake; 90
And what poor duty cannot do, noble

respect
Takes it in might not marit

Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greef me with premeditated welcomes; Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, 95

Make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears, And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off, Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; And in the modesty of fearful duty I read as much as from the rattling tongue Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity In least speak most to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

is address'd.

The. Let him approach.

[Flourish of trumpets.

Enter OUINCE as the PROLOGUE.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will. That you should think, we come not to offend, But with good will. To show our simple skill, That is the true beginning of our end. Consider then, we come but in despite. We do not come, as minding to content you, Our true intent is. All for your delight We are not here. That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand; and, by their show, You shall know all, that you are like to know, The. This fellow doth not stand upon

points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt: he knows not the stop. A good moral my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true. 121

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue like a child on a recorder-a

sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter, with a Tiumpet before them, as in dumb show, Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things blain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know; This beauteous lady Thisby is certain. This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth

present Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder :

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper. At the which let no man wonder. This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn.

Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know, By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo. This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name, The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, Did scare away, or rather did affright; And as she fled, her mantle she did fall; Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain. Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain ; Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade, 145

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast; And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twai;3, Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue Ai large discourse while here they do remain. [Exeunt Prologue, Pinamue, Th shy.

Lion, c id Mour stane.

The. I wonder if the hon be to speak. Dem. No wonder, my loid: one hon may, when many asses do

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall That I, one Snout by name, present a wall: Ard such a wall as I would have you think That had in it a crannied hote or chink, 157 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show That I am that same wall; the truth is so:

And this the cranny is, right and smister, Through which the fearful lovers are to

whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter Pyramus.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall; silence.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black! O might, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack, 170 I feer my Thisby's promise is forgot! And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, That stand'st between her father's ground and mine:

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall. Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

[Wall holds up his fingers. Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss; Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me! The. The wall, methinks, being sensible,

should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving me is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you; yonder she comes. 185

Enter THISBY.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans.

For parting my fair Pyramus and me! My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones, Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink, To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. 191 Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;

And like Limander am I trusty still. 195
This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true. This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you. Pyr. O. kiss me through the hole of this

vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Will thou at Ninny's tomb me. 'me straightway?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

[Exeunt Pyramus and Thisby. Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.
[Exit Wall.

The. Now is the moon used between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

are so will to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then,

and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps or floor,

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage dot roar.

Then know that I as Snug the joiner am 22 A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam; For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a goo conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour. The. True; and a goose for his discretion Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valou cannot carry his discretion, and the for carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, canno carry his valour; for the goose carries no the fox. It is well. Leave it to his discretion and let us listen to the Moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moo

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference. 236

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon

present;
Ayself the Man t' th' Moon do seem to be.
The. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the

lantern. How is it else the man i' th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the andle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon. Would be would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the me.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the Man 1' th' Moon; this thorn-bush, my horn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisby.

Re-enter THISBY.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love? 255 Lion. [Roaning] O— [Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisby.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. 260 [The Lion tears Thisby's mantle, and exit.

The Well mous'd. Lion.

Re-enter Pyramus.

Dem. And then came Pyramus. Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright; 265

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams, I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite! But mark, poor knight, What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see? How can it be? O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood? 27
Approach, ye Furies fell.

O Fates! come, come; Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

281

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the

And this ditty, after me,

Sing and dance it trippingly.

385

22I

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions Come, blade, my breast imbrue. frame? [Stabs herself. Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear: And farewell, friends; Which is-no, no-which was the fairest Thus Thisby ends: Adieu, adieu, adieu. Miec. That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury with cheer. the dead. Come, tears, confound: Dem. Ay, and Wall too. Out, sword, and wound Bot. [Starting up] No, I assure you; the The pap of Pyramus: wall is down that parted their fathers. Will Ay, that left pap, it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear Where heart doth hob. a Bergomask dance between two of our (Stabs himself. company? Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your Now am I dead, play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for Now am I fled; when the players are all dead there need M_V soul is in the sky. none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ Tongue, lose thy light; it had played Pyramus, and hang'd himself Moon, take thy flight. in Thisby's garter, it would have been a [Exit Moonshine. fine tragedy. And so it is, truly; and very Now die, die, die, die, die, Dies. notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergo-Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he mask; let your epilogue alone. [A dance. is but one. The iron tongue of midnight hath told Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is twelve. dead: he is nothing. Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. The. With the help of a surgeon he might I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn. yet recover and yet prove an ass. As much as we this night have overwatch'd. Htb. How chance Moonshine is gone This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd before Thisby comes back and finds her The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to lover? bed. 357 Re-enter THISBY. A fortnight hold we this solemnity. In nightly revels and new jollity. [Exeunt. The. She will find him by starlight. Here Enter Puck with a broom. she comes; and her passion ends the play. Hib. Methinks she should not use a long Puck. Now the hungry hon roars, 360 one for such a Pyramus; I hope she will be And the wolf behowls the moon; Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, brief. Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which All with weary task fordone. Pyramus, which Thisby, is the better-he Now the wasted brands do glow, for a man, God warrant us: she for a Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, woman, God bless us! Puts the wretch that hes in woe Lys. She hath spied him already with In remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night those sweet eyes. That the graves, all gaping wide, Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet:-Asleep, my love? Every one lets forth his sprite, 370 This. 315 What, dead, my dove? In the church-way paths to glide. And we fairies, that do run O Pyramus, arise, Speak, speak. Quite dumb? By the triple Hecate's team Dead, dead? A tomb From the presence of the sun, Must cover thy sweet eves. 3 20 Following darkness like a dream, These lily lips, Now are frolic. Not a mouse Shell disturb this hallowed house. This cherry nose, I am sent with broom before. These vellow cowslip cheeks, To sweep the dust behind the door. Are gone, are gone; Lovers, make moan; Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with all their His eyes were green as leeks. Train. O Sisters Three, Obe. Through the house give glimmering Come, come to me, 380 With hands as pale as milk; light, By the dead and drowsy fire; Lay them in gore, 330 Every elf and fairy sprite Since you have shore Hop as light as bird from brier; With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word.

Come, trusty sword;

[Act 5

(Exit.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Tita. First, reheatse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Obeyon leading, the Fairies sing and dance.

Obe. Now, until the break of day, Through this house each fairy stray. To the best bride-bed will we, Which by us shall blessed be: And the issue there create Ever shall be fortunate. 395 So shall all the couples three Ever tiue in loving be; And the blots of Nature's hand Shall not in their issue stand; Never mole, hare-lip, not scar, 400 Nor mark prodigious, such as are Despised in nativity, Shall upon their children be. With this field-dew consecrate. Every fairy take his gait, 105 And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace, with sweet peace; And the owner of it blest Ever shall in safety rest. Tup away; make no stay; Meet me all by break of day. 470 [Exeunt all but Puck. Puck. If we shadows have offended. Think but this, and all is mended. That you have but slumb'red here While these visions did appear. AIS And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding but a dream. Gentles, do not reprehend. If you pardon, we will mend. And, as I am an honest Puck, 420 If we have unearned luck Now to scape the serpent's tongue. We will make amends ere long; Else the Puck a har call. So, good night unto you all.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, Suitors to
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, Portia.
ANIONIO, a merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his friend, suitor to Portia.
SOLANIO, Salerio, friends to Antonio and
Bassanio.
GRATIANO, LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to
Slivlock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
BALTHASAR,
STEPHANO,
Servants to Portia.
PORTIA, a rich heiress.
MERISSA, her waiting-maid.
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

THE SCENE: Venice, and Portia's house at Belmoni.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salerio, and Solanio.

Ant. In sooth I know not why I am so sad.

It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came
by it.

What stuff 'tis made of, whereof i is born, I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me That I have much ado to know myself. Sale: Your mind is tossing on the ocean:

Sale. Your mind is tossing on the ocean; There where your argosies, with portly sail—

Like signiors and rich buighers on the flood, Or as it were the pageants of the sea— Do overpeer the petty traffickers. That curtsy to them, do them reverence,

As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,

The better part of my affections would Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,

Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads:

And every object that might make me fear Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt, Would make me sad.

Saler. My wind, cooling my broth, Would blow me to an ague when I thought What harm a wind too great might do at

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run But I should think of shallows and of flats, And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand.

Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss lier buriai. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous
rocks,

Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side.

Would scatter all her spices on the stream. Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks, And, in a word, but even now worth this.

And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought 35
To think on this, and shall I lack the

thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?

But tell not me; I know Antonio

Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40 Ant. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it.

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted, Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate Upon the fortune of this present year; Therefore my merchandist makes me not

sad. 45
Solan. Why then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!

Solan. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere

as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are

merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by twoheaded Janus,
50

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper; And other of such vinegar aspect

That they'll not show their teeth in way of Which, hearing them, would call their smile

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble

kinsman, Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well; We leave you now with better company.

made you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me. Ant. Your worth is very dear in my

regard.

I take it your own business calls on you, And you embrace th' occasion to depart. Saler. Good morrow, my good lords. Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we

laugh? Say when. You grow exceeding strange; must it be

so? Saler. We'll make our leisures to attend

on yours. [Exeunt Salerio and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio.

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio; You have too much respect upon the world; They lose it that do buy it with much

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd. Ant. I hold the world but as the world. Gratiano-

A stage, where every man must play a part, And mine a sad one.

Let me play the fool. Gra. With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come:

And let my liver rather heat with wine Than my heart cool with mortifying groans. Why should a man whose blood is warm within

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster, Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio-

I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks-There are a sort of men whose visages Do cream and mantle like a standing pond, And do a wilful stillness entertain, With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion Of wisdoin, gravity, profound concert; As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle, And when I ope my lips let no dog bark O my Antonio, I do know of these That therefore only are reputed wise For saying nothing; when, I am very sure, If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time. 100 But fish not with this melancholy bait For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile: I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.

Saler. I would have stay'd till I had I must be one of these same dumb wise men.

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thing own tongue.

Ant. Fare you well: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, 1' faith, for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo. Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now what lady is the

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120 That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, How much I have disabled mine estate By something showing a more swelling port Than my faint means would grant continuance;

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd From such a noble rate; but my chief care Is to come fairly off from the great debts Wherein my time, something too prodigal, Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio, 130 I owe the most, in money and in love; And from your love I have a warranty To unburden all my plots and purposes How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it; And if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd My purse, my person, my extremest means, Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight The self-same way, with more advised watch,

To find the other forth; and by adventuring both

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof.

Because what follows is pure innocence. 145

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth, comes sooner by white hairs, but com-That which I owe is lost; but if you please To shoot another arrow that self way Which you did shoot the first, I do not nounc'd.

doubt.

As I will watch the aim, or to find both. 150 Or bring your latter hazard back again And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time

To wind about my love with circumstance; And out of doubt you do me now more wrong

In making question of my uttermost Than if you had made waste of all I have. Then do but say to me what I should do That in your knowledge may by me be done.

And I am prest unto it; therefore, speak. Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left. And she is fair and, fairer than that word.

Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her

I did receive fair speechless messages. 164 Her name is Portia-nothing undervalu'd To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia. Nor is the wide world ignorant of her

worth:

For the four winds blow in from every coast Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,

And many Jasons come in quest of her. O my Antonio, had I but the means To hold a rival place with one of them, I have a mind presages me such thrift 175 That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea:

Neither have I money nor commodity To raise a present sum: therefore go forth, Try what my credit can in Venice do; 180 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost, To furnish thee to Belmont to fair Portia. Go presently inquire, and so will I, Where money is; and I no question make To have it of my trust or for my sake. 185

Scene II. Belmont. Portia's house.

Enter PORTIA with her waiting-woman, NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, there- better bad habit of frowning than the fore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity Count Palatine; he is every man in no

petency lives longer. Por.

Good sentences, and well pro-

They would be better, if we'll Ner. followed.

Por. It to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hore is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a hving daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nenssa, that I cannot choose one. nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lott'ry that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead-whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you-will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come? 31

Por. I pray thee over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my

affection.

[Exeunt.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince. Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself; I am much afear'd my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine. Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'An you will not have me, choose'. He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he-why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a man. If a throstle sing he fails straight a-cap'ring; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge,

the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,

his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able; I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German,

the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should

refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ete I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylia, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your I may be assured, I wil father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a I speak with Antonio?

soldier, that came hither in company of the Maiguis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servingman.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. It I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Surah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio with Shylock the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats—well. Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months—well. Bass. For the which, as I told you,

Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer? Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio Lound.

Bass. Your answer to that,

Shy. Antonio is a good man. Bass. Have you heard any imputation to

the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England-and other ventures he hath, squand'red abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be landrats and water-rats, water-thieves and landthieves-I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats-I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may. 25 Shy. I will be assur'd I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Scene 31

Bass. If it please you to dine with us. Shy. Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio. Shy. [Aside] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian; But more for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip. I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear

him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails.

Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won

thrift.

If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats. What of that 3

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft! how many

Do you desire? [To Antonio] Rest you fair.

good signior : Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom. [To Bassanio] Is he yet possess'd

How much ye would?

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats. Shy. Ant. And for three months. Shy. I had forgot-three months; you

told me so. Well then, your bond; and, let me see-

but hear you,

Methoughts you said you neither lend nor borrow

Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Shy. Laban's sheep-

This Jacob from our holy Abram was, As his wise mother wrought in his behalf, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Ant. And what of him? Did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say, Directly int'rest: mark what Jacob did:

When Laban and himself were compromis'd

That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied

Should fall as Jacob's nire, the ewes, being

In end of autumn turned to the rams; And when the work of generation was Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands.

And, in the doing of the deed of kind, He stuck ... em up before the fulsome ewes. Who, then concerring, did in eaning time Fall parti-coloui'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrut is blessing, if men steal it not, 85 Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for:

A thing not in his power to bring to pass, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

> Was this inserted to make interest good? Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams? Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.

But note me, signior.

Mark you this, Bassanio, Ant. [Aside] The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. An evil soul producing holy witness

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek, A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! Shy. Three thousand ducats-'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve; then let me see, the rate-

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft

In the Rialto you have rated me About my moneys and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe; You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to, then: you come to me, and you say 'Shylock, we would have moneys'. You say so--

You that did void your rheum upon my beard

The third possessor; ay he was the third— Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.

'Hath a dog money? Is it possible A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; Shall I bend low and, in a bondman's key, With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness.

Sav this: ' Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesd 11 last, You spurn'd me such a day; another time You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, 125 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends-for when did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend ?-But lend it rather to thine enemy, Who if he break thou mayst with better face

Exact the penalty.

Why, look you, how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with.

Supply your present wants, and take no doit Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not

hear me. This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

This kindness will I show. Go with me to a notary, seal me there Your single bond, and, in a meily sport, 140 If you repay me not on such a day, In such a place, such sum or sums as are Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit Be nominated for an equal pound Of your fair flesh, to be cut off ard taken In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such

And say there is much kindness in the Jew. Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:

I'll rather dwell in my necessity. Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;

Within these two months—that's a month before

This bond expires—I do expect return Of thrice three times the value of this bond. Shy. O father Abram, what these

Christians are, Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect

The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me thus:

If he should break his day, what should I galn

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man

What should I say to you? Should I not Is not so estimable, profital to neither, rer As flesh of martons, beefs, or goats. I say, To buy his favour, I extend this friendship; And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Then meet me forthwith at the Shv. notary's;

Give him direction for this merry hand, And I will go and purse the ducats stargett, See to my house, left in the fearful guard Of an unthrifty knave, and presently 1/1 I'll be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, ge ille Jew. i Exit Shylock.

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kınd.

Buss. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay: My ships come home a mouth before the day. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Belmont. Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, a tawny Moor all in white, and three or four Followers accordingly, with PORTIA, NERISSA, and Train.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun, To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred. Bring me the fairest cleature northward boin,

Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, And let us make incision for your love To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love. I

The best-regarded virgins of our clime to Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led By nice direction of a maiden's eyes; Besides, the lott'ry of my destiny Bars me the right of voluntary choosing. But, if my father had not scanted me, And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myself His wife who wins me by that means I told

Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair

As any comer I have look'd on yet For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you. Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets

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To try my fortune. By this scimitar. That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince. That won three fields of Sultan Solvman. I would o'erstare the sternest eves that look.

earth,

she-bear.

Yea, mock the lion when 'a roars for

To win thee, lady. But, alas the while! If Hercules and Lichas play at dice Which is the better man, the greater throw May turn by fortune from the weaker hand. So is Alcides beaten by his page; And so may I, blind Fortune leading me. Miss that which one unworthier may attain, And die with grieving.

You must take your chance, Par. And either not attempt to choose at all, Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,

Never to speak to lady afterward

In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd. Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Good fortune then, Mor. To make me blest or cursed'st among men! [Cornets, and exeunt,

Scene II. Venice. A street. Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot' or 'good Gobbo' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away'. My conscience says 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot, take heed, honest Gobbo' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Cabba, do not run; scorn running with they heels'. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend. For the heavens, rouse up a brave mind' says the fiend 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my ' My heart, says very wisely to me honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son' or rather 'an honest woman's son'; for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste—well, my conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not'. 'Budge' says the 'Budge not' says my conscience. Conscience, say I 'you counsel well.' 'Fiend,' say I 'you counsel well.' To be dead? rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with

the Jew my master, who—God bless the mark!—is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who-saving your reverence!is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is Outbrave the heart most daring on the the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of Pluck the young sucking cubs from the hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's? Laun. [Aside] O heavens! This is my

true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not. I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentieman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's? 34 Laun. Turn up on your light hand at the

next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. Be God's sonties, 'twill be a hard Por. First, forward to the temple. After way to hit! Can you tell me whether one 44 Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [Aside] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters .- Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked. well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! The boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop. 60 Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovelpost, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you tell me, is my boy-God rest his soul!-alive or

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind: I know

you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing nie: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure

you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more feeling about ir, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your sen that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son. Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my

mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be, what a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my

face when I last saw him.

Geb. Lord, how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'giee you

now?

Laun. Well. well; but, for mine own part. as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not test till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! Give him a halter. I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my 11bs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! Here comes the man. To him, father, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, with a Follower or two.

Bass. You may do so: but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these let ers delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gcb. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; wouldst thou aught with me ?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy-Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, as my father My best esteem'd acquaintance; hiz thee, shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve-

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is. I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my

father shall specify-Gob. His master and he, saving your

worship's reverence, are scarce catercousins-

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you-

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship; and my

suit is-

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would

you?

Laun. Scive you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir. 130

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day. And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a nich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parced between my master Shylock and you, sit: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go. father. with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. [To a servant] Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows'; see it done. Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no! I have ne'er a tongue in my head! [Looking on his falm] Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book-I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life; here's a small trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing; a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man. And then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed-here are simple scapes. Well,

for this gear. Father, come: I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling. Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo. Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think

if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench

on this. These things being bought and orderly bestowed,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit. Gra. Signior Bassanio! 160

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have sut to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it. Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano: 165

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice—

Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults. But where thou art not known, why there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest through thy wild behaviour

I be misconst'red in the place I go to And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, 175 Talk with respect, and swear but now and

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen, Use all the observance of civility 180 Like one well studied in a sad ostent

To please his grandam, never trust me more. Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing. Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity; I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you well;

I have some business.

Gra- And I must to Lorenzo and the rest; But we will visit you at supper-time. 191 [Exeunt.

Scene III. Venice. Shylock's house. Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father

Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness. But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee;

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.

Give him this letter; do it secretly.

And so farewell. I would not have my
father

See me in talk with thee.

Laum. Acteu! rears exhibit my tongue.

Most peautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If
a Christian do not play the knave and get
thee, I am much deceived. But, acteu!
these foolish drops do something drown my

manly spirit; adieu!

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.

[Exit.

Alack, what hemous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo, 19
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Venice. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salerio, and
Solanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,

Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Saler. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;

And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up
this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a

fair hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith!

Laun. By your leave, sir. 15

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this. Tell gentle Jessica

I will not fail her; speak it privately. 20 Go, gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot. Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Saler. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Solan. And so will I.

U Lor. Meet me and Gratiano as 5 At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Saler. Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Saler io and Solanio.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair
Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house:

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with; What page's suit she hath in readiness. If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughter's sake; And never date misfortune cross her foot, Unless she do it under this excuse, 56 That she is issue to a faithless Jew. Come, go with me, peruse this as thou

goest;
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

Exeunt.

Scene V. Venice. Before Shylock's house. Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—

What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize

As thou hast done with me—What,

Jessica!—

4

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out— Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will? 10 Shy. I am bud forth to supper, Jessica; There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me; But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, 15 Look to my house. I am right loath 10 go; There is some ill a-brewing towards my

rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Laun. I besecch you, sir, go; my young
master doth expect your reproach. 20

Shy. So do I his. Laun. And they have conspired together; I will not say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last at six o'clock i' th' morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year, in th' afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum.

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then, Not thrust your head into the public street To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:

But stop my house's ears—I mean my casements;

Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear I have no mind of feasting foith to-night; But I will go. Go you before me, smah; Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window for all this.

There will come a Christian by Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Ext. Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's

offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were 'Farewell, mistress';

nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,

45

Snail-slow in piont, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat; drones hive not
with me,

Therefore I part with him; and part with

To one that I would have him help to waste His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in; Perhaps I will return immediately.

57 Do as I bid you, shut doors after you. Fast bind, tast find—

A prover never stale in thrifty mind.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

Scene VI. Venice. Before Shylock's house.

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salerio.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

Saler. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour.

For lovers ever run before the clock.

Saler. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fiy

To seal love's bonds new made than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast 8

With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth untread again His tedious-measures with the unbated fire That he did pace them first? All things that are

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. How like a younker or a prodigal

The scarfed bark purs from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind:

How like the prodigal doth she return. With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails, Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Saler. Here comes Lorenzo; more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode!

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait. When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach; Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love. Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love

indeed: For who love I so much? And now who

knows But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, For I am much asham'd of my exchange; But love is blind, and lovers cannot see 36 The pretty follies that themselves commit. For, if they could, Cupid h mself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love, And I should be obscur'd.

So are you, sweet, Lor. Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. But come at once,

For the close night doth play the runaway, And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast. Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some moe ducats, and be with you [Exit above. straight. Gra. Now, by my hood, a gentle, and no

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily,

For she is wise, if I can judge of her, And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself; And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and

Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen.

Our masquing mates by this time for us stav. (Exit with Jessica and Salerio.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there? Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie. fie. Gratiano, where are all the

rest? 'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for

you: No masque to-night; the wind is come

about: Bassanio presently will go aboard; I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gode to-night. Exeunt.

Scene VII. Belmont. Portia's house.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their Trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover

The several caskets to this noble Prince. Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire'.

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves ' This third, dull lead, with warning all as

blunt: 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard

all he hath '. How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal. Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;

I will survey th' inscriptions back again. What says this leaden casket?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

Must give-for what? For lead? Hazard for lead!

This casket threatens; men that hazard all Do it in hope of fair advantages. A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead. What says the silver with her virgin hue?

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

As much as he deserves! Pause there,

Merocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand. 25
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself. 31
As much as I deserve? Why, that's the
lady!

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes In graces, and in qualities of breeding; But more than these, in love I do deserve. What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire'.

Why, that's the lady! All the world desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they come

To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now For princes to come view fair Portia.

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar 45 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere dampation

To think so base a thought; it were too gross 50

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave. Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd, Being ten times undervalued to tried gold? O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel Stamp'd in gold; but that's insculp'd upon.

But here an angel in a golden bed Lies all within. Deliver me the key; Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

Por. There, take it, Prince, and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we here? A carrion Death, within whose empty eye There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold, Often have you heard that told; Many a man his life hath sold But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, ir judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
Fare you well, your suit is cold.'

Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then faiewell, heat, and welcome, frost.
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.
[Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.
Portia. A gentle iddance. Draw the
curtains, go.

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

Scene VIII. Venice. A sireet.

Enter Salerio and Solanio.

Saler. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;

With him is Gratiano gone along; And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Saler. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was given to under-

stand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd.

So strange, outrageous, and so variable, As the dog Jew did utter in the streets.

'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian

ducats!
Justice! the law! My ducats and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats, Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!

And jewels—two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! Find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her and the

ducats.'

Saler. Why all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day, 25

65 Or he shall pay for this.

Saler. Marry, well rememb'red; I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part The French and English, there miscarried A vessel of our country richly fraught. 30 I thought upon Antonio when he told

And wish'd in silence that it were not his. Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear:

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him. Saler. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.

Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his return. He answered 'Do not so: Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio. But stay the very riping of the time: And for the Jew's bond which he hath of

Let it not enter in your mind of love; Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such fair ostents of love As shall conveniently become you there '. 45 And even there, his eye being big with tears, Turning his face, he put his hand behind him.

And with affection wondrous sensible He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Solan. I think he only loves the world for

I pray thee, let us go and find him out, And quicken his embraced heaviness With some delight or other.

Do we so. [Exeunt. Saler.

SCENE IX. Belmont. Portia's house.

Enter NERISSA, and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their Trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd, rites shall our nuptial Straight solemniz'd:

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord.

You must be gone from hence immediately. Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one TO Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail Of the right casket, never in my life To woo a maid in way of marriage; Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice. 15 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear

That comes to hazard for my worthless self. Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now

To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard. What says the golden chest? Ha! let me see:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire '.

What many men desire—that ' many ' may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show.

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:

Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet.

Builds in the weather on the outward wall. Even in the force and road of casualty. 30 I will not choose what many men desire. Because I will not jump with common

spirits And rank me with the barbarous multi-

tudes. Why, then to thee, thou silver treasurehouse!

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

And well said too: for who shall go about To cozen fortune, and be honourable Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity. O that estates, degrees, and offices, Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear

honour Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer! How many then should cover that stand bare!

How many be commanded that command! How much low peasantry would then be gleaned

From the true seed of honour! and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times. To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket. Por. [Aside] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it. 55 How much unlike ait thou to Portia! How much unlike my hopes and my

deservings! 'Who chooseth me shall have as much as

he deserves. Did I deserve no more than a fool's head? Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices

And of opposed natures.

What is here? ! Reads Ar.

'The fire seven times tried this; Seven times tried that judgment is That did never choose amiss. Some there be that shadows kiss, Such have but a shadow's bliss. There be fools alive iwis Silver'd o'er, and so was this. Take what wife you will to bed, I will ever be your head. So be gone; you are sped.'

Still more fool I shall appear By the time I linger here. With one fool's head I came to woo, But I go away with two. Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath, Patiently to bear my wroth. [Exit with his Train.

Per. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O, these deliberate fools! When they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose. Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy: Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady? Here; what would my lord? 85 Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before To signify th' approaching of his lord, From whom he bringeth sensible regreets; To wit, besides commends and courteous

breath, Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet To show how costly summer was at hand As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord. Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee, Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising

Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see 99 Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Venice. A street.

Enter Solanio and Salerio.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto? Saler. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solan, I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapp'd ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio-O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company !-

Saler. Come, the full stop.
Solan. Ha! What sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Saler. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? What news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Saler. That's certain; I, for my part. knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was flidge; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Saler. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel 1 30 Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! Rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

Saler. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it us'd to come so smug upon the mart. Let be! [Exeunt. him look to his bond. He was wont to call

me usurer; let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Saler. Why, I am sure, if he forfert, thou

wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me and hind'red me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwaited my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses. affections, passions, fed with the same food, burt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means. waimed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? It you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chiistian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Man from Antonio.

Man. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Saler. We have been up and down to seek him

Enter TUBAL.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [Exeunt Solanio, Salerio, and Man.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of

her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so-and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thouloss upon loss! The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck Before you venture for me. I could teach stirring but what lights o' my shoulders;

o sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but ' my shedding!

Tub Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa-Shy. What, what, what? Ill luck, ill

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away coming tom Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped ine wieck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news-ha, ha!-heard in Genoa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me-I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats! 97

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey. Shy. Out upon hei! Thou forturest me,

Tubal. It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true; that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he to test: for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I Go. Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Belmont. Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, NERISSA, and all their Trains.

Por. I pray you tarry; pause a day or

Before you hazard: for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore forbear a awhile.

There's something tells me-but it is not love-

I would not lose you; and you know yourself

Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well-

And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought-

I would detain you here some month or two

you

б5

70

How to choose right, but then I am With no less presence, but with much more forsworn:

So will I never be; so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes!

They have o'erlook'd me and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours-

Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then vours.

And so all yours. O! these naughty times Puts bars between the owners and their rights:

And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. I speak too long, but 'tis to peize the time, To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Let me choose : Bass. For as I am, I live upon the rack. 25 Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? Then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust.

Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my

There may as well be amity and life 30 Tween snow and fire as treason and my

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the

rack. Where men enforced do speak anything. Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love'

Had been the very sum of my confession. O happy torment, when my torturer Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets. Por. Away, then; I am lock'd in one of them.

If you do love me, you will find me out. Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof; Let music sound while he doth make his choice:

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, Fading in music. That the comparison May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? Then music is Even as the flourish when true subjects

To a new-crowned monarch; such it is 50 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's

And summon him to marriage. Now be goes, Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee; 238

love.

Than young Alcides when he did redeem 55 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice: The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives. With bleared visages come forth to view The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules! 60 Live thou, I live. With much much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me where is fancy bred. Or in the heart or in the head, How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply. It is engend'red in the eyes, With gazing fed; and fancy dies In the cradle where it lies. Let us all ring fancy's knell:

I'll begin it-Ding, dong, bell. All. Ding, dong, bell

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves ;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt 75 But, being season'd with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? In religion. What damned error but some sober brow Will bless it, and approve it with a text, Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? There is no vice so simple but assumes 81 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars: Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!

And these assume but valour's excrement To render them redoubted. Look on beauty And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight.

Which therein works a miracle in nature. 90 Making them lightest that wear most of it; So are those crisped snaky golden locks Which make such wanton gambols with the wind

Upon supposed fairness often known To be the dowry of a second head-The skull that bred them in the sepulchre. Thus ornament is but the guiled shore To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, The seeming truth which cunning times

put on 100 Therefore, thou To entrap the wisest. gaudy gold,

Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,

Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than elo-

quence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence
Por. [Aside] How all the other passion

fleet to air, As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd

despair, And shudd'ring fear, and gree 1-ey'd

jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy, In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess I feel too much thy blessing. Make it less, For fear I surfeit.

Bass. [Opening the leaden casket] What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Or whether riding on the balls of mine Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,

Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven

A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes—

How could he see to do them? Having made one,

Methinks it should have power to steal both his,

And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this

shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance. Here's

the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

'You that choose not by the view, Chance as fair and choose as true! Since this fortune falls to you, Be content and seek no new. If you be well pleas'd with this, 13 And hold your fortune for your bliss, Turn you where your lady is And claim her with a loving kiss.'

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; I come by note, to give and to receive. 140 Like one of two contending in a prize, That thinks he hath done well in people's

Hearing applause and universal shout, Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt 144 Whether those peals of praise be his or no;

So, thrice-fair lady, stand I even so, As doubtful whether what I see be true, Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,

Such as I am. Though for myself alone 150 I would not be ambitious in my wish To wish myself much better, yet for you I would be trebled twenty times myself, A thousand times more fair, ten thousand

times more rich,

That only to stand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me
Is sum of something which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, un-

practis'd;

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed, 165
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same
myself,

Are yours—my lord's. I give them with this ring,

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love,

And be my vantage to exclaim on you. 175

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
words:

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins; And there is such confusion in my powers As, after some oration fairly spoke By a beloved prince, there doth appear 186 Among the buzzing pleased multitude, Where every something, being blent together,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence; 185

O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time

That have stood by and seen our wishes

prosper

To cry 'Good joy'. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady.

I wish you all the joy that you can wish, For I am sure you can wish none from me; And, when your honours mean to solemnize The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your loidship you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as

yours: You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid; You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Your fortune stood upon the caskets there. And so did mine too, as the matter falls; For wooing here until I sweat again,

And swearing till my very roof was dry 205 With oaths of love, at last-if promise last-

I got a promise of this fair one here To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured

in your marriage. Gra. We'll play with them: the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down-But who comes here? Lorenzo and his

infidel? What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio!

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio. a messenger from Venice.

Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,

If that the youth of my new int'rest here Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen, 225 Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;

They are entirely welcome. Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here; But meeting with Salerio by the way, 230 He did entreat me, past all saying nay, To come with him along.

Suler. I did, my lord, And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio Commends him to you.

[Gives Bassanio a letter. Ere I ope his letter, Bass. I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

mind;

Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there But none can drive him from the envious Will show you his estate.

[Bassanio opens the letter. Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. 285

Gra. Nerissa, cheer youd stranger: bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice? How doth that toyal merchant, good

Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success: We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece. Saler. I would you had won the fleece

that he hath lost. Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:

Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse! With leave, Bassanio: I am half yourself.

And I must freely have the half of anything That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia, Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady, When I did first impart my love to you, 255 I freely told you all the wealth I had Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman;

And then I told you true. And yet, dear

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see How much I was a braggart. When I told 260

My state was nothing, I should then have told vou

That I was worse than nothing: for indeed I have engag'd myself to a dear friend, Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady, The paper as the body of my friend, And every word in it a gaping wound Issuing life-blood. But is it tiue, Salerio? Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and India, And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch Of merchant-marring rocks?

hit?

Saler. Not one, my lord. Besides, it should appear that, if he had The present money to discharge the Jew, He would not take it. Never did I know 276 A creature that did bear the shape of man So keen and greedy to confound a man. He plies the Duke at morning and at night.

And doth impeach the freedom of the state, If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,

235 The Duke himself, and the magnificoes Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in Of greatest port, have all persuaded with hım:

plea

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard This is the fool that lent out money gratis. him swear

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen, That he would rather have Antonio's flesh Than twenty times the value of the sum That he did owe him; and I know, my .lord.

If law, authority, and power, deny not. It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

The dearest friend to me, the kındest man,

The best condition'd and unwearied spirit In doing courtesies; and one in whom The ancient Roman honour more appears Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew? Bass. For me, three thousand ducats. What! no more?

Por. Pay him six thousand, and deface the Fond; Double six thousand, and then treble that, Before a triend of this description Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault. First go with me to church and call me wife, And then away to Venice to your friend; For never shall you lie by Portia's side With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold To pay the petty debt twenty times over. When it is paid, bring your true friend along. My maid Nerissa and myself meantime Will live as maids and widows. Come,

away For you shall hence upon your wedding-

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.

But let me hear the letter of your friend. Bass [Reads] 'Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear'd between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding. use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.'

Por. O love, dispatch all business and be

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste; but, till I come again, No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay, Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. Venice. A street. Enter Shylock, Solanio, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy-

Gaoler, look to him.

Hear me yet, good Shylock. Ant. Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond.

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause.

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs; The Duke shall grant me justice. wonder.

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond To come abroad with him at his request. 10 Ant. I pray thee hear me speak.

Shy, I'll have my bond. I will not hear thee speak;

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ev'd fool. To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield.

To Christian intercessors. Follow not; I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. Exit.

Solan. It is the most impenetrable cur That ever kept with men.

Let him alone: Ant. I'll follow him no more with bootless pravers

He seeks my life; his reason well I know: I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures Many that have at times made moan to me: Therefore he hates me.

I am sure the Duke Solan. Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. 25 Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:

For the commodity that strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied, Will much impeach the justice of the state, Since that the trade and profit of the city Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go; These griefs and losses have so bated me That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh To-morrow to my bloody creditor. Well, gaoler, on; pray God Bassanio come To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Belmont. Portia's house. Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and BALTHASAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your piesence,

You have a noble and a true conceit Of godlike amity, which appears most strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord. But if you knew to whom you show this honour.

How true a gentleman you send relief, How dear a lover of my lord your husband,

24I

I know you would be prouder of the work Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good, Nor shall not now; for in companions That do converse and waste the time to-

gether, Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love There must be needs a like proportion Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit. Which makes me think that this Antonio Being the bosom lover of my 101d, Must needs be like my lord. If it be so, How little is the cost I have bestowed In purchasing the semblance of my soul From out the state of hellish cruelty! This comes too near the praising of myself Therefore, no more of it; hear other things Lorenzo, I commit into your hands The husbandry and manage of my house 25 Until my lord's return: for mine own part. I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow

To live in prayer and contemplation, Only attended by Nerissa here, Until her husband and my lord's return. 3. There is a monastery two miles off, And there we will abide. I do desire you Not to deny this imposition, The which my love and some necessity Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart I shall obey you in all fair commands. 30 Por. My people do already know my

mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours

attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd

To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.

[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo. Now, Balthasar, 45

As I have ever found thee honest true, So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,

And use thou all th' endeavour of a man In speed to Padua; see thou render this Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario; And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed

Unto the traject, to the common ferry Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,

But get three gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand

That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a
habit

That they shall think we are accomplished With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,

When we are both accoutred like young men,

I'll prove the piettier fellow of the two, 64 And wear my dagger with the braver grace, And speak between the change of man and boy

With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps

Into a manly stride; and speak of trays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint
lies.

How honourable ladies sought my love, 70 Which I denying, they fell sick and died—I could not do withal. Then I'll repent, And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell, That men shall swear I have discontinued school

Above a twe.vemonth. I have within my mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks.

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men? Por. Fie, what a question's that,

If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device When I am in my coach, which stays for us At the park gate; and therefore haste away,

For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Belmont. The garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you. I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not—that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope enient indeed; so the sins of my mother should [Exit. be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn's both by father and mother; thus when shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Cha rybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband; he

hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enow before, e'en as many as could well live one by another. making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, w shall not shortly have a rasher on the coalfor money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. 1 shall grow jealous of you shortly Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need nor fear us, Lorenzo Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly there's no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth. for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of poik.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with

child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more

than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but Go in, sırrah; bid them prepare parrots. for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all

stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! Then bid them prepare dinner. Laun. That is done too, sir, only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir? Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. 52

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. Exit.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited !

The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; and I do know A many fools that stand in better place, 59 Gainish'd like him, that for a tricksy word Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou. Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet The Lord Bassanio live an upright life, 65 For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And if on earth he do not merit it. In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women. And Portia one, there must be something

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow.

Even such a husband Hast thou of me as she is for a wife. Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of

that.

Lor. I will anon; first let us go to dinner. Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for tabletalk :

Then howsome'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Venice. The court of justice.

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and Others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here? Ant. Ready, so please your Grace. Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch, Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy. Ant.

I have heard Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify

His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury, and am arm'd To suffer with a quietness of spirit The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the

Saler. He is ready at the door; he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so To excuse the current of thy cruelty. too,

That thou but leadest this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act: and then, 'tis thought,

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; And where thou now exacts the penalty, Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh.

Thou will not only loose the forfeiture. But, touch'd with human gentleness and

Forgive a moiety of the principal, Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back-Enow to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint.

From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never

traın'd

To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose,

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn To have the due and forfeit of my bond. If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter and your city's freedom. You'll ask me why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh than to receive 41 Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that.

But say it is my humour—is it answer'd? What if my house be troubled with a rat, And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats

To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd

yet? Some men there are love not a gaping pig; Some that are mad if they behold a cat; And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th'

nose, Cannot contain their urine; for affection, Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be rend'red Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor I will not, More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers. Bass. Do all men kill the things they do

not love? Shy. Hates any man the thing he would

not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first. Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the lew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach And bid the main flood bate his usual height:

You may as well use question with the wolf. Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops and to make no

When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven:

You may as well do any thing most hard As seek to soften that—than which what's harder ?—

His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech

Make no moe offers, use no farther means, But with all brief and plain conveniency Let me have judgment, and the lew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat I would not draw them; I would have m bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts, Because you bought them; shall I say to you

'Let them be free, marry them to your heirs-

Why sweat they under burdens ?--let their beds

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands '? You will answer

'The slaves are ours'. So do I answer you: The pound of flesh which I demand of him Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will 'Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so have it.

If you deny me, fie upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice. I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court.

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, 105 Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day.

My lord, here stays without Saler. A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all.

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood. Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock.

Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me. You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio. Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. [Presents a letter. Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce

thee? Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog! And for thy life let justice be accus'd. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, To hold opinion with Pythagoras

That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit Govern'd a wolf who, hang'd for human

slaughter, Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet.

And, whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam.

Infus'd itself in thee: for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous. Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

loud: Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court. Where is he?

He attendeth here hard by 145 Ner. To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place. Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [Reads] 'Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome-his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the meichant; we turn'd o'er many books together; he is furnished with my opinion which, bettered with his own learning-the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend-comes with him at my importunity to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.'

Enter Portia for Balthazar, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come. 163 Give me your hand; come you from old Bellano?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this présent question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylcck. both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock is my name. Shy. Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law 173 Cannot impugn you as you do proceed. You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says. Por. Do you confess the bond? Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful. Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tel me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not stiain'd; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice bles: It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown: His sceptre shows the force of temporal power.

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:

But mercy is above this sceptred sway, It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, It is an attribute to God himself; 196 And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this— That in the course of justice none of us Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy, 195

And that same prayer doth teach us all to

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea, Which if thou follow, this strict court of

Venuce
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the

merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave How much more elder art thou than thy

the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes; here I tender it for him in the court:

Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;

If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I
beseech you.

Wrest once the law to your authority; 210 To do a great right do a little wrong, And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state; it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel conie to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the
bond.

220

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money off'red thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven.

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit; 225 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful. Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition

Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me. I stay here on my bond. 237

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court To give the judgment.

For. Why then, thus it is: You must prepare your bosom for his knife. Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond. Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge, 245

looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom. Shy. Ay, his breast—

So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
'Nearest his heart', those are the very

words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd, but what of that?

255

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd. 259

Give me your hand Bassanio; sare you well. Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,

For herein Fortune shows heiself more Unto the state of Venuce. kind

Than is her custom. It is still her use To let the wretched man outlive his wealth. To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty: from which ling'ring penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off. Commend me to your honourable wife; Tell her the process of Antonio's end: Say how I lov'd you; speak me fair in

death: And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge Whether Bassanio had not once a lo-e. Repent not you that you shall lose your The Jew shall have all justice. Soft! No

friead. And he repents not that he pays your debt; For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 275 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife Which is as dear to me as life itself; But life itself, my wife, and all the world, Are not with me esteem'd above thy life; I would lose all, av. sacrifice them all 281 Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by to hear you make the offer, Gra. I have a wife who I protest I love; I would she were in heaven, so she could Entreat some power to change this currish Tew.

'Tis well you offer it behind her Ner. back:

The wish would make else an unquiet house Shy. [Aside] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter-Would any of the stock of Barrabas

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !-We trifle time; I pray thee pursue

sentence. Por. A pound of that same merchant's

flesh is thine. The court awards it and the law doth

give it. Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off hi, breast

The law allows it and the court awards it. Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little; there is something

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:

The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh'. Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods 305

Ate, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Mark, Jew. Gra. O upright judge! learned judge I

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act; For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd 310 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desn'st.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew. A learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money. Por. Soft!

He shall have nothing but the penalty. Gra. O Jew! an upuight judge, a learned

judge! Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off

the flesh. Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more

Or less than a just pound—be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance. Or the divison of the twentieth part Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do

turn But in the estimation of a hair-Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? thy forfeiture. Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go. Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court: He shall have merely justice, and his bond. Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second

Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shall Shy. I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forieiture

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question. Tarry, Jew.

The law hath yet another hold on you. It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien That by direct or inderect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen, The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

345

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Comes to the privy coffer of the state: And the offender's life lies in the mercy 35 Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st For it appears by manifest proceeding That indirectly, and directly too, Thou hast contrived against the very life Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd The danger formerly by me 1ehea1s'd. Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the

Thou hast not left the value of a cord; Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit.

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it. For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; The other half comes to the general state, Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio. Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.

You take my house when you do take the

That doth sustain my house; you take my

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court

To quit the fine for one half of his goods: I am content, so he will let me have The other half in use, to render it Upon his death unto the gentleman That lately stole his daughter— 350 Two things provided more: that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian; The other, that he do record a gift, Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. 385 Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here. Por. Art thou contented, Jew?

Shy. I am content.

dost thou say?

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift. Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:

I am not well; send the deed after me And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. Gra. In christ'ning shalt thou have two You teach me how a beggar should be god-fathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more.

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the [Exit Shylock. font.

Duke. Sir, I entieat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your lessure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For in my mind you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train. Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof 405 Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew, We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied. And I, delivering you, am satisfied, And therein do account myself well paid. My mind was never yet more mercenary. I pray you, know me when we meet again;

I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 415 Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute. Not as fee. Grant me two things, I pray

Not to deny me, and to paidon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield. [To Antonio] Give me your gloves, I'll

wear them for your sake. [To Bassanio] And, for your love, I'll take

this ring from you. Do not draw back your hand: I'll take no

more.

And you in love shall not deny me this. Bass. This ring, good sir-alas, it is a trifle;

I will not shame myself to give you this. Por. I will have nothing else but only this:

What And now, methinks, I have a mind to it. Bass. There's more depends on this than

on the value. The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation: 43I Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers; You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,

answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman, And know how well I have deserv'd this ring.

She would not hold out enemy for ever For giving it to me. Well, peace be with And they did make no noise—in such a

you! [Exeunt Portia and Nerissa. Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.

Let his deservings, and my love withal, 445 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him:

Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst.

Unto Antonio's house. Away, make haste. [Exit Gratiano. Come, you and I will thither presently; 450 And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

[Excunt.

SCENE II. Venuce. A street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give

hini this deed, And let him sign it; we'll away to-night, And be a day before our husbands home This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en. My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice, Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat

Your company at dinner.

That cannot be. Por. His ring I do accept most thankfully. And so, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore, I pray you show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Sir, I would speak with you. [Aside to Portia] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [To Nerissa] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men; But we'll outface them, and outswear them

where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Belmont. The garden before Portia's house.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this.

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees.

night.

Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls.

And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,

Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night Did Thisby fearfully o'ertrip the dew, And saw the lion's shadow ere himself, And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10 Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love To come again to Carthage.

°23. In such a night Modes gathered the enchanted herbs

That will enew old Æson.

In such a night the realthy Jew, is Arc radi an unthrift love did run from Venice.

As i. as Delmont.

Jec. In such a night Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd hei well, Stealing her soul with many vows of faith, And ne'er a true one. In such a night

Lor. Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew, Slander her love, and he forgave it her. Jes. I would out-night you, did no body

come :

But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend. Lor. A friend! What friend? Your

name, I pray you, triend? Steph. Stephano is my name, and I bring

My mistress will before the break of day 29 Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays For happy wedlock hours.

Who comes with her? Lor. Steph. None but a holy hermit and her

maid. [Aloud] Away, make haste, thou know'st I pray you, is my master yet return'd? Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

[Exeunt. But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

And ceremoniously let us prepare Some welcome for the mistress of the house

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! Did you see Master Lorenzo

Master Lorenzo! Sola, sola! Lor. Leave holloaing, man. Here!

Laun. Sola! Where, where? Lor. Here!

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master with his horn full of good news my master will be here ere morning. [Exit

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expec their coming.

And yet no matter-why should we go in My friend Stephano, signaly, I pray you, Within the house, your mistress is a

And bring your music forth into the air.

Exit Stephano How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon thi

bank! Here will we sit and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the

night Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins Such harmony is in immortal souls, But whilst this muddy vesture of decay 6 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn; With sweetest touches pierce your mistress'

And draw her home with music. [Music. Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet

music. The reason is your spirits are attentive;

For do but note a wild and wanton herd, Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood-If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound.

Or any air of music touch their ears, You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods:

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of

But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself. Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds.

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils: The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Elebus.

Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world. Ner. When the moon shone, we did not

see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king Until a king be by, and then his state Empties itself, as doth an inland brook Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it. madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended; and I think The nightingale, if she should sing by

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren. How many things by season season'd are To their right praise and true perfection! Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion.

And would not be awak'd. Music ceases. That is the voice. 110 Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home. Por. We have been praying for our

husbands' welfare Which speed, we hope, the better for our

words. Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet; But there is come a messenger before, To signify their coming.

Go in, Nerissa; Por. ive order to my servants that they take No note at all of our being absent hence: Nor you, Lorenzo: Jessica, nor you. 121 [A tucket sounds. Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy trumpet.

We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not. Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes. If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be For a light wife doth make a heavy

husband, And never be Bassanio so for me;

my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam; give wel- An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it. come to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound. Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you. Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

It must appear in other ways than words. Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy. Gra. [To Nerissa] By yonder moon I

swear you do me wrong: In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part, Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring That she did give me, whose posy was For all the world like cutler's poetry Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not'.

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the

value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you, That you would wear it till your hour of death, And that it should lie with you in your

grave;

Though not for me, yet for your vehement

You should have been respective and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! No, God's my judge,

that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man. Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160 Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth.

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk: A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee;

I could not for my heart deny it him. Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gıft,

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear Never to part with it, and here he stands: I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it

Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

But God sort all! You are welcome home, You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;

> Bass. [Aside] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off.

135 And swear I lost the ring defending it. Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring

away Ant. No more than I am well acquitted Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:

And neither man nor master would take aught But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord? Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault. I would deny it; but you see my finger Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth: By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed

Until I see the ring. Nor I in yours Ner.

Till I again see mine.

Sweet Portia, Bass. If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

It you did know for whom I gave the ring, And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

And how unwillingly I left the ring. When nought would be accepted but the ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, Or your own honour to contain the ring, You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable, If you had pleas'd to have defended it

With any terms of zeal, wanted the Which, but for him that had your husband's modesty

To urge the thing held as a ceremony? Nerissa teaches me what to believe: I'll die for't but some woman had the ring

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul.

No woman had it, but a civil doctor, Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me.

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him.

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away Even he that had held up the very life Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him; I was beset with shame and courtesy; My honour would not let ingratitude So much besmear it. Paidon me, good lady For by these blessed candles of the night Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd 221

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house;

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved, And that which you did swear to keep for

l will become as liberal as you; I'll not deny him anything I have, No, not my body, nor my husband's bed. Know him I shall, I am well sure of it. Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus: If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honour which is yet mine Enter'd my house.

I'll have that doctor for mine bedfellow. Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so, let not me take him then :

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen. Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

And in the hearing of these many friends I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes, Wherein I see myself-

Por. In both my eyes he doubly sees himself, In each eye one; swear by your double self, And there's an oath of credit.

Nay, but hear me. Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear I never more will break an oath with thee. wealth,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound

again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this, And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

I had it of him. Pardon me. Por. Bassanio,

For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me. Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano. For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk.

In lieu of this, last night did lie with me. G.a. Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough.

are we cuckolds ere we have What, deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd.

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure; It comes from Padua, from Bellario; There you shall find that Portia was the doctor.

Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here 270 Shall witness I set forth as soon as you. And even but now return'd; I have not

Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon; There you shall find three of your argosies Are richly come to harbour suddenly. 277 You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

I am dumb. Ant.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it.

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;

Mark you but that! When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships Are safely come to road.

Por. How new, Lorenzo! Ant. I once did lend my body for his My clerk hath some good comforts too for Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a tee.

There do I give to you and Jessica, From the iich Jew, a special deed of gift, After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Loi. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way

Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning, 295
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon inter gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first inter'gatory That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is, 301 Whether till the next night she had rather

or go to bed now, being two hours to day.

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Exeunt.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in exile.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar. dominions.

\ lords attending on the banished AMIENS.

Duke. TAQUES. T.E. BEAU. courtier attending upon а Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER.

TAQUES. - sons of Sir Rowland de Bovs. ORLANDO.

DENNIS, | servants to Oliver.

Touchstone, the count tester.

Silvius, shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audiev.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick. PHEBE, a shebherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: Oliver's house; Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.

ACT ONE

Scene 1. Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His borses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [Adam retires.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here? 20 Orl. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sii, be better employed, and

be n ught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What produgal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir? Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your

orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir? Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy! [Strikes him. Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are

too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother. I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy

tongue for saying so. Thou has sail'd on beloved of her uncle than his own daughter: 56

Adam. [Coming forward] Sweet masters. be patient; for your father's remembrance. be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you

Orl. I will no further offend you than

becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog. Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam. Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

the Oli. Was not Charles, Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [Exit Dennis] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. Oli. Good Monsieur Charles! What's the

new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her

father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, followed her exile, or have died to stay hates nothing more than he. Yet he's behind her. She is at the court, and no less gentle; never school'd and yet learned;

and never two ladies loved as they do. 103 Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before

the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender: and, for your love, I would be loath to feil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 122

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, if is the stubbornest young fellow of France: full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion: 1 had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villaincus this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 140

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. 'If he come to-morrow I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither which now I'll go about. [Exit

Scene II. A lawn before the Duke's palace. Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz. be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of: and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of

my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce. I will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you

of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewite Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very illfavouredly.

Ros. Nay; now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments

of Nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No: when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for cur whetstone; for always the duliness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! Whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to

your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger? Touch. No, by mine honour: but I was

bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool? Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great

heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st? Touch. One that old Frederick, your

ather, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough, speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity that fools may not peak wisely what wise men do foolishly. 79 Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for ince the little wit that fools have was

ilenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news. Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons eed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd. 84

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more not be entreated, his own peril on his marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau. forwardness. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch, Nay, if I keep not my rank—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the Beau.

wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons-

Cel. I could match this beginning with an

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks: 'Be it known unto all men by these presents'- 109

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his

part with weeping. Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Res. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will earth?

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[Duke Frederick goes abart. Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princess calls for you. Orl. I attend them with all respect and

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 154

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are o bold for your years. You have seen too bold for your years. cruel proof of this man's strength; if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Oil. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. Ros. The little strength that I have, I

would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers. Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be

deceiv'd in you! Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Oil. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now. Hercules be thy speed, young

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wresile Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye,

I can tell who should down.

[Charles is thrown. Shout. Duke F. No more, no more. Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am

not vet well breath'd. Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord. Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy

name, young man? 200 Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy. Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with

this deed. Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well: thou art a gallant

youth; I would thou hadst told me of another

[Exeunt Duke, Train, and Le Beau. Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

His youngest son-and would not change that calling

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his And all the world was of my father's mind;

Had I before known this young man his I should have given him tears unto entreaties

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him; My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love But justly as you have exceeded all And pity her for her good father's sake; 260 oromise,

Your mistress shall be happy. Ros.

Gentleman. [Giving him a chain from her neck.

Orl. Ready, sir: but his will hath in it a Wear this for me: one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman. Orl. Can I not say 'I thank you'? My better parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block. 230 Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with

my fortunes; I'll ask him what he would. Did you call. sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz? Ros. Have with you. Fare you well. 235

Exeunt Rosalind and Celia. Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! Or Charles or something weaker masters

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place. Albeit you have

deserv'd High commendation, true applause, and love.

Yet such is now the Duke's condition

That he misconstrues all that you have done

The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed. More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this:

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners: But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter: The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you that of late this Duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle

niece.

rounded upon no other argument But that the people praise her for her virtues

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

224 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.

Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well. [Exit Le Beau. Thus must I from the smoke into the

smother:

From tyrant Duke unto a tyrani brother. But heavenly Rosalind!

Scene III. The Duke's palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up. when the one should be lam'd with reasons

and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? To Ros. No, some of it is for my child's TΩ father. O, how full of briers is this workingday world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday toolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these buis are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better

wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! You will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden. you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father

dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste.

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin. Within these ten days if that thou beest found

So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it. I do beseech your Grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with

f with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires:

f that I do not dream, or be not frantic-As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle, Never so much as in a thought unborn Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors: If their purgation did consist in words. They are as innocent as grace itself.

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not. Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends. Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter ;

there's enough. Ros. So was I when your Highness took

his dukedom: So was I when your Highness banish'd him. Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends, What's that to me? My father was no

traitor. Then, good my liege, mistake me not so

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak. Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake.

Else had she with her father rang'd along. Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;

It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;

I was too young that time to value her, But now I know her. If she be a traitor, Why so am I: we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together:

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness, Her very silence and her patience.

Speak to the people, and they pity her. 75 Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name; And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips. Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege;

I cannot live out of her company. Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece,

provide yourself.

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die. [Exeunt Duke and Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! Whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Thou hast not, cousin. Cel. Prithee be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

That he hath not. Ros. Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.

Shall we be sund'red? Shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir. Therefore devise with me how we may fly, Whither to go, and what to bear with us; And do not seek to take your charge upon

you, To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! 105 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean

attire. And with a kind of umber smirch my face:

The like do you; so shall we pass along, 10) And never stir assailants

Were it not better, Ros. Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, A boar spear in my hand; and—in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will-

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? Ros. I'll have no worse a name than

Jove's own page, And therefore look you call me Ganymede. But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court? Would he not be a comfort to our travel? Cel. He ll go along o'er the wide world with me:

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together: Devise the fittest time and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight. Now go we in content To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three LORDS. like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference; as the icy fang And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites and blows upon my

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and sav This is no flattery; these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am '.

Sweet are the uses of adversity; Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; 14 And this our life, exempt from public haunt. Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.

Sermons in stones, and good in everything. I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace, That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style. Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools, Being native burghers of this desert city, Should, in their own confines, with forked heads

Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques grieves at that: And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

'o-day my Lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood!

To the which place a poor sequest'red stag.

That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt.

Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord. The wretched animal heav'd forth such

groans That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Almost to bursting; and the big round tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent

In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool. Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook.

Augmenting it with tears.

But what said Jaques? Duke S. Did he not moralize this spectacle? 1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream:

'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou mak'st a testa-

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which had too much'. Then, being there alone.

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends: 'Tis right;' quoth he 'thus misery doth part

The flux of company'. Anon, a careless herd.

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 55 Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you

look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and there?

Thus most invectively he pierceth through Why would you be so fond to overcome The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life; swearing that Your praise is come too swiftly home before

worse,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up In their assign'd and native dwelling-place. Duke S. And did you leave him in this

contemplation? 2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place; I love to cope him in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter.

1 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. 69 [Exeunt. Scene II. The Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be; some villains of my court Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber. Saw her abed, and in the morning early They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hisperia, the Princess' gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly o'erheard Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles: And she believes, wherever they are gone, That youth is surely in their company, 16

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither.

If he be absent, bring his brother to me: I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly; And let not search and inquisition quail 20 To bring again these foolish runaways.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. Before Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?

valiant?

The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke? you.

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's Know you not, master, to some kind of men

> Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,

> Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it! Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth! Come not within these doors; within this

The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother-no, no brother: vet the son_

Yet not the son: I will not call him son Of him I was about to call his father-Hath heard your praises; and this night he

means To burn the lodging where you use to lie, At seventeen years many their fortunes And you within it. If he fail of that. He will have other means to cut you off; I overheard him and his practices. This is no place; this house is but a butchery;

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,

Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce A thievish living on the common road? This I must do, or know not what to do; Yet this I will not do, do how I can. I rather will subject me to the malice Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father, Which I did store to be my foster-nurse, 40 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown. Take that, and He that doth the ravens

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; 45 All this I give you. Let me be your content. servant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply Hot and recellious liquors in my blood, Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you; I'll do the service of a younger man In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world. When service sweat for duty, not for meed! Thou art not for the fashion of these times, Where none will sweat but for promotion, And having that do choke their service up Even with the having; it is not so with thee

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree

That cannot so much as a blossom vield In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry. But come thy ways, we'll go along together, And ere we have thy youthful wages spent | That ever love did make thee run into, We'll light upon some settled low content. Thou hast not lov'd;

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70 From seventeen years till now almost four-

Here hved I, but now live here no more. seek.

But at fourscore it is too late a week; Yet fortune cannot recompense me better Than to die well and not my master's debtor. Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and Clown alias Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits! Touch. I case not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you bear with me: I cannot

go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forest of Arden. Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here, a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess. Though in thy youth thou wast as true a

lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow. But if thy love were ever like to mine,

As sure I think did never man love so. How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so beartily!

If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' piaise, That you will feed on; but what is, come Thou hast not lov'd;

Or it thou hast not broke from company Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit Silvius. Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound.

I have by hard adventure found mine own Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and. giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake'. We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art

ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. 55 Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion. Touch. And mine; but it grows some-

thing stale with me. Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond

If he for gold will give us any food: I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman. Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Else are they very wretched. Cor. Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And faints for succour.

Fair sir, I pity her, And wish, for her sake more than for mine own.

My fortunes were more able to relieve her: But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze. My master is of churlish disposition, By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of 78

34 By reason of his absence, there is nothing see.

And in my voice most welcome shall you be. Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but elewhile.

That little cares for buying any thing. 85 Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us. Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it. 90 Cor. Assuredly the flang is to be sold. Go with me; it you like upon report The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be. And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and Others.

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me. And turn his merry note Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither. Here shall he see No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more. Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo. Call you 'em stanzos?

Amı. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like th' encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. And little recks to find the way to heaven sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now, tree. He hath been all this day to look you. Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come. 33

Song.

All together here.

Who doth ambition shun, And loves to live i' th' sun, Seeking the food he eats, And pleas'd with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

Here shall he see

No enemy But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it. Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see

Gross fools as he, An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE VI. The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

SCENE VII. The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and Lords, like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;

For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?

What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,

A motley fool. A miserable world! As I do live by food, I met a fool,

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms—and yet a motley fool. 'Good morrow, fool' quoth I; 'No, sir,' quoth he

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says very wisely 'It is ten o'clock;

Thus we may see' quoth he 'how the world wags;

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine; 24 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot; And thereby hangs a tale'. When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crow like chanticleer 30 That fools should be so deep contemplative; And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places
cramm'd 40

g in this With observation, the which he vents [Exeunt. In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat. Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

It is my only suit, Jaa. Provided that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please, for so fools have; And they that are most galled with my

folly. 50 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must

they so? The why is plain as way to parish church: He that a fool doth very wisely hit Doth very foolishly, although he smart, Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not, 55 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of th' intected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine. Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in I thought that all things had been savage chiding sin;

For thou thyself hast been a libertine, As sensual as the brutish sting itself; And all th' embossed sores and headed evils

That thou with licence of free foot hast caught

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jag. Why, who cries out on pride That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the wearer's very means do ebb? What woman in the city do I name When that I say the city-woman bears 75 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in and say that I mean her, When such a one as she such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function

That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits His folly to the mettle of my speech? There then! how then? what then? Let me see wherein

right.

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free.

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn. Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jag. Why, I have eat none vec. Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd. of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners, That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred. And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;

He dies that touches any of this fruit Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die. TOT

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness. Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;

here.

And therefore put I on the countenance Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible. Under the shade of melancholy boughs, Lose and neglect the creeping hours of

If ever you have look'd on better days If ever been where belis have knoll'd to church.

If ever sat at any good man's feast, If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear, And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied, Let gentleness my strong enforcement be; In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red; And therefore sit you down in gentleness, My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him And take upon command what help we have

That to your wanting may be minist'red. Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn, And give it food. There is an old poor

Who after me hath many a weary step 130 Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,

265

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, I will not touch a bit. Duke S Go find him out. And we will nothing waste till you return. Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [Exit. Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy: This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woeful pageants than the scene 135

Wherein we play in.

Jag. All the world's a stage. And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances: And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first the infant.

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms; Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier.

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel.

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice.

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd, With eyes severe and beard of formal cut, Full of wise saws and modern instances; 156 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, With spectacles on nose and pouch on side.

His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice.

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness and mere oblivion; Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden. And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need: I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. Duke S. Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you

As yet to question you about your fortunes. Give us some music; and, good cousin,

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind エクミ As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly. Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then, heigh-ho, the holly! This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky. That dost not bite so nigh 185 As benefits forgot; Though thou the waters warp. Thy sting is not so shaip

As friend rememb'red not. Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

190 Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son.

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were. And as mine eye doth his efficies witness Most truly hmn'd and hving in your face, Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune.

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man, Thou art right welcome as thy master is. Support him by the arm. Give me your hand.

And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. The palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, and Lords.

Duke F. Not see him since! Sir. sir. that cannot be.

But were I not the better part made mercy, I should not seek an absent argument Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:

Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is; 5 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more

To seek a living in our territory. Thy lands and all things that thou dost call

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands. Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's

mouth Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life. Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature Make an extent upon his house and parlous state, shepherd, lands.

Do this expediently, and turn him going, Exeunt.

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a baber.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;

And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night. survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,

Thy huntress' name that my full life doth

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books, And in their barks my thoughts I'll

character.

That every eye which in this forest looks Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree, 9 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

is a shepherd's life, it is nought. In respect, shepherd. that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes Hast any much against my stomach. philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. Your

Cor. For not being at court? reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is

sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a Cor. Nor a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are es

naiculous in the country as the benaviour of the country is most mockable at the You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shenherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance. Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say;

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's meat in respect of a good piece of flesn indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of creet is of a baser birth than tar—the very itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance,

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; l'il rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I cat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

'From the east to western Inde, Ros. No jewel is like Rosalinde. Her worth, being mounted on the wind, Through all the world bears Rosalinde. All the pictures fairest lin'd

Are but black to Rosalinde. Let no face be kept in mind But the fair of Rosalinde.'

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours, excepted. It is the right butterwomen's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool! Touch. For a taste:

> If a hart do lack a hind, Let him seek out Rosalinde. If the cat will after kind, So be sure will Rosalinde. Winter garments must be lin'd, So must slender Rosalinde. They that reap must sheaf and bind, Then to cart with Rosalinde. Sweetest nut hath sourest rind. Such a nut is Rosalinde. He that sweetest rose will find Must find love's prick and Rosalinde.

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them? Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them

on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bac fruit. Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the carliest fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether

wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading;

aside. Cel. 'Why should this a desert be? For it is unpeopled? No: Tongues I'll hang on every tree That shall civil sayings show. Some, how brief the life of man Runs his erring pilgrimage, That the stretching of a span Buckles in his sum of age; Some, of violated vows Twixt the souls of friend and

friend : But upon the fairest boughs, Or at every sentence end, Will I Rosalinda write Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite Heaven would in little show. Therefore heaven Nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd With all graces wide-enlarg'd. Nature presently distill'd Helen's cheek, but not her heart, 135

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part, Sad Lucretia's modesty Thus Rosalinde of many parts By heavenly synod was devis'd, Of many faces, eyes, and hearts, To have the touches dearest priz'd. Heaven would that she these gifts

should have. And I to live and die her slave,' 144

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! tedious homily of love have you wearled your parishioners withal, and never cried Have patience, good people '.

Cel. How now! Back, friends; shepherd, go off a little; go with him, sirrah. Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. IExeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses? Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might

bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. 165

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible? 175 Ros. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narro v-mouth'd bottle-either too much at once or none at good faith, I had as hef have been myself all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly. Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard. 103

Ros. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in

an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How Wherein went he? What re? Did he ask for me? look'd he? makes he here? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer

in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish I found him it with good observance. under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn. 220

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree,

when it drops forth such fruit. Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed. Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'Holla' to thy tongue, prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune. Ros. Do you not know I am a woman?

When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on. Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him. Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, Had not that been as proper?

alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society. 24: Jag God buy you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better

strangers.

Jaq. I pray you mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks. Orl. I pray you mar no moe of my

verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name. Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jag. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart. 254 Jag. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have

studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jag. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure. Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a

cipher. Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu,

good Monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit Jaques. Ros. [Aside to Celia] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.-Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock? Orl. You should ask me what time o' day:

there's no clock in the forest. 284 Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groan-

ing every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? 289 Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal? Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and teim, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

then they perceive not how Time moves. Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth? Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like ninge upon a petitionat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard h m read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of

women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am

sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a carcless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accountrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Out Pair worth I would I could reals.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make

thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that untortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your

rhymes speak?

Oil. Neither hyme nor reason can ex-

press how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so? Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth. Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will.

Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth. 397 Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us!

What features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [Aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited. worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods

had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou ait honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst

Aud. Would you not have me honest? Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hardfavour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty

is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside] A material fool! Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the

gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter.

and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Maitext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jag. [Aside] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said: 'Many a man knows no end of his goods'. Right! Many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [Discovering himself] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-yecall't; how do you, sir? You are very well met. Goddild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay; pray be cover'd. Jag. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [Aside] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave

my wife.

thee.

Touch, Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Olivei. Not-

O sweet Oliver. O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee.

But-

Wind away. Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey. Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. (Exit.

SCENE IV. The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep. Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep? Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good coloui. Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of cliastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not' is'; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the contirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke, your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?

> Cel. O. that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

> > Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft engüired

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Well, and what of him? Cel. Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd

Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you. If you will mark it.

O, come, let us remove! Ros. The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.

Say that you love me not; but say not so In bitterness. The common executioner, Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard.

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck 5 But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalino, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner: I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye. 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the fiail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;

Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for Cry the man mercy, love him, take his shame.

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. in thee.

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee

Nor, I am sure, there is not force in eyes That can do hurt.

O dear Phebe. If ever-as that ever may be near-

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy.

Then shall you know the wounds invisible That love's keen arrows make. Phe. But till that time

Come not thou near me; and when that time comes.

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not; As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [Advancing] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother, That you insult, exult, and all at once,

Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty-

As, by my faith, I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed-Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life. I think she means to tangle my eyes too! No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it; 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her; And out of you she sees herself more proper Than any of her lineaments can show her. But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees.

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's

For I must tell you friendly in your ear: Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

offer:

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. Now show the wound mine eye hath made So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man WOO.

Ros. He's fall'n in love with your fcelness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you. Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me.

For I am falser than vows made in wine; Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her

hard. Come. sister. Shepherdess, look on him better.

And be not proud; though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he. Come, to our flock.

Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin. Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw

of might: 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe.

Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius? Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius. Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

If you do sorrow at my grief in love, By giving love, your sorrow and my grief Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you. Why, that were covetousness. Phe. Silvius, the time was that I hated thee; And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me.

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too. But do not look for further recompense 96 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love, And I in such a poverty of grace, That I shall think it a most plenteous crop To glean the broken ears after the man That the main harvest reaps; loose now and

A scatt'red smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that moke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well: but I have met him oft:

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot once was master of. Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask

for him; "Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well. But what care I for words? Yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pie++v youth-not very pretty: But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.

He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up. He is not very tall; yet for his years he's

His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well. There was a pretty redness in his lip, A little riper and more lusty red Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near To fall in love with him; but, for my part, I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet I have more cause to hate him than to love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me? He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black.

And, now I am rememb'red, scorn'd at me. I marvel why I answer'd not again; But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter, And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

I'll write it straight; The matter's in my head and in my heart; I will be bitter with him and passing short. Go with me. Silvius. Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. The forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy

laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jad. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post. Jag. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's. which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jag. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad-and to travel for it too.

Good day, and happiness, dear Oil. Rosalind!

Jag. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller; look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [Exit Jaques] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heartwhole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than slowly, he carries his house on his head—a 4 better jointure, I think, than you make a

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woman; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my

Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Oil. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking-God warn us !- matter, the cleanliest shift is to

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his

beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die. 8. Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Here had turn'd nun. if it had not been for a hot midsummernight; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I project, her frown

might kill me.

But come, now I will be your Ro alind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And will thou have me? Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou ? Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin 'Will you, Orlando '-

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife'.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife. Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought

tuns before her actions. Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd. Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever and a day. Ros. Say 'a day' without the 'ever'. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cockpigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more newfangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hven, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so? Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. it, till you met your wife's wil going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to

100 excuse that?

17

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind. I will

leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. Exit Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown

bottom, like the Bay of Portugal. Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast

as you pour affection in, it runs out. Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out-let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come. 195

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer? 276

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jag. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer ? 10 His leather skin and horns to wear,

> [The rest shall bear this burden: Then sing him home.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:

It was a crest ere thou wast born. Thy father's father wore it: And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn, Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando! Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look. who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this. I know not the contents; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it. It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all She says I am not fair, that I lack manners; She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as Phœnix. 'Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt; Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd. well.

This is a letter of your own device. Sil. No, I protest, I know not the con-

tents: Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool, And turn'd into the extremity of love. I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:

She has a huswife's hand—but that's no a word; for here comes more company. 73 matter. Exit Silvius.

I say she never did invent this letter: This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style;

A style for challengers. Why, she defies me, Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain Could not drop forth such giant-jude in-

vention, Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect

Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it vet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's crucity. Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the [Reads. tyrant writes.

'Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40 That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?'

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing? Ros. 'Why, thy godhead laid apart, War'st thou with a woman's heart?'

Did you ever hear such railing?

'Whiles the eye of man did woo me, That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

'If the scorn of your bright eyne 50 Have power to raise such love in mine.

Alack, in me what strange effect Would they work in mild aspect! Whiles you chid me, I did love; How then might your prayers

move!

He that brings this love to thee Little knows this love in me; And by him seal up thy mind Whether that thy youth and kind Will the faithful offer take Of me and all that I can make; Or else by him my love deny, And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding? Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endur'd! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for Into a bush; under which bush's shade her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones; pray you, if you know.

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees? Cel. West of this place, down in the

neighbour bottom. The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream

Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself: There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,

Then should I know you by description— Such garments, and such years: The boy is fair.

Of female favour, and bestows himself 85 Like a ripe sister; the woman low, And browner than her brother'. Are not

The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are. Oli. Orlando doth command him to you

both: And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he? Ros. I am. What must we understand by

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know

What man I am, and how, and why, and where. This handkercher was stain'd.

I pray you, tell it. Cel. Oli. When last the young Orlando parted

from you, He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest.

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside, And mark what object did present itself. Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity. A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with 105 hair,

65 Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck A green and gilded snake had wreath'd

itself. Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, And with indented glides did slip away

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch.

When that the sleeping man should stir: for 'tis The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead. This seen, Orlando did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural That liv'd amongst men.

And well he might so do, For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there.

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness? Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, And nature, stronger than his just occasion. Made him give battle to the lioness, Who quickly fell before him; in which

hurtling

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Was't you he rescu'd? Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am. Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by. When from the first to last, betwixt us two. Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that desert place- 140 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke, Who gave me fresh array and entertainment.

Committing me unto my brother's love; Who led me instantly unto his cave, There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away, Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted.

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound, And after some small space, being strong

at heart, He sent me hither, stranger as I am, To tell this story, that you might excuse His broken promise, and to give t is napkin.

Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[Rosalind swoons. Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganvmede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganvmede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

We'll lead you thither. 160 Cel. I pray you, will you take him by the arm ? Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counteifeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man. Ros. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have

been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards. Good sir, go with us. 175

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I kill him? pray you, commend my counterfeiting to Oii. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not him. Will you go? [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey. a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, sir. Touch. Good ev'n, gentle friend. thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William? Will. William, sir. Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' th'

forest here?

Art uch?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying: 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool'. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth: -meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he; now, you are not ipse, for I

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon which is in the vulgar leave-the societywhich in the boorish is company-of this female-which in the common is womanwhich together is: abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit. I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God 1est you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. attend. I attend. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and

will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small measure draw a belief from you, to do acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her yourself good, and not to grace me. Be-

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God. sudden consenting; but say with me, I Touch. 'Thank God.' A good answer. love Aliena; say with her that she loves ine; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. II

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow. Thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you.

here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [Exit. Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm. Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a ladv.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher.

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that. Ros. O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame'. For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd: no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy-and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them. 39

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having

what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking. Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for Orl. Is't possible that on so little now I speak to some purpose—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little lieve then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings? 64
Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender
dearly, though I say I am a magician.
Therefore put you in your best array, bid
your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you
will.
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Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness 70

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful

shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears:

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede. Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Kos. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and bad voice? service; 2 Page.

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede. Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience.

All purity, all trial, all obedience;

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [Fo Silvius] I will help you if I can.
[To Phebe] I would love you if I could.—
To-morrow meet me all together. [To Phebe] I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.
[To Orlando] I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Silvius] I will content you if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orlando] As you love Rosalind, meet. [To Orlando] As you love Phebe, meet;—and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I. Orl. Nor I.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married. Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman. Touch. By my troth, well met. Come sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you; sit i' th' middle. 1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,

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With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, That o'er the green corn-field did pass 16

In the spring time, the only pretty ringtime,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding. Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, These pretty country folks would lie, In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, How that a life was but a flower, 26 In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, For love is crowned with the prime, In the spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet Methought he was a brother to your the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept

time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices. [Exeunt. Come, Audrey.

SCENE IV. The forest.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised? Orl. I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not :

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her when quarrel was upon the seventh cause. I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms

Ros. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter:

yours, Orlando, to receive his cause? You daughter;

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd; Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her

If she retuse me; and from hence I go, To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia. Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy

30 Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

daughter.

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jag. There is, sure, another flood toward. and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you

all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatt'red a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jag. And how was that ta'en up? Touch. Faith, we met, and found the

Jag. How seventh cause? Good my lord. like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir: I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an illfavour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir. and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removedbear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the Quip Modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie. This is call'd the Countercheck Quaricisome. And so to Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard

was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the

degrees of the lie? Touch. O, su, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fitth, the Countercheck Quairelsome; the sixth. the Lie with Circumstance: the seventh. the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as: 'If you said so, then I said so'. And they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?

He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool. Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalkinghorse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA. Still music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter; Hymen from heaven brought her, Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his,

Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [To Duke] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu! 115
Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;

I'H have no husband, if you be not he; Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. 282 Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion;
'Tis I must make conclusion r20
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents, 124 You and you no closs shall part; You and you are heart in heart; You to his love must accord, 127 Or have a woman to your lord; You and you are sure together, As the winter to foul weather. Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing, Feed yourselves with questioning, That reason wonder may diminish, How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured.
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jag. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.

145
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here, and put him to the sword; And to the skirts of this wild wood he came, Where, meeting with an old religious man.

After some question with him, was converted 155

Both from his enterprise and from the world;

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again That were with him exil'd. This to be true I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man.
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights
with us,

167

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music; and you brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life, 175 And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jag de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I. Out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[To Duke] You to your former honour I bequeath; 180
Your patience and your virtue well deserves

it.
[To Orlando] You to a love that your true faith doth meiit;

[To Oliver] You to your land, and love, and great allies;

[To Silvius] You to a long and well-deserved bed;

[To Touchstone] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage 185 Is but for two months victuall'd.—So to

your pleasures; breaths, will, for my kind of am for other than for dancing measures. make curtsy, bid me farewell.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I. What you
would have

13,

1'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[A dance. Bremit.

EPILOGUE

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush. 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes: and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women-as I perceive by your simp'ring none of you hates them-that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord. Persons CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker, in the Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts-Induction. men. Servants.

BAPTISTA MINOLA, a gentleman of Padua. VINCENTIO, a merchant of Pisa. LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherina.

GREMIO. suitors to Bianca. HORTENSIO,

TRANIO. servants to Lucentia. BIONDELLO. GRUMIO. servants to Petruchio. CURTIS, A Pedant.

KATHERINA, the shrew, daughters to BIANCA, Babtista. A Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

THE SCENE: Padua, and Petruchio's house in the country.

INDUCTION

Scene I. Before an alehouse on a heath. I would esteem him worth a dozen such. 25 Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue! Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles: we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, paucas pallabris; let the world slide. Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you

have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go

fetch the thirdborough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd; And couple Clowder with the deepmouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it Carry him gently to my fairest chamber. good

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound. 1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he,

my lord: He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest

scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog. 284

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet.

But sup them well, and look unto them all: To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale. This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly. Lord. O monstrous beast, how like a

swine he lies! Grim death, how foul and loathsome is

thine image! Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed. Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers.

A most delicious banquet by his bed. And brave attendants near him when he wakes.

Would not the beggar then forget himself? 1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy. Then take him up, and manage well the

And hang it round with all my wanton

iest:

pictures; Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters. And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;

Procure me music ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound; And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, And with a low submissive reverence

Say 'What is it your honour will com- For yet his honour never heard a play, mand?

Let one attend him with a silver basin Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers:

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, And say 'Will't please your lordship cool Were he the veriest antic in the world. your hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit, And ask him what apparel he will wear: Another tell him of his hounds and horse, And that his lady mourns at his disease: 60 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic, And, when he says he is, say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord. This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs; It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part

As he shall think by our true diligence He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him:

And each one to his office when he wakes. [Sly is carried out. A trumpet sounds. Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that [Exit Servant. sounds-Belike some noble gentleman that means. Travelling some journey, to repose him

Re-enter a Servingman.

How now! who is it? Serv. An't please your honour, players That offer service to your lordship. Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome. Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son; 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd. Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time, 88 The rather for I have some sport in hand Wherein your cunning can assist me much. There is a lord will hear you play to-night; But I am doubtful of your modesties, Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

You break into some merry passion And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs, If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Player. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery.

And give them friendly welcome every one; Let them want nothing that my house affords. [Exit one with the Players. Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady ; That done, conduct him to the drunkard's

chamber. And call him 'madam', do him obeisance. Tell him from me-as he will win my love-He bear himself with honourable action. Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies Unto their lords, by them accomplished; Such duty to the drunkard let him do, iii With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy, And say 'What is't your honour will com-

Wherein your lady and your humble wife May show her duty and make known her love?'

And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses.

And with declining head into his bosom. Bid him shed tears, as being overloyed To see her noble lord restor'd to health, Who for this seven years hath esteemed

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

And if the boy have not a woman's gift To rain a shower of commanded tears, An onion will do well for such a shift, Which, in a napkin being close convey'd, Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;

Player. So please your lordship to accept Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[Exit a Servingman. I know the boy will well usurp the grace, Voice, gait, and action, of a gentlewoman; I long to hear him call the drunkard 'husband';

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter

When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence May well abate the over-merry spleen, 135 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.

A bedchamber in the Lord's SCENE II. house

Enter aloft SLY, with Attendants; some with apparel, basin and ewer, and other appurtenances; and Lord.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Slv. For God's sake, a pot of small ale. 1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink

a cup of sack? 2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of

these conserves?

3 Serv. What taiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship'. I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet-nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

vour honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit! 15

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton Heath: by birth a pedlar, by educa tion a cardmaker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught. [Taking a pot of ale] Here's-

3 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

2 Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth! Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly

Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck. Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo

plays, [Music. And twenty caged nightingales do sing. Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a

couch Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis. Say thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the

ground. Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapp'd.

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift As breathed stags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid.

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath

Even as the waving sedges play wi'th' wind. Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in And how she was beguled and surpris'd, As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne toaming through a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds :

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep, So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a loid.

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath

shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face, She was the fairest creature in the world; And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord and have I such a lady? Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak; I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.

Upon my life, I am a lord indeed. And not a tinker, nor Chastopher Sly. Well, bring our lady hither to our sight; And once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your Mightiness to

wash your hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd! 75 O, that once more you knew but what you

These fifteen years you have been in a dream:

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time? 1 Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words;

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door:

And rail upon the hostess of the house, 84

Scene 21

And say you would present her at the leet. Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house. 3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house not ne such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece.

And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell, And twenty more such names and men as these.

Which never were, nor no man ever saw. Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends l All. Amen.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Page. How fares my noble lord? Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enouzh.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me 'lord'; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband:

I am your wife in all obedience. Sly. I know it well. What must I call

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam? Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more. Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me.

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and [Exeunt Servants. her alone. Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two; Or, if not so, until the sun he set.

For your physicians have expressly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed. I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall I will therefore into my dreams again. tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood. Only, good master, while we do admire

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. You honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy; For so your doctors hold it very meet, Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood.

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy, 110 Therefore they thought it good you hear a

play And frame your mind to mirth and merri ment.

Which bars a thousand harms and length ens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff? Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. They sit down

A flourish of trumpets announces the play.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucenijo and his man Tranio.

Luc. Transo, since for the great desire I had

To see fair Padua, nursery of arts, I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy. The pleasant garden of great Italy,

And by my father's love and leave am arın'd

With his good will and thy good company, My trusty servant well approv'd in all, Here let us breathe, and haply institute A course of learning and ingenious studies. Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, Gave me my being and my father first, A merchant of great traffic through the world.

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii; Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence, 14 It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd, To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds. And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study, Virtue and that part of philosophy Will I apply that treats of happiness

By virtue specially to be achiev'd. Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left And am to Padua come as he that leaves A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep, And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonato, gentle master mine; I am in all affected as yourself; Glad that you thus continue your resolve To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

This virtue and this moral discipline. Let's be no Stoics nor no stocks, I pray, Or so devote to Aristotle's checks As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd. Balk logic with acquaintance that you have, And practise rhetoric in your common talk; Music and poesy use to quicken you; The mathematics and the metaphysics,

serves you.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en; In brief, sir, study what you most affect, 40 Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If. Biondello, thou wert come ashore. We could at once put us in readiness. And take a lodging fit to entertain Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

Enter BAPTISTA with his two daughters, KATHERINA and BIANCA; GREMIO, a pantaloon, HORTENSIO, suitor to Bianca. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

But stay awhile: what company is this? Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to

Bab. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolv'd you know; That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter

Before I have a husband for the elder. If either of you both love Katherina, Because I know you well and love you well, Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife? Kath. [To Baptista] I pray you, sir, is it vour will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates for you.

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;

Iwis it is not halfway to her heart; But if it were, doubt not her care should be To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me, too, good Lord!

Tra. Husht, master! Here's some good pastime toward;

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70 Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety. Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze vour fill.

Bab. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said—Bianca, get you in: 25 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca, For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl. Kath. A pretty peat! it is best

Fall to them as you find your stomach Put finger in the eye, an she knew why. Bian. Sister, content you in my discon-

tent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe: My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Transo, thou mayst hear Minerva speak! Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so

strange? Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief. Gre. Why will you mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; resolv'd. Go in, Bianca. Exit Bianca.

And for I know she taketh most delight In music, instruments, and poetry, Schoolmasters will I keep within my house

Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,

Or, Signior Gremio, you, know any such, Prefer them hither; for to cunning men I will be very kind, and liberal To mine own children in good bringing-up: And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay; For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit. Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What! shall I be appointed hours, as

though, belike, I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good here's none will hold you. There! Love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell; yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein

she delights, I will wish him to her father. Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio; but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both-that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love-to labour and effect one thing specially. 116

Gre. What's that, I pray?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her That made great Jove to humble him to

Gre. A husband? a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Think'st thou, Gre. I say a devil. Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be mairied to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! Though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as hef take her dowry with this condition-to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in 10tten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Because she will not be annoy'd with Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the 11ng. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio. Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I hever thought it possible or likely. But see! while idly I stood looking on, 145 I found the effect of love in idleness; And now in plainness do confess to thee, That art to me as secret and as dear As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was-Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 150 If I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now:

Affection is not rated from the heart; 155 It love have touch'd you, nought remains but so:

'Redime te captum quam queas minimo'. Luc. Grameicies, lad. Go forward; this contents:

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and of all.

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

her hand.

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tianio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air:

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir. If you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd 175 That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at

home: And therefore has he closely mew'd her up.

suitors. Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's

he! But art thou not advis'd he took some care

To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Transo.

Tra. Master, for my hand. Both our inventions meet and jump in one. Luc. Tell me thine first.

You will be schoolmaster. And undertake the teaching of the maid-That's your device.

It is. May it be done? Luc. Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part

And be în Padua here Vincentio's son; 190 Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends.

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them? Luc. Basta, content thee, for I have it

We have not yet been seen in any house, Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces For man or master. Then it follows thus: Thou shalt be master, Transo, in my stead, Keep house and port and servants, as I should:

I will some other be-some Florentine.

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once

cloak.

Luc. O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; But I will charm him first to keep his

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, And I am tied to be obedient—

For so your father charg'd me at our

parting:

Be serviceable to my son' quoth he, 209
Although I think 'twas in another sense—

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranto, be so because Lucentio

And let me be a slave t' achieve that maid Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bio. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?

Or you stol'n his? or both? Pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time

to jest, 220
And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore 225
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my
life.

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? Ne'er a whit. Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your

mouth:
'Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake but your master's, I advise 235 You use your manners discreetly in all kind

of companies.
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.

One thing more rests, that thyself execute— To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [Exeunt.

The Presenters above speak.

1 Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

eed. 205 Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne do I. A good [They exchange habits. our pleasure is, 1987] matter, surely; comes there any more of our pleasure is, 1987.

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun. 245
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would 'twere done!
[They sit and mark.

Scene II. Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and his man
GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua; but of all My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio; and I trow this is his house. Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! Whom should I knock? Is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock I'll ring it;

I'll try how you can sol-fa, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears. Gru. Help, masters, help! My master is mad. Pet. Now knock when I bid you, sirrah

Pet. Now knock when I bid you, sirral villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona? 22

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

'Con tutto il cuore ben trovato' may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto,

Molto honorato signor mio Pet-

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service—look you, sir: he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out? 32 Whom would to God I had well knock'd at

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio. I hade the rascal knock upon your gate, 36 And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these words plain: 'Sirrah knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly '? And come you now with 'knocking at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's And shrewd and froward so beyond all pledge:

Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy

gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world

To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But in a

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,

And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive and thrive as best I may; Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home.

And so am come abroad to see the world. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?

Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel.

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich. And very rich; but th'art too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, 65 As wealth is burden of my wooing dance, Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd As Socrates' Xanthippe or a worse-She moves me not, or not removes, at

least. Affection's edge in me, were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas. I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;

If wealthily, then happily in Padua. Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far 10,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young and beauteous:

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is—that she is intolerable curst,

measure That, were my state far worser than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold. 90

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough; For I will board her though she chide as loud

As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman; Her name is Katherina Minola. Renown'd in Padua for her scolding

tongue. Pet. I know her father, though I know not her:

And he knew my deceased father well, 100 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; And therefore let me be thus bold with you To give you over at this first encounter, Unless you will accompany me tluther. 104

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the O' my word, an she knew humour lasts him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon hun. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so. Why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir: an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir. 113

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee.

For in Baptista's keep my treasure is. 115 He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca; And her withholds from me, and other nicre,

Suitors to her and rivals in my love; Supposing it a thing impossible— For those defects I have before rehears'd-That ever Katherina will be woo'd. Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

That none shall have access unto Bianca Till Katherine the curst have got a husband Gru. Katherine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst. Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,

80 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes

To old Baptista as a schoolmaster Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca; That so I may by this device at least Have leave and leisure to make love to her, And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO with LUCENTIO disguised as Cambio.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! It is the rival of my

love. Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [They stand aside.

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound—

All books of love, see that at any hand; And see you read no other lectures to her. You understand me—over and beside 145 Signior Bartista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd; For she is sweeter than perfume itself To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd, As firmly as yourself were still in place; Yea, and perhaps with more successful

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir. Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is! Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is! Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! [Coming forward]
God save you, Signior Gremio!
Gre. And you are well met, Signior

Hortersio. 160
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista

Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning and

behaviour

163

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books—good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; 170 So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall grove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent
our love.

175

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curst Katherine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. 185 Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son. My father dead, my fortune lives for me; And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life with such a wife
were strange! 190
But if you have a stomach, to't a God's

name;
You shall have me assisting you in all

You shall have me assisting you in all. But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with

winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the
field.

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? Have I not in a pitched battle heard Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trum-

pets' clang?

And do you tel! me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 206

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er. Gre. And so we will—provided that he

win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled as Lucentio, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold, 215

Tell me, I beseech vou, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters;
is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

220

Gre. Hark you, sir, you mean not her to- Achieve the elder, set the younger free have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's

away. Luc. [Aside] Well begun, Transo.

Sir, a word ere you go. Hor.

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

But so is not she. Gre. Tra. For what reason, I beseech you? For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of Signior Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen,

Do me this right—hear me with patience. Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown, And, were his daughter fairer than she is, She may more suitors have, and me for one. Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers:

Then well one more may fair Bianca have: And so she shall: Lucentio shall make one, Though Paris came in hope to speed alone. Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk

us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter? Tra. No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two:

The one as famous for a scolding tongue As is the other for beauteous modesty

go by.

Yea, leave that labour to great Gre. Hercules,

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve. Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken

Her father keeps from all access of suitors, And will not promise her to any man Until the elder sister first be wed

The younger then is free, and not before. Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest; And if you break the ice, and do this feat,

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir; what For our access—whose hap shall be to have

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman. To whom we all rest generally beholding. Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign

whereof. Please ye we may contrive this afternoon. And quaff carouses to our mistress' health:

And do as adversaries do in law-Strive mightily, but eat and drink as

friends. Gru., Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows. let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it

[Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me-That I disdain; but for these other gawds. Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself.

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat: Or what you will command me will I do. So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell

Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive

I never yet beheld that special face Which I could fancy more than any other. Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not

Hortensio? Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I

swear Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her I'll plead for you myself but you shall have

him. Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches

more: You will have Gremio to keep you fair. Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while. I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands. 21 Kath. [Strikes her] If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Enter BAPTISTA

Bap. Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside—poor girl! she weeps.

[He unbinds her.

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit, Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er

wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[Flies after Bianca.]

reveng'd. [Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in. [Exit Bianca.

Kath. What, will you not suffer me?
Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her weddingday,

And for your love to her lead apes in hell. Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep, 35 Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit Katherina.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, as Lucentio, with his boy, Biondello, bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd
Katherina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give
me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the
witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard. And, for an entrance to my entertainment, I do present you with a man of mine, 55 [Presenting Hortensio.

Cunning in music and the mathematics, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong—His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bab. Y'are welcome, sir, and he for

Bap. Y'are welcome, sir, and he for your good sake;

But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,

She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with
her;

Or else you like not of my company. 65
Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son, A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, Let us that are poor petitioners speak too. Bacare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio! I

would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will cuise your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the ike kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting Lucential that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. [To Tranio] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine

That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

90 Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that
woo.

And free access and favour as the rest.

And toward the education of your
daughters

I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? Of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome.

Take you the lute, and you the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my daughters; and tell them both

These are their tutors. Bid them use them [Exit Servant leading Hortensio carrying the lute and Lucentio with the books.

We will go walk a little in the orchard, 110 And then to dinner. You are passing welcome.

And so I pray you all to think yourselves. Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste.

And every day I cannot come to woo. 114 You knew my father well, and in him me, Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd.

Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, What dowry shall I have with her to wife? Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands

in possession, twenty thousand And. crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, In all my lands and leases whatsoever. Let specialties be therefore drawn between

That covenants may be kept on either hand. Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd.

That is, her love; for that is all in all. Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together. They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

Though httle fire grows great with little wind.

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all. So I to her, and so she yields to me; For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be

thy speed! But be thou arm'd for some unhappy

words. Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are

for winds, That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! Why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier: Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. x45 to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate, lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets.

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, When, with a most impatient devilish spirit.

'Frets, call you these?' quoth she 'I'll fume with them'.

And with that word she struck me on the head.

And through the instrument my pate made way;

And there I stood amazed for a while, 154 As on a pillory, looking through the lute. While she did call me rascal fiddler And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile

As had she studied to misuse me so.

terms.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did. O, how I long to have some chat with her! Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so

discomfited: Proceed in practice with my younger daughter:

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us, Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? Pet. I pray you do.

[Exeunt all but Petruchio. I'll attend her here.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she rail; why, then I'll tell her

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale. Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew. Say she be mute, and will not speak a word: Then I'll commend her volubility, And say she uttereth piercing eloquence. If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks, As though she bid me stay by her a week; If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day When I shall ask the banns, and when be

married. But here she comes: and now, Petruchio. speak.

Enter KATHERINA.

Good morrow, Kate-for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me Katherine that do talk of me. Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate-the curst;

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation-Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town. Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded.

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. Kath. Mov'd! in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me. Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are vou.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!

For, knowing thee to be but young and light-

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch:

And yet as heavy as my weight should be. Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Av. for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out. Kath. Av. if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tales; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman. Kath. That I'll try.

IShe strikes him. Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike

Kath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman; And if no gentleman, why then no arms. Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy

books! Kath. What is your crest—a coxcomb? Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my

Kath. No cock of mine: you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour. Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me. Kath. Had I a glass I would. Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one. Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares. Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nav. hear you. Kate-in sooth, you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go. Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen.

And now I find report a very liar:

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous.

But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers. Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look

askance. Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk: But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers :

With gentle conference, soft and affable. Why does the world report that Kate doth

limp? O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazeltwig

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt. Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate: And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian

sportful!

Where did you study all this Kath. goodly speech? Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes, keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside, Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on; And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; I will be sure my Katherine shall be fire. For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty. Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well.

Thou must be married to no man but me: For I am he am born to tame you, Kate. And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate Conformable as other household Kates, 270

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio. Never make Here comes your father. denial

I must and will have Katherine to my wife. Bab. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss. Bab. Why, how now, daughter Katherine.

in your dumps? 276 Kath. Call you me daughter? Now I

promise you You have show'd a tender fatherly regard To wish me wed to one half lunatic,

A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 280 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world

That talk'd of her have talk'd amiss of her. If she be curst, it is for policy, For she's not froward, but modest as the

dove : She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; For patience she will prove a second Grissel.

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity. And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well together

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 290 Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first. Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? Nay, then good-night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, That she shall still be curst in company. I tell you 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me-O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath, That in a twink she won me to her love. O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the To house or housekeeping. guests;

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match. Gre., Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen. adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace; We will have rings and things, and fine

ariav: And kiss me, Kate; we will be married a Sunday.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katherina severally. Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart. Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas. Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match. Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:

Now is the day we long have looked for ; I am your neighbour, and was suitor first. Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more Than words can witness or your thoughts

can guess. Gie. Youngling, thou canst not love so

dear as I. Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth try. Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife.

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both

That can assure my daughter greatest dower

Shall have my Bianca's love. Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure

her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold, Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands; My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry; In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns; In cypress chests my arras counterpoints, Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work; Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs

Then at my

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail. Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls, 350 And all things answerable to this portion. Myself am struck in years, I must confess; And if I die to-morrow this is hers, If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:

I am my father's heir and only son; If I may have your daughter to my wife, I'll leave her houses three or four as good Within rich Pisa's walls as any one Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio? Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of

[Aside] My land amounts not to so much in all.-

That she shall have, besides an argosy That now is lying in Marseilles road.

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy? Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath.

no less Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses.

And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her.

And twice as much whate'er thou off'rest

Gre. Nay, I have off'red all; I have no more:

And she can have no more than all I have; If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best; And let your father make her the assurance, She is your own. Else, you must pardon me; If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know

My daughter Katherine is to be married: Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca Be bride to you, if you make this assurance; If not, to Signior Gremio.

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.

[Exit Baptista. Now, I fear thee not.

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a

To give thee all, and in his waning age Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide! Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good: I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio:

And that's a wonder—fathers commonly Do get their children; but in this case of wooing

360 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. IExit.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio as Cambio, Hortensio as Licio, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal? Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony. Then give me leave to have prerogative: And when in music we have spent an hour. Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so

To know the cause why music was ordain'd! Was it not to refresh the mind of man After his studies or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy. And while I pause serve in your harmony. Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves

of thine. Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double

wrong To strive for that which resteth in my choice.

I am no breeching scholar in the schools, I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times, But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20 And to cut off all strife: here sit we down: Take you your instrument, play you the whiles '

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd. Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am

in tune? Luc. That will be never-tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc.-Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus, Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis. Bian. Construe them.

Luc. 'Hic ibat' as I told you before-'Simois' I am Lucentio—'hic est' son unto Vincentio of Pisa—'Sigeia tellus' disguised thus to get your love—'Hic steterat' and that Lucentio that comes

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Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. Bian. Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars. Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe t: 'Hic ibat Simois' I know you not— hic est Sigeia tellus' I trust you not— ' Hic steterat Priami ' take heed he hear us not-' regia ' presume not-' celsa senis ' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

All but the bass. Luc. The bass is right; 'tis the base Hor. knave that jars.

[Aside] How fiery and forward our pedant

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my Hortensio will be quit with thee by chang-

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. Bian. In time I may believe, yet I

mistrust. Luc. Mistrust it not-for, sure, Æacides Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you. Good master, take it not unkindly, pray, 55 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [To Lucentio] You may go walk and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts. Luc. Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait.

[Aside] And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous. Hor. Madam, before you touch the in-

strument To learn the order of my fingering, I must begin with rudiments of art, To teach you gamut in a briefer sort, More pleasant, pithy, and effectual, Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. [Reads]

" "Gamut" I am, the ground of all accord—

"A re" to plead Hortensio's passion-"B mi" Bianca, take him for thy lord-

"C fa ut" that loves with all affection-"D sol re" one clef, two notes have I-

"E la mi" show pity or I die.'
Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not! Old fashions please me best; I am not so

To change true rules for odd inventions.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister's chamber up. You know to-morrow is the wedding-day. Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[Exeunt Bianca and Servant. Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Exit. Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:

Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale— Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,

ing.

Scene II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

BAPTISTA, GREMIO, Enter TRANIO Lucentio, KATHERINA, BIANCA, LU-CENTIO as Cambio, and Attendants.

Bap. [To Tranio] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married.

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law. What will be said? What mockery will it be

To want the bridegroom when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage! What says Lucentio to this shame of ours? Kath. No shame but mine: I must forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart.

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen, Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;

And, to be noted for a merry man, He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of

marriage, Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long Make friends invited, and proclaim the

banns; Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. 70 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katherine.

And say 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife. If it would please him come and marry her!

Tra. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well, Whatever fortune stays him from his word. Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise:

80

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest. Kath. Would Katherine had never seen comes. him though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca and others. Bap. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,

For such an injury would vex a very saint:

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! News, and such old news as you never heard of! Bab. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bab. Is he come? Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and

sees you there. Tra. But, say, what to thine old news? Bian. Why, Petruchio is coming-in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd, with an old mothy saddle First were we sad, fearing you would not and stirrups of no kindred; besides. possess'd with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheek'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse—with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gart'red with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion: .

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not. Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came? Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one. Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man

Is more than one, And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

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Pet. And yet I come not well. Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks vou frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.

come:

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate. An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself? 100 Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to

hear: Sufficeth I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress, Which at more leisure I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. But where is Kate? I stay too long from

her; The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine. Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her. Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry

III Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes. Could I repair what she will wear in me As I can change these poor accoutrements, 'Twere well for Kate and better for myself. But what a fool am I to chat with you. When I should bid good morrow to my bride

And seal the title with a lovely kiss! [Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attıre.

We will persuade him, be it possible, To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him and see the event of this.

[Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Biondello. and Attendants. Tra. But to her love concerneth us to

add Her father's liking; which to bring to pass. As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man-whate'er he be It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn-

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa, And make assurance here in Padua Of greater sums than I have promised. So shall you quietly enjoy your hope

And marry sweet Bianca with consent. Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 135 Twere good, methinks, to steal our And I, seeing this, came thence for very marriage;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say

I'll keep mine own despite of all the world. Tra. That by degrees we mean to look

And watch our vantage in this business; We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio, The narrow-prying father, Minola, The quaint musician, amorous Licio-All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO.

Gremio, Signior came you from the church? 145

school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,

find.

Tra. Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

him!

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest Should ask if Katherine should be his wife, Ay, by gogs-wouns' quoth he, and swore so loud 156

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And as he stoop'd again to take it up. This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

'Now take them up,' quoth he 'if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook, for why he stamp'd and swore

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done 165 He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he. as if

He had been abroad, carousing to his mates After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel, And threw the sops all in the sexton's face, Having no other reason But that his beard grew thin and hungerly

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking,

This done, he took the bride about the neck. And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack

That at the parting all the church did echo. shame :

And after me, I know, the rout is coming. Such a mad marriage never was before Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. Music blavs

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and

Train. Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you

for your pains. I know you think to dine with me to-day. And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is-my haste doth call me hence, Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away tonight?

Pet. I must away to-day before night come.

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall Make it no wonder; if you knew my business.

> You would entreat me rather go than stay. And, honest company, I thank you all That have beheld me give away myself 190

> To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife. Dine with my father, drink a health to me,

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool, to For I must hence; and farewell to you all. Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

> Pet. It may not be. Gre. Let me entreat you. Pet. It cannot be.

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Kath. Let me entreat vou. Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can. Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse. Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day: No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself. The door is open, sir; there lies your way; You may be jogging whiles your boots are

green; For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself. 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom That take it on you at the first so roundly. Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee be

not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure. Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy

command. Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer. Carouse full measure to her maidenhead: Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves. But for my bonny Kate, she must with

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor

I will be master of what is mine own- 225 She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house.

My household stuff, my field, my barn, My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing, And here she stands; touch her whoever

dare; I'll bring mine action on the proudest he That stops my way in Padua. Grumio, Draw forth thy weapon; we are beset with thieves:

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million. [Exeunt Petruchio, Katherina, and Grumio. Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the

vour sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated. Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table, You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the brideroom's place; And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bab. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Petruchio's country house. Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so ray'd? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. But I with blowing the fire shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming. Grumio ?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore

fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand -she being now at hand—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

like. Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of how goes the world? Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office

but thine; and therefore fire. Do thy duty, horse-tail till they kiss their hands. and have thy duty, for my master and they all ready? mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore.

much news as wilt thou.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conv-

catching! Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray

thee, news.

Gru. First know my horse is tired: my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

Striking him. Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech list'ning. begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper-with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reck'ning he is more shrew

than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Are

Cuit. They are. Gru. Call them forth.

good Grumio, the news? 35 Cust. Do you hear, ho? You must meet Gru. Why, 'Jack boy! ho, boy!' and as my master, to countenance my mistress. 86 Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her. Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servingmen.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio! Phil. How now, Grumio! Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you!—how now, you!what, you !-fellow, you !-and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions. is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is

our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not-Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathamel, Gregory, Philip? All Serv Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here,

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before. Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park And bring along these rascal knaves with

thee? Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'

th' heel: There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;

There were none tine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go and fetch my supper in. Execut some of the Servingmen.

[Sings] Where is the life that late I led? Where are those—

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Sit down, Kate, and welcome. Soud, soud soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

[Sings] It was the friar of orders grey, As he forth walked on his wav-

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry; Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. [Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here, what, ho! 133

Enter One with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get vou hence.

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: [Exit Servingman. One, Kate, that you must kiss and be

acquainted with. Where are my slippers? Shall I have some

water? Come. Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling. LIO Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-

ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have

a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else

shall I? What's this? Mutton?

1 Serv.

Ay.
Who brought it? Pet. Peter.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you villains bring it from the dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;

[Throws the meat, &c., at them. You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves! What, do you grumble? I'll be with you

[Exeunt Servants. straight. Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented. Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it; 155 For it engenders choler, plantath anger; And better 'twere that both of us did fast, Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. Be patient; to-morrow't shall be mended. And for this night we'll fast for company. Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like? Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he? 165 Curt. In her chamber. Making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak.

And sits as one new risen from a dream. 170 Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign.

And 'tis my hope to end successfully. My falcon now is sharp and passing empty. And till she stoop she must not be fullgorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure. Another way I have to man my haggard, To make her come, and know her keeper's call,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate and beat, and will not be obedient. τ80

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat: Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault I'll find about the making of the bed . And here I'll fling the pillow, there the

bolster, This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend That all is done in reverend care of her-And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night: And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl And with the clamour keep her still awake. This is a way to kill a wife with kindness, And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew, Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [Exit.

Scene II. Padua. Before Baptista's house. Enter TRANIO as Lucentio, and HORTENSIO as Licio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand. Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have

said,

Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching [They stand aside.

Enter BIANCA and LUCEPTIO as Cambio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you to what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

Love'.

Bian. And may you prove, sii, master of your art!

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

They retire. Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your Mistiess Bianca

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio. Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful. Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio, Nor a musician as I seem to be; But one that scorn to live in this disguise For such a one as leaves a gentleman And makes a god of such a cullion. Know, sir, that I am call'd Hostensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often

Of your entire affection to Bianca; And since mine eyes are witness of her In gart and countenance surely like a

lightness. I will with you, if you be so contented, Forswear Bianca and her love for ever

Hor. Sec, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow Never to woo her more, but do forswear her, As one unworthy all the former favours 30 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath.

Never to marry with her though she would entreat;

Fie on her! See how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the would but he had quite forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath, I will be married to a wealthy widow Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. Kindness in women, not their beauteous Shall win my love; and so I take my leave, in resolution as I swore before, (E.J. Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As longeth to a lover's blessed case! Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle lore, And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tru. Mistress, we have.

Then we are rid of Licio. Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

Luc. I read that I profess, 'The Art to That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day. Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

tongue.

He says so, Tranio. Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the tamingschool.

Bian. The taming-school! What, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long, To tame a shiew and charm her chattering

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied 20 An ancient angel coming down the hill Will serve the turn.

What is he, Biondello? Bion. Mastei, a inercatante or a pedant, I know not what; but formal in apparel, father.

Luc. And what of him, Transo? Tra. It he be credulous and trust my tale, I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio, And give assurance to Baptista Minola As if he were the right Vincentio. Take in your love, and then let me alone. Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

And you, sir; you are welcome. Tra. Travel you tar on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir. at the farthest for a week or two;

But then up farther, and as far as Rome; And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray? Of Mantua. Tra. Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid,

And come to Padua, careless of your life! Ped. My life, sir! How, I pray? For that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?

Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Upon entreaty have a present aims: Duke.

him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly. 'Tis marvel-but that you are but newly

come, You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so ! For I have bills for money by exchange From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy, of this will I do, and this I will advise you-First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been, Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him,

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to

In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity, This favour will I do you for his sake; And think it not the worst of all your

fortunes That you are like to Sir Vincentio. His name and credit shall you undertake, And in my house you shall be friendly

lodg'd: Look that you take upon you as you should. You understand me, sir. So shall you stay Till you have done your business in the

If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand: 115 My father is here look'd for every day To pass assurance of a dow'r in marriage 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you. Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. Exeunt.

Scene III. Petruchio's house.

Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come unto my father's door 306

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity: For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and But I, who never knew how to entreat. Nor never needed that I should entreat. Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:

And that which spites me more than all these wants-

He does it under name of perfect love: As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast: I care not what, so it be wholesome food. Gru. What say you to a neat's foot? Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me

have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat. How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon. Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest. Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall

have the mustard

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave. Beats him. Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you That triumph thus upon my misery! Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, and HORTENSIO with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Faith, as cold as can be. Kath. Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am, To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee. I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof. Here, take away this dish.

I pray you, let it stand. Kath.

Scene 31

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks:

And so shall mine, before you touch the O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company Pet. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.-

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart! Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love, Will we return unto thy father's house And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,

With scarfs and fans and double change of brav'ry,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all the knav'ry. What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stavs

thy lessure, To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir? Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Why, this was moulded on a Pet. porringer:

A velvet dish. Fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy; Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell, A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it. Come, let me have a bigger. Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste. Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe. Your betters have endur'd me say my mind, And if you cannot, best you stop your ears. My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, Or else my heart, concealing it, will break; And rather than it shall, I will be free Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie : I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not. Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the

And it I will have, or I will have none. 85

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Pet. Thy gown? Why, av. Come, tailor, let us see't.

here?

What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demicannon.

What, up and down, carv'd like an applefart?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash.

Like to a censer in a barber's shop. Why, what a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [Aside] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well.

According to the fashion and the time. Pet. Marry, and did: but if you rememb'red,

I did not bid you mar it to the time. Go, hop me over every kennel home, For you shall hop without my custom, sir. 50 I'll none of it; hence! make your best

of it. Kaili. I never saw a better fashion'd gown.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments; More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me. Pet. Why, true; he means to make a

puppet of thee. Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest. thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-vard. quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou-

thread! Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou

remnant; Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou

lıv'st I I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made

Just as my master had direction. Grumio gave order how it should be done. Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him

the stuff. Tai. But how did you desire it should be

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread. Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things. Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me. Thou hast brav'd [Exit Haberdasher. many men; brave not me. I will neither

be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I

Tai. [Reads] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown '-

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown bread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [Reads] 'With a small compass'd cape'-

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [Reads] 'With a trunk sleeve'-130

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [Reads] ' The sleeves curiously cut.' Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, sir; error i' th' bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight; take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! Then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not 151

Gru. You are i' th' right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use. Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in

that? Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you

think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.-

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;

Take no unkindness of his hasty words. Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor. Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments; Our purses shall be proud, our garments

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich; 308

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds.

So honour peereth in the meanest habit, 170 What, is the jay more precious than the

Because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the adder better than the eel

Because his painted skin contents the eye? O no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array. If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me: And therefore frolic; we will hence forth-

To feast and sport us at thy father's house. Go call my men, and let us straight to him : And bring our horses unto Long-lane end : There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. т8.

Let's see: I think 'tis now some seven o'clock.

And well we may come there by dinnertime.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse. Look what I speak, or do, or think to do, You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone; I will not go to-day; and ere I do, It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

Scene IV. Padua. Before Baptista's house. Enter Transo as Lucentio, and the Pedant dress'd like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? And, but I be deceived.

Signior Baptista may remember me Near twenty years ago in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, Now do your duty throughly, I advise you. Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista. ance, sir.

Enier Baptista, and Lucentio as Cambio. Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[To the Fedant] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;

I pray you stand good father to me now; Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And-for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him-to stay him not too long. I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd; and, if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement Me shall you find ready and willing With one consent to have her so bestow'd: For curious I cannot be with you, Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to

Your plainness and your shortness please

me well. Right true it is your son Lucentio here 40 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth you to the supper.

Or both dissemble deeply their affections: And therefore, if you say no more than church is at your command at all hours, 86

That like a father you will deal with him. And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is made, and all is done-Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best

We be affied, and such assurance ta'en

As shall with either part's agreement stand? Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;

Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still, And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you. There doth my father lie; and there this

night We'll pass the business privately and well. Send for your daughter by your servant

here; My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently. The worst is this, that at so slender warning

You are like to have a thin and slender It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. pittance.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Ban. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,

Set your counten- And bid Bianca make her ready straight: And, if you will, tell what hata happened-Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua, And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

> [Exit Lucentio. Bion. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. Exit Biondello. Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! One mess is like to be your cheer:

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa. Bap. I follow you. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Lucentio as Cambio, and BIONDELLO.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you? Luc. Brondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take your assurance of her, cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum; to th' church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello? Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you [Exit. come with your appendix.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented. She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should

I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;

Exit.

SCENE V. A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, a God's name: once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself.

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list, Or ere I journey to your father's house. Go on and fetch our horses back again. Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go. Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far.

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please; And if you please to call it a rush-candle, Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon. Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed

sun. Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not: And the moon changes even as your mind. What you will have it nam'd, even that it is, And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is

Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run, 25

And not unluckily against the bias. But, soft! Company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[To Vincentio] Good-morrow, gentle mistress; where away?-

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make SCENE I. Padua. Before Lucentio's house. a woman of him.

fresh and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode? Happy the parents of so fair a child; Happier the man whom favourable stars Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow.

Pet. Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered.

And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is. Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking

That have been so bedazzled with the sun That everything I look on seemeth green: Now I perceive thou art a reverend father. Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandstre, and withal make known

Which way thou travellest—if along with us.

We shall be joyful of thy company. Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress. That with your strange encounter much

amaz'd me, My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,

And bound I am to Padua, there to visit 55 A son of mine, which long I have not seen. Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir. Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy

And now by law, as well as reverend age, I may entitle thee my loving father: The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not. Nor be not grieved—she is of good esteem. Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth: Beside, so qualified as may be eem The spouse of any noble gentleman. Let me embrace with old Vincentio: And wander we to see thy honest son, Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true; or is it else your pleasure, Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake? Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is. Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:

For our first merriment hath made thee iealous.

[Exeunt all but Hortensio. Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in

Have to my widow: and if she be froward. Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [Exit.

ACT FIVE

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO is out before.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Bion. Softly and saiftly sit, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondelio; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church a your back, and then come back to my master's as soon as I can

[Exeunt Lucentio, Branca and Bronaello. Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this

Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Vincentio. GRUMIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door; this is Lucentio's house:

My father's bears more toward the marketplace;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;

I think I shall command your welcome here.

And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [Knocks.

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would

beat down the gate? Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal? Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your-

self; he shall need none so long as I live. Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signioi Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with hım.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father? Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may

believe her.

Vincential Why, how now, Pet. [To gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? Mine old master, Now we are undone and forthcoming. Vincentio ! brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing Biondello] Come hither.

crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir, Vui. Come hither, you rogue.

What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! Ne, sir. I could mut forget you, for I never saw you before its all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father. Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vm. Is't so, indeed? [He beats Biondello. Bion. Help, help! Here's a madman will muider me.

Ped Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! Exit from above. Pet Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and

see the end of this contioversy. [They stand aside.

Re-enter Pedant below ; BAPTISTA, TRANIO.

and Servants. Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat

my servant? Vin. What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sit? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone While I play the good husband at home, my son and my scrvant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter? 60 Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a

sailmaker in Bergamo. Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir.

Pray, what do you think is his name? 69 Vin. His name! As if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murd'red his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villam, where is my son, Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter One with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, Officer; he shall not go to prison.

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Bab. Talk not. Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it. Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am

not Lucentio. Gre. Yes. I know thee to be Signior

Lucentio.

Bab. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him! Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and

abus'd. O monstrous villain! Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and

BIANCA.

Bion. O. we are spoil'd: and yonder he is! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are [Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and all undone.

Pedant, as fast as may be. Luc. [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father. Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

How hast thou offended? Ban. Where is Lucentio?

Here's Lucentio. Right son to the right Vincentio, That have by marriage made thy daughter

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine. While I with self-same kindness welcome

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,

deceive us all! Where is that damned villain.

Tranio. That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so? Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my

Cambio? Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio. Love wrought these miracles.

Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the

town: And happily I have arrived at the last Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake. Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [To Lucentio] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to; but I will in to be revenged for this villainy. [Exit.

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca. Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

Kath. Husband, let's follow to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will. Kath. What, in the midst of the street? Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me? 130 Kath. No. sir; God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again. Come. sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than pever, for never too late. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Lucentio's house.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petru-KATHERINA, Hortensio, and Widow. The Servingmen with TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO, bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;

And time it is when raging war is done To smile at scapes and perils overblown. My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

thine. And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving

widow. Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.

My banquet is to close our stomachs up After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

[They sit. Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard. Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean Hortensio is afcard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied. Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him. Pet. Conceives by me l How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says thus she conceived her tale. Pet. Very well mended. that, good widow. Kiss Ium Kath. ' He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. I pray you tell me what you meant by that. Wid. Your husband, being troubled with Let's each one sena shrew. Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe : To come at first when he doth send for her. And now you know my meaning. Kath. A very mean meaning. Right, I mean you. Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you. Pet. To her, Kate! Hor. To her, widow! Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down. Hor. That's my office. Pet. Spoke like an officer-ha' to thee, [Drinks to Hortensio. Bap. How likes Gremio these quickwitted folks? Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together Bian. Head and butt! An hasty-witter

Would say your head and butt were he is and horn. Vin. Ay, mistress bride, bath the awakened you? Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; the ich "

I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since " ". have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Katherina, and Widow. Pet. She hath prevented me. Here. Signior Tranio.

This bird you sim'd at, though you hit her not;

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd. Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his

grevhound. Which runs himself, and catches for his

master. Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a Bap. O, O, Petruchio! Tranio hits you

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit vou here?

For. 'A mas a limbe guill'of the, I confess : illid, as the jest did skipce away from me. for The ben to one it mount? I you two cutanget.

Bap. Now, in 5,00 lear nees, con Petru Ino. i think then hast the veriest shrew of all. Pet. Well, I say on; and therefore, for assurance.

heo his wife, And he whose wife most obedient.

bhall win the wager which we will propose. Hor. Contenc. What's the wager?

Liec. Twenty crowns. Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound. But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then. Hor.

Content. Pet.

A match! 'tis done. Hor. Who shall begin? That will I.

Co. Biondello, bid your mistress come to

Bion. I go. Bab. Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes. Lac. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-entier BIONDELLO.

May now! what news?

Sir, my mistress sends you word 198 932. "it'e' she is busy and she cannot come. "el. How! She's busy, and she cannot

come!

is that an answer? Gire. Ay, and a kind one too. Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a

worse. Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sırrah Biondello, go and entreat my To come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.

O, ho! entreat her! Nay, then she must needs come. Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistiess; Say I command her come to me.

[Exit Grumio.

Hor. I know her answer. What? Pet. Hor. She will not.

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Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Re-enter KATHERINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's

wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,

S. singe me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away. I say, and bring them hither straight. [Exit Katherina. Lin Here is a wonder, if you talk of a

Monder.

Flor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and

quiet life, Au awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchiol The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns; Another dowry to another daughter, 114 For she is chang'd, as she had never been. Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet.

And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katherina with Bianca and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120 Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not:

Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot. [Katherina complies.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you
this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too;
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time!

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women r30
What duty they do owe their lords and

husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pel. I say she shall. And first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,

And dark not scornful glances from those eyes

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor. It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,

Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled—

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. 145 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body To painful labour both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands But love, fair looks, and true obedience— Too little payment for so great a debt. Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband; And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will, What is she but a foul contending rebel And graceless traitor to her loving lord? I am asham'd that women are so simple To offer war where they should kneel for

peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth, 165
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world.

But that our soft conditions and our hearts hould well agree with our external parts? Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours, My heart as great, my reason haply more, To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws, Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,

That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

hen vail your stomachs, for it is no boot, and place your hands below your husband's foot;

n token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate. we'll to bed. 184

We three are married, but you two are sped. [To Lucenuo] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old 'ad, for thou And being a winner, God give you good shalt ha't.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Kathering. Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tam'd

a curst shrow. Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. Exeunt.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE KING OF FRANCE. THE DUKE OF FLORENCE. BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon. LAFEU, an old lord. PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram. Two French Lords, serving with Bertram. servants to the Countess LAVACHE, a clown, of Rousillon. A Page,

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram. HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess. A Widow of Florence. DIANA, daughter to the Widow. neighbours and friends to the Violenta, Mariana, Widow. Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

THE SCENE: Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Rousillon. The Count's balace. Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSIL-LON, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I

bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now

in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.
Count. What hope is there of his

Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the

losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father—O, that 'had', how sad a passage 'tis!--whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease. Laf. How call'd you the man you speak

of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so-

Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly; he was skilful ness enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard

de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities. there commendations go with pity-they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness: she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get

from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this. Helena; go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have-

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I

have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead: excessive grief the enemy to the

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes. Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! Thy blood and virtue

Contend for empire in thee, and thy good-

a few.

The wrong to none; be able for thing enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend

Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence.

But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will.

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down.

Fall on thy head! Farewell. My lord, "Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord. Advise him.

He cannot want the best Laf. That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell. Bertram. [Exit Countess. Ber. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you! [To

Helenal Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her. Laf. Farewell, pretty lady; you must hold the credit of your father.

Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu. Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he

I have forgot him; my imagination Carries no favour in't but Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it, he is so above me. In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague.

To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table—heart too capable 89 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour. But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

[Aside] One that goes with him. I love him for his sake;

And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward:

Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him That they take place when virtue's steely bones

Looks bleak i' th' cold wind; withal, full oft we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly. Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch !

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity? Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him? Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none. Man, setting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up! Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever 'Tis too cold a companion; away lost. with't. 125

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though thetefore I die a virgín.

Par. There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers: which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin; virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. ginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't. Within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to

her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill to like him at ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will that ne'er it likes. lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek. And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears: it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulanything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,

A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear :

His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he-

I know not what he shall. God send him well!

The court's a learning-place, and he is one-

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity-

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't

Which might be felt; that we, the poorer

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends

And show what we alone must think, which never

Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls [Exit Page. for you. Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can

remember thee, I will think of thee at

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars? Hel. The wars hath so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars. Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and

wither'd pear; it was formerly better; understand what advice shall thrust upon ness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, 155 use him as he uses thee. So, farewell. 201 Exit.

> Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie. Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky

> Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull

> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

> What power is it which mounts my love so high,

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eve?

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings

To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

Impossible be strange attempts to those 210 That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose

What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove

To show her merit that did miss her love? The King's disease—my project may deceive me, 214

But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.

Scene II. Paris. The King's balace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue

A braving war.

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So 'tis reported, sir. 1 Lord.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible. We here receive it.

certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria.

With caution, that the Florentine will move

For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend Prejudicates the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom. Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead ro For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer. And Florence is denied before he comes: Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part. 2 Lord.

It well may serve 15 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,

Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Pans.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your
Majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,

As when thy father and myself in friend-

First tried our soldiership. He did look far Into the service of the time, and was Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long;

But on us both did haggish age steal on, 29 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father. In his youth He had the wit which I can well observe To-day in our young lords; but they may

jest
Till their own scorn return to them un-

Till their own scorn return to them unnoted

Ere they can hide their levity in honour. 35 So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were.

His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak, and at this time His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him

He us'd as creatures of another place; And bow'd his eminent top to their low

making them proud of his humility

In their poor praise he humbled. Such a

Might be a copy to these younger times; Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now

But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir, Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;

So in approof lives not his epitaph As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say—

Methinks I hear him now; his plausive

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them To grow there, and to bear—' Let me not live'—

This his good melanchely oft began, On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, When it was out—'Let me not live' quoth he 'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses

All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies

Expire before their fashions'. This he wish'd.

I, after him, do after him wish too,

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, I quickly were dissolved from my hive, 66 To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You're loved, sir; They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count, 69

Since the physician at your father's died? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord. King. If he were living, I would try him

Lend me an arm—the rest have worn me

With several applications. Nature and sickness 74
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count;

My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty.

[Exeunt. Flourish.

Scene III. Rousillon. The Count's palace. Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah. The comp-aints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I

am a poor fellow. Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damn'd; but if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar? 20 Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body: for they say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt

marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh: and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason? Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy

reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them? Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent. Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies,

knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow, madam-in great friends: for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion. their heads are both one: they may jowl horns together like any deer i' th' herd. 52

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd

and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat. Which men full true shall find: Your marriage comes by destiny, Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you. Of her I am to speak. Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I

would speak with her; Helen I mean. 65 Clo. [Sings]

'Was this fair face the cause' quoth she Why the Grecians sacked Troy? Fond done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy?'

With that she sighed as she stood, With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then: Among nine bad if one be good, Among nine bad if one be good, There's yet one good in ten'.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam. which is a puritying o' th' song Would God would serve the world so all the year! We'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth 'a! An we might have a good woman born before every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do

as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. {Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your

gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do. Her father hequeath'd her to me; and she herself. without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level: Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I he'd my duty 60 speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tott'ring in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you leave me. Stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.

Enter HELENA.

70 Even so it was with me when I was young.

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong; 75 Our blood to us, this to our blood is born, It is the show and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress'd in

By our remembrances of days foregone, Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.

Her eve is sick on't; I observe her now. Hel. What is your pleasure, madan. ? You know, Helen.

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Nay, a mother. 130 Count. Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother', Methought you saw a serpent. What's in mother

That you start at it? I say I am your mother,

And put you in the catalogue of those That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds. You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan.

Yet I express to you a mother's care. God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy

blood 140 To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distempered messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? Why, that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say I am your mother. Hel. Pardon, madam. The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from hongured name; No note upon my parents, his all noble. My master, my dear lord he is; and I His servant live, and will his vassal die. 150 He must not be my brother.

Nor I your mother? Count. Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were-

So that my lord your son were not my brother-

Indeed my mother! Or were you both our And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indianmothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven, 155 So I were not his sister. Can't no other, But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield you mean it not! 'daughter' and 'mother'

So strive upon your pulse. What! pale again ?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see

The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis

You love my son; invention is asham'd,

Against the proclamation of thy passion. To say thou dost not. Therefore tell me true;

But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks

Confess it, th' one to th' other: and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours That in their kind they speak it; only sin And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, 171 That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew; If it be not, torswear't; howe'er, I charge thee.

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail. To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me. Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress. Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam? Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose The state of your affection; for your passions

Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I confess, Here on my knee, before high heaven and

you, That before you, and next unto high heaven.

I love your son. Mr friends were poor, but honest; so's my love

Be not offended, for it hurts not him That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suit, Nor would I have him till I do deserve

him; Yet never know how that desert should be I know I love in vain, strive against hope; Yet in this captious and intenible sieve I still pour in the waters of my love,

like,

Religious in mine error, I adore The sun that looks upon his worshipper But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love, For loving where you do; but if yourself. Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth, Did ever in so true a flame of liking Wish chastely and love dearly that your Dian

Was both herself and Love; O, then, give pity

To her whose state is such that cannot choose But lend and give where she is sure to

That seeks not to find that her search What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. implies,

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intentspeak truly-

To go to Paris?

Madam, I had. Hel.

Wherefore? Tell true, 210 Count. Hel. I will tell truth: by grace itself I

You know my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading

And manifest experience had collected For general sovereignty: and that he will'd me 275

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them. As notes whose faculties inclusive were More than they were in note. Amongst the rest

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down, 219 To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The King is render'd lost. This was your motive

For Paris, was it? Speak. Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this,

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King, Had from the conversation of my thoughts Haply been absent then.

But think you, Helen, Count. If you should tender your supposed aid, He would receive it? He and his physicians Are of a mind: he, that they cannot help him;

They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in't More than my father's skill, which was the great'st

Of his profession, that his good-receipt 235 Shall for my legacy be sanctified By th' luckiest stars in heaven; and, would

your honour But give me leave to try success, I'd

venture

The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure

By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't? 240 Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my

leave and love. Means and attendants, and my loving

greetings To those of mine in court. I'll stay at

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt. Till honour be bought up, and no sword Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,

Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Paris. The King's palece.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM and PAROLLES: Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles

Do not throw from you. And you, my lords. farewell:

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd. And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir, After well-ent'red soldiers, to return And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

Will not confess he owes the malady That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords:

Whether I live or die, be you the sons Of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy-Those bated that inherit but the fall Of the last monarchy—see that you come Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when 15

The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek, That fame may cry you loud. I say fare-

well. 2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your Majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them: They say our French lack language to

deny, If they demand; beware of being capt yes

Before you serve. Both. Our hearts receive your warnings. King. Farewell. [To Attendants] Come

hither to me. [The King retires attended. 1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will

stay behind us! Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars! Par. Most admirable! I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here and kept a coil with

'Too young' and 'The next year' and 'Tis too early'.

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, stral away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock.

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, worn

But one to dance with. By heaven, I'll With spritely fire and motion: steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Comm t it. Count. Par. 2 Lord. I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 Lord. Farewell, Captain.

2 Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles! Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword Say to him I live; and entrench'd it. observe his reports for me.

1 Lord. We shall, noble Captain. Par. Mars dote on you for his novices: [Exeunt Lords] What will ye do?

Re-enter the KING.

Ber. Stay; the King!

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble fords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there do muster true gait; eat, speak, and move, under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell. 55

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [Kneeling] Pardon, my lord, for me That dare leave two together. and for my tidings.

[Exeunt Bertram and Parolles

King. I'll fee thee to stand up. Laf. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask

me mercy; And that at my bidding you could so stand

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Good faith, across Laf. But, my good lord, 'tis thus: will you be cur'd

Of your infirmity?

King. O. will you eat Laf. No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but yo will

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox Could reach them: I have seen a medicin-That's able to breathe life into a stone, Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay, 75 To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this? Laf. Why, Doctor She! My lord, there's

one arriv'd, If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts 80 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke With one that in her sex, her years, profession.

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,

For that is her demand, and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

, Now, good Lafeu, Bring in the admiration, that we with thee May spend our wonder too, or take off thine

By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Nay, I'll fit vou, And not be all day neither. Exit Lafeu. King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways. King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways; This is his Majesty; sav your mind to him. A traitor you do look like; but such

traitors His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,

Fare you well. [Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Ay, my good lord. Hel. Gerard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did profess, well found. I knew him. King.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one, Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, And of his old experience th' only darling, He bade me store up as a triple eye, Safer than mine own two, more dear. I

have so And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd With that malignant cause wherein the

honour Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance, With all bound humbleness.

100

King. We thank you, maiden: But may not be so credulous of cure, When our most learned doctors leave us.

and

The congregated college have concluded That labouring art can never ransom nature From her inaidable estate—I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope, To prostitute our past-cure malady To empirics; or to dissever so

Our great self and our credit to esteem A senseless help, when help past sense we What is infirm from your sound parts shall

deem. Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains. I will no more enforce mine office on you;

Humbly entreating from your roval thoughts

A modest one to lear the back again. King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live.

But what at full I know, thou know'st no part:

I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try, Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy. He that of greatest works is finisher Oft does them by the weakest minister. So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown, When judges have been babes.

floods have flown

From simple sources, and great seas have

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there Where most it promises; and oft it hits Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee. Fare thee well, kind maid:

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid;

Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.

It is not so with Him that all things knows. As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:

But most it is presumption in us when 150 The help of heaven we count the act of men. Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent; Of heaven, not me, make an experiment. I am not an impostor, that proclaim Myself against the level of mine aim;

But know I think, and think I know most

My art is not past power nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space

Hop'st thou my cure?

115

The greatest Grace lending grace. Hel. Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring. Ere twice in murk and occidental damp Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass Hath told the thievish minutes how they

fly,

Health shall live free ' I sicknes freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and con Llence

What dar'st thou venture? Zax of impudence, A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame.

Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise; ne worse of worstextended

With vilest torture let my life be ended. King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak: And what impossibility would slay 176 In common sense, sense saves another

Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate Worth name of life in thee hath estimate: Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all That happiness and prime can happy call. Thou this to hazard needs must intimate Skill infinite or monstrous desperate. Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try.

That ministers thinc own death if I die. 185 Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die; And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee:

But, if I help, what do you promise me? King. Make thy demand.

But will you make it even? King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command.

Exempted be from me the arrogance To choose from forth the royal blood of France.

My low and humble name to propagate With any branch or image of thy state; But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd, Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd. So make the choice of thy own time, for I,

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

Scene 11

More should I question thee, and more I must.

Though more to know could not be more to From whence thou cam'st, how tended on.

But rest

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.

Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy [Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene II. Rousillon. The Count's palace. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you

to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! Why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court! 7

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court. He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer

that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks—the pin buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all

questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffety punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of

such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question. 30 Count. It must be an answer of most

monstrous size that must fit all demands. Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm

to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!-There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them. Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours,

that loves you. Clo. O Lord, sir !- Thick thick; spare

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir !- Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir !- Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping. You would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve

long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time.

To entertain it so merrily with a fool, Clo. O Lord, sir !-Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir! To your business: give Helen this.

And urge her to a present answer back; Commend me to my kinsmen and my son. This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them? Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again.

Scene III. Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Bertram. Lafeu. and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter

times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists— Par. So I say-both of Galen and Para-

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows-

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable-

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd— Par. Right; as 'twere a man assur'd of aLaf. Uncertain life and sure death.

Par. Just; you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed. If you will have it in showing, you shall read it in what-do-yecall't here.

Laf. [Reading the ballad title] 'A Showing of a Heavenly Effect in an Earthly

Par. That's it: I would have said the very same

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier.

Fore me, I speak in respect-

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; that is the brief and the tedious of it: and he's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the-

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay; so I say.

Laf. In a most weak-

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King, as to be-35

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the King.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says. I'll in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court. [Exit an Attendant. Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side; 45 And with this healthful hand, whose

banish'd sense Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive

The confirmation of my promis'd gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing. O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use. Thy frank election make; Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when love please. Marry, to each but

My mouth no more were broken than these Into your guiding power. This is the man. boys'

And writ as little beard.

King.

Peruse them weil. Not one of those but had a noble father, up Hel. Gentiemen,

Heaven hath through me restor'd the King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest

That I protest I simply am a maid. Please it your Majesty, I have done aiready.

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me: 'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused.

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,

We'll ne'er come there again '.

King. Make choice and see: Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me. Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, And to imperial Love, that god most high. Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute. Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eves.

Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies. Love make your fortunes twenty times above

like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth Her that so wishes, and her humble love! 2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive, Which great Love grant; and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny ner? An they were sons of mine I'd have them whipt; or I would send them to th' Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake. Blessing upon your vows; and in your bed Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice; they'll This none have her. Sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood. 95 4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine—but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [To Bertram] I dare not say I take you: but I give

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture Me and my service, ever whilst I live, King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my hege! I shall beseech your Highness. In such a business give me leave to use 105 Let the rest go.

The help of mine own eyes.

Know'st thou not, Bertram.

What she has done for me? Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should Ploud scornful boy, unworthy this good

mairy her. King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber, But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

Must answer for your raising? I know her well:

She had her breeding at my father's charge. A poor physician's daughter my wife! We please to have it grow. Check thy Disdain

Rather corrupt me ever!

her, the which

bloods,

together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet Into the staggers and the careless lapse 161 stand off

In differences so mighty. If she be that is virtuous—save what thou dislik'st. 120

A poor physician's daughter-thou dislik'st

Of virtue for the name; but do not so. From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by th' doer's deed; Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honour. Good alone Is good without a name. Vileness is so: The property by what it is should go, Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair; In these to nature she's immediate heir; And these breed honour. That is honour's scorn

Which challenges itself as honour's born And is not like the sire. Honours thrive When rather from our acts we them derive Than our fore-goers. The mere word's a slave,

Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid, I can create the rest. Virtue and she 141 Is her own dower; honour and wealth from

me. Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to

Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou with you. shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad.

King. My honour's at the stake: which

to defeat, I must produce my power. Here, take her

hand,

gift,

That dost in vile misprision shackle up 150 My love and her desert; that canst not dream

We, poising us in her defective scale, Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know

It is in us to plant thine honour where contempr:

Obey our will, which travails in thy good; King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in Believe not thy disdain, but presently 115 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right

I can build up. Strange is it that our Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all Or I will throw thee from my care for ever

> Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate

> Loosing upon thee in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit My fancy to your eyes. When I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it, I find that she which late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base is now The praised of the King; who, so ennobled,

Is as 'twere born so. Take her by the hand, King. And tell her she is thine; to whom I promise

A counterpoise, if not to thy estate

A balance more replete.

I take her hand. Ber. King. Good fortune and the favour of the King 175

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief, And be perform'd to-night. The solemn feast

Shall more attend upon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st

Thy love's to me religious; else, does err. [Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles who stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? A word

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

make his recantation. 185

Par. Recantation! My Lord! my master! Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak? Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master 1

Rousillon 2 100 Par. To any count: to all counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's

master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries. to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass. Yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of

antiquity upon thee-

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if -Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most

egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it. 215 Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' th' contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default 'He is a man I know'.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupport-

able vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience,

Laf. Your lord and master did well to an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of - I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's Laf. Are you companion to the Count married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee. Methink'st thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 250

This is hard and undeserved

me sure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then. Good, very good; let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweetheart? Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweetheart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot. To th' wars! Ber. There's letters from my mother:

what th' import is I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home, Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the bound and high

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions! France : a stable; we that dwell in't jades :

Therefore, to th' war!

house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her.

And wherefore I am fled; write to the found thee. King

That which I durst not speak. His present gıft

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields Where noble -fellows strike. War is no strife

To the dark house and the detested wife. Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art

Ber. Go with me to my chamber and advise me.

I'll send her straight away. To-morrow . I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow. Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard: 290

A young man married is a man that's marr'd.

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go. The King has done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so. Exeunt.

Scene IV. Paris. The King's palace. Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well. But thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' th' world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed. but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! The other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady! Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say. 20 Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have us friends; I will pursue the amity.

nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing. 26

Par. Away! th'ait a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, 'Before Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my a knave th'art a knave'; that's 'Before 79 me th'art a knave'. This had been truth.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir. or were you taught to find me? The search. sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night: A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love.

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge:

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint: 41 Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets.

Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with JOY

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else? Par. That you will take your instant leave o' th' King,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strength'ned with what apology you think May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he? Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure. Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [Exit Parolles] Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Paris. The King's palace.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony. Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you make

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To Bertram] These things shall be The ministration and required office done, sir. Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor? 15

Par. Sir!

Laf. O, I know him well. Ay, sir: he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

the King?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses: and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,

End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner: but one that lies three-thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my

lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to My haste is very great.

run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him,

my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me: there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes; trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur; I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him? 50 Ber. Yes. I do know him well; and

common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd

his leave For present parting; only he desires

Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at course,

Which holds not colour with the tune, nor does

On my particular. Prepar'd I was not 50 For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you

That presently you take your way for home. Ber. [Aside to Parolles] Is she gone to And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;

20 For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view To you that know them not. This to my [Giving a letter. mother.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you ro your wisdom.

Sir, I can nothing say But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go. Farewell: his home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe. Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is: But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does youch mine own.

Ber. What would you have? Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord. Faith, yes:

Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss. Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell! [Exit Helena. Go thou toward home, where I will never

come Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the

drum. Away, and for our flight.

Bravely, coragio! [Exeunt. Par.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Florence. The Duke's balace. Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended; two French Lords, with a Troop of Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard The fundamental reasons of this war;

forth

And more thirsts after.

Holy seems the quarrel Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France

Would in so just a business shur his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

Good my lord, 2 Lord. The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10 But like a common and an outward man That the great figure of a council trames By self-unable motion; therefore dare not Say what I think of it, since I have found Myself in my incertain grounds to fail As often as I guess'd.

Be it his pleasure. Duke. 1 Lord. But 1 am sure the younger of our

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day

Come here for physic. Welcome shall they be; And all the honours that can fly from us 20 Shall on them sertle. You know your places

well: When better fall, for your avails they fell To-morrow to th' field. [Flourish. Exeunt

SCENE II. Rousillon. The Count's palace. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you . Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' th country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' th' court. The brains of m Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, a an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here? Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

Count. [Reads] 'I have sent you ? daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the King and undone me. I have wedded her not bedded her; and sworn to make the "not" eternal. You shall hear I am run " not " eternal. away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

Whose great decision hath much blood let This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, To fly the favours of so good a king, To pluck his indignation on thy head By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would. Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as hear he does: the danger is in standing o't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son v run Exit. 7ay.

Enter HELENA and the two French Gentlemen.

2 Gent. Save you, good madam. Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever

gone. 1 Gent. Do not say so. Count. Think upon patience. Pray you,

gentlemen— I have felt so many quirks of joy and

grief That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto 't. Where is my son.

I pray you. 1 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward; for thence we came.

And, after some dispatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

[Reads] 'When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a "then" I write a "never".' 58 This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

Av. madam: 1 Gent. And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer:

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son:

But I do wash his name out of my blood, 65 And thou art all my child. Florence is he?

 Gent. Ay, madam. And to be a soldier? Count.

1 Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, Ply with false aim; move the still-piecing believe 't.

The Duke will lay upon him all the honour That sings with piercing; do not touch my That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither? >> 2 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [Reads] 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter. Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

2 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand haply, which his heart was not consenting

Count. Nothing in France until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him

But only she; and she deserves a lord That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,

And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not? 2 Gent. Av. my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 86 With his inducement.

Indeed, good lady, 2 Gent. The fellow has a deal of that too much Which holds him much to have.

Y'are welcome, gentlemen. 90 I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him that his sword can never win The honour that he loses. More I'll entreat you

Written to bear along

1 Gent. We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs. Count. Not so, but as we change our

courtesies.

Will you draw near?

[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen. Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'

Nothing in France until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France:

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? And is it I That drive thee from the sportive court,

where thou Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

air.

lord.

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; Whoever charges on his forward breast. I am the caitiff that do hold him to't: And though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected. Better 'twere I met the ravin lion when he roar'd With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes Were mine at once. No; come thou home. Rousillon.

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, As oft it loses all. I will be gone. My being here it is that holds thee hence. Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house. And angels offic'd all. I will be gone, That pitiful rumour may report my flight To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end,

2 Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal Exit.

> SCENE III. Florence. Before the Duke's balace.

> Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE. BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, drum and trumbets.

Duke. The General of our Horse thou art: and we,

Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence

Upon thy promising fortune.

Sir, it is Ber. A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet

We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth: And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm.

As thy auspicious mistress!

This very day, Ber. Great Mars, I put myself into thy file; Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove

A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Rousillon. The Count's palace. Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know she would do as she has done By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [Reads] 'I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.

Ambitious love hath so in me offended s

That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon, With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of war

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie. Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from

His name with zealous fervour sanctify. His taken labours bid him me forgive; I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping fees to live,

Will e death and danger dogs the heels of worth.

He is too good and fair for death and me; Whom I myself embrace to set him free.'

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words? Rinaldo, you did never tack advice so much

As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents, Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam; If I had given you this at over-night, She might have been o'erta'en; and yet

she writes

Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall 25
Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the

Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo, To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply. Dispatch the most convenient messenger. When haply he shall hear that she is gone He will return; and hope I may that sie, Hearing so much, will speed her foot again, Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.

40

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak; Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Without the walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, her daughter DIANA, VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city we shall lose all the sight. Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great'st commander; and that with his own hand he clew the Duke's brother. [Tucket] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way. Hark! you may know by their tumpets.

Mar. Cowe, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take head of this French earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no

legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his

companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him! one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in those suggestion; for the young eail. Beware of them. Dana: their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another. I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! Whither are bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [A march afar. Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you! They come this way. 35

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather for I think I know your hostess As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself? 40 Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you. 45
Dia. The Count Rousillon. Know you
such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from

France, As 'tis reported, for the King had married

Against his liking. Think you it is so?
Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know

his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name? Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him, 55 In argument of praise, or to the worth Of the great Count himself, she is too mean To have her name repeated; all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

Dia.

Alas, poor lady! 60
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detesting loid.

Wid. I weet, good creature, wheresoe'er she is

'Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean? 65 May be the amorous Count solicits her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed; And brokes with all that can in such a suit Corrupt the tender honour of a maid; But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her

guard In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole Army.

Mar. The gods forbid else! Wid. So, now they come.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son; That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He-

That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow. 75

I would he lov'd his wife; if he were honester

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave

That leads him to these places; were I his lady
80

I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he? Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' th' bottle. Par. Lose our drum! well. 85 Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spled us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ringcarrier!

[Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army. Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim,

I will bring you

Where you shall host. Of enjoin'd penitents

There's four or five, to great Saint Jacques bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you. Please it this matron and this gentle maid To eat with us to-night; the charge and

thanking 95
Shall be for me, and, to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this virgin, Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[Exeunt.

Scene VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

2 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

1 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect, 2 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble. 5

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived n him?

2 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

1 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

1 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

2 Lord. I with a troop of Florentines will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and

that with the divine forseit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in

anything.

i Lord. O. for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

2 Lord. O. for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! This drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

1 Lord. A pox on'i; let it go; 'tis but a

drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was excellent command: to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

1 Lord. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet'.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur. If you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will

undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace

you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord, but the attempt I vow.

possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. 2 Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not thus a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done: damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

1 Lord. You do not know him, my lord. as we do. Certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever

after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does

address himself unto?

2 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost emboss'd him. You shall see his fall tonight; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall

see this very night.

2 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he

shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with

2 Lord. As't please your lordship. leave you. Exit. Ber. Now will I lead you to the house,

and show you The lass I spoke of.

1 Lord. But you say she's honest. Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with

her but once, And found her wondrous cold: but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' th' wind.

Tokens and letters which she did re-send: And this is all I have done. She's a fair 106 creature :

Will you go see her?

1 Lord With all my heart, my lord. Exeunt.

Scene VII. Florence. The Widow's house. Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,

I know not how I shall assure you further But I shall lose the grounds I work upon. Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born.

Nothing acquainted with these businesses: Ber. I know th'art valiant; and, to the And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. First give me trust the Count he is my husband.

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken

Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow. Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you; For you have show'd me that which well

approves

Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay and pay again

When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter,

Lavs down his wanton siege before her

beauty. Resolv'd to carry her. Let her in fine me.

consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand. A ring the County

That downward hath succeeded in his house

From son to son some four or five descents Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Now I see

The bottom of your purpose. Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more But that your daughter, ere she seems as

won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;

In fine, delivers me to fill the time.

Herself most chastely absent. After this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns

To what is pass'd already.

Wid. I have yielded. Instruct my daughter how she shall persever.

That time and place with this deceit so lawful

May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts, and songs com-

To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us To chide him from our eaves, for he persists As if his life lay on't.

Why then to-night Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act: Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact. But let's about it. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Without the Florentine camp. Fnter Second French Lord with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

2 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be th' inter-

preter. 2 Lora. Art not acquainted with him?

Knows he not thy voice? 1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

2 Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to

2 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' th' adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes: to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock. Within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy: but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

2 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er

thine own tongue was guilty of. Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say 'Came you off with so little?' And great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils. 40

2 Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments

would serve the turn, or the breaking of my We have caught the woodcock, and will Spanish sword.

2 Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Pan. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

2 Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stupp'd.

2 Loid. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel-

2 Lord. How deep? Par. Thirty fathom.

2 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recover'd it.
2 Lord. You shall hear one anon.

[Alarum within.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! 2 Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par sorbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! Do not hid. They blindfold hun mine eves. 1 Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par, I know you are the Muskos' regiment.

And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,

Italian, or French, let him speak to me: I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1 Sold. Boskos vauvado. I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerclybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O1

O, pray, pray, pray! Manka 1 Sold. tevania dulche.

Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

1 Sold. The General is content to spare thee yet;

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee

To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform

Something to save thy life.

O, let me live, And all the secrets of our camp I'll show Their force, their purposes. Nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

But wilt thou faithfully Sold. Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. Acordo linta.

Come on; thou art granted space.

[Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.

2 Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon and At least in my opinion. my brother

keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them. 2 Sold. Captain, I will.

2 Loid. 'A will betray us all unto ourselvesnform on that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir. 2 Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Florence. The Widow's house. Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess; And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind.

You are no maiden, but a monument; When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest. So should you be.

No Dia. My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

No more o' that! I prithee do not strive against my vows. I was compell'd to her; but I love thee 15 By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Ay, so you serve us Dia. Till we serve you; but when you have our roses

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

How have I sworn! 20 Ber. Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by, But take the High'st to witness. Then,

pray you, tell me: If I should swear by Jove's great attributes I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my

oaths When I did love you ill? This has no holding.

To swear by him whom I protest to love That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd-

Change it, change it;

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Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy: And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts That you do charge men with. Stand no more off.

But give thyself unto my sick desires, 35 Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and

My love as it begins shall so persever.

a scarre

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have mother's letter? no power

To give it from me.

Will you not, my lord? Dia. Rer. It is an honour 'longing to our almost into another man. house.

Bequeathed down from many ancestors: Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world

In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring: 45 My chastity's the jewel of our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world

In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom

Brings in the champion Honour on my part Against your vain assault.

Here, take my ring ; Rer. thine.

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;

I'll order take my mother shall not hear. 55 Now will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them

deliver'd.

And on your finger in the night I'll put Another ring, that what in time proceeds May token to the future our past deeds. Adieu till then; then fail not. You have

won A wife of me, though there my hope be he had set this counterfeit. done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

Dig. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end. My mother told me just how he would woo, peace. As if she sat in's heart; she says all men 70 Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me

with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid.

Marry that will, I live and die a maid. Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin To cozen him that would unjustly win.

Scene III. The Florentine camb.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

2 Lord. You have not given him his

1 Lord. I have deliv'red it an hour since. There is something in't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he chang'd

2 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

1 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

2 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

1 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour. He hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be himself made in the unchaste composition.

2 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! As we are ourselves, what things are we!

1 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream, o'erflows himself.

2 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We When back again this ring shall be shall not then have his company to-night? 1 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

2 Lord. That approaches apace. I would gladiv have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously

1 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip [Exit. of the other.

2 Lora. In the meantime, what hear you of these wars?

1 Lord. I hear there is an overture of

2 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

1 Lord. What will Count Rousillon do When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie then? Will he travel higher, or return again into France?

are not altogether of his counsel.

1 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! So should I

be a great deal of his act.

2 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctumony she accomplish'd; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

1 Lord. How is this justified?

2 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to sav is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

1 Lord. Hath the Count all this in-

telligence?

2 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

1 Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be

glad of this. 2 Lord. How mightily sometimes we

make us comforts of our losses!

1 Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown out gain in tears! great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him shall at home be encount'red with a shame as ample.

2 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, go, 1 and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipt them not: and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Serv. He met the Duke in the street, sir; of whom he hath taken a sclemn leave. His lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they

can commend.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord, is't not after mid-

night?

Ber, I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece; by an abstract of success: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest: buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist-

2 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you nicer needs. The last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty and this morning your departure hence, it

requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it bereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the Fool and the Soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module has deceiv'd me like a doublemeaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bung him foith. [Exeunt Soldiers] Has sat i' th' stock all night, Exeunt

poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does

he carry himself?

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2 Lord. I have told your lordship already the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' th' stocks. And what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his tace; if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles guarded, and First Soldier as interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! He can say nothing of me.

2 Lord. Hush, hush! Hoodman comes. Portotartarossa.

1 Sold. He calls for the tortines. What will you say without 'em ? Par. I will confess what I know without

constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

2 Lord. Boblibindo chicumurco.

1 Sold. You are a merciful general. Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. 'First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the communders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so? Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't,

how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a pastsaving slave is this!

2 Lord. Y'are deceiv'd, my lord; this is

that was his own phrase—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger. 136

1 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his

apparel neatly.

I Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. 'Five or six thousand horse' I said -I will say true—'or thereabouts' set down, for I'll speak truth.

2 Lord. He's very near the truth in this. Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. 'Poor rogues' I pray you say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's truth—the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. ' Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?
Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live

this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques. so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratu, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentzi, two hundred fifty each; so that the musterfile, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him? 2 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what

credit I have with the Duke.

'You 1 Sold. Well, that's set down. shall demand of him whether one Captain Dumain be i' th' camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, expertness in wais; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand

them singly.

Sold. Do you know this Captain

Dumain? Par. I know him: 'a was a botcher's

prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the shrieve's fool with child—a dumb innocent that could not say hini nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are foricit to the next tile that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

2 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search. Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper. I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well. 2 Lord, Excellently.

104 1 Sold. [Reads] 'Dian. the Count's a fool. and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very

ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds. 204

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

Sold. [Reads].

'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score. Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before. And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this: Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it.

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine car, PAROLLES.'

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhyme in's forchead.

1 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a

cat, and now he's a cat to me. 1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our General's

looks we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! Not that I am afraid to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' th' stocks, or anywhere, so may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules. He will he, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bedclothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything that an honest man should not have: what an honest man should have he has nothing.

2 Lord. I begin to love him for this. Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! For me, he's more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertness

in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians-to belie him I will not-and more of his soldiership I know not, except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end to instruct for the doubling of files-I would do the man what honour I can-but of this I am not certain.

2 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far that the rarity redeems him. Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will

corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecue he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut th' entail from all remainders and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other

Captain Dumain?

I Lord. Why does he ask him of me? 1 Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward; yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey: marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his Horse, Count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the General, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside] I'll no more drumming. plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The General says you that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me

see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him. So look about you; know you any here? Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

1 Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles. 2 Lord. God save you, noble Captain.

1 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France. 295 2 Lord. Good Captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you: but fare you well. [Exeunt Bertram and Lords.

1 Sold. You are undone, Captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet. 301 Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you [Exit with Soldiers. there.

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no

But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall. Simply the thing I am 310 Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

more;

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an

Rust, sword; cool, blushes; and, Parolles, live

Safest in shame. Being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive.

There's place and means for every man alive.

[Exit. I'll after them.

Scene IV. Florence. The Widow's house. Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

275 One of the greatest in the Christian world

30

Shall be my surety; fore whose throne 'tis needful.

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel. Time was I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep

And answer 'Thanks'. I duly am inform'd His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know

I am supposed dead. The army breaking, My husband hies him home; where. heaven aiding.

And by the leave of my good lord the King,

We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam. You never had a servant to whose trust 15 Your business was more welcome.

Nor you, mistress, Hel. Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly

labour

To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower.

As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they hate.

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defiles the pitchy night. So lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours

Upon your will to suffer.

Yet, I pray you: Hel. But with the word the time will bring on summer.

When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us. All's Well That Ends Well. Still the fine's the crown.

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. Exeunt.

SCENE V. Rousillon. The Count's palace. Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh. and cost me the dearest groans of a mother. I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand sallets ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweetmarjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sail knave; they are nose-herbs. They are not sallet-herbs, you

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir: I have not much skill in grass. Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself-a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and

a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction? Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service. indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee: thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you. I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? A Frenchman? Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his fishomy is more hotter in France

than there. Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The Black Prince, sir; alias, the Prince of Darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure. he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter. Some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender: and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. ways; let my horses be well look'd to,

without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit. Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So 'a is. My lord that's gone made But since you have made the days and himself much sport out of him. By his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and indeed he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty out of a selfgracious remembrance did first propose. His Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord:

and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; 'a will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night. I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good liv'ry of honour; so belike is that

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face. 92 Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous Our means will make us means. feathers, which bow the head and nod at [Exeunt. every man.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Marseilles. A street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and

Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.

nights as one.

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs. Be bold you do so grow in my requital As nothing can unroot you.

Enter a Gentleman,

In happy time! This man may help me to his Majesty's ear, If he would spend his power. God save you, SIT.

Gent. And you

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there. Hel. ! do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n

From the report that goes upon your goodness:

And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions.

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to 15 The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the King; And aid me with that store of power you have

To come into his presence.

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir? Gent. Not indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste

Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains! Hel. All's Well That Ends Well yet, 25 Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon: Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the King before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand: Which I presume shall render you no blame,

But rather make you thank your pains for it.

I will come after you with what good speed

This I'll do for you. 35 Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,

Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again:

Go, go, provide. [Exeunt. SCENE II. Rousillon. The inner court of

the Count's palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lateu this letter. I have ere now, sir been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of. I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Prithee, allow the

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose sir; I spake but by a metaphor. Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink

I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper. Clo. Foh! prithee stand away. A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, but not a musk-cat, that has fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune

hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune. that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a cardecue Let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me

one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more; come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles. Laf. You beg more than word then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 45

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! Dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound] The King's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat. Go to: follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Scene III. Rousillon. The Count's palace. Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU. the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem

Was made much poorer by it; but your

As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your Majesty to make it 5 Natural rebellion, done i' th' blaze of youth, When oil and fire, too strong for reason's

O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady. I have forgiven and forgotten all: Though my revenges were high bent upon him

And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say-But first, I beg my pardon: the young lord Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his ladv.

Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife 15 Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took

captive; Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve

Humbly call'd mistress.

So 'tis our will he should.

Ki.ig. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither: We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall

kill All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon: The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion do we bury Th' incensing relics of it; let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me That sets him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

He looks well on't. King. I am not a day of season, For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail In me at once. But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth:

The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames, [Exeunt. Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole Not one word more of the consumed time Let's take the instant by the torward top For we are old, and on our guick'st decree: Th' inaudible and noiseless toot of Time Steals ere we can effect them. member

The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a heiald of my tongue:

Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend

Which warp'd the line of every other favour.

Scorn'd a fair colour or express'd it stol'n Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object. Thence it came That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself.

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine

The dust that did offend it.

Kıng.

Well excus'd. That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away

From the great compt; but love that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried. To the great sender turns a sour offence. 'That's good that's gone'. Crying Our

rash faults Make trivial price of serious things we have, Not knowing them until we know their

grave. Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust, Destroy our friends, and after weep their

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen's knell. And now forget her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin.

The main consents are had; and here we'll stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day. Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse! Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name

Must be digested; give a favour from you, To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, 75 That she may quickly come.

[Bertram gives a ring. By my old beard.

And ev'ry hair that's on't, Helen, that's

Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,

The last that e'er I took her leave at court. I saw upon her finger. Ber.

Hers it was not. King. Now, pray you, let me see it; to, mine eve.

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to'r. This ring was mine; and when I gave it Helen

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood Necessitied to help, that by this token

I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign. Howe'er it pleases you to take it so.

The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life, I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it. Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never saw it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought

I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully

I could not answer in that course of honour As she had made the overture, she ceas'd, In heavy satisfaction, and would never 100 Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself.

That knows the tinct and multiplying med'cine.

Hath not in nature's mystery more science Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's.

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself. Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety

That she would never put it from her finger Unless she gave it to yourself in bed- 110 Where you have never come—or sent it us Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it. King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into

Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove

That thou art so inhuman-'twill not prove so.

And yet I know not-thou didst nate her deadly,

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close 118

Her eyes myself, could win me to believe More than to see this ring. Take him away. [Guards seize Bertram.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter

Shall tax my fears of little vanity, Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy Prove that I husbanded her bed in Flor-

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign, Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:

Here's a petition from a Florentine, Who hath, for four or five 1emoves, come short

To tender it herself. I undertook it. Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and

speech Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know Is here attending; her business looks in her With an importing visage; and she told me In a sweet verbal brief it did concern

Your Highness with herself. King, [Reads the letter] 'Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O King! in you it best hes; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILIET.'

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,

To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors.

Go speedily, and bring again the Count. x50 [Exeunt Attendants I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,

Was foully snatch'd. Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are If I be one. monsters to you, And that you fly them as you swear them

lordship, Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine.

Derived from the ancient Capilet. My suit, as I do understand, you know. And therefore know how far I may be

pitied. Wid. Î am her mother, sır, whose age and honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring, If you shall prove And both shall cease, without your remedy. King. Come hither, Count; do you know

these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will denv Where she yet never was. [Exit, guarded. But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife.

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry, You give away this hand, and that is mine: You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine:

You give away myself, which is known mine:

For I by vow am so embodied yours That she which mairies you must marry me, Eithei both or none.

Laf. [To Bertram] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husnand for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your Highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour

Than for to think that I would sink it here. King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend

Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your honour

Than in my thought it lies! Die. Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath if he does think He had not my virginity. King. What say'st thou to her?

She's impudent, my lord, And was a common gamester to the carap. Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I

were so He might have bought me at a common price.

Do not believe him. O, behold this ring. Whose high respect and rich validity Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that, He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it. Of six preceding ancestors, that gem Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue,

Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:

That ring's a thousand proofs. King. Methought you said You saw one here in court could witness it. hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks produce

So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles. Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be. King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[Exit an Attendant. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave, With all the spots o' th' world tax'd and debauch'd,

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth. Am I or that or this for what he'll utter That will speak anything?

She hath that ring of yours. Ber. I think she has. Certain it is I lik'd

And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth. She knew her distance, and did angle for

Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's course Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Her infinite cunning with her modern grace Subdu'd me to her rate. She got the ring: And I had that which any inferior might 216 At market-price have bought.

I must be patient. Dia. You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife

May justly diet me. I pray you yet-Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband-

Send for your ring, I will return it home. And give me mine again.

I have it not. 222 King. What ring was yours, I pray you? Sir, much like The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? This ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being ahed.

King. The story, then, goes false you threw it him

Out of a casement.

I have spoke the truth. Dia.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was How could you give it him? hers.

You boggle shrewdly; every King. feather starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?

Ay, my lord. 23 King. Tell me, sirrah-but tell me true charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master, Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off-

By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to he hath had in him, which gentlemen have. King. Come, come, to th' purpose. Did

he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her: but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her

King. As thou art a knave and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this! Par. I am a poor man, and at your

Majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak. King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her-for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what. Yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know. 250

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Av, my good lord. King. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

It was not lent me neither. Dia. King. Where did you find it then?

Dıa. I found it not. King. If it were yours by none of all

these ways,

I never gave it him. Dia. Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure. 272 King. This ring was mine, I gave it his

first wife. Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught

I know. King. Take her away, I do not like her now;

To prison with her. And away with him. Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you. King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege. King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:

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I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my
life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife. [Pointing to Lafeu. King. She does abuse our ears; to prison

with her. 283

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay,
royal sir; [Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for.

And he shall surety me. But for this lord Who hath abus'd me as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child. Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;

So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick—297

And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord; 300 Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon! Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,

I'll never tell you. I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,

And, look you, here's your letter. This it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done.

And are by me with child, &c. This is done, Will you be mine now you are doubly won? Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. 310 Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue.

Deadly divorce step between me and you! O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon. [To Parolles] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher. So, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee; let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones. King. Let us from point the point this

story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[To Diana] If thou beest yet a fresh un-

cropped flower, 320 Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy

dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a

maid.—

Of that and all the progress, more and less, Resolvedly more leisure shall express. 325 All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourisk.]

EPILOGUE

The King's a beggar, now the play is done. All is well ended if this suit be won, That you express content; which we will

pay With strife to please you, day exceeding

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [Exeunt omnes.

TWELFTH NIGHT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria. SEBASTIAN, brother of Viola. ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend of Sebastian. A Sea Captain, friend of Viola. VALENTINE, gentlemen attending on the CURIO. Duke. SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia. SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK. MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FARIAN. servants to Olivia. FESTE, a clown, OLIVIA, a rich countess. VIOLA, sister of Sebastian. MARIA, Olivia's waiting woman.

Lords, Puest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

ACT ONE

Scene I. The Duke's palace.

Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Loids: Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, The appetite may sicken and so die. That strain again! It had a dving fall: O. it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odour! Enough, no more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

That, notwithstanding thy capacity Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there, Of what validity and pitch soe'er, But falls into abatement and low price Even in a minute. So full of shapes is tancy. That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord? What, Curio? Duke.

Cur. The hart. Duke. Why, so 1 do, the noblest that Perchance he is not drown'd—what think I have.

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, 10 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence! That instant was I turn'd into a hart, And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her? Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted.

But from her handmaid do return this answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat, Shall not behold her face at ample view: But like a cloistress she will veiled walk. And water once a day her chamber round

With eye-offending brine; all this season A brother's dead love, which she would

keep fresh And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother. flow will she love when the rich golden shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else That live in her; when liver, brain, and

heart. These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd,

Her sweet perfections, with one self king! Away before me to sweet beds of flow'rs: Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with [Exeunt

Scene II. The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap This is Illyria, lady. Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

you, sailors? Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Cap True, madam, and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure vourselt, after our ship did split, When you, and those poor number saved with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother.

Most provident in peril, bind himself— Courage and hope both teaching him the practice-

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea; Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back, 15 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope, Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20 The like of him. Know'st thou this

country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very

place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you
know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of— That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother, Who shortly also died; for whose dear

They say, she hath abjur'd the company 40 And sight of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady, And might not be delivered to the world, Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass, Because she will admit no kind of suit—45 No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee,

Captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50 With this thy fair and outward character. I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously, Conceal me what I am, and be my aid 53 For such disguise as haply shall become The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke: Thou shalt present me as an cunuch to him; It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing And speak to him in many sorts of music, That will allow me very worth his service. What else may hap to fime I will commit; Only shape thou thy silence to my wit. 65

Cap. Be you his eunuch and your mute I'll be:

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes Sir Toby Belch! not see. Sir To. Sweet

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before

excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good

finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her woor.

brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Str To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose? Sir To. Why, he has three thousand

ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath al! the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

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Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agurtace.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew! Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew. Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost. Sir And. What's that ?

Sir To. My mece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistiess Mary Accost— Sir To. You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To, An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword

again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand. Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and

here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I prav you, bring your hand to th' butt'ry-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's

your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am [Exit Maria. barren.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight? 85 Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'—do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O. had I but followed the arts!

head of hair.

my hair?

will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flay on a distaff, and I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Count hunself here hard by woos her.

Sir To Sne'll none o' th' Count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, not wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Su And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes

altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old an.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a

galliaid, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't. Sir And. And I think I have the backtrick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a sig: I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliaid.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock.

Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but Sir And. Why, would that have mended three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here. Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario,

Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gast unto her:

Be not denied access, stand at her doors, 15 And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

Sure, my noble lord, Vω. If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me. Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds.

Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love.

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith!

It shall become thee well to act my woes: She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Dear lad, believe it, Duke. For they shall yet belie thy happy years That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair. Some four or five attend

All, if you will, for I myself am best

When least in company. Prosper well in

And thou shalt live as freely -s thy lord To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best To woo your lady. [Aside] Yet, barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Scene V. Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse; my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me. He that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no leave to prove you a fool. colours.

Mar. Make that good. Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of ' I fear no colours'.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary? Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent : or to be turn'd away-is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad and for turning away, let marriage; summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then? Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd

on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or if both break, your gaskins fall. Clo. Apt, in good faith, very apt! Well. go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best. Exu.

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.' God bless thee, lady !

Oli. Take the fool away. Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take

away the lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool: therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you. 49 Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, 'Cucullus non facit monachum'; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna. Oli. Make your proof.

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Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna. here he comes—one of thy kin has a most Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness. I'll bide your proof.

Clo.

Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna. Oli. I know his soul is in Frayen, fool, 64

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio?

Doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?
Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of selt-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it? Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair!

young man, and well attended.

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [Exit Maria] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home-what you will to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it. 104

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if the eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! Forweak pia mater.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk! What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman? Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here. [Hiccups] A plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby !

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's

one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he? Sir To. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool? Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a

madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd; go look after him

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yound young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too. and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me. Mal. Has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak

with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he? Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Oli. Who of my people hold him in with you, will you or no. delay? Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple; 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman. 154 Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit. Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house. which is she?

Oli. Speak to me: I shall answer for her.

Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and un-matchable beauty—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage. 166

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am. 175 Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to beslow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't. I

forgive you the praise. Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it,

and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies

your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. you? What would you? What are

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhead-to your ears, divinity: to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [Exeunt Maria and Attendants] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady-

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where hes your text? Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method: in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face. Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. [Unveiling] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all. Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind

and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive. 225 If you will lead these graces to the grave. And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as-item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 235 My lord and master loves you-O, such love Could be but recompens'd though you were crown'd

The nonparell of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind: I cannot love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and

And in dimension and the shape of nature

A gracious person; but yet I cannot love If that the youth will come this way tohim.

He might have took his answer long ago. Vio. If I did love you in my master's

With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense; 250 I would not understand it.

Why, what would you? Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your

And call upon my soul within the house: Write loyal cantons of contemned love And sing them loud even in the dead of night:

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest you not that I go with you? Between the elements of air and earth But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is

I am a gentleman.

Get you to your lord. I cannot love him; let him send no more— Unless perchance you come to me again 265 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well. I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;

My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint that you shall

And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. 'What is your parentage?' 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art:

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit.

Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft. soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now! Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks I feel this youth's perfections 280 With an invisible and subtle stealth To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service. Run after that same peevish messenger.

The County's man. He left this ring behind him.

Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him.

morrow.

I'll give him reasons for't. Malvolio. 290 Mal. Madam, I will. Exit. Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe:

What is decreed must be; and be this so!

ACT TWO

Scene I. The sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer; nor will

Seb. By your patience, no. Mv stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your leve to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then. Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour; if the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd. 20

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done—that is, kill him whom you have recover'd—desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I

am yet so near the manners of my mother | What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsno's court. Farewell. [Exit. Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go

with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 40 Else would I very shortly see thee there. But come what may, I do adore thee so That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

Scene II. A street.

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO at several doors.

Mal. Were you not ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none

of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much

That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure: the cunning of her

passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.

I am the man. If it be so-as 'tis-Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper-false In women's waxen hearts to set their

forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! For such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her

dearly, And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman—now alas the day !—

breathe! O Time, thou must untangle this, not I:

It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! [Exit.

SCENE III. Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up becimes: and 'diluculo surgere' thou know'st-

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late is to be up late. 5 Sir To. A false conclusion! I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say: but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith. Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we three'? 16 Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth. thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; hadst it? 24

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sur And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. Sir To. Come on, there is sixpence for

you. Let's have a song. Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if

one knight give a-Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song. Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? O, stay and hear; your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low. Trip no further, pretty sweeting; Journeys end in lovers meeting, Every wise man's son doth know. Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith ! Sir To. Good, good !

Clown sings.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter: Present mirth hath present laughter: What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty,

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty; 50 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is duicet But shall we make the in contagion. welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't. I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be 'Thou knave'.

'Hold thy peace, thou knave' knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call

thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace'.

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin. 69 [Catch sung.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn vou out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,

and [Sings]

Three merry men be we.

Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady. [Sings]

There dwelt a man in Babylon,

Lady, lady.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [Sings] O' the twelfth day of December-

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, no honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-hous.

of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our

catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you My lady bade me tell you that, though she ha. bours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. [Sings] Farewell, dear heart, since

I must needs be gone. Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. [Sings] His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so? Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.

[Falls down. Clo. [Sings] Sir Toby, there you lie. Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. [Sings] Shall I bid him go? Clo. [Sings] What an if you do? Sur To. [S rgs] Shall I bid him go, and

spare not? Clo. [Sings] O, no, no, no, no, you dare

Sir To. [Rising] Out o' tune, sir! Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir To. Th'art i' th' right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And, 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's ahungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation

to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight; since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it. 129

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for t,

but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eve, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too. Sir To. He shall think, by the letters

that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him. Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of

Sir And. And your horse now would

make him an ass.

that colour.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O. 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed. and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea. Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench. Sir To. She's a beagle true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that ?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Duke's balace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Sir And. O. if I thought that, I'd beat Now, good Cesario, but that piece of some That old and antique song we heard last night:

> Methought it did relieve my passion much. More than light airs and recollected terms 5 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

> Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it. Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the [Exit Curio. Music plays. Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love. In the sweet pangs of it remember me: 15 For such as I am all true lovers are.

Unstaid and skittish in all motions else Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat 23 Where Love is thron'd.

Thou dost speak masterly. Duke. My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves: Hath it not, boy?

A little, by your favour. 24 Vio. Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion. Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my loru.

Duke. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, 32 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won.

Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord. Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; For women are as roses, whose fair flow'r Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so !

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain; The spinsters and the knitters in the sun. And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth. And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir? Duke. Ay; prithee, sing.

[Music.

Feste's Song.

Come away, come away, death; And in sad cypress let me be laid; Fly away, fly away, breath, I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O, prepare it!

My part of death no one so true Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, On my black coffin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet 60 My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown;

A thousand thousand sighs to save, La, me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave, To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee. Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit Clown. Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Exeunt Curio and Attendants.

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty. Tell her my love, more noble than the world.

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon

her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems

But tis that miracle and queen of gems
That Nature pranks her in attracts my
soul.

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Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for Olivia. You cannot love

You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's
heart
94

obig to hold so much; they lack retention. Alas, their love may be call'd appelite—
No motion of the liver, but the palate—
Ihat suffer surfert, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea, 99
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know-

Duke. What dost thou know? Vio. Too well what love women to men

may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we, 105
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And wh

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my loid. She never told her love.

But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud, Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought;

And with a green and vellow melancho'y
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at griet. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but
indeed 115

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my

boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too—and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme. To her in haste. Give her this jewel; say My love can give no place, bide no denay.
[Exeunt.

Scene V. Olivia's garden

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian. Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-buting here.

Str To. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ve all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [As the men hide she drops a letter] Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit. 20

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did attect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't? 26

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue! Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue-

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel:

Fab. O, peace! Now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow to hit him in the eve!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day-bed-where I have left Olivia sleeping-

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby-

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace! Now, now. Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me— Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from

us with cars, yet peace. 60 Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control-

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech '-

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness '

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight '-

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew.'

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here? [Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin. Sir To. O, peace! And the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. Ev my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's.

Why that?

Mal. [Reads] 'To the unknown belov'd. this, and my good wishes.' Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all. Mal. [Reads] ' Jove knows I love, But who?

> Lips, do not move; No man must know.'

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'Ne man must know.' What follows? The numbers alter'd! 'No man must know.' If this should be thee, Malvolio?
Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [Reads] I may command where I adore; But silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I. Mal. 'M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.' Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could of putting on. make that resemble something in me. praised! Here is yet a postscript. Softly! M. O. A. I .-

Sir To. O, ay, make up that! He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this. though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M-Malvolio; M-why, that begins

my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M--But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope. Sn To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Av, an you had any eye behind you. you might see more detraction at your heels

than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little. it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here follows prose.

[Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to mure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear tresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to She touch Forlune's fingers. Farewell. that would alter services with thee, 140 THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me: for every reason excites to this, that my lady She did commend my yellow loves me. stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my lowe, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or

Jove and my stars be

[Reads] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in Therefore in my piesence still smile, dear my sweet. I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from tue Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher. Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at travtrip, and become thy bond-slave? Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife. Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit! 185 Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Olivia's garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman? Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say the king lies by

the church stands by thy tabor, if thy welkin-I might say 'element' but the tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow

and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

io. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchers are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun-it shines everywhere. would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there. 39

Vio. Nav, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for [Giving a coin.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of

hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [Aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin .- Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well [Giving another coin.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my

word is overworn. IExit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

He must observe their mood on whom he iests,

The quality of persons, and the time: 60 And, like the haggard, check at every

feather That comes before his eye. This is a

practice As full of labour as a wise man's art: For folly that he wisely shows is fit: But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman! Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur. Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am vours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage,

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir. than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter. Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, heavens rain odours on you! Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier-

Rain odours ' well!

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed

Sir And. 'Odours', 'pregnant', and 'vouchsafed'-I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exeunt all but Olivia and Viola] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. Y'are servant to the Count Orsino, youth. Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant. madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him; for his thoughts. Would they were blanks rather than fill'd

with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

O, by your leave, I pray you: OliI hade you never speak again of him: But, would you undertake another suit, 105 I had rother hear you to solicit that Than music from the spheres.

Dear lady-Vio.

send.

After the last enchantment you did here. A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse 110 Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you. Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you in a shameful cunning Which you knew none of yours. might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake. And baited it with all th' unmuzzled

thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving.

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak. Vio. I pity you.

That's a degree to love. Oli. Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[Clock strikes. The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Be not afraid, good youth; I will not have i' th' orchard. you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to boy? Tell me that. harvest.

Your wife is like to reap a proper man. 130 There lies your way, due west.

Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me? Oli. Stav.

I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me. Vio. That you do think you are not what vou are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you. Vio. Then think you right: I am not

you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool. Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip! A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more

soon Than love that would seem hid: love's

night is noon. Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so that, maugre all thy "ride, Nor wit nor reason can my passion, ide. Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did Do not extort thy reasons from this clause. For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

> But rather reason thus with reason fetter: Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

> Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth, I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

> And that no woman has; nor never none Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

> And so adieu, good madam; never more Will I my master's tears to you deplore. Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps

> mayst move That heart which now abhors to like his Exeunt.

> > SCENE II. Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason. Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's servingman than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw't

Sir. To. Did she see thee the while, old

Sir And. As plain as I see you now. Fab. This was a great argument of love

in her toward you. Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass

o' me? Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon

the oaths of judgment and reason. Sir To. And they have been grandjurymen since before Noah was a sailor. 16

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your beart and bringstone in your liver. You heart and brimstone in your liver. what I am. should then have accosted her; and with Oli. I would you were a I would have some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth

into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd. double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate; I had as

lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself there is no lovebroker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir

Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a

challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gaal enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it. 47 Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. [Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakın to you, Sır Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad-

some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from

him; but you'll not deliver't? Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty. 61

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren

of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most viliainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church. I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do. he'll smile and take't for a great favour. 77

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

SCENE III. A street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

I would not by my will have troubled you: But since you make your pleasure of your

pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me

forth; And not all love to see you-though so

As might have drawn one to a longer voyage-

But jealousy what might befall your travel. Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10 Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear. Set forth in your pursuit.

My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks. And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns

Are shuffl'd off with such uncurrent pay; But were my worth as is my conscience firm,

You should find better dealing. What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame Tnat do renown this city.

Would you'd pardon me. I do not without danger walk these streets: Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys

I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his neonle.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. natule:

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying

What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did. Only myself stood out: For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Do not then walk too open. Seb. Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's

my purse;

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant. Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet, 40 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir. Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave Malvolio? you for

An hour.

To th' Elephant. Ant.

I do remember. Seb.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Olivia's garden. Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him; he says he'll

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but Your ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come; for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [Exit Maria. I am as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio! Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. Oli. Smil'st thou?

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: 'Please one and please all'.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? What

is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? Mal. To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll

come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why gost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes, nightingales answer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness.' 'Twas well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that,

Mal. 'Some are born great,'-

Oli. Ha?

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'-Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy vellow stockings,'-

Oli. 'Thy yellow stockings'? 'And wish'd to see thee cross-Mal.

garter'd.'

Oli. 'Cross-garter'd'?
Mal, 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so: '-Oli. Am I made?

Mal. ' If not, let me see thee a servant

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness. Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd: I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my [Exeunt Olivia and Maria. dowry.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough' says she. 'Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity' consequently sets down the manner how, as: a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now-' Let this fellow be look'd to'.
'Malvolio' nor after 'Fellow' nor after my degree, but Why, everything adheres to-' fellow ' gether, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance-What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, vet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't But see, but see.

with you, sir?

Sir To. How is't with you, man? Mal. Go off; I discard you. Let me

enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so? Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil; consider, he's

an enemy to mankind. Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman. Mar. Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness—gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good

Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx! Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

Sir To. Is't possible? Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable

fiction. Sir To. His very genius hath taken the

infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint,

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance. till our very pastime, tired out of breath. prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning. Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't. Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, 1s't, I warrant him; do but

Sir To. Give me. [Reads] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. [Reads] ' Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.' Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [Reads] 'Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.' 150

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. [Reads] '1 will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me '~

Fab. Good.

Sir To. ' Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' th' windy side of

the law. Good!

Sir To. [Reads] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. A fiend like thee might bear my soul to I'll give't him. 163

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart. 166

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baily; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit. Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir. I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman -as I know his youth will aptly receive it-into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices. 186

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria. Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour too unchary out; There's something in me that reproves my fault:

But such a headstrong potent fault it is

That it but mocks reproof. Vio. With the same haviour that your

passion bears Goes on my master's griefs;

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture.

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you. And I beseech you come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, 201 That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

I will acquit you. 205 Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well;

hell. Exit.

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee. Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defeace thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy tuck, be vare in thy preparation, for thy assaulant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sii; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of

offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise. I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength. skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal. 222

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he? Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three: and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hobnob is his word-give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. beseech you do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[Exit Sir Toby.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter? Fab. I know the knight is incens'd

against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more. 250 Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man

is he? Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise,

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to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him

yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Str To. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[To Fabian] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. [To Sir Toby] He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale,

as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [To Viola] There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore draw for the supportance of his yow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [Aside] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how

much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious. Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath! [They draw.

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

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Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you. Sir To. You, sir! Why, what are you?

Sir To. You, sir! Why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet
do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay. if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [They draw.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

Sir To. [To Antonio] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and for that

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.
2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well.

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away; he knows I know him well,
Ant. I must obey. [To Viola] This comes
with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It

grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you 320
Than what befalls myself. You stand
amaz'd:

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir? 3% For the fair kindness you have show'd me

here, And part being prompted by your present

trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something. My having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you; Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

V10. I know of none. Nor know I you by voice or any feature. I hate ingratitude more in a man 338 Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness.

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

O heavens themselves! Ant. 2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, 345 And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion,

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. In nature there's no blemish but the mind:

None can be call'd deform'd but the un-

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the There's money for thee; if you tarry devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad. Away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. IExit with Officers. Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly

That he believes himself; so do not I. 358 Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! Sir To. Come hither, knight; come

hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian. I my brother

Yet living in my glass, even such and so In favour was my brother; and he went 365 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate. O. if it prove.

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in

love I Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward,

religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword. 376 (Exit.

Sir And. An I do not-Fab. Come, let's see the event.

nothing yet.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Before Olivia's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish

fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that

Seb. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else.

Thou know'st not me.

is so is so.

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Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from

longer

I shall give worse payment. Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good reportafter fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sır, have I met you again ? [Striking Sebastian] There's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. [Holding Sebastian.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. Exit. 30

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that. Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy

Sir To. What, what? Nav. then I must Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be have an ounce or two of this malapert [Exeunt. blood from you. [Draws. Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee hold.

Sir To. Madam!

Oli, Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch.

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves.

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario-

Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian. I puthee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent Against thy peace. Go with me to my

house, And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou that house is dark? thereby

Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me! He started one poor heart of mine in thee. Seb. What relish is in this? How runs

the stream? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep! Nay, come, I prithee. thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will. Oli.

O, say so, and so be! IExeunt.

Scene II. Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll [Exit.

call Sir Toby the whilst. [Exit. Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. 10

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Master Parson. Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc 'That that is is'; so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is 'that' but that, and 'is' but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [Within] Who calls there? Clo. Sir Topas the cutate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Our, hyperbolical fiend! vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, Master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this house is dark.

Clo Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou Would art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their tog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell, and I say there was never man thus abus'd. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild towl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion? Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas! 60 Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in

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[Exit.

oflence with my niece that I cannot purtue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Éxeunt Sir Toby and Maria. Clo. [Sings] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool!

Clo [Sings] My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool!

Clo. [Sings] Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool I say!

Clo. [Sings] She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for t. 80

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool. Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your

five wits?

Mal. Fool. there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my

wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? Then you are mad

indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me:

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. [Speaking as Sir Topas] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. Śir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir! 104 Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I prithee be gone.

Clo. [Singing]

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,

Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath.
Cires, Ah, ha! to the devil;
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad.

Adieu, goodman devil.

Scene III. Olivia's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;

This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't; And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?

I could not find him at the Elephant; 5
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service; For though my soul disputes well with my sense

That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes

And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

To any other trust but that I am mad, 15 Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so, She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As I perceive she does. There's something

in't 20
That is deceivable. But here the lady

That is deceivable. But here the ladcomes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man Into the chantry by; there, before him and underneath that consecrated roof, 25 Plight me the full assurance of your faith, That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace. He shall conceal it Whi es you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep 30 According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go lady know I am here to speak with her. with you:

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true. Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of minc! Exeunt.

ACT FIVE.

Scene I. Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter. Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recom-

pense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings. Duke. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

me. There's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another. 26 Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obev it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer. There's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is 'The third pays for all'. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind-one,

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Drew to defend him when he was beset;

and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullany to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. Exit.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescure me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well:

Yet when I saw it last it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war. A baubling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable. With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet That very envy and the tongue of loss Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsing, this is that Antonio That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy:

And this is he that did the Tiger board When your young nephew litus lost his leg.

Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him. Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side:

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.

I know not what 'twas but distraction. Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water

thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear. Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, 66 Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate. Though I confess, on base and ground enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ingrateful boy there by your side

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was. His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love without retention or restraint, 75 All his in dedication; for his sake, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town:

Where cunning.

Not meaning to partake with me in danger. Taught him to face me out of his acquaint-

And grew a twenty years removed thing While one would wink; denied me mine I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use Nor half an hour before.

How can this be? Vio.Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three

months before, No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the Countess: now heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow-fellow, thy words are madness.

Three months this youth hath tended upon

But more of that anon. Take him aside. Oli. What would my lord, but that he Call forth the holy father. may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? 96 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. Vio. Madam?

Duke, Gracious Olivia-

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord~

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music. Still so cruel? Oli. Still so constant, lord. 105

Duke. What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars My soul the faithfull'st off'rings hath breath'd out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

shall become him. Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart

to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief at point of

death. Kill what I love ?-a savage jealousy That sometime savours nobly. But hear

me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screws me from my true place in your I have travell'd but two hours.

favour, Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still: But this your minion, whom I know you love,

being apprehended, his talse And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly.

Him will I tear out of that cruel eve Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are rine in mischief:

To spite a raven's heart within a dove. 125 Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly.

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love More than I love these eyes, more than my life.

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life for tainting of my love! Oli. Ay me, detested! How am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come, away! Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke, Husband?

Ay, husband; can he that deny? Oli. Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I. Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear 140 That makes thee strangle thy propriety. Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up: Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father! Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, 145 Here to unfold—though lately we intended To keep in darkness what occasion now Reveals before 'tis ripe-what thou dost know

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that Hath newly pass'd between this youth and

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love. Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strength'ned by interchangement of your rings:

And all the ceremony of this compact 154 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony; Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be, 158 When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow

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That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest-

Oli. O. do not swear! Hold little faith, though thou has too much

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. Has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home. 171

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew? Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's

the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario? Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that

I did. I was set on to do't by Sir Toby. Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.

You drew your sword upon me without Of charity, what kin are you to me? cause: 180

But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

Enter SIR TOBY and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickl'd you othergates than he did. 18° Duke. How now, gentleman? How is'

Sir To. That's all one: has hurt me, and there's th' end on't. Sot, didst see Dick

Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hou agone: his eves were set at eight i' th

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a pass, measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue. Oli. Away with him. Who hath mad

this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, becaus we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help-an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin fac'd knav a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt b look'd to.

> [Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count. your kinsman:

3ut. had it been the brother of my bloom. must have done no less with wit and safety.

ou throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

do perceive it hath offended you. 'ardon me, sweet one, even for the yows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!

A natural perspective, that is and is not. Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! 210 How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Fear'st thou that, Antonio? Ant. How have you made division of vourself?

An apple cleft in two is not more twin 215 Than these two creatures. Which is

Sebastian? Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature Of here and everywhere. I had a sister 220 Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

What countryman, what name, what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father.

Such a Sebastian was my brother too; 225 So went he suited to his watery tomb; If spirits can assume both form and suit. You come to fright us.

A spirit I am indeed. Seb. But am in that dimension grossly clad Which from the womb I did participate. 230 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even. I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow. Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had numb'red thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul! He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola; which to confirm, 245 I'll bring you to a captain in this town, Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord Seb. [To Olivia] So comes it, lady, you

have been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that. You would have been contracted to a maid: Not are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd: You are betroth'd both to a maid and man Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true. I shall have share in this most happy

wreck.

[To Viola] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me Vio. And all those sayings will I overswear:

And all those swearings keep as true in soul As doth that orbed continent the fire That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand: And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore

Hath my maid's garments. He, upon some

action, Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit, A gentleman and follower of my lady's. Fetch He shall enlarge him. Malvoho hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me. They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN A most extracting frenzy of mine own From my remembrance clearly banish'd

his. How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the malman. [Reads madly] 'By the Lord, madam-

Oli. How new! Art thou mad? Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

Oli. Prithee read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my Princess, and give ear.

Oli. [To Fabian] Read it you, sirrah. 290 Fab. [Reads] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.

as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam. 300 Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring hım hither. Exit Fabian. My lord, so please you, these things further

thought on. To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so

please you, Here at my house, and at my proper cost. Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.

[To Viola] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him.

So much against the mettle of your sex, So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long, Here is my hand; you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

Olı. A sister! You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Olı. Av. my lord, this same. How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? No. Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand; Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase: Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention;

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then.

And tell me, in the modesty of honour, Why you have given me such clear lights of favour.

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people; And, acting this in an obedient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious geck and gull That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, Though, I confess, much like the character; And now I do bethink me, it was she 335 First told me thou wast mad: then cam'st in smiling.

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be con-

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee. But, when we know the grounds and

authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the For so you shall be while you are a judge

Of thine own cause.

Good madam, hear me speak, And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wond'red at. In hope it shall

not, Most freely I confess myself and Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts We had conceiv'd against him. Maria witt The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance, In recompense whereof he hath married her. How with a sportful malice it was follow'd May rather pluck on laughter than revenge, If that the injuries be justly weigh'd That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffl'd thee!
Clo. Why, 'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them'. I was one, sir, in this interlude—one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad!' But do you remember-' Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? An you smile not, he's gagg'd'? And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. 363

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [Exit. Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd. Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a

peace; He hath not told us of the captain yet. When that is known, and golden time

convents. A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister, We will not part from hence. Cesario. come:

man:

But when in other habits you are seen, Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt all but the Clown.

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy, 375 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain. A foolish thing was but a toy, For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 380 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their

For the rain it laineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain. By swaggering could I never thrive, For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, With toss-pots still had drunken heads. For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, But that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, his son, the young Prince of Sicilia.

CAMILLO. ANTIGONUS, lords of Sicilia. CLEOMENES, DION.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia. FLORIZEL, his son, Prince of Bohemia. ARCHIDAMUS, a lord of Bohemia.

Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita. Clown, his son.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

TIME, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes. PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Her-

mione.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus. EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen.

Morsa, shepherdesses. DORCAS.

Other Lords, Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, Servants, Shepherds, Shepherdesses.

THE SCENE: Sicilia and Bohemia.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Sicilia. The valace of Leontes. Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sıcılıa.

Cam. I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed-

Cam. Beseech you-Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence, in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great dear too dear for

what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty

puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of the'r society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and

embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world e'ther malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die? Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scene II. Sicilia. The palace of Leontes. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HEPMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star hath been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burden. Time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our

thanks; And yet we should for perpetuity Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a

cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply With one 'We thank you 'many thousands

That go before it.

Stay your thanks a while, Leon.

And pay them when you part.

Sir, that's to-morrow. 10 Pol. I am question'd by my fears of what may chance

Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say 'This is put forth too truly'. Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One sev'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow. Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so. There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world.

So soon as yours could win me. So it should now.

Were there necessity in your request, although

'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do even diag me homeward; which to

hınder Were in your love a whip to me; my stay To you a charge and trouble. To save both, Farewell, our brother.

Tongue-tied, our Queen? Speak Leon.

peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are

All in Bohemia's well—this satisfaction 'The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him.

He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione. Her. To tell he longs to see his son were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go: 35 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay:

We'll thwack him hence with distafts.

[To Polixenes] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission

To let him there a month behind the gest Prefix'd for's parting.-Yet, good deed, Leontes.

I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind What lady she her lord .-- You'll stay? Pol. No, madam. Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily. Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I. 378

Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths.

Should yet say 'Sir, no going'. Verily You shall not go; a lady's 'verily' is As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner or my guest? By your dread ' verily '.

One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam: To be your prisoner should import offending:

Which is for me less easy to commit Than you to punish.

Not your gaoler then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.

You were pretty lordings then!

We were, fair Queen. Pol. Two lads that thought there was no more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

Was not my lord 65 The verier wag o' th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' th' sun

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my And bleat the one at th' other. What we chang'd

> Was innocence for innocence: we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd 70 That any did. Had we pursu'd that life, And our weak spirits ne'er been higher

> rear'd With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

> Boldly 'Not guilty', the imposition clear'd Hereditary ours.

By this we gather Her.You have tripp'd since.

O my most sacred ladv. Pol. Temptations have since then been born to 's, for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl; Your precious self had then not cross'd the eves

Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80 Of this make no conclusion, lest you say Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on: Th' offences we have made you do we'll answer.

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd

With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet? Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not. Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st And yet the steer, the herfer, and the calt. To better purpose.

Her.

Never but once. Leon. Her. What! Have I twice said well? When was't before?

I prithee tell me; crain's with praise, and make's

As fat as tame things. One good deed dying To be full like me; yet they say we are tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. Our praises are our wages; you may ride's With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere With spui we heat an acre. But to th' goal: My last good deed was to entreat his stay; What was my first? It has an elder sister, Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I spoke to th' purpose-When?

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Why, that was when Leon. Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter

I am yours for ever'.

'Tis Grace indeed. 105 Her. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a toyal husband; Th' other for some while a triend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes. Too hot, too hot! Lcon. [Aside] To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods. I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances.

, But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom.

And well become the agent. 'T may, I grant;

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, As now they are, and making practis'd

smiles As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as

'twere The mort o' th' deer. O, that is entertain-

ment My bosom likes not, nor my brows!

Mamillius, Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

I' fecks! Leon. Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose? 121

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, Captain. We must be neat—not neat, but cleanly. Are you so fond of your young prince as we

Captain.

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling 125 Upon his palm ?-How now, you wanton calf.

Ait thou my calf?

Mam Yes, if you will, my lord. Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,

Aimost as like as eggs. Women say so, r₃₀ That will say any thing. But were they false As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as watersfalse

As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true

To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page, Look on me with your welkin eve. Sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam ?may't be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre. Thou dost make possible things not so held. Communicat'st with dreams—how can this be?—

With what's unreal thou coactive art. And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent

Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost-

And that beyond commission: and I find it.

And that to the infection of my brains 145 And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia? Her. He something seems unsettled. Pol.

How, my lord! What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look As if you held a brow of much distraction. Are you mov'd, my lord?

No, in good earnest. 150 Leon. How sometimes nature will betray its folly, Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzl'd,

Lest it should bite its master and so prove. As ornaments oft do, too dangerous. How like, methought, I then was to this

kernel, This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest

friend.

Will you take eggs for money? Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? Why, happy man be's dole! My brother,

Do seem to be of ours?

If at home, sir, 165 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter; Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy: My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.

He makes a July's day short as December, And with his varying childness cures in

Thoughts that would thick my blood. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord, And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,

How thou lov'st us show in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap; Next to thyself and my young rover, he's Apparent to my heart.

If you would seek us. Her. We are yours i' th' garden. Shall's afte you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [Aside] I am angling now, Though you perceive me not how I give line

Go to, go to! How she holds up the neb, the bill to him! And arms her with the boldness of a wife To her allowing husband! [Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.

Gone already! 185 Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one !

Go, play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose

Will hiss me to my grave. Contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; And many a man there is, even at this present, Now while I speak this, holds his wife by

th' arm That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's

absence, And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,

bv Nay, there's Sir Smile, his neighbour.

comfort in't, Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will.

mankind Would hang themselves.

there's none; It is a bawdy planet, that will strike Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis pow'rful, |

think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly. Know't. It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's

Have the disease, and feel't not. How now. boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Why, that's some comfort. Leon. What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord. Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an [Exit Mamillius. honest man. Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:

When you cast out, it still came home. Didst note it? Leon.

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions: made

His business more material. Didst perceive it? [Aside] They're here with me already;

whisp'ring, rounding, Sicilia is a so-forth'. 'Tis far gone When I shall gust it last.—How came't.

Camillo. That he did stay?

At the good Queen's entreaty. Cam. Leon. 'At the Queen's' be't. 'Good' should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken By any understanding pate but thine? For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in More than the common blocks. Not noted.

is't, But of the finer natures, by some severals Of head-piece extraordinary?

messes Perchance are to this business purblind? Say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most 22Q understand

Bohemia stays here longer. Ha?

Leon. Stavs here longer. Cam.

Leon. Ay, but why? Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Satisfy Satisfy! Th' entreaties of your mistress! I have trusted thee, Let that suffice. Camillo, Should all With all the nearest things to my heart, as

well That have revolted wives, the tenth of My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like,

Physic for't Hast cleans'd my bosom-I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord Leon. To bide upon't: thou art not honest; or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,

Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must
be counted
215

A servant grafted in my serious trust, And therein negligent; or else a fool That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,

And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam.

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful: 250
In every one of these no man is free
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my
lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent, 255
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever featful
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out 260
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my
lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace, Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass 265

By its own visage; if I then deny it, 'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo— But that's past doubt; you have, or your

eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard—

For to a vision so apparent rumour 270 Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogntation

Resides not in that man that does not think—

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess— Or else be impudently negative,

To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought—
then say 27:

My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name As rank as any flax-wench that puts to Before her troth-plight. Say't and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear My sovereign mistress clouded so, without My, present vengeance taken. Shrew my

heart! 281
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?

Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible Of breaking honesty. Horsing foot on foot? Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift:

Hours, minutes; noon, midnight? And all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,

That would unseen be wicked—is this nothing?

Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My wife is nothing; not nothing have these nothings,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd

Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;

For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say if he 'tis true

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true. Cam. No, no, my lord

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie. I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee; Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave.

Or else a hovering temporizer that Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil.

Inclining to them both. Were my wife's

Infected as her life, she would not live 305 The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging

About his neck, Bohemia; who—if I Had servants true about me that bare eyes To see alike mine honour as their profits, 310 Their own particular thrifts, they would do that

Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou.

His cupbearer—whom I from meaner form Have bench'd and rear'd to worship: who mayst see,

Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven, 315

How I am gall'd—mightst bespice a cup To give mine enemy a lasting wink;

Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash

potion, But with a ling ring dram that should not

work
Maliciously like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread

mistress, So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee-

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled. 325

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To appoint myself in this vexation: ully The purity and whiteness of my she ts-Which to preserve is sleep, which leing spotted

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps; Give scandal to the blood o' th' Prince my son-330

Who I do think is mine, and love as mu le-Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this ?

Could man so blench?

I must believe you, Cam. I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for't, Provided that, when he's remov'd, your Highness

Will take again your queen as yours at f rst. Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and k agdoms

Known and allied to yours.

Thou dost advise me Even so as I mine own course have set

I'll give no blemish to her honour, none Cam. My lord.

Go then: and with a countenance as cl ar As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer; If from me he have wholesome bevera e, Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all: Do't, and thou hast the one half of 1 sy heart:

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

I'll do't, my lord. 349 Cam. Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou ha t advis'd me. Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me, What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner

Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do t Is the obedience to a master; one Who, in rebellion with himself, will have All that are his so too. To do this deed, Promotion follows. If I could find exampl: Of thousands that had struck anointed I must be answer'd. kings

And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; bu

Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bear not one.

Let villainy itself forswear't. I must Forsake the court. To do't, or no, is certai To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks My favour here begins to warp. Not speak Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir Pol. What is the news i' th' court?

None rare, my lord. Cam. Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance

As he had lost some province, and a region Lov'd as he loves himself; even now I met him

With customary compliment, when he, Wafting his eyes to th' contrary and falling A lip of much contempt, speeds from me: and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord. Pol. How, dare not! Do not. Do you

know, and dare not Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts:

For, to yourself, what you do know, you must, And cannot say you dare not. Good

Camillo. 380 Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror

Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be

A party in this alteration, finding Myself thus alter'd with't.

There is a sickness Which puts some of us in distemper: but I cannot name the disease; and it is caught Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me? Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo-As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto

Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns Our gentry than our parents' noble names. In whose success we are gentle—I beseech you. If you know aught which does behove my

knowledge Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not In ignorant concealment.

I may not answer. Cam. Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?

Dost thou hear, Camillo?

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400 Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare What incidency thou dost guess of harm Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near:

Which way to be prevented, if to be; 405 If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you; Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him

That I think honourable. Therefore mark my counsel,

I mean to utter it, or both yourself and in Cry lost, and so goodnight.

Pol. On, good Camillo. Cam. I am appointed him to murder you. Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears.

As he had seen 't or been an instrument 415
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his
queen

Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn To an infected jelly, and my name Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best! Turn then my freshest leputation to 420 A savour that may strike the dullest nostril Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection

That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over By each particular star in heaven and 425 By all their influences, you may as well Forbid the sea for to obey the moon As or by oath remove or ccunsel shake The fabric of his folly, whose foundation Is pil'd upon his faith and will continue 430 The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow? Cam. I know not; but I am sure 'tis

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty, That lies enclosed in this trunk which you Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night. Your followers I will whisper to the business:

And will, by twos and threes, at several

posterns, 438 Clear them o' th' city. For myself, I'll put My fortunes to your service, which are here By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain, For, by the honour of my parents, I

Have utt'red truth; which if you seek to

prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the King's own
mouth, thereon

445

His execution sworn.

Pol.
I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;

Be pilot to me, and thy places shall Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready,

and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
451
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's
mighty,

Must it be violent; and as he does conceive He is dishonour'd by a man which ever 455 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me.

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious Queen. part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo; I will respect thee as a father, if Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command The keys of all the posterns. Please your Highness 464

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Sicilia. The palace of Leontes. Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord, Shall I be your playtellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you. 1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Man. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if

me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.
2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because Your brows are blacker; yet black brows.

they say,
Become some women best; so that there
be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle so Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught't this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.

Pray now,

What colour are your eyebrows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord. Mam. Nay, that's a mock. I have seen a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

1 Lady. Hark ye: 15
The Queen your mother rounds apace. We

Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton

with us, If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter
her! 20

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?
Come, sir, now

I am for you again. Pray you sit by us, And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall't be? Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter. I have Away with him; and let her sport herself one

Of sprites and goblins.

Let's have that, good sir. Her. Come on, sit down; come on, and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're pow'rful at it.

Mam. There was a man-

Nay, come, sit down; then on. Her. Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard-I will tell it softly:

Yond crickets shall not hear it. Come on then,

Her. And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never

Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them

Even to their ships.

How blest am I In my just censure, in my true opinion! Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd

A spider steep'd, and one may drink, de-

And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected; but if one present Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make Do but mistake.

known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides.

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander. There is a plot against my life, my crown; All's true that is mistrusted. That false vıllain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him;

He has discover'd my design, and I Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick For them to play at will. How came the posterns

So easily open?

1 Lord. By By his great authority; Which often hath no less prevail'd than so On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. 55 Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet

Have too much blood in him.

What is this? Sport? Her. Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her:

[Mamillius is led out. With that she's big with-for 'tis Poli-

xenes

Has made thee swell thus.

But I'd say he had not, Her. And I'll be sworn you would believe my saving.

Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

You, my lords. Leon. Look on her, mark her well; be but about To say 'She is a goodly lady 'and 66 The justice of your hearts will thereto add

'Tis pity she's not honest-honourable'. Praise her but for this her without-door form.

Which on my faith deserves high speech. and straight The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty

brands That calumny doth use-O, I am out !-That mercy does, for calumny will sear

Virtue itself-these shrugs, these hum's and ha's. When you have said she's goodly, come

between, Ere you can say she's honest. But be't known.

In being so blest! There may be in the From him that has most cause to grieve it should be.

She's an adultress.

Should a villain say so. The most replenish'd villain in the world. He were as much more villain: you, my lord.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady. Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing! Which I'll not call a creature of thy place, Lest barbarism, making me the precedent, Should a like language use to all degrees 85 And mannerly distinguishment leave out Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said She's an adultress; I have said with whom. More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is A federary with her, and one that knows 90 What she should shame to know herself But with her most vule principal—that she's

A bed-swerver, even as bad as those That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy

To this their late escape.

No, by my life. 95 Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you.

When you shall come to clearer knowledge. that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my

You scarce can right me throughly then to

You did mistake.

No; if I mistake 100 Leon. In those foundations which I build upon,

The centre is not big enough to bear A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison.

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty

But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns. I must be patient till the heavens look 100 With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are—the want of which vain dew Perchance shall dry your pities-but I have That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns

Worse than tears drown. Beseech vou all. my lords.

With thoughts so qualified as your charities Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so

The King's will be perform'd!

Leon. [To the Guard] Shall I be heard? Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your Highness

My women may be with me, for you see My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools:

vour mistiess

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears As I come out: this action I now go on Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord. I never wish'd to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. My women, come; you have

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence! 125 [Exeunt Hermione, guarded, and ladies. 1 Lord. Beseech your Highness, call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence, in the which three great We need no more of your advice. ones suffer.

Yourself, your queen, your son.

For her, my lord, 1 Lord. I dare my life lay down—and will do't, sit, Please you t' accept it—that the Queen is spotless

I' th' eyes of heaven and to you-I mean In this which you accuse her.

If it prove Ant. She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her; Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;

For every inch ce woman in the world, Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false, If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good my lord-Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on That will be damn'd for't. Would I knew the villain!

I would land-damn him. Be she honourflaw'd-

I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;

The second and the third, nine and some five; If this prove true, they'll pay for't. Bv

mine honour, I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see To bring false generations. They are coheirs:

And I had rather glib myself than they Should not produce fair issue.

Cease; no more. 150 You smell this business with a sense as cold As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't

As you feel doing thus; and see withal The instruments that feel.

If it be so, We need no grave to bury honesty; There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten Of the whole dungy earth.

What! Lack I credit? Leon. 1 Lord. I had rather you did lack than I,

my lord. There is no cause; when you shall know Upon this ground; and more it would content me

To have her honour true than your suspicion. Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we Commune with you of this, but rather follow

Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness

Imparts this; which, if you-or stupified Or seeming so in skill-cannot or will not Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves

matter.

The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege, 170 You had only in your silent judgment tried

Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be? Either thou art most ignorant by age, Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight, Added to their familiarity-Which was as gross as ever touch'd con-

jecture That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation

But only seeing, all other circumstances Made up to th' deed—doth push on this proceeding.

Yet, for a greater confirmation-For, in an act of this importance, 'twere Most piteous to be wild—I have dispatch'd in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

t teomenes and Dion, whom you know Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel

had, Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well

1 Lord. Well done, my lord. Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190 Give rest to th' minds of others such as he Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good

From our free person she should be confin'd Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence

Be left her to perform. Come, follow us: We are to speak in public: for this business

Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it, If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Sicilia. A prison.

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Puul. The keeper of the prison-call to

Let him have knowledge who I am.

[Exit Gentleman. Good lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee; What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not? Gaol. For a worthy lady, 5

And one who much I honour. Paul.

Pray you, then, Conduct me to the Queen.

I may not, madam; Gaol. To the contrary I have express command-

Paul. Here's ado, to lock up honesty and honour from

Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,

To see her women—any of them? Emilia? Gaol. So please you, madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her. 15 Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants.

Gaol. And, madam, I must be present at your conference. Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman. How fares our gracious lady? 386

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn

May hold together. On her frights and griefs,

Which never tender lady hath borne greater. She is, something before her time, deliver'd. Paul. A boy?

A daughter, and a goodly babe. Emil. Lusty, and like to live. The Queen receives says 'My poor Much coinfort in't; prisoner,

I am as innocent as you'.

I dare be sworn. Paul. These dangerous unsafe lunes i' th' King, beshrew them !

He must be told on't, and he shall. The office Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon

me:

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,

And never to my red-look'd anger be 34 The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia, Commend my best obedience to the Queen: If she dares trust me with her little babe, I'll show't the King, and undertake to be Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not

How he may soften at the sight o' th' child: The silence often of pure innocence Persuades when speaking fails.

Most worthy madam. Your honour and your goodness is so evident

That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue: there is no lady living 45 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer;

Who but to-day hammer'd of this design. But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Lest she should be denied.

Tell her, Emilia, Paul. I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow

from't As boldness from my bosom. let't not be doubted

I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it! I'll to the Queen. Please you come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe.

I know not what I shall incur to pass it.

Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir. This child was prisoner to the womb, and is By law and process of great Nature thence Freed and enfranchis'd-not a party to 61 The anger of the King, nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear. Upon mine Nourish the cause of his awaking: I honour. I Will stand betwixt you and danger.

(Exeunt

Scene III. Sicilia. The palace of Leontes. Enter LEONIES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest! It is but weakness

To bear the matter thus-mere weakness. If The cause were not in being-part o' th' cause.

She, th' adultress; for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she I can hook to me—say that she were gone. Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest Might come to me again. Who's there?

1 Serv. Leon How does the boy?

1 Serv. He took good rest to-night; "Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother. He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it

deeply, Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself.

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep. And downright languish'd. Leave me solely Ga.

See how he fares. [Exit Servant] Fie, fie! no thought of him!

The very thought of my revenges that wav Recoil upon me-in himself too mighty, 20 And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be, Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,

Take it on her. Camillo and Polivenes Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow.

They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor Shall she, within my pow'r.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter. Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, Than the Queen's life? A gracious innocent

More free than he is jealous.

That's enough. Ant. 2 Serv. Madam, he hath not slept tonight; commanded

None should come at him.

Not so hot, good sir; I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, That creep like shadows by him, and do

At each his needless heavings—such as you

65 Do come with words as medicinal as true. Honest as either, to purge him of that humour

That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho? Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference

About some gossips for your Highness. Leon. How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus. I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:

I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord. On your displeasure's peril, and on mine, 45 She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her? Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in thus,

My lord? Unless he take the course that you have done-

Commit me for committing honour-trust

He shall not rule me.

La you now, you hear! 50 When she will take the rein, I let her run; But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my hege, I come-And I beseech you hear me, who professes Myself your loyal servant, your physician, Your most obedient counsellor; yet that

Less appear so, in comforting your evils. Than such as most seem yours-I say I come

From your good Queen.

Lean. Good Queen!

Paul. Good Queen, my lord, good Queen I say good Queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I

A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence. Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eves

First-hand me. On mine own accord I'll oft; But first I'll do my errand. The good Queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter :

Here 'tis: commends it to your blessing. [Laying down the child.

Leon. Ont! A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!

A most intelligencing bawd!

Not so. Paul. I am as ignorant in that as you

In so entitling me; and no less honest 70 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant.

As this world goes, to pass for honest. Traitors! Leon.

Ant.

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Will you not push her out? Give her the That cannot do that feat, you'll leave vourself bastaid. [To Antigonius] Thou detard, thou art Hardly one subject. Once more, take her hence. aoman-tir'd, unroosted Leon. By thy Dame Partlet here. Take up the Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural bastard; lord Take't up, I say: give't to thy crone. Can do no more. I'll ha' thee burnt. Paul. For ever Leon. Paul. I care not. Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou It is an heretic that makes the fire. Tak'st up the Princess by that forced Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you baseness Which he has put upon't! tvrant: But this most cruel usage of your Queen-He dreads his wife. Leon. Not able to produce more accusation Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere Than your own weak-hing'd fancy-somepast all doubt You'd call your children yours. thing savours A nest of traitors! Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you. Yea, scandalous to the world. Ant. I am none, by this good light. Leon. On your allegiance, 120 Nor I; nor any Paul. But one that's here: and that's himself; Out of the chamber with her! Were I a for he tvrant. The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's. Where were her life? She durst not call His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to me so, slander, If she did know me one. Away with her! Whose sting is sharper than the sword's: Paul. I pray you, do not push me: I'll and will notbe gone. For, as the case now stands, it is a curse Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours. He cannot be compell'd to 't-once remove Jove send her A better guiding spirit! What needs these The root of his opinion, which is rotten hands? As ever oak or stone was sound. Leon. A callat 90 You that are thus so tender o'er his follies Will never do him good, not one of you. Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband, So, so. Farewell; we are gone. [Exit. And now baits me! This brat is none of Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife mine: to this. It is the issue of Polixenes. My child! Away with't. Even thou, that Hence with it, and together with the dam hast Commit them to the fire. A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence. It is yours. And see it instantly consum'd with fire: Paul. 95 And, might we lay th' old proverb to your Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up charge, straight. 134 So like you 'tis the worse. Behold, my Within this hour bring me word 'tis done, lords, And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life, Although the print be little, the whole matter With what thou else call'st thine. If thou And copy of the father—eye, nose, lip, refuse. The trick of's frown, his forehead; nay, And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so: tne valley, The bastard brains with these my proper The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; hands his smiles: Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire: 140 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, For thou set'st on thy wife. finger. I did not, sir. Ant. And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, made it Can clear me in't. So like to him that got it, if thou hast We can. My royal liege, Lords. The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all He is not guilty of her coming hither. colours Leon. You're hars all. No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he 1 Lord. Beseech your Highness, give us does. better credit. Her children not her husband's! We have always truly serv'd you; and A gross hag beseech And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd So to esteem of us; and on our knees we That wilt not stay her tongue. beg.

Hang all the husbands As recompense of our dear services

past and to come, that you do change this Poor throng condemnation has a purpose, 750

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel. Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.

Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel And call me father? Better buin it now 155 Than curse it then. But be it; let it

live. It shall not neither. [To Antigonus] You,

sir, come you mihe:. You that have been so tenderly officious With Lady Margery, your midwife there, To save this bastard's life-for 'tis a bastard.

So sure as this beard's grey-what will you adventure

To save this brat's life?

Anything, my lord, That my ability may undergo,

And nobleness impose. At least, thus much:

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left To save the innocent—anything possible. Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

I will, my lord. Ant. Leon. Mark, and perform it-seest thou? For the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee.

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry This female bastard hence; and that thou hear if 174

To some remote and desert place, quite out Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it.

Without more mercy, to it own protection And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture, That thou commend it strangely to some place

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe.

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they

Casting their savageness aside, have done Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous In more than this deed does require! And blessing

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,

is not the similar of the second of the seco

Leon. Another's issue.

Huler a Laure of.

Serv. Please your Filghness, posts From those you sent to in cracle are come

An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion. Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,

Hasting to th' court.

So please you. sir, their speed 1 Lord. Hath been beyond account.

Twenty-three days They have been absent; 'tis good speed; foretells

The great Apollo suddenly will have The truth of this appear. Prepare you. lords;

Summon a session, that we may arraign Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have A just and open trial. While she lives, My heart will be a burden to me. Leave 205

And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Sicilia. On he road to the Capital. Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet.

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing The common praise it bears.

I shall report. Dio. For most it caught me, the celestial habits-Methinks I so should term them—and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice! How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly, It was i' th' off'ring!

Cleo. But of all, the burst And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' oracle, Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense

That I was nothing. Dion. If th' event o' th' journey Prove as successful to the Queen-O, be't

so!--As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy. The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo Turn all to th' best! These proclamations. So forcing faults upon Hermione. I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it Will clear or end the business. When the oracle-

Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up-Shall the contents discover, something rare

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Go: Even then will rush to knowledge. OT fresh horses. [Exeunt. And gracious be the issue!

Scene II. Sicilia. A court of justice.

Enter LEONIES, Lords, and Officers. Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we

pronounce, Even pushes 'gainst our heart-the party tried.

The daughter of a king, our wife, and one Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice, which shall have due

course, Even to the guilt or the purgation. Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure that the Oneen

Appear in person here in court.

Enter HERMIONE, as to her trial, PAULINA, and Ladies.

Silence! 10

Leon. Read the indictment. Offi. [Reads] 'Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art

here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partiy laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.'
Her. Since what I am to say must be

but that Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce

boot me To say 'Not guilty'. Mine integrity Being counted falsehood shall, as I expres

it, Be so receiv'd. But thus—if pow'rs divine Behold our human actions, as they do, I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience. You, my lord, bes

know-Who least will seem to do so-my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'. And play'd to take spectators; for behold me-

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king' daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince—her standing

To plate and talk for life and honour fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour.

Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, sir, before

Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace,

How merited to be so; since he came, With what encounter so uncurrent I Have strain'd t' appear thus; if one jot

beyond The bound of honour, or in act or will

That way inclining, haid'ned be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin Cry fie upon my grave! I ne'er heard yet Leon.

That any of these bolder vices wanted Less impudence to gainsay what they did Than to perform it first.

That's true enough; 55 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

More than mistress of Her. Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, With whom I am accus'd, I do confess I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd; With such a kind of love as might become A lady like me; with a love even such, So and no other, as yourself commanded; Which not to have done, I think had been in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke.

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely.

That it was yours. Now for conspiracy: I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd

For me to try how; all I know of it Is that Camillo was an honest man; And why he left your court, the gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you

know What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir, You speak a language that I understand

My life stands in the level of your dreams, Which I'll lay down.

Your actions are my dreams. You had a bastard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame-

Those of your fact are so-so past all truth;

Which to deny concerns more than avails; Of great Apollo's priest, and that the for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, No father owning it-which is indeed More cump, lin they toan it-so thou Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage

Look for no less than death.

Sir, spare your threats. The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity. The crown and comfort of my life, your favour.

I do give lost, for I do feel it gone, But know not how it went; my second iov

And first fruits of my body, from his presence

I am barr'd, like one infectious; my third comfort.

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast-The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth-

Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred

The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried Here to this place, i' th' open air, before I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive 105 That I should fear to die. Therefore proceed.

But yet hear this-mistake me not: no

I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour Which I would free-if I shall be condemn'd

Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else 110 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you 'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all, I do refer me to the oracle: Apollo be my judge!

This your request 1 Lord. Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers. Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father;

O that he were alive, and here beholding His daughter's trial! that he did but see The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

sword of justice

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have Been both at Delphos, and from thence Not doing it and being done. He, most have brought 124

than

You have not dar'd to break the holy seel Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo., Dien. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the scale and read. 129
Offic [Reads; 'Hermione is chaste; Pouxenes biameless: Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King snall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.'

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo! Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so As it is here set down. 136, Leon. There is no truth at all i' th'

oracle. The sessions shall proceed. This is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord the King, the King! What is the business? Leon. Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:

The Prince your son, with mere conceit and Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! Gone? Serv. Is dead. Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens

themselves Do strike at my injustice.

[Hermione swoons. How now, there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen. Look down

And see what death is doing. Take her hence. Leon. Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will

recover. have too much believ'd mine own suspicion.

Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermunz.

Apol o, pardon 150

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle. I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

woo my queen, recall the good New Camillo-

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy. For, being transported by my jealousies 155 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done But that the good mind of Camillo tardied Offi. You here shall swear upon this My swift command, though I with death

and with Reward did threaten and encourage him,

humane This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest here.

Which you knew great, and to the certain

Of all incertainties himself commended, No richer than his honour. How he glisters Thorough my rust! And now his piety Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Woe the while Paul. O. co. my lace, lest my heart, cracking it. Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady? Paul. What studied torments, tyrant hast for me? What wheels, racks, fires? what flaving,

hoiling

In leads or oils? What old or newer torture Must I receive, whose every word deserves To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyrann Together working with thy jealousies, 17 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

For girls of nine-O, think what they have done.

And then run mad indeed, stark mad for all

Thy by-gone fool, " were but spices of it That thou betray'dst Polixenes, nothing:

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,

And damnable ingrateful. Nor was't much Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,

To have him kill a king—poor trespasses More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter

To be or none or little, though a devil Would have shed water out of fire ere done't:

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts-

Thoughts high for one so tender-cleft the

heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire Blemish'd his gracious dam. This is not, no, Laid to thy answer; but the last-O lords, When I have said, cry 'Woe!'-the Queen, the Queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher pow'rs forbid! Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye, Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes As I would do the gods. But. O thou tvrant!

Do not repent these things, for they are heavier Than all thy woes can stir; therefore be-

take thee To nothing but despair. A thousand knees

Ten thousand years together, naked. fasting. Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods

To look that way thou wert.

Go on, go on. Leon. Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd

All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

1 Lord. Say no more: Howe'er the business goes, you have made tault

I' th' boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't. 213 All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,

I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much The rashness of a woman! He is touch'd To th' noble heart. What's gone and what's past help

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction

At my petition: I beseech you, rather Let me be punish'd that have minded you Of what you should forget. Now, good my hege.

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman. 224 The love I bore your queen-lo, fool again! I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:

I'll not remember you of my own lord. Who is lost too. Take your patience to you, And I'll say nothing.

Thou didst speak but well Leon. When most the truth; which I receive much better Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring

me To the dead bodies of my queen and son.

One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there

Shall be my recreation. So long as nature Will bear up with this exercise, so long I dail vow to use it. Come, and lead me To wase sorrows. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Bohemia. The sea-coast. Enter Antigonus with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then our ship hath touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Ay, my lord, and fear Mar. We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly

And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,

The heavens with that we have in hand are And still rest thine. angry

And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard: Look to thy bark. I'll not be long before

I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not Too far i' th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather:

creatures

Of prey that keep upon't.

Go thou away: Ant.

Ani.
I'll follow instantly.
I am glad at heart To be so rid o' th' business. [Exit.

Come, poor babe. 15 I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' th' dead

May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother

Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was

So like a waking. To me comes a creature. Sometimes her head on one side some another-

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow, So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me:

And, gasping to begin some speech, her eves Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus, Since fate, against thy better disposition, Hath made thy person for the throwerout

Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, Places remote enough are in Bohemia, There weep, and leave it crying; and, for ho-hoa! the babe

Is counted lost for ever. Perdita I prithee call't. For this ungentle business. Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see shrieks.

She melted into air. Affrighted much, I did in time collect myself, and thought toys;

Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that Apollo would, this being indeed the issue

Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well! Laying doun the child. There he, and there thy character; there [Laying down a hundle. these Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

The storm begins. Poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd To loss and what may follow! Ween I cannot.

But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell! The day frowns more and more. Thou'rt like to have

Besides, this place is famous for the Alullaby too rough; I never saw The heavens so dim by day. [Noise of hunt within] A savage clamour! Well may I get aboard! This is the chase; I am gone for ever. [Exit, p:n sued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Sheb. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting-[Horns] Hark you now! Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master. If any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivv. luck, an't be thy will! What have we here? [Taking up the child] Mercy on's, a barne! A very pretty barne. A boy or a child, I wonder? A pietty one; a very pretty one-sure, some scape. Though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentle-woman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behinddoor-work; they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa-

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see Thy wife Paulina more'. And so, with a thing to talk on when thou art dead and 36 rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea This was so and no slumber. Dreams are and by land! But I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it? Clo. I would you did but see how it Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid, chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the Either for life or death, upon the earth 45 shore! But that's not to the point. O, the times to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service-to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman! But to make an end of the ship-to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it; but first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this,

boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have

help'd the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the shipside, to have help'd her; there your charity

would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy maiters! But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thon met'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see-it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling. Open't. What's within, boy? 114

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well

to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way! We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.

> ACT FOUR SCENE I.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

most vitcous cry of the poor souls! Some- Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error.

Now take upon me, in the name of Time. To use my wings. Impute it not a crime To me or my swift passage that I slide O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried

Of that wide gap, since it is in my pow'r To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me

The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10 Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to The times that brought them in; so shall

I do To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing.

I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving-

Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving That he shuts up himself-imagine me. Gentle spectators, that I now may be In fair Bohemia; and remember well I mention'd a son o' th' King's, which

Florizel I now name to you; and with speed so

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace 24 Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues

I list not prophesy; but let Time's news Be known when 'tis brought forth. shepherd's daughter, And what to her adheres, which follows

after. Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow. 29 If ever you have spent time worse ere now: If never, yet that Time himself doth say He wishes earnestly you never may. IExit.

Scene II. Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made. Better not to have had thee than thus to want thee; thou, having made me businesses which none

without thee can sufficiently manage, mus: either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough con sidered—as too much I cannot—to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein the heaping friendsnips. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pitthee, speak no moie; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Sav to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel. my son? Kings are no less unhappy, then issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises

than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care, so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd—a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours. is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note. The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a

cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's Prithee be my present resort thither. partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command. 50 Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. Exeunt.

SCENE III. A road near the Bohemia. shepherd's cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer.

With heigh! the doxy over the dale, Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year,

For the red blood reigns in the winter's ever I was born! pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, With heigh! the sweet birds, C, hew they sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lack, that thea-brea chants,

With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay.

Are summer songs for me and my aunts. While we lie tumbling in the hav.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile: but now I am cut of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? 15 The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there, I then do most go night.

If tinkers may have leave to live, And bear the sow-skin budget, Then my account I well may give And in the stocks arouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercur,, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly-cheat. Gallows and knock are

too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [Aside] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice-what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers-three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates-none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun.

Aut. [Grovelling on the ground] O that

Clo. I' th' name of me!

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Ant. O, help me, help me! Pluck out off these rags; and then, death, death! 50!

Co. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to have those on.

Aut. I must confess of fighter; I am false of heart

Aut. O sir. the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating

may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and besten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman? Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if the be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.

Aut. (), good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poer soul!

Ant. O, good sir, softly, good sit fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out.

Clo. How new! Canst stand?

Aut. Sortly, dear sir [Picks his pocket]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a

little money for thee.

Aut. No. good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir I have a Kansman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that

robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames; I knew him once a servant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipt out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet

it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an apebearer; then a process-server, a bailif; then he compass'd a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig! He baunts wakes, fairs, and bear-

baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel. 99

od Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all so Boherara; if you had but look'd big and ed suit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aul. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you and pace softly towards my linsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way? 109 Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir. Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy

spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit Cloun. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep, shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, And merrily hent the stile-a; A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

Scene IV. Bohemia. The shepherd's cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life—no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. This your sheepshearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,

And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, 5
To chide at your extremes it not becomes
me—

O, pardon that I name them! Your high self,

The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our teasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attird; swoon, I think, To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time 14
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy to there's ground

Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

To think your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates!

How would he look to see his work, so With labout, and the thing she took to noble.

Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, -behold

The sternness of his presence?

Apprehend Flo. Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune

A ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd

god.

Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now. Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer, Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

O, but, sir, Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r of the

King.

One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

Thou dearest Perdita, Flo. With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not

The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair.

Or not my father's; for I cannot be Mine own, nor anything to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most constant, Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle; Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing

That you behold the while. Your guests are

coming.

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial which We two have sworn shall come.

O Lady Fortune. Per.

Stand you auspicious!

See, your guests approach. Flo. yourself to entertain them Address sprightly,

And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAM-ILLO, disguised: Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, with Others.

Shep. Fie, daughter! When my old wife liv'd, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all:

· Would sing her song and dance her turn: now here

At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle; On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60

quench it

She would to each one sip. You are retired, As if you were a feasted one, and not The hostess of the meeting. Pray you bid These unknown friends to's welcome, for

it is A way to make us better friends, more known.

Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself

That which you are, Mistress o' th' Feast. Come on,

bid us welcome to your sheep-And shearing,

As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To Polixenes] Sir, welcome. It is my father's will I should take on me The hostess-ship o' th' day. [To Camillo] You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flow'rs there, Dorcas, Reverend sirs.

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep

Seeming and savour all the winter long. 75 Grace and remembrance be to you both! And welcome to our shearing.

Shepherdess-A fair one are you—well you fit our ages

With flow'rs of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth Of trembling winter, the fairest flow'rs o' th' season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyyors. Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind

Our rustic garden's barren: and I care not To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden, 85 Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said There is an art which in their piedness shares

With great creating nature.

Say there be: Pol. Yet nature is made better by no mean

But nature makes that mean; so over that art,

Which you say adds to nature, is an art That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,

And make conceive a bark of baser kind By bud of nobler race. This is an art Which does mend nature-change it rather; but

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Then make your garden rich in Pol. gillyvors.

And do not call them bastards.

I'll not put The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;

No more than were I painted I would wish This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore 102

Desire to breed by me. Here's flow'rs for you:

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram; The marigold, that goes to bed wi'th' sun, And with him rises weeping; these are flow'rs

Of middle summer, and I think they are given

To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas! Yu'd be so lean that blasts of January Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,

I would I had some flow'rs o' th' sprin that might

Become your time of day—and yours, and yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet Your maidenheads growing. O Proscipina For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall

From Dis's waggon !- daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty; violets dim 12

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malad
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flow'r-de-luce being one. O, these
lack

To make you garlands of, and my swee friend

To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse Per. No; like a bank for love to lie and play on;

Not like a corse; or if—not to be buried, But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flow'rs.

Methinks I play as I have seen them do In Whitsun pastorals. Sure, this robe o mine

Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you d
Still betters what is done. When you speak
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever. When you sing, I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affair. To sing them too. When you do dance, wish you

wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever d
Nothing but that; move still, still so,

And own no other function. Each your doing,

So singular in each particular.

rowns what you are doing in the present deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles, Your praises are too large. But that your youth,

And the true blood which peeps fairly through't,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have As little skill to fear as I have purpose To put you to't. But, come; our dance,

I pray. Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair

That never mean to part.

Per.

I'll swear for 'em. 155

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever

Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,

Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out. Good
sooth, she is

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress;

marry, garlic, To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon
our manners.

Come, strike up. [Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding; but I have it Upon his own report, and I believe it: 170 He looks like sooth. He says he loves my

daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be

plain, I think there is not half a kiss to choose 175 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it

That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and

sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her': and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man '-puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any

unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle. though they come to him by th' gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns. Why he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleevehand and the work about the square on't. Clo. Prithee bring him in; and it him

approach singing.

Come, buy.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurri'ous words in's tunes. [Exit Servant. Clo. You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, sister. 213

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing:

Lawn as white as driven snow; 215 Cypress black as e'er was crow; Gloves as sweet as damask roses; Masks for faces and for noses; Bugle bracelet, necklace amber, Perfume for a lady's chamber; Golden quoifs and stomachers, For my lads to give their dears & Pins and poking-sticks of steel-What maids lack from head to heel. Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buv: Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves. 230

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you. May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among Will they wear their plackets maids? where they should bear their faces? there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whisp'ring. Clammer your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of sweet

gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money a

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? Bailads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print a-life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune: how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you? Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer! Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true. 275

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

witnesses more than my pack will hold. Clo. Lav it by too. Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very

pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones. 28 Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man'. There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it. If thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three

parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago. Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation. Have at it with you.

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go Where it fits not you to know. Dor. Whither?

Mob. O, whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too! Let me go thither. Mop. Or thou goest to th' grange or mill. Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What, neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be. Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me. Then whither goest? Say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Exit Autolycus, singing:

Will you buy any tape, Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a? Any silk, any thread, Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a? Come to the pedlar;

Money's a meddler

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! We'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I

know, sır, we weary you. Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herds-

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' squier.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in:

but quickly now.

295

310

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [To Shepherd] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[To Camillo] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [To Florizel] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont 340 To load my she with knacks; I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it

To her acceptance: you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse and call this 345 Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are.

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd 35C Up in my heart, which I have given already,

But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my Before this ancient sir, whom, it should

seem. Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand-

this hand, As soft as dove's down and as white as it.

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted

By th' northern blasts twice o'er. Pol. What follows this? How prettily the young swain seems to

wash The hand was fair before! I have put you out.

But to your protestation; let me hear 36c What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't. Pol. And this my neighbour too? And he, and more

Than he, and men-the earth, the heavens, and all:

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch.

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth

That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them

Without her love; for her employ them-all, Commend them and condemn them to her Service

Or to their own perdition.

Fairly offer'd. 370 Pol. Cam. This shows a sound affection. But, my daughter.

Say you the like to him? Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.

By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.

Take hands, a bargain! 375 Shep. And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his.

O, that must be Flo. I' th' virtue of your daughter. One being dead.

I shall have more than you can dream of vet:

Enough then for your wonder. But come

Contract us fore these witnesses.

Come, your hand, Shep. And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Have you a father?

Flo. Pol. Knows he of this?

He neither does nor shall. 38-Pol. Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more,

Is not your father grown incapable Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid 390 With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak, hear,

Know man from man, dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing But what he did being childish?

No, good sir; Flo. He has his health, and ampler strength indeed

Than most have of his age. By my white beard, You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial. Reason my son Should choose himself a wife: but as good reason

The father-all whose joy is nothing else But fair posterity-should hold some counsel

In such a business.

I yield all this; Flo.

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir, Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't. 405 Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not. Mark our contract.

Pol. [Discovering himself] Mark your divorce, young sir,

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too

To be acknowledg'd—thou a sceptre's heir. That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou, old traitor.

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou cop'st with-Shep O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh That thou no more shalt see this knackas never

Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you, I mean thou shalt—we'll bar thee from succession;

I have, but what of him? Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,

Farre than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.

Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

And you, From the dead blow of it. enchantment,

Worthy enough a herdsman—yea, him too That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee—if ever henceforth thou These rural latches to his entrance open, 430 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces, I will devise a death as cruel for thee

As thou art tender to't.

Per. Even here undone! I was not much afeard; for once or twice I was about to speak and tell him plainly

The self-same sun that shines upon his If not, my senses, better pleas'd with 436

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but Looks on alike. [To Florizel] Will't please you, sir, be gone?

I told you what would come of this Beseech you,

Of your own state take care. This dream of mine-

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther.

But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father! Speak ere thou diest.

I cannot speak nor think, Shep. Nor dare to know that which I know. [To

Florizell O sir. You have undone a man of fourscore-three That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea, To die upon the bed my father died,

To be close by his honest bones; but now Some hangman must put on my shroud and

lav me

Where no priest shovels in dust. [To Perdital O cursed wretch, 450 That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him !-- Undone. undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd To die when I desire.

Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd, 455 But nothing alt'red. What I was, I am: More straining on for plucking back; not following

My leasu unwillingly.

Gracious, my lord, Cam. You know your father's temper. At this time

He will allow no speech-which I do guess You do not purpose to him—and as hardly Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear; Then, till the fury of his Highness settle, Come not before him.

I not purpose it. Flo.I think Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord. Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!

How often said my dignity -ould last But till 'twere known I

It cannot fail but by The violation of my faith; and then Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together 470

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy

From my succession wipe me, father: I Am heir to my affection.

Be advis'd. Cam. Flo. I am-and by my fancy; if my Will thereto be obedient, I have reason; madness.

Do bid it welcome.

This is desperate, sir. Cam. Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my yow: I needs must think it honesty. Camillo, 479 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hides

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray

As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend.

When he shall miss me-as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more-cast your good counsels

Upon his passion. Let myself and Fortune Tug for the time to come. This you may know.

And so deliver: I am put to sea With her who here I cannot hold on shore. And most opportune to her need I have A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this design. What course I mean to

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concern me the reporting.

O my lord, I would your spirit were easier for advice, Or stronger for your need.

Hark, Perdita. Takes her aside. [To Camillo] I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable, Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy if His going I could frame to serve my turn. Save him from danger, do him love and

honour, Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia And that unhappy king, my master, whom I so much thirst to see.

Flo.Now, good Camillo, 505 I am so fraught with curious business that I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir. I think

You have heard of my poor services i' th' love

That I have borne your father?

Verv nobly Have you deserv'd. It is my father's music To speak your deeds; not little of his care

To have them recompens'd as thought on. Well, my lord, If you may please to think I love the King,

And through him what's nearest to him, which is Your gracious self, embrace but my

direction. If your more ponderous and settled project May suffer alteration, on mine honour,

I'll point you where you shall have such. There is some sap in this. receiving

As shall become your Highness: where you may

your mistress, from the whom, Enjoy I see.

There's no disjunction to be made but by. As heavens forfend! your run-marry

And with my best endeavours in your absence

Your disconcenting father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking. How, Camillo, 525

May this, almost a miracle, be done? That I may call thee something more than man.

And after that trust to thee.

Have you thought on Cam. A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet; But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do, so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies

Of every wind that blows.

Then list to me. This follows, if you will not change your purpose

But undergo this flight: make for Sicilia, And there present yourself and your fair princess-

For so, I see, she must be—fore Leontes. But. She shall be habited as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms and weeping His welcomes forth; asks thee there 'Son, forgiveness!' 54I

As 'twere 1' th' father's person; kisses the hands

divides him

Twixt his unkindness and his kindness th'one 544

He chides to hell, and bids the other grow The scene you play were mine. Faster than thought or time.

Flo. What colour for my visitation shall I Hold up before him?

Sent by the King your father To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him. with

What you as from your father shall deliver, Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down ;

The which shall point you forth at every sitting

What you must say, that he shall not perceive

But that you have your father's bosom

And speak his very heart. Flo.

A course more promising Ca^{-1} . Than a wild dedication of yourselves

To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain

To miseries enough; no hope to help you, But as you shake off one to take another : Nothing so certain as your anchors, who Do their best office if they can but stay you Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know

Prosperity's the very bond of love, Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together

Affliction aliers.

Per. One of these is true: I think affliction may subdue the cheek. But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, sav vou so? There shall not at your father's house these seven years

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo, 571 She is as forward of her breeding as She is i' th' rear o' our birth.

I cannot say 'tis pi.; She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress

To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir: for this I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita! 576 the thorns we stand upon! Cam llo-

Preserver of my father, now of me: The medicine of our house-how shall we

do ? We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son; Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

My lord. Cam. Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes

Do all lie there. It shall be so my care To have you royally appointed as it

For instance, sir, 58.

Worthy Camillo, That you may know you shall not want-[They talk aside. one word.

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, ballad, pomander, brooch, table-book, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, hornring, to keep my pack from fasting. They throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I rememb'red. My clown, who wants but something to be I am bound to you. a reasonable man, grew so in love with the

wenches' song that he would not stir his! The truth of your own seeming, that you pettitoes till he had both tune and words. which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears. You might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codniece of a purse: I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains. No hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the King's son and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you! All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [Seeing Autolycus] Who have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this; omit 625 Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. [Aside] If they have overheard me now-why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee. Yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly -thou must think there's a necessity in't -and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side acquaint the King withal, I would not do't. be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: boot. [Giving money. 627

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee dispatch. The gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [Aside] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. [Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments. Fortunate mistress-let my prophecy

Come home to ye!-you must retire yourself Into some covert; take your sweetheart's

And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your

may-

For I do fear eyes over-to shipboard Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so,lies 645 That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father. He would not call me son.

Cam. Nav. you shall have no hat. [Giving it to Perdita.

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend. Aut. Adieu, sir. Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain

forgot! Pray you a word. [They converse apart. Cam. [Aside] What I do next shall be to

tell the King Of this escape, and whither they are bound: Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail To force him after; in whose company 655 I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Fortune speed us ! Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better. [Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo. Aut. I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity-stealing away from his father with his clog at his neels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the King she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay-but hear me.

€80 Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her, those Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken secret things—all but what she has with

her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word—yea, and his son's pranks too; who, may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by

I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [Aside] Very wisely, pupples! 695 Shep. Well, let us to the King. There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [Aside] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight

of my master.

Clo. Pray heartly he be at palace. 700 Aut. [Aside] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [Takes off his false beard] How now, rustics! Whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your

worship.

Aut. Your aftairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known—discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir. 710 Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie. 715

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with

the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you,

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? Receives not thy nose court-odour from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, that teaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe, and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the King. Aut. What advocate hast thou to him? Shep. I know not, an't like you. 730 Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a

pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, 735

Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier. Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant;

I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? What's i' th' fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge inelancholy and air himself; for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's

daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in handfast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir? 760

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman—which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote!—all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do

you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son-who shall be flav'd alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so Tell me, for you seem to be capital? honest plain men, what you have to the King. Being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender

your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember-ston'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you. 79-

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Av, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the mosety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flav'd out of it. Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's

son! Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the King and show our strange sights. He must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you. 814

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may

say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was

provided to do us good.

[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown. Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion-gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him. If he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them. There may be matter in it. Exit. 829

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Sicilia. The palace of Leontes. Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION. PAULINA, and Others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A saint-like soriow. No fault could you

make

Which you have not redeem'd; indeed. paid down More penitence than done trespass. At the

last,

Do as the heavens have done: forget your evil:

With them torgive yourself.

Whilst I remember Leon. Her and her virtues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much

That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and

Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord. If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good

To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd 15

Would be unparallel'd.

I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did. It is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now,

good now.

Say so but seldom. Not at all, good ladv. 20 You might have spoken a thousand things

that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd

Your kindness better.

You are one of those Paul. Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign name; consider little What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom and devour Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well? What holier than, for royalty's repair, For present comfort, and for future good, To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to't?

There is none worthy, Paul. Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the

gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes; For has not the divine Apollo said,

Is't not the tenour of his oracle. That King Leontes shall not have an heir Till his lost child be found? Which that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason As my Antigonus to break his grave And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel

My lord should to the heavens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills. [To Leontes] We shall not marry till thee bid st us. Care not for issue: The crown will find an heir. Great Alex- Shall be when your first queen a again in ander

Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor! Never till then. Wishke to be the best.

Good Paulina, Who hast the memory of Hermione. I know, in honour, O that ever I Had squar'd me to thy counsel! Then,

even now.

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eves.

Have taken treasure from her hos-And left them

More nch for what they vielded.

Thou speak st truth. 55 No more such wives: therefore, no wife, One worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit

Again possess her corpse, and on this stage. Where we offend her now, appear soulvex'd.

And begin 'Why to me'-

Had she such power, 60 She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me To murder her I married.

I should so.

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you Is colder than that theme: 'She had not mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't

You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd

Should be 'Remember mine'.

Leon. Stars, stars, And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;

I'll have no wife. Paulina.

Will you swear Never to marry but by my free leave? 70 Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit l

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much. Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture, Affront his eye.

Good madam-Cleo.

Paul. I have done. 75 Yet, if my lord will marry—if you will, sir, No remedy but you will—give me the office To choose you a queen. She shall not be so woung

As was your former; but she shall be such As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy 80

To see her in your arms. My true Paulina. Leon.

Pari. That breath :

Enter a Genfleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel. Son of Polixenes, with his princess-she

The fairest I have yet beheld-desires access

To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? He comes not Like to his father's greatness. His approach, So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd 91 By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few. And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him? Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on. Paul. O Hermione, As every present time doth boast itself Above a better gone, so must thy grave Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you

yourself Have said and writ so, but your writing now

been. Nor was not to be equall'd'. Thus your verse

Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd.

To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam. The one I have almost forgot-your pardon: The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, Will have your tongue too. This is a

creature. Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal

Of all professors else, make proselvtes Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ! not women? Gent. Women will love her that she is a woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes; Yourself, assisted with your honour'd

friends. Bring them to our embracement, [Exeunt] Still, 'tis strange

He thus should steal upon us.

Had our prince, w15 Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd

Well with this lord: there was not full a month

Between their births.

Leon. Prithee no more; cease. Thou know'st 119 He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure, When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches

Will bring me to consider that which may Unfurnish me of reason.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock,
Prince:

For she did print your royal father off, 125 Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one, Your father's image is so hit in you,

His very air, that I should call you brother,

As I did him, and speak of something wildly

By us perform'd before. Most dearly

welcome!

And your fair princess—goddess! O, alas!

I lost a couple that 'twixt heaven and earth

Might thus have stood begetting wonder as You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost—All mine own folly—the society, 755 Amity too, of your brave father, whom, Though bearing misery, I desire my life Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him Give you all greetings that a king, at friend, Can send his brother; and, but infirmity, Which waits upon worn times, hath some

thing seiz'd

sceptres

His wish'd ability, he had himself The lands and waters 'twixt your throne

and his

Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he

loves, 145 He bade me say so, more than all the

And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother—
Good gentleman !—the wrongs I have done
thee stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices, So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150 Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome

hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too

Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage, At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man not worth her pains, much

less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good, my lord, She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus, 'That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her;

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd.

To execute the charge my father gave me For visiting your Highness. My best train I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd; Who for Bohemia bend, to signify 163 Not only my success in Libya, sir, But my arrival and my wife's in safety Here where we are.

Lon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's
blest.

As he from heaven merits it, with you, 175 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,

Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,

Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you,
great sir, 280

Bohemia greets you from himself by me; Desires you to attach his son, who has— His dignity and duty both cast off—

142 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with

A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? Speak. 185 Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.

I speak amazedly; and it becomes My marvel and my message. To your court Whiles he was hast'ning—in the chase, it

Of this fair couple—meets he on the way roo The father of this seeming lady and Her brother, having both their country quitted

With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me; Whose honour and whose honesty till now Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge; He's with the King your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him;
who now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I

Wretches so quake. They kneel, they kiss the earth; Forswear themselves as often as they speak. Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them

With divers deaths in death.

Per.

O my poor father!

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have

408

Our contract celebrated.

You are married? Leon. Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be; The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord. Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is.

When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once', I see by your good father's speed.

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry Most sorry, you have broken from his liking Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her.

Dear, look up. 215 Though Fortune, visible an enemy, Should chase us with my father, pow'r no

Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time Than I do now. With thought of such affections,

Step forth mine advocate: at your request My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Sir, my liege, Your eve hath too much youth in't. Not a

Fore your queen died, she was more worth Hermione's; her jewel about the neck of such gazes

Than what you look on now.

I thought of her Leon. Even in these looks I made. [To Florizel] But your petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father. Your honour not o'erthrown by vour

desires. I am friend to them and you. Upon which errand

I now go toward him; therefore, follow me, And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Sicilia. Before the valace of Leontes.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present

at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue

of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration. They seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases et their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow-but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd: the King's daughter is found. Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir ?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such 225 unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding; and many other evidences-proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.
3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounted through a many report to f /30 v m and undo. s description to ilb ir.

3 Gent. Like an old tale still, "hich will have matter to reherrie, though credit be asleep and not an ear open: he was torn to pieces with a bear. This avouches the shopherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handlerchief and rings of lals that Paulina brows.

1 Gent. What recame of his bark and his

followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O. the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She litted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by

such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine eyescaught the water, though not the fishwas, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did with an 'Alas I'-I would fain say-bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court? 3 Gent. No. The Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence that has 55 the benefit of access? Every wink of an 2 Gent. What, pray you, because of eye some new grace will be born. Our Anticonus, that curried hence the child? I absence makes us unthrifty to our know-

ledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen. 105 Ann. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time over-fond of the shepherd's daughter-so he then took her to be-who began to be much sea-sick. and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will

be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentle-

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince, my brother, and the Princess, my sister, call'd my father father. And so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand. I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it: I'll swear it. Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his fuend. And I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk. But I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of the hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 162 Clo. Ay, by any means, prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Sicilia. A chapel in Paulina's I am asham'd. Does not the stone rebuke house.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL. PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LOIDS, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

What, sovereign sir, I did not well. I meant well. All my services You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd,

With your crown'd brother and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit.

It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Lean. O Paulina. We honour you with trouble; but we came To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look Let him that was the cause of this have upon.

The statue of her mother.

As she liv'd peerless. Paul. So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man hath done; therefore I

keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is. Prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever 19 Still sleep mock'd death. Behold; and say 'tis well. [Paulme draws a curtain,

and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.

I like your silence; it the more shows off Your wonder; but yet speak. First, you, my liege.

Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture ! Chide ine, dear stone, that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she In thy not chiding; for she was as tence As infancy and grace. But vet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wankled, nothing

So aged as this seerus.

Pol. O, not by much!

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence, Which lets go by some sixteen years and

makes her As she Lv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have dore, So much to my good comfort as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus sine

stood, Even with such life of majesty-warm life,

As now it coldly stands—when first I woo'd her!

For being more stone than it? O royal

There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,

Standing like stone with thee!

And give me leave. And do not say 'tis superstition that

I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady.

Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too scre laid on,

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry. Scarce any joy 51 Did ever so long live; no sorrow But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,

r'wog To take off so much grief from you as he 55

Will piece up in himself. Paul. Indeed, my lord.

If I had thought the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you-for the stone is mine-

I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain. Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy

May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be. let be. 61 Would I were dead, but that methinks already-

What was he that did make it? See, my lord.

Would you not deem it breath'd, and that Dear life redeems you. You perceive she those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Masterly done! 65 The very life seems warm upon her lip. Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion

As we are mock'd with art.

I'll draw the curtain. Paul. My lord's almost so far transported that He'll think anon it lives.

O sweet Paulina, 70 Tean. Make me to think so twenty years together! No settled senses of the world can match The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but

I could afflict you farther.

Do, Paulina: 75 Leon. For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks. There is an air comes from her. What fine

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me.

For I will kiss her.

Good my lord, forbear. 80 Paul. The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your oun

With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

So long could I Per. Stand by, a looker-on.

Either forbear, Paul. Out presently the chapel, or resolve you For more amazement. If you can behold

I'll make the statue move indeed, descend, And take you by the hand, but then you'll think-

Which I protest against—I am assisted 90 By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do I am content to look on; what to speak I am content to hear: for 'tis as easy To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd You do awake your faith. Then all stand still:

Or those that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed. No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her: strike. [Music. 'Tis time; descend; be stone no more;

approach; Strike all that look upon with marvel. But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her, Come; 100

I'll fill your grave up. Stir; nay, come away.

Bequeath to death your numbness, for For him, I partly know his mind-to find from him

stirs. [Hermione comes down from the bedestal.

Start not; her actions shall be holy as You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her

Until you see her die again; for then You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.

When she was young you woo'd her: now in age

Is she become the suitor?

O, she's warm! Leon. If this be magic, let it be an art Lawful as eating.

She embraces him. Pol.

Cam. She hangs about his neck. If she pertain to life, let her speak too. Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she

has liv'd. Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living, 115 Were it but told you, should be hooted at Like an old tale; but it appears she lives Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam. Kneel. And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;

Our Perdita is found.

You gods, look down, And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own.

Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found

Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear that I,

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd

Myself to see the issue.

There's time enough for that. Paul. Lest they desire upon this push to trouble Your joys with like relation. Go together, You precious winners all; your exultation Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, 132 Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there

My mate, that's never to be found again, Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina! 135 Thou shouldst a husband take by my

consent. As I by thine a wife. This is a match, And made between's by vows. Thou hast

found mine;

As I thought, dead; and have, in vain. said many A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—

thee

An honourable husband. Come, Camillo, And take her by the hand whose worth and honesty Is richly noted, and here justified

place.

pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,

And son unto the King, whom heavens directing, 150
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good

Paulina. By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this Lead us from hence where we may leisurely Each one demand and answer to his part What! look upon my brother. Both your Perform'd in this wide gap of time since

> We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. 155 [Exeunt.

KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN. PRINCE HENRY, his son. ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRITAINE, son of Geffrey, late Duke of Britaine, the elder brother of King John. Earl of PEMBROKE. Earl of Essex. Earl of Salisbury. Lord BIGOT. HUBERT DE BURGH. ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge. PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother. JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge. PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to
King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, widow of King Henry II and mother to King John. CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur. BLANCH of Spain, daughter to the King of Castile and niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, widow of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Executioners, Messengers, Attendants.

THE SCENE: England and France.

ACT ONE

Scene I. King John's palace.

KING PHILIP OF FRANCE.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and Others, with Chatillon.

r. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.
Eli. A strange beginning—borrowed

majesty 1 5
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To the fair island and the territories, ro
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine,
Maine.

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several
titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign. 15 K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood.

Controlment for controlment—so answer
France. 20
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from

my mouth—
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; For ere thou canst report I will be there, 25 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard. So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath

And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have—
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chattllon, 30

[Execut Chattllon, and Pembroke

[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke. Eli. What now, my son! Have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world

Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made
whole
35

With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us!

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me; So much my conscierce whispers in your ear, Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest The accent of his tongue affecteth him. controversy Come from the country to be judg'd by you

That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men? K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay This expedition's charge.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE and PHILIP, his bastard brother.

What men are you? Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentle-

Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son. As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge-A soldier by the honour-giving hand Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. Wnat art thou? Rob. The son and heir to that same

Faulconbridge. K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems. Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty

That is well known-and, as I think, one father;

But for the certain knowledge of that truth I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother. Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! Thou dost shame thy mother.

And wound her honour with this diffidence. Bast, I, madam? No, I have no reason for it-

That is my brother's plea, and none of mine:

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out At least from fair five hundred pound a vear.

Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being vounger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance? Bast. I know not why, except to get the

But once he slander'd me with bastardy; But whe'er I be as true begot or no. That still I lay upon my mother's head; But that I am as well begot, my liege-Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !--

Compare our faces and be judge yourself. If old Sr Robert did beget us both And were our tather, and this son like

him-O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here !

Eli. He hath a trick of Cour-de-hon's

Do you not read some tokens of my son In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath wall examined his parts

[Exit Sheriff. And finds them perfect Richard. speak,

What doth move you to claim brother's land? Vour

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.

With half that face would he have all my land:

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a vear f

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much-

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there with the Emperor 100 To treat of high affairs touching that time. Th' advantage of his absence took the King, And in the meantime sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak-

But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay, As I have heard my father speak himself, When this same lusty gentleman was got. Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd His lands to me, and took it on his death 110 That this my mother's son was none of his:

And if he were, he came into the world Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine.

My father's land, as was my father's will. K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:

Y ur father's wife did after wedlock bear hım.

And if she did play false, the fault was hers; Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother. Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

Had of your father claim'd this son for his? In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calt, bred from his cow, from all the world:

In sooth, he might; then, if he were my When I was got, Sir Robert was away! brother's. 125

My brother might not claim him; nor your I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so. father.

Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes:

My mother's son did get your father's heir; Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force 130

To dispossess that child which is not his? Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me,

Than was his will to get me, as I think. Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land, 135 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,

Lord of thy presence and no land beside? Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape

And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him; And if my legs were two such riding-rods, My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose Lest men should say 'Look where threefarthings goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land-

Would I might never stir from off this place.

I would give it every foot to have this face! I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him and follow me? I am a soldier and now bound to France. Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,

dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death. Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me

thither. Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest: Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great-

Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

me your hand;

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day, But from the inward motion to deliver

Ell. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170 In at the window, or else o'er the hatch: Who dares not stir by day must walk by

night; And have is have, however men do catch. Near or far off, well won is still well shot: And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire:

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.

Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu. Good fortune come to thee!

For thou wast got i' th' way of honesty. Exeunt all but the Bastard. A foot of honour better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse, Well, now can I make any Joan a lady. 'Good den, Sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!' 185

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's names:

'Tis too respective and too sociable For your conversion. Now your traveller, He and his toothpick at my worship's

mess-100 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd, Why then I suck my teeth and catechize My picked man of countries: 'My dear sn,' Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin

'I shall beseech you' - That is question now: Yet sell your face for fivepence and 'tis And then comes answer like an Absey

book: 'O sir,' says answer 'at your best command.

At your employment, at your service, sir!' 'No, sir,' says question 'I, sweet sir, at yours.

And so, ere answer knows what question would.

Saving in dialogue of compliment, And talking of the Alps and Apennines, The Pyrenean and the river Po-It draws toward supper in conclusion so. But this is worshipful society, And fits the mounting spirit like myself; For he is but a bastard to the time That doth not smack of observation-Bast. Brother by th' mother's side, give And so am I, whether I smack or no; And not alone in habit and device, 210

My father gave me honour, yours gave land. Exterior form, outward accourrement,

416

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's Some proper man, I hope. tooth:

Which, though I will not practise to deceive.

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn : -13 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

But who comes in such haste in ridingrobes?

What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY.

O me, 'tis my mother! How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily? Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he

That holds in chase mine honour up and Needs must you lay your heart at his down?

My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man? Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so? Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou. Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us

leave awhile? Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Philip-Sparrow! James, Bast. There's toys abroad-anon I'll tell thee more. (Exit Gurney. Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son :

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do: well-marry, to confess.

Could be get me? Sir Robert could not do it: We know his handiwork. Therefore, good mother.

To whom am I beholding for these limbs? Sir Robert never holp to make this leg. 240 Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son: I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land; Embrace him, love him, give him welcome Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father-

Who was it. mother? 250 F. Hast thou denied thyself a Ladv

Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil. Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-hon was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd To make room for him in my husband's bed.

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!

Thou art the issue of my dear offence.

Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence. Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get

again, Madam, I would not wish a better father Some sins do bear their privilege on earth, And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly;

dispose.

Subjected tribute to commanding love, Against whose fury and unmatched force The aweless lion could not wage the fight Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He that perforce robs bons of their hearts May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother, With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell. Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin; And they shall say when Richard me begot, If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin. Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not. Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. France. Before Angiers.

Enter, on one side, AUSTRIA and Forces: on the other, King Philip of France, Lewis the Dauphin, Constance, Arthur, and Forces.

K. Phi. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood. Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart And fought the holy wars in Palestine, By this brave duke came early to his grave; And for amends to his posterity,

At our importance hither is he come To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf; And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John. hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-delion's death

The rather that you give his offspring life. Shadowing their right under your wings of Hath put himself in arms. war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand. But with a heart full of unstained love: Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

K. Phi. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss

As seal to this indenture of my love: That to my home I will no more return Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides

And coops from other lands her islanders-Even till that England, hedg'd in with the

That water-walled bulwark, still secure And confident from foreign purposes-Even till that utmost corner of the west Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy, Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength

To make a more requital to your love! Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work! Our cannon shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town; Call for our chiefest men of discipline, To cull the plots of best advantages. We'll lay before this town our royal bones, Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood.

But we will make it subject to this boy. Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,

Lest unadvis'd you sta. your swords with blood;

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace which here we urge in war, And then we shall repent each drop of

blood

That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! Lo, upon thy wish,

Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd. What England says, say briefly, gentle lord; We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak. Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege

And stir them up against a mightier task. 418

England, impatient of your just demands. The adverse winds.

Whose lessure I have stay'd, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I:

His marches are expedient to this town, 60 His forces strong, his soldiers confident. With him along is come the mother-queen, An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain:

With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd: And all th' unsettled humours of the land-Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries, With ladies' faces and fierce dragons'

spleers-

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes.

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs. To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er

Did never float upon the swelling tide To do offence and scathe in Christendom. Drum beats.

The interruption of their churlish drums Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand:

To parley or to fight, therefore prepare. K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence. For courage mounteth with occasion. Let them be welcome then; we are prepar'd.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and Others.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own! 85 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven.

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven!

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace!

England we love, and for that England's sake

With burden of our armour here we sweat. This toil of ours should be a work of thine: But thou from loving England art so far That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king.

Cut off the sequence of posterity, Outfaced infant state, and done a rape Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Ceffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out
of his;

This little abstract doth contain that large Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time

Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume First Geffrey was thy elder brother born, And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,

And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God, How comes it then that thou art call'd a king.

When living blood doth in these temples beat

Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France, 110 To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority To look into the blots and stains of right. That judge hath made me guardian to this

boy, IIS
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.
K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! Thy bastard shall be king,

That thou mayst be a queen and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as

As thine was to thy husband; and this boy Liker in feature to his father Geffrey 126 Than thou and John in manners—being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot; 130
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that

blots thy father. Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that

would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir,
with you,

135

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone. You are the hare of whom the proverb goes, Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:

I'll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right;

Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith I will, i' faith. 140
Blanch O, well did he become that lion's
robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him As great Alcides' shows upon an ass; But, ass, I'll take that burden from your

back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath? King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Pht. Women and fools, break off your conference. 150

King John, this is the very sum of all: England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur, do I claim of thee;
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy
arms?

K. John. My life as soon. I do defy thee,

Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my herd, And out of my dear love I'll give thee more Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child. Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child; Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will 201

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig. There's a good grandam!

Arth. Good my mother, peace! I would that I were low laid in my grave: I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'er she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's

shames,

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven
and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,

Call not me slanderer! Thou and thine usurp

The dominations, royalties, and rights, Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him, Being but the second generation Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done. I have but this to sav-

Const. That he is not only plagued for her sin, But God hath made her sin and her the

plague On this removed issue, plagued for her And with her plague; her sin his injury, Her injury the beadle to her sin; All punish'd in the person of this child,

And all for her-a plague upon her! Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son. Const. Ay, who doubts that? A will, a wicked will;

A woman's will; a cank'red grandam's will! K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls These men of Angiers; let us hear them 100 speak

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England. England for itself. K. John. You men of Angiers, and my loving

subjects-You loving men of Angiers, K. Phi.

Arthur's subjects, Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle-

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced Before the eye and prospect of your town

Have hither march'd to your endamagement;

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath, And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls ' All preparation for a bloody siege And merciless proceeding by these French

Confront your city's eyes, your winking And but for our approach those sleeping

stones That as a waist doth girdle you about By the compulsion of their ordinance By this time from their fixed beds of

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made For bloody power to rush upon your peace. But on the sight of us your lawful king, Who painfully with much expedient march To him will we prove loyal. Till that time

180 Have brought a countercheck before your

To save unscratch'd your city's threat'ned cheeks-

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle:

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire. To make a shaking fever in your walls. They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears; 230 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens, And let us in-your King, whose labour'd spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift speed, Craves harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection Is most divinely vow'd upon the right Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet. Son to the elder brother of this man. and king o'er him and all that he enjoys; or this down-trodden equity we tread in warlike march these greens before your town,

Being no further enemy to you Than the constraint of hospitable zeal n the relief of this oppressed child teligiously provokes. Be pleased then To pay that duty which you truly owe To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear, Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up; Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven; And with a blessed and unvex'd retire, With unhack'd swords and helmets all un-

bruis'd. We will bear home that lusty blood again Which here we came to spout against your

town, And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer, 'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd

Can hide you from our messengers of war, all these English and their Though discipline

Were harbour'd in their rude circumference. Then tell us, shall your city call us lord In that behalf which we have challeng'd it; Or shall we give the signal to our rage, 265 And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief: we are the King of England's subjects;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town. K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King.

Have we ramm'd up our gates against the To enter conquerors, and to proclaim world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses: Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's hreed-

Bast. Bastards and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those-

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest.

We tor the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls

That to their everlasting residence. Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers: to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since

Sits on's horse back at mine hostess' door, Teach us some fence! [to Austria] Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness, I would set an ox-head to your hon's hide, And make a monster of you.

Peace! no more. Aust. Bast. O. tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments. Bast. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill Command the rest to stand. God and our

[Exeunt. right! Here, after excursions, enter the Herald of

France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates And let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine,

in, Who by the hand of France this day hath

made Much work for tears in many an English

mother. Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding

ground; Many a widow's husband grovelling lies, 305 Coldly embracing the discoloured earth; And victory with little loss doth play Upon the dancing banners of the French, Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,

Arthur of Britaine England's King and

Enter English Herald, with trumbet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring vour bells:

King John, your king and England's, doth approach.

Commander of this hot malicious day.

Their armours that march'd hence so silverbright Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's

blood.

There stuck no plume in any English crest That is removed by a staff of France:

Our colours do return in those same hands That did display them when we first march'd forth: 320

And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come Our lusty English, all with purpled hands. Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

Open your gates and give the victors way. Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold 325

From first to last the onset and retire Of both your armies, whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured. Blood hath bought blood, and blows have

answer'd blows; Strength match'd with strength, and power

confronted power: Both are alike, and both alike we like. One must prove greatest. While they weigh

so even. We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter the two Kings, with their Powers, at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on? Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell With course disturb'd even thy confining shores.

Unless thou let his silver water keep A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phr. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood

In this hot trial more than we of France; And by this hand I Rather, lost more. swear.

That sways the earth this climate overlooks. Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead, Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory How like you this wild coursel, mighty tow'rs When the rich blood of kings is set on fire! O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his I like it well. fangs:

In undetermin'd differences of kings. Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus? Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field.

You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits! Then let confusion of one part confirm The other's peace. Till then, blows, blood, and death! 360

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen

vet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the King.

K. Phi. Know him in us that here hold up Into this city's bosom. his right.

K. John. In us that are our own great deputy And bear possession of our person here.

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you. Cit. A greater pow'r than we denies all

this: And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd

King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements As in a theatre, whence they gape and poin At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me: Do like the mutines of Jerusalem, Be friends awhile, and both conjointly benu Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town. By east and west let France and England

Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,

their soul-fearing clamours havbrawl'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city I'd play incessantly upon these jades, 38 Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air. That done, dissever your united strengths And part your mingled colours once again Turn face to face and bloody point to

point; Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth Out of one side her happy minion, To whom in favour she shall give the da And kiss him with a glorious victory.

states? Smacks it not something of the policy? 395

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

France, shall we knit our pow'rs

And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of And lay this Angiers even with the ground; Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king, Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,

Yurn thou the mouth of thy artillery, As we will ours, against these saucy walls: and when that we have dash'd them to the

ground, Why then defy each other, and pell-mell Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or

hell. K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you

assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction

Aust. I from the north. Our thunder from the south K. Phi. shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [Aside] O prudent discipline! From north to south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.

I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away! Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound: Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds That here come sacrifices for the field. 420 Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter ti. e of Spain, the Lady Blanch,

Is niece to England; look upon the years Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid. If lusty love should go in quest of beauty, Where should he find it fairer than in

Blanch? If zealous love should go in search of virtue. Where should he find it purer than in

Blanch? If love ambitious sought a match of birth, Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, Is the young Dauphin every way complete-

If not complete of, say he is not she; And she again wants nothing, to name want, If want it be not that she is not he. 436 He is the half part of a blessed man, Left to be finished by such as she: And she a fair divided excellence,

Scene 17 KING JOHN

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 110 O, two such silver currents, when they join,

Do gloufy the banks that bound them in: And two such shores to two such streams made one,

Two such controlling bounds, shall you be, Kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them. 145 This union shall do more than battery can To our fast-closed gates; for at this match With swifter spleen than powder can enforce.

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide

And give you entrance; but without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf, Lions more confident, mountains and rocks More free from motion-no, not Death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory As we to keep this city.

Here's a stay 455 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed.

That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas:

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs ! 460 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood? He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke and bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue; Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his But buffets better than a fist of France. 465 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words

Since I first call'd my brother's father dad. Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match:

Give with our niece a dowry large enough; For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 170 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit. I see a yielding in the looks of France; Mark how they whisper. Urge them while

their souls Are capable of this ambition,

Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath For I do love her most unfeignedly. Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse, Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties This friendly treaty of our threat'ned town? K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you? K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son.

Can in this book of beauty read 'I love', 485 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen: r Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers.

And all that we upon this side the sea-Except this city now by us besieg'd-Find hable to our crown and dignity, Shall gild her budal bed, and make her rich In titles, honours, and promotions, As she in beauty, education, blood,

Holds hand with any princess of the world. K. Phy. What say'st thou, boy? Look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I fir.d A wonder, or a wondrous miracle, The shadow of myself form'd in her eye: Which, being but the shadow of your son, Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.

I do protest I nover lov'd myself Till now infixed I beheld myself

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye. [Whispers with Blanch.

Bast. [Aside] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye. Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow, And quarter'd in her heart-he doth espy

Himself love's traitor. This is pity now, That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd there should be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is

If he see aught in you that makes him like. That any thing he sees which moves his liking

I can with ease translate it to my will: Or if you will, to speak more properly, I will enforce it eas'ly to my love. 515 Further I will not flatter you, my lord. That all I see in you is worthy love. Than this: that nothing do I see in youchurlish thoughts themselves Though

should be your judge-That I can find should ment any hate. 520 K. John. What say these young ones?

What say you, my niece? Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say. K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin;

can you love this lady? Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen,

Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal. Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

423

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well Makes it take head from all indifferency, assur'd

That I did so when I was first assur'd. 535 K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,

Let in that amity which you have made; For at Saint Mary's chapel presently The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540 I know she is not; for this match made up. Her presence would have interrupted much. Where is she and her son? Tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure. Brother of England, how may we content This widow lady? In her right we came: Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

We will heal up all, 550 K. John. For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine,

And Earl of Richmo d; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance:

Some speedy messenger bid her repair To our solemnity. I trust we shall, If not fill up the measure of her will, Yet in some measure satisfy her so That we shall stop her exet mation. Go we as well as haste will suffer us To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp. 560

[Exeunt all but the Bastard. Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad com-

position! John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part; And France, whose armour conscience

buckled on. Whom zeal and charity brought to the field

As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,

That broker that still breaks the pate of faith.

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all. Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids.

Who having no external thing to lose But the word 'maid', cheats the poor maid of that;

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,

Commodity, the bias of the world-The world, who of itself is peised well, 575 Why holds thine eye that lamentable Made to run even upon even ground, Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias. This sway of motion, this commodity,

From all direction, purpose, course, in-

And this same bias, this commodity, This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word.

Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France, Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war. To a most base and vile-concluded peace. And why rail I on this commodity? But for because he hath not woo'd me yet ;

Not that I have the power to clutch my

When his fair angels would salute my pairn, But for my hand, as unattempted yet, Like a poor beggar raileth on the rich. Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail And say there is no sin but to be rich: And being rich, my virtue then shall be 595 To say there is no vice but beggary. Since kings break faith upon commodity, Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [Exit.

ACT THREE

Scene I. France. The French King's camb. Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard; Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again. It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so; I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word Is but the vain breath of a common man: Believe me I do not believe thee, man; I have a king's oath to the contrary. Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting

For I am sick and capable of fears, Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears; A woman, naturally born to fears; And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce, But they will quake and tremble all this day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? ~ What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

rheum,

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds? Be these sad signs confirmers of thy word: ? Scene 11 KING IOHN

Then speak again—not all thy former tale, Am bound to under-bear. But this one word, whether thy tale be true. Sal. As true as I believe you think them false

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O. if thou teach me to believe this sorrow.

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die:

And let belief and life encounter so

As doth the fury of two desperate men Which in the very meeting fall and die! art thou?

France friend with England; what becomes of me?

Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight: This news hath made thee a most ugly man. Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done

But spoke the harm that is by others done? Const. Which harm within itself so

As it makes harmful all that speak of it. Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou that bid'st me be content wert grim,

and sland'rous to thy mother's womb.

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains. Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks.

I would not care, I then would be content; For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou

Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown. But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear

boy. Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,

And with the half-blown rose; but Fortune, O!

She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee: Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle

John. And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on

France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty, And made his majesty the bawd to theirs. France is a bawd to Fortune and King John-

That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!

Tell me, thou fellow, is not France for- But now in arms you strengthen it with sworn?

Envenom him with words, or get thee gone The grappling vigour and rough frown of And leave those woes alone which I alone

Pardon me, madam, Sal. I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud.

For gnef is proud, and makes his owner stoop.

To me, and to the state of my great grief, 70 Let kings assemble: for my grief's so great That no supporter but the huge firm earth Can hold it up. [Seats herself on the ground.

Here I and sorrows sit: Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

> Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis. BLANCH, ELINOR, the BASTARD, AUSTRIA. and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter, and this blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival. To solemnize this day the glorious sun Stays in his course and plays the alchemist. Turning with splendour of his precious eye The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold. The yearly course that brings this day about

Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. [Rising] A wicked day, and not a holy day!

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done

That it in golden letters should be set Among the high tides in the calendar? Nay, rather turn this day out of the week, This day of shame, oppression, perjury; Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child

Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,

Lest that their hopes prodigiously cross'd: But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;

No bargains break that are not this day made: This day, all things begun come to ill end,

Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change! K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day. Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit

Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried.

Proves valueless; you are forsworn, forsworn;

You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood.

yours.

KING JOHN [Act 3

Is cold in amity and painted peace, 105 And our oppression hath made up this league.

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kungs!

widow cries: Be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace! Const. War! war! no peace! Peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!

Thou little valuant, great in villainy! Thou ever strong upon the stronger side! Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by To teach thee safety! Thou art perjur'd

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave, Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,

And dost thou now fall over to my foes? Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame, And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!

To thee, King John, my holy errand is. I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal, And from Pope Innocent the legate here, Do in his name religiously demand

Why thou against the church, our holy So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our foresaid holy father's name, 145 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king? Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, To charge me to an answer, as the Pope. Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of

England Add thus much more, that no Italian priest Shall tithe or toll in our dominions: But as we under heaven are supreme head. So, under Him that great supremacy, Where we do neign we will alone uphold, Without th' assistance of a mortal hand. So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart

To him and his usurp'd authority. K. Phi. Brother of England, you blas-

pheme in this. K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest, Dreading the curse that, money may buy out,

And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust, Purchase corrupted pardon of a man, **166** Who in that sale sells pardon from himself-Though you and all the test, so grossly led, juggling witchcraft with revenue This cherish;

Yet I alone, alone do me oppose Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have

Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:

And blessed shall he be that doth revolt From his allegiance to an heretic; And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint, That takes away by any secret course Thy hateful life.

O, lawful let it be Const. Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!

Good father Cardinal, cry thou 'amen' To my keen curses; for without my wrong There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong; Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,

For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong, How can the law forbid my tongue to curse? Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse.

Scene 1] KING JOHN

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic, And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome. Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? Do not

let go thy hand. Const. Look to that, devil, lest that

France repent

And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul. Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal. Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

Because-

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them. K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the differ-

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome 205 Or the light loss of England for a friend. Forgo the easier.

That's the curse of Rome. Blanch. Const. O Lewis, stand fast! The devil tempts thee here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride. Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

O, if thou grant my need, Const. Which only lives but by the death of

That need must needs infer this principle-That faith would live again by death of need.

O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up: Keep my need up, and faith is trodden

down! K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be 1emov'd from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd and know not what to sav.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd? K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow your-

This royal hand and mine are newly knit, And the conjunction of our inward souls Married in league, coupled and link'd to- Is not amiss when it is truly done;

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true

love. Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before, No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace, 235 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings. And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood.

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet? Const. What should he say, but as the Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven.

Make such unconstant children of ourselves. As now again to snatch our palm from palm, Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host. And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so! Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose, Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest

your pleasure, and continue friends. Pand. All form is formless, order order-

Save what is opposite to England's love. Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church.

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse-

A mother's curse—on her revolting son. France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue.

A chafed hon by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth. Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

And like a civil war set'st oath to oath. Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy

vow First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,

That is, to be the champion of our church. What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself

And may not be performed by thyself, For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss

And being not done, where doing tends

The truth is then most done not doing it: The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect, 275 Yet indirection thereby grows direct, And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire coois

Within the scorched veins of one new-

burn'd. It is religion that doth make yows kept: But thou hast sworn against religion By what thou swear'st against the thing

thou swear'st, And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath; the truth thou art unsure To swear swears only not to be forsworn; Else what a mockery should it be to swear! But thou dost swear only to be forsworn; And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear.

Therefore thy later vows against thy first Is in thyself rebellion to thyself: And better conquest never caust thou make Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions; Upon which better part our pray'rs come

If thou vouchsate them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curses light on thee So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off. But in despair die under their black weight Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth o thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day? Against the blood that thou hast married What. slaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums.

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new Is 'husband' in my mouth !--even for tha name.

Which till this time my tongue did ne'e pronounce.

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee, Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. Wha motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name o wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him tha thee upholds.

His honour. O, thine honour, Lewis, thin honour!

Lew. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold.

When such profound respects do pull you

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty! Eli. O foul revolr of French inconstancy! K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,

is it as he will? Well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu! Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand. And in their rage. I having hold of both, They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330 Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that mou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine; Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive. Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose: 335 Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives. there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. [Exit Bastard. France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,

A rage whose heat hath this condition That nothing can allay, nothing but blood, shall our feast be kept with The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

> K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere out blood shall quench that fire.

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy. K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie! [Exeunt severally.

Scene II. France. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,

While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip. make up:

Scene 27 KING JOHN

My mother is assailed in our tent. And ta'en, I fear.

My lord, I rescued her: Bast. Her Highness is in safety, fear you not; But on, my bege, for very little pains Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.

Scene III. France. Plains near Angiers. Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard. HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John [To Elmon] So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind,

So strongly guarded. [To Athur] Cousin, look not sad ;

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O. this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [To the Bastard] Cousin, away for England! haste before, And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels Set at liberty; the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed upon. Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on. I leave your Highness. Grandam, I will pray,

If ever I remember to be holy. For your fair safety. So, I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin. K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Bastard. Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much! Within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor. And with advantage means to pay thy love: And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished. Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say-But I will fit it with some better time. By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd To say what good respect I have of thee.

I am much bounden to your Hub. Maiestv.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet, But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er

so slow. Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say—but let it go: The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day, Attended with the pleasures of the world, 35 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience. If the midnight bell Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth Sound on into the drowsy race of night;

It this same were a churchyard where we stand.

thou possessed with a thousand And wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy, Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavythick.

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eves

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment. A passion hateful to my purposes;

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes. Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words-

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day, I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts. But, ah, I will not! Yet I love thee well: And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well that what you bid me undertake.

Though that my death were adjunct to my

By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst? Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine

On you young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend.

He is a very serpent in my way; And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth

tread. He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death. Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave. Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough! I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee. Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.

Remember. Madam, fare you well: I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty. Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. [To Arthur] For England, cousin, go; Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho! [Exeunt. SCENE IV. The French King's France.

camb. Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So by a roaring tempest on the flood

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A whole armado of convicted sail Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship. Pand. Courage and comfort! All shall vet go well.

run so ill.

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost? Arthur ta'en prisoner? Divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone. O'erbearing interruption, spite of France? Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd, Such temperate order in so fierce a cause, Doth want example; who hath read or heard

Of any kindred action like to this?

had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look who comes here! a grave unto a soul:

Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will. In the vile prison of afflicted breath. I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress, But that which ends all counsel, true redress-

Death, death: O amiable lovely death! 25 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness! Arise forth from the couch of lasting night, Thou hate and terror to prosperity.

And I will kiss thy detestable bones, And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows, And ring these fingers with thy household worms.

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself. Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st.

And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love, O, come to me!

O fair affliction, peace! 36 K. Phi. Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to crv.

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world.

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice, Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so. I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine; 45 My name is Constance; I was Geffrev's wife:

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost. I am not mad-I would to heaven I were ! K. Phi. What can go well, when we have For then 'tis like I should forget myself. O, if I could, what grief should I forget! 50 Preach some philosophy to make me mad, And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal: For, being not mad, but sensible of grief, My reasonable part produces reason How I may be deliver'd of these woes, And teaches me to kill or hang myself. If I were mad I should forget my son. Or madly think a babe of clouts were he. I am not mad; too well, too well I feel The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O. what

love I note

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England In the fair multitude of those her hairs! 251 Where but by a chance a silver drop hath fall'n,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends Do glue themselves in sociable grief. Like true, inseparable, faithful loves, Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs. Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud

'O that these hands could so redeem my

they have given these hairs their liberty!

But now I envy at their liberty. And will again commit them to their bonds. Because my poor child is a prisoner. And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say That we shall see and know our friends in heaven;

If that be true, I shall see my boy again; For since the birth of Cain, the first male child.

To him that did but vesterday suspire. 80 There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud And chase the native beauty from his cheek, And he will look as hollow as a ghost, As dim and meagre as an ague's fit; And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him. Therefore never. never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more. Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of

Const. He talks to me that never had a son. K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Scene 41 KING JOHN

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me, And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, Remembers me of all his gracious parts. Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;

Then have I reason to be fond of grief. Fare you well; had you such a loss as I, I could give better comfort than you do. 100 I will not keep this form upon my head,

Tearing her hair. When there is such disorder in my wit. O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son! My life, my joy, my food, my all the world! My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[Exit. K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man; And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health, The fit is strongest; evils that take leave On their departure most of all show evil; What have you lost by losing of this day? Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happi-

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you

No, no; when Fortune means to men most good.

She looks upon them with a threat'ning

'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won. Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit; For even the breath of what I mean to speak Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub.

Out of the path which shall directly lead Thy foot to England's throne. And therefore mark:

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins.

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour.

One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest. A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand 135 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as If you say ay, the King will not say no. gain'd,

Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up; That John may stand then. Arthur needs must fall :

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood Shall find but bloody safety and untrue. This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150 That none so small advantage shall step forth

To check his reign but they will cherish it; No natural exhalation in the sky, No scope of nature, no distemper'd day, No common wind, no customed event, 155

But they will pluck away his natural cause And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs, Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven. Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment. Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already, Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him, 165 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change, And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John. Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you Than I have nam'd! The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England ransacking the Church, Offending charity; if but a dozen French Were there in arms, they would be as a call To train ten thousand English to their side: Or as a little snow, tumbled about, noble Anon becomes a mountain.

Dauphin. Go with me to the King. 'Tis wonderful What may be wrought out of their discon-

tent, Now that their souls are topful of offence. For England go; I will whet on the King. Lew. Strong reasons makes strong actions. Let us go;

[Exeunt.

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ACT FOUR

SCENE I. England, A castle.

Enter HUBERT and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand

Within the arras. When I strike my foot Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth And bind the boy which you shall find with

Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

1 Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you. Exeunt Executioners. Look to't. Young lad, come forth; I have to say with vou.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Good morrow, little Prince. Hub. title

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Mercy on me! Methinks no body should be sad but I; Yet, I remember, when I was in France, 14 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night, Only for wantonness. By my christendom, So I were out of prison and kept sheep, I should be as merry as the day is long; And so I would be here but that I doubt My uncle practises more harm to me: He is afraid of me, and I of him. Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son? No, indeed, is't not; and I would to

heaven I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [Aside] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead; Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch. Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day;

In sooth, I would you were a little sick, That I might sit all night and watch with

I warrant I love you more than you do me. Hub. [Aside] His words do take possession of my bosom .-

Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper. [Aside] How now, foolish rheum! Turning dispiteous torture out of door! I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish

Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ? Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect. Must you with hot irons burn out both mine Nay, hear me, Hubert! Drive these men eves?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you? Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache.

I knit my handkerchief about your brows-The best I had, a princess wrought it me-And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour. Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time. Saying 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'

Or 'What good love may I perform for you?

Many a poor man's son would have lyen still.

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you: But you at your sick service had a prince. Nay, you may think my love was craftv

And call it cunning. Do, an if you will, Arth. As little prince, having so great a If heaven be pleas'd that you must use

To be more prince, as may be. You are sad. Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eves.

These eyes that never did nor never shall So much as frown on you?

I have sworn to do it: And with hot irons must I burn them out. Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot, Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation Even in the matter of mine innocence: Nay, after that, consume away in rust But for containing fire to harm mine eve. Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him-no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. [Stamps] Come forth.

Re-enter Executioners, with cord, irons, etc. Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O. save me. Hubert. save me! My eyes are out

Even with the herce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind

him here. Alas, what need you be so Arth. boist'rous rough?

will not struggle, I will stand stone-still. For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb; I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, Nor look upon the iron angrily; Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy, you,

Whatever torment you do put me to. Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone

with him.

1 Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [Exeunt Executioners. Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look but a gentle heart. Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90 Hub. Arth. Is there no remedy?

None, but to lose your eyes. Hub. Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair, Any annovance in that precious sense! feeling what small things are Then, boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible. Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes. Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert: 100

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue, So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy. 105 Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief.

Being create for comfort, to be us'd In undeserved extremes. See else yourself: There is no malice in this burning coal: The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out.

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head. Hub. But with my breath I can revive it,

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it This act is as an ancient tale new told blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes, And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight, Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on. All things that you should use to do me wrong

Deny their office; only you do lack That mercy which fierce fire and iron ex- Makes sound opinion sick, and truth

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live: I will not touch taine eve

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes. With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! All this while

You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu. Your uncle must not know but you are dead:

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports; And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world.

Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert. Hub. Silence; no more. Go closely in with me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. England. King John's palace. Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury. and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eves. Pem. This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd.

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before.

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt: Fresh expectation troubled not the land With any long'd-for change or better state. Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with

double pomp. To guard a title that was rich before, To gild refined gold, to paint the hly, To throw a perfume on the violet, To smooth the ice, or add another hue Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light To seek the beauteous eve of heaven to garnish.

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. Pem. But that your royal pleasure must

be done, And, in the last repeating, troublesome, Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted

Of plain old form is much disfigured; And like a shifted wind unto a sail It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about.

Startles and frights consideration, suspected.

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better

ness:

And oftentimes excusing of a fault Doth make the fault the worse by th' Doth show the mood of a much troubled excuse.

As patches set upon a little breach Discredit more in hiding of the fault

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd. Sal. To this effect, before you were newcrown'd.

We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd vour Highness

To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd Since all and every part of what we would Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;

And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,

I shall indue you with. Meantime but ask What you would have reform'd that is not well,

And well shall you perceive how willingly 45 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,

To sound the purposes of all their hearts, Both for myself and them—but, chief of Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Your safety, for the which myself and them Bend their best studies-heartily request Th' enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent

To break into this dangerous argument: If what in rest you have in right you hold, Why then your fears-which, as they say, attend

The steps of wrong-should move you to mew up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days With barbarous ignorance, and deny his

youth The rich advantage of good exercise? That the time's enemies may not have this

To grace occasions, let it be our suit That you have bid us ask his liberty; Which for our goods we do no further ask Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,

Counts it your weal he have his liberty. K. John. Let it be so. I do commit his That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks? vouth

To your direction.

Enter HUBERT.

[Aside] Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:

They do confound their skill in covetous- He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: The image of a wicked heinous fault 30 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his breast.

And I do fearfully believe 'tis done

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do. 75 Sal. The colour or the King doth come and go

Between his purpose and his conscience, Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful batties set. His passion is so ripe it needs must break. Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will

issue thence The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.

Good lords, although my will to give is living

The suit which you demand is gone and

He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night. 85 Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick. This must be answer'd either here or hence. K. John. Why do you bend such solemn

brows on me? Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame That greatness should so grossly offer it.

So thrive it in your game . and so, farewell. Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee

And find th' inheritance of this poor child. His little kingdom of a forced grave. That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle

Three foot of it doth hold-bad world the while! This must not be thus borne: this will

break out To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[Exeunt Lords. K. John. They burn in indignation. I

repent. There is no sure foundation set on blood. No certain life achiev'd by others' death. 105

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood

So foul a sky clears not without a storm. Pour down thy weather-how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a pow'r

For any foreign preparation Was levied in the body of a land. The copy of your speed is learn'd by them, For when you should be told they do prepare.

The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd. K. John. O. where hath our intelligence

been drunk? Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care.

That such an army could be drawn in France.

And she not hear of it?

Mess. Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April Deliver him to safety; and return,

Your noble mother: and as I hear, my lord.

The Lady Constance in a frenzy died Three days before; but this from rumour's tongue

I idly heard—if true or false I know not.

O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd

My discontented peers! What! mother dead!

How wildly then walks my estate in France!

Under whose conduct came those pow'rs of France

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy With these ill tidings.

Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.

Now! What says the world To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff My head with more ill news, for it is full. Bast. But if you be afear'd to hear the

worst. Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd

Under the tide; but now I breathe again Aloft the flood, and can give audience To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140 Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-

The sums I have collected shall express. But as I travell'd hither through the land, I find the people strangely fantasied; Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

Not knowing what they fear, but full of And here's a prophet that I brought with

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I And when they talk of him, they shake

With many hundreds treading on his heels; And whisper one another in the ear;

To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes, That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,

Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst then so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him: impuson him; And on that day at noon whereon he

savs My liege, her ear I shall yield up my crown let him be hang'd.

120 For I must use thee.

IExit Hubert with Peter.

O my gentie cousin. Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it;

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Besides, 1 met Lord Bigot and Lord occasion! 125 Salisbury,

With eves as red as new-enkindled fire. And others more, going to seek the grave Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go And thrust thyseif into their companies. I have a way to win their loves again; Bing them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out. K. John. Nav. but make haste; the better foot before.

O, let me have no subject enemies When adverse foreigners affright my towns With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,

And fly like thought from them to me again. Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach

me speed. K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman. Exit Bastard.

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need Some messenger betwixt me and the peers; And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit. K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets Do prophesy upon it dangerously; Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;

their heads,

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's And those thy fears might have wrought

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus, The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool, With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, wnich his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet, Told of a many thousand warlike French That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent. Another lean unwash'd artificer Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murd'red him. I had a mighty cause To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to

kill him. Hub. No had, my lord! Why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves that take their humours for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life, 210 And on the winking of authority To understand a law; to know the meaning Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it

frowns More upon humour than advis'd respect. Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what

I did. K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal Witness against us to damnation! How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame, This murder had not come into my mind; But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect. Finding thee fit for bloody villainy, Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger, I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death; And thou, to be endeared to a king, Made it no conscience to destroy a prince. Hub. My lord-

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed, Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face, As bid me tell my tale in express words, Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off. 235

fears in me.

But thou didst understand me by my signs. And didst in signs again parley with sin; Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent.

And consequently thy rude hand to act 240 The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more! My nobles leave me; and my state is braved.

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs:

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land. This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath.

Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,

I'll make a peace between your soul and Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand, Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

Within this bosom never ent'red yet The dreadful motion of a murderous

thought: And you have slander'd nature in my form. Which, howsoever rude exteriorly.

Is yet the cover of a fairer mind Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O. haste thee to the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage And make them tame to their obedience! Forgive the comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind, And foul imaginary eyes of blood Presented thee more hideous than thou art. O, answer not; but to my closet bring The angry lords with all expedient haste. I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exeunt.

Scene III. England. Before the castle. Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not! There's few or none do know me; if they

This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it. If I get down and do not break my limbs, I'll find a thousand shifts to get away. As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[Leaps down.

Scene 3] KING JOHN

O me! my uncle's spirit s in these stones Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [Dies

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury;
is our safety, and we must embrace

It is our safety, and we must embrace This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pen. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love

Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set fo.ward; for 'twill be

Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet. 20

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!

The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The King hath dispossess'd himself of us.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return and tell him so. We know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true—to hurt his master, no

man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies nere?

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

35

She carth had not a hole to hide this deed

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed. Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave. Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,

Or have you read or heard, or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? Could thought, without this object.

Form such another? This is the very top, The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the viest stroke, That ever wall-ev'd wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remoise. 50 Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd

in this; and this, so sole and so unmatchable.

And this, so sole and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sin of times, And prove a deadly ploodshed but a jest, 55 Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Basi. It is a damned and a bloody work; The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand. Sal. If that it be the work of any hand! to We had a kind of light what would ensue. It is the shameful work of Hubeit's hand; The practice and the purpose of the King; From whose obedience I forbid my soul, Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life, 65 And breathing to his breathless excellence The incense of a yow, a holy yow,

Never to taste the pleasures of the world, Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70 Till I have set a glory to this hand By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Our souls religiously confirm thy Big. words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.

Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for you. 75

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death!

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal.

Must I rob the law?

[Drawing his sword. Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget 's' Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! Dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an emperor. Sal. Thou art a murderer.

.Hub. Do not prove me so.
Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks
false, 91

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say. Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you,

Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil,
Salisbury.

95

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame, I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;

Or I'll so maul you and you toasting-iron That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.

I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep My date of life out for his sweet life's loss. Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of

his eyes, For villainy is not without such rheum; And he, long traded in it, makes it seem Like rivers of remorse and innocency. 110 Away with me, all you whose souls abhor Th' uncleanly sayours of a slaughter-house;

For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin
there!

Pem. There tell the King he may inquire us out. [Exeunt Lords.

Bast. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death, Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what: 120
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black—

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer;

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child. Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent 125 To this most cruel act, do but despair; And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be

To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself, 230

Put but a little water in a spoon And it shall be as all the ocean, Enough to stifle such a villain up. I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous

clay, Let hell want pains enough to torture me! I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms. I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

How easy dost thou take all England up! From forth this morsel of dead royalty. The life, the right, and truth of all this realm.

Is fled to heaven; and England now is left To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth 746

The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace; 1530 Now powers from home and discontents at

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits, As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast, The imminent decay of wrested pomp. Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child.

And follow me with speed. I'll to the King; A thousand businesses are brief in hand, And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [Exaunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. England. King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory.

Pand. [Gives back the crown] Take again From this my hand, as holding of the Pope, Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French;

And from his Holiness use all your power To stop their marches fore we are inflam'd. Our discontented counties do revolt; Our people quarrel with obedience, Swearing allegiance and the love of soul to To stranger blood, to foreign royalty. This inundation of mistemp'red humour Rests by you only to be qualified. Then pause not; for the present time's so

Scene 1] KING IOHN

That present med'cine must be minist'red. O, let it not be said! Foiage, and run 59 Or overthrow incurable ensues

tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope: But since you are a gentle convertite. My tongue shall hush again this storm of war

And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well, Upon your oath of service to the Pope. Go I to make the French lay down their Ext. arms.

K. John, Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet Say that before Ascension-day at noon

My crown I should give off? Even so I have.

I did suppose it should be on constraint; But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out

But Dover Castle. London hath receiv'd, Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his owers.

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone To offer service to your enemy; And wild amazement hurries up and down The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again

After they heard young Arthur was alive? Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets.

An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

he knew. But wherefore do you droop? Why look

you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought:

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust Govern the motion of a kingly eye. Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire; Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the

Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes, That borrow their behaviours from the

great. Grow great by your example and put on The dauntless spirit of resolution. Away, and glister like the god of war When he intendeth to become the field; 55 Show boldness and aspiring confidence. What, shall they seek the lion in his den, And fright him there, and make him tremble there?

16 To meet displeasure farther from the doors Pand. It was my breath that blew this And grapple with him ere he come so nigh. K. John. The legate of the Pope hath

been with me.

And I have made a happy peace with him; And he hath premis'd to dismiss the powers Led by the Dauphin.

Basi. O inglorious league! Shall we, upon the footing of our land, Send tair-play orders, and make compromise.

Insinuation, parley, and base truce, To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy, A cock'red silken wanton, brave our fields And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil, Mocking the air with colours idly spread, And find no check? Let us, my hege, to

Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;

Or, if he do, let it at least be said They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time. Bast. Away, then, with good courage!

Yet, I know Our party may well meet a prouder foe. Exeunt.

Scene II. England. The Dauthin's camp at Saint Edmundsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out

And keep it safe for our remembrance; Return the precedent to these lords again, That, having our fair order written down, Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught May know wherefore we took the sacrament,

> And keep our faiths firm and inviolable. Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be bicken.

> And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear A voluntary zeal and an unurg'd faith To your proceedings; yet, believe me, Prince,

> I am not glad that such a sore of time Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt, And heal the inveterate canker of one wound

> By making many. O, it grieves my soul 15 That I must draw this metal from my side To be a widow-maker! O, and there Where honourable rescur and defence Cries out upon the name of Salisbury But such is the infection of the time That, for the health and physic of our right, We cannot deal but with the very hand Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

KING JOHN [Act 5

And is't not pity, O my grieved finends! 'That we, the sons and children of this isle, 25 Were born to see so sad an hour as this; Wherein we step after a stranger-march Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up Her enemies' ranks—I must withdraw and

weep

Upon the spot of this enforced cause— 30 To grace the gentry of a land remote And follow unacquainted colours here? What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,

Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself 35

And grapple thee unto a pagan shore, Where these two Christian armies might combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league, And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in

this;

And great affections wrestling in thy bosom Doth make an earthquake of nobility.

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought Between compulsion and a brave respect! Let me wipe off this honourable dew 45 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks. My heart hath melted at a lady's tears, Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effection of such many drops.

But this effusion of such manly drops, This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul.

Startles mine eyes and makes me more amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors. Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury, And with a great heart heave away this storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy
hand as deep
60

Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself. So, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of
mine.

Enter PANDULPH.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake: Look where the holy legate comes apace, 65 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven

And on our actions set the name of right With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France! The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, 70 That so stood out against the holy church, The great metropolis and see of Rome.

Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up

And tame the savage spirit of wild war, That, like a lion fostered up at hand, 75 It may lie gently at the foot of peace And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:

I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a scondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the
world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars

Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself And brought in matter that should feed this fire;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out With that same weak wind which enkindled it.

You taught me how to know the face of right,

Acquainted me with interest to this land, Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; And come ye now to tell me John hath made

His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed, After young Arthur, claim this land for mine; And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,

What men provided, what munition sent, To underprop this action? Is't not I That undergo this charge? Who else but I, And such as to my claim are liable, for Sweat in this business and maintain this war?

Have I not heard these islanders shout out 'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?

Have I not here the best cards for the game To win this easy match, play'd for a crown? And shall I now give o'er the yielded set? No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return Till my attempt so much be glorified As to my ample hope was promised Before I drew this gallant head of war, And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world To outlook conquest, and to win renown 115 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[Trumpet sounds.

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world.

Let me have audience: I am sent to speak. Strike up the drums; and let the tengue My holy lord of Milan, from the King 1.0 I come, to learn how you have dealt for

him: And, as you answer, I do know the scope And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilfulopposite.

And will not temporize with my entreaties; He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,

The youth says well. Now hear our English King;

For thus his royalty doth speak n me. He is prepar'd, and reason too he should. 130 This apish and unmannerly approach,

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel. This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops, The King doth smile at; and is well prepar'd

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms.

From out the circle of his territories. That hand which had the strength, even at

your door, To cudgel you and make you take the hatch. To dive like buckets in concealed wells, To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 140

To he like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks, To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety

In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake

Even at the crying of your nation's crow, Thinking this voice an armed Englishman— Shall that victorious hand be feebled here That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

No. Know the gallant monarch is in arms And like an eagle o'er his acry tow'rs To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts, You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;

For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids, Like Amazons, come tripping after drums, Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change, Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts

To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;

We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well; We hold our time too precious to be spent

With such a brabbler. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No. I will speak. We will attend to neither. Lew.

of war,

Plead for our interest and our being here. Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out :

And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start

An echo with the clamour of thy drum, And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd

That shall reverberate all as loud as thine: Sound but another, and another shall, 171 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder; for at hand-

Not trusting to this halting legate here, Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need-

Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this

To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. Exeunt.

Scene III. England. The field of battle. Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O. tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. This fever that hath troubled me so long

Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick! Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your Majesty to leave the field And send him word by me which way you

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply

That was expected by the Dauphin here 10 Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands:

This news was brought to Richard but even now.

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up

And will not let me welcome this good news. Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter

straight; Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt. Scene IV. England. Another part of the battlefield.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.
Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. 5
Pem. They say King John, sore sick,
hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Meiun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought
and sold:

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud
day.

He means to recompense the pains you take By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he

And I with him, and many moe with me, Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury; Even on that altar where we swore to you Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my

view, Retaining but a quantity of life, Which bleeds away even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire? What in the world should make me now

deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by
truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30 He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours Behold another day break in the east; But even this night, whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, 35 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire.

Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your
lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:

The love of him—and this respect besides, For that my grandsire was an Englishman—Awakes my conscience to confess all this. In lieu whereof, I piay you, bear me hence From forth the noise and rumour of the field,

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and uevout desires. Sal. We do believe thee; and beshrew

my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which

We will untread the steps of damned flight, And like a bated and retired flood, Leaving our rankness and irregular course, Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,

And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee
hence:

For I do see the cruel pangs of death Right in thine eye. Away, my friends!

New flight, 60
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off Melun.

Scene V. England. The French camp.

Enter LEWIS and his Tiain.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set, But stay'd and made the western welkin

blush,
When English measure backward their own
ground

In faint retire. O, bravely came we off, When with a volley of our needless shot, 5 After such bloody toil, we bid good night; After such bloody toil, we bid good night; Last in the field and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here; what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the

English lords

By his persuasion are again fall'n off,

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew
thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night 15
As this hath made me. Who was he that said

King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary
pow'rs?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my

lord.

KING JOHN Scene 5]

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

Scene VI. An open place near Swinstead And they are all about his Majesty. Abbev.

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? Speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou? Of the part of England. Hub.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand

Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine? 5 Bast. Hubert, I think.

Thou hast a perfect thought.

I will upon all hazards well believe Thou art my friend that know'st my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt. And if thou please, Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think

I come one way of the Plantagenets. Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and

eyeless night

Brave soldier. Have done me shame. pardon me

That any accent breaking from thy tongue Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night

To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then: and what's the news? Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night.

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 20 Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a

I left him almost speechless and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil, that you might The better arm you to the sudden time

Than if you had at leisure known of this. Bast. How did he take it; who did taste

to him? Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved Confound themselves.

vıllain. Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The

Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover. Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Maiesty?

Hab. Why, know you not? The lords are all come back.

And brought Prince Henry in their company:

[Exeunt. At whose request the King hath pardon'd them.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty

heaven. And tempt us not to bear above our

power!

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this Passing these flats, are taken by the tide-

These Lincoln Washes have devoured them; Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd. Away, before! conduct me to the King; I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[Exeunt.

Scene VII. The orchard at Swinstead Abbey. Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and

BIGOT. P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his

bood Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain, Which some suppose the soul's frail dwell-

ing-house. Doth by the idle comments that it makes Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief

That, being brought into the open air, It would allay the burning quality Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Doth he still rage? [Exit Bigot. Pem. He is more patient Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! Fierce extremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves.

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them invisible, and his siege is

now Against the mind, the which he pricks and

wounds With many legions of strange fantasies,

Which, in their throng and press to that last hold.

'Tis strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.

And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you My hege! my loid! But now a king-now are born 25

To set a form upon that indigest

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude. Re-enter Bigot and Attendants, who bing

in King John in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors There is so hot a summer in my bosoin That all my bowels crumble up to dust. I am a scubbled form drawn with a pen Upon a parchment, and against this file Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your Majesty? K. John. Poison'd-ill-fare! Dead, for-

sook, cast off; And none of you will bid the winter come To thrust his icy fingers in my maw.

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my buir'd bosom, nor entreat the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much:

I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait And so ingrateful you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,

That might relieve you!

The salt in them is hot. K. John. Within me is a hell; and there the poison Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion

And spleen of speed to see your Majesty! 50 K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eve!

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt,

And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail

Are turned to one thread, one little hair; My heart hath one poor string to stay it by, Which holds but till thy news be uttered; And then all this thou seest is but a clod And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward.

Where God He knows how we shall answer him;

For in a night the best part of my pow'r, As I upon advantage did remove, Were in the Washes all unwarily Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[The King dies. Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay.

When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Basi. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind

To do the office for thee of revenge.

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven.

As it on earth hath been thy servant still. Now, now, you stars that move in your night spheres,

Where be your pow'rs? Show now your mended faiths.

And instantly return with me again To push destruction and perpetual shame Out of the weak door of our fainting land. Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. Sal. It seems you know not, then, so

much as we The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest. Who half an hour since came from the

Dauphin, And brings from him such offers of our

peace As we with honour and respect may take, 85 With purpose piesently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he

Ourselves well sinewed to our defence. Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already; For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 90 To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel

To the disposing of the Cardinal; With whom yourself, myself, and other

lords. If you think meet, this afternoon will post To consummate this business happily. Bast. Let it be so. And you, my noble

Prince, With other princes that may best be spar'd. Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd:

For so he will'd it.

Thither shall it, then; 100 Bast. And happily may your sweet self put on The lineal state and glory of the land! To whom, with all submission, on my knee I do bequeath my faithful services And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we

To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks, And knows not how to do it but with tears. Scene 7] KING JOHN

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall, Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, But when it first did help to wound itself.

But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[Exeunt.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND. JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of' Lancaster, uncles to the EDMUND OF LANGLEY, King. Duke of York. HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son of John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry IV. DUKE OF AUMERLE, son of the Duke of Captain of a band of Welshmen. York. THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk. DUKE OF SURREY. EARL OF SALISBURY. EARL BERKELEY. BUSHY, favourites of King Richard. BAGOT. GREEN. EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son

LORD ROSS. LORD WILLOUGHBY. LORD FITZWATER. BISHOP OF CARLISLE. ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER. LORD MARSHAL. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP. SIR PIERCE OF EXTON. Two Gardeners.

QUEEN to King Richard. DUCHESS OF YORK. DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, widow of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Atiendants.

THE SCENE: England and Wales.

ACT ONE

Scene I. London. The ralace.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band, Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bola son,

Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal, Which then our leisure would not let us

hear, Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him

If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice, Or worthily, as a good subject should, On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument.

On some apparent danger seen in him Aim'd at vour Highness-no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will

The accuser and the accused freely speak. High-stomach'd are they both and full of Once more, the more to aggravate the

In rage, deaf as the sea, hasty as fire,

Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.

Boling, Many years of happy days befall My gracious sovereign, my most loving hege!

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,

Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us, As well appeareth by the cause you come; Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbiay?

Boling. First-heaven be the record to

my speech! In the devotion of a subject's love, Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince, And free from other misbegotten hate, Come I appellant to this princely presence. Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee, And mark my greeting well; for what I speak

My body shall make good upon this earth, Or my divine soul answer it in heaven-Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,

Too good to be so, and too bad to live, 40 Since the more fair and crystal is the sky, The ugher seem the clouds that in it fly. note.

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With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy In name of lendings for your higginess. thuoat:

And wish-so please my sovereign-ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war.

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues, Can arbitiate this cause betwixt us twain; The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast As to be hush'd and nought at all to say. First, the fair reverence of your Highness curos me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech:

Which else would post until it had return'd These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty, And let him be no kinsman to my liege, I do defy him, and I spit at him, Call him a slanderous coward and a villain; Which to maintain, I would allow him odds And meet him, were I tied to run afoot Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps, Or any other ground inhabitable Where ever Englishman durst set his foot. Meantime let this defend my loyalty-

By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie. Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I

throw my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the King; And lay aside my high blood's royalty, 71 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.

If guilty dread have left thee so much strength

As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.

By that and all the rites of knighthood else Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,

What I have spoke or thou canst worse devise.

Mow. I take it up: and by that sword I swear

Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder

I'll answer thee in any fair degree Or chivalrous design of knightly trial; And when I mount, alive may I not light

If I be traitor or unjustly fight! K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great that can inherit us So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look what I speak, my life shall prove it true-

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles

soldiers.

The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments

Like a false traitor and injurious villain. Besides, I say and will in battle prove-Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest veige That ever was survey'd by English eye-That all the treasons for these eighteen

years Complotted and contrived in this land Fetch from false Mowbray their first head

and spring. Further I say, and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good, That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death.

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries. And consequently, like a traitor coward, Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries, Even from the tongueless caverns of the

To me for justice and rough chastisement; And, by the glorious worth of my descent, This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his face

And bid his ears a little while be deaf, Till I have told this slander of his blood How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears. Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir

As he is but my father's brother's son, Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow, Such neighbour nearness to our sacred bland

Should nothing privilege him nor partialize The unstooping firmness of my upright soul He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou: Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart.

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais Disbuts'd I duly to his Highness' soldiers; The other part reserv'd I by consent, For that my sovereign liege was in my del-t Upon remainder of a dear account Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:

Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death-

I slew him not, but to my own disgrace Neglected my sworn duty in that case. For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster, 135 The honourable father to my foe. Once did I lay an ambush for your life, A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul; But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament I did confess it, and exactly begg'd Your Grace's pardon; and I hope I had it. This is my fault. As for the rest appeal'd, It issues from the rancour of a villain, A recreant and most degenerate tiaitoi; Which in myself I boldly will defend, And interchangeably hurl down my gage Upon this overweening traitor's foot To prove myself a loyal gentleman Even in the best blood chamber'd in his hosom.

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150 Your Highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood-

This we prescribe, though no physician; Deep malice makes too deep incision. Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed: Our doctors say this is no month to bleed. Good uncle, let this end where it begun; We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age.

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his. When, Harry, when?

Obedience bids I should not bid again. K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid. There is no boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot;

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name, Despite of death, that lives upon my grave To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here; Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd

The which no balm can cure but his heartblood

Which breath'd this poison.

Rage must be withstood: K. Rich. Give me his gage—lions make leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, Dut my shame, Take but my shame, My d Yea, but not change his spots. And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord, The purest treasure mortal times afford Is spotless reputation; that away Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest 180 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one; Some of those seven are dried by nature's Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me

In that I live, and for that will I die. 184 K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage: do you begin.

Boling, O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

Before this outdar'd dastard? tongue Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall

The slavish motive of recanting fear, And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace. Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. [Exit Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command; TOB

Which since we cannot do to make you friends.

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it. At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day. There shall your swords and lances arbitrate 200

The swelling difference of your settled hate:

Since we can not atone you, we shall see Justice design the victor's chivalry. Lord Marshal, command our officers-atarms

Be ready to direct these home alarms. [Exeunt.

Scene II. London. The Duke of Lancaster's balace.

Enter John of Gaunt with the Duchess of GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclaims To stir against the butchers of his life! But since correction lieth in those hands Which made the fault that we cannot correct.

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven: Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,

Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads. Duch. Finds biotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood. Or seven fair branches springing from one

course,

Some of those branches by the Descinies With her companion, Grief, must end her

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,

One vial full of Edward's sacred blood, One flourishing branch of his most royal root.

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt; Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,

By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! That bed, that womb,

That mettle, that self mould, that fashion'd thee.

Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest.

Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy father's death In that thou seest thy wretched brother

Who was the model of thy father's life. Call it not patience, Gaunt-it is despair; In suff'ring thus thy brother to be slaught'red.

Thou showest the naked pathway to thy

Teacning stern murder how to butcher thee That which in mean men we entitle patience

is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. What shall I say? To safeguard thine own

The best way is to venge my Gloucester's

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute.

His deputy anointed in His sight,

Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,

Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift 40 An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold 45 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!

Or, if misfortune miss the first career. Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom 50 That they may break his foaming courser's back

And throw the rider headlong in the lists, A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford! Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes Speak truly on thy knighthood and thy brother's wife,

life. Gaunt. Sister, farenell: 1 must

Coventry.

As much good stay with thee as go with me! Duch. Yet one word more-grief boundeth where it falls.

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight. I take my leave before I have begun, For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done. Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all—nay, yet depart not so; Though this be all, do not so quickly go: I shall remember more. Bid him-ah, what ?-

With all good speed at Plashy visit me. Alack, and what shall good old York there

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls. Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones? And what hear there for welcome but my groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where. Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die; The last leave of thee takes my weeping [Exeunt.

SCENT III. The lists at Coventry.

Enter the LORD MARSHAL and the DUKE of Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold.

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay 5 For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the KING enters with his nobles, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and Others. When they are set, enter MOWBRAY, DUKE OF NORFOLK, in arms, defendant, and a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of vonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms: Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause. 10 Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou ait.

And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms:

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.

oath:

Mow. My name is Tnomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath-Which God defend a knight should violate!-

Both to defend my loyalty and truth To God, my King, and my succeeding issue, Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals

And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself, A fraitor to my God, my King, and me. And as I truly fight, defend me heaven! 25

The trumbets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE. DUKE OF HEREFORD. appellant. irmour, and a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in

arms. Both who he is and why he cometh hither Tnus plated in habiliments of war: And formally, according to our law,

Depose him in the justice of his cause. 30 Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither

Before King Richard in his royal lists? Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am 1; who ready here do stand in arms To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,

In lists on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous, To God of heaven, King Richard, and to

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven! Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold

Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists, Except the Marshal and such officers Appointed to direct these fair designs. Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his Majesty; For Mowbray and myself are like two

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage. Then let us take a ceremonlous leave And loving farewell of our several friends. Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your Highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, 55 So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

As so defend thee heaven and thy valour! Farevell my blood; which if to-day thou shed,

Lament we may, but nor revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear. As confident as is the falcon's flight Agairst a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. My loving lord, I take my leave of you: Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle: Not sick, although I have to do with death. But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.

Lo. as at English feasts, so I regreet The daintiest last, to make the end most

O thou, the earthly auchor of my blood. Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 70 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me un To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers, And with thy blessings steel my lance's

point. That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat 75

And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt.

Even in the lusty haviour of his son. Gainit. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution. And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, Fall like amazing thunder on the casque Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and live.

Boling. Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!

Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot.

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne.

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman. Never did captive with a freer heart Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, 10 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of happy vears.

As gentle and as jocund as to jest Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast. K. Rich. Farewell, my lord, securely I

espy Virtue with valour couched in thine eye. Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Mar. [To an Officer] Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby.

Stands here for God, his sovereign, an himself.

On pain to be found false and recreant. To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thoma-Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his King, and him; And darss him to set forward to the fight 2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant. Both to defend himself, and to approve Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby To God, his sovereign, and to him di

Courageously and with a free desire Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound trumpets; and set forward combatants. [A charge sounded Stay, the King hath thrown his warde

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmetand their spears.

And both return back to their chairs again Withdraw with us; and let the trumpet: sound

While we return these dukes what we decree.

A long flourish, while the King consults his Council.

Draw near,

And list what with our council we have done.

For that our kindgom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts. With rival-hating envy, set on you To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep:

Which so rous'd up with boist'rous un- Lay on our royal sword your banish'd tun'd drums.

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood-

Therefore we banish you our territories. You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 110 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields

Shall not regreet our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be-

That sun that warms you here shall shine on me.

And those his golden beams to you here lent Shall point on me and gild my banishment. K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a

heavier doom. Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

The sly slow hours shall not determinate 150 The dateless limit of thy dear exile; The hopeless word of 'never to return' Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege.

And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth.

A dearei merit, not so deep a maim As to be cast forth in the common air, Have I deserved at your Highness' hands. The language I have learnt these forty vears.

My native English, now I must forgo; 160 And now my tongue's use is to me no more Than an unstringed viol or a harp: Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up Or, being open, put into his hands That knows no touch to tune the harmony. Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue.

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips: And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance Is made my gaoler to attend on me. I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170

Too far in years to be a pupil now. What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death.

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;

After our sentence plaining comes too late. Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to God, 180 Our part therein we banish with yourselves, To keep the oath that we administer:

You never shall, so help you truth and God. Embrace each other's love in banishment:

Nor never look upon each other's face; 185 Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile This louring tempest of your home-bied

hate: Nor never by advised purpose meet To plot, contrive, or complet any ill,

45I

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our Why at our justice seem'st thou then t land.

Boling. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Noifolk, so far as to mine enemy By this time, had the King permitted us, One of our souls had wand'red in the air, Baaish'd this frail sepulchre or our flesh. As now our thish is banish'd from this land-

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm: Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life, And I from heaven banish'd as from hence! But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know: 201

And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue. Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray: Save back to England, all the world's my way. Exu.

K. Rich. Un 'e, even in the glasses of thine eyes

I see thy grieved heart. Thy sad aspect Hath from the number of his banish'd years Pluck'd four away. [To Bolingbroke] Six frozen winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banish-

Boling. How long a time lies in one little

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs

End in a word: such is the breath of Kings. Gaunt. I thank my liege that in regard

He shortens four years of my son's exile; But little vantage shall I reap thereby, For ere the six years that he hath to spend

Can change their moons and bring their times about,

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light Shall be extinct with age and endless night; My inch of taper will be burnt and done, And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live. Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that

thou canst give: Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age, But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage; 230 Thy word is current with him for my death, But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice.

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.

lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather You would have bid me argue like a father. O, had it been a stranger, not my child. To smooth his fault I should have been

more mild.

A partial slander sought I to avoid, And in the sentence my own life destroy'd. Alas, I look'd when some of you should say I was too strict to make mine own away; The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 200 I was too strict to make mine own away; Mow. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue

Against my will to do myself this wrong. K. Rich, Cousin, farewell: and, uncle. bid him so.

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. Exit King with train. Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not know,

From where you do remain let paper show. Mar. My lord, no leave take I, for I will

As far as land will let me by your side. Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words.

That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you.

When the tongue's office should be prodigal To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? They are quickly gone. Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes

one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so.

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage. Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set The precious jewel of thy home return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love. Must I not serve a long apprenticehood To foreign passages; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else But that I was a journeyman to grief? Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven

visits Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. Teach thy necessity to reason thus:

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the King and banish thee,
But thou the King. Wee doth the heavier

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour.

And not the King exil'd thee; or suppose Devouring postlence hangs in our air And thou art flying to a fresher clime. 285 Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou com'st.

Suppose the singing birds musicians, The grass whereon thou tread'st the pres-

ence strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no

Than a delightful measure or a dance; For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Biling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand By thinking on the frosty Caucasus? 295 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat? O, no! the apprehension of the good 300 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse. Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more Than when he bites, but lanceth not the

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay. 305

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil. adjeu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can: Though banish'd, yet a trueborn English man. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. The court.

Enter the King, with Bagot and Green, at one door; and the Duke of Aumerle at another.

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle.

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so.

But to the next high way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. 'Farewell'

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft

To count rfeit oppression of such grief that words seem'd buried in my sorrow's

Marry, would the word 'farewell' have length'ned hours

And added years to his short banishment, He should have had a volume of farewells, But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt, 20

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his triends.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green, Observ'd his courtship to the common people;

How he did seem to dive into their hearts With humble and familiar courtesy; What reverence he did throw away on slayes,

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles 28

And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
friends':

As were our England in reversion his, 35 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts!

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland.

Expedient manage must be made, my liegt, Ere further leisure yield them further means 40

For their advantage and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war;

And, for our coffers, with too great a court And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm; 45
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. It that come short.

For our affairs in hand. It that come short, Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters:

Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums - of gold, 50

And send them after to supply our wants; For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste To entreat your Majesty to visit him. K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind

The lining of his coffers shall make coats To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars. Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him. Pray God we may make haste, and come

too late l All. Amen.

Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. London. Elv House.

Enter John of Gaunt, sick, with the Duke OF YORK, etc.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear. Gaunt. O. but they say the tongues of dving men

Enforce attention like deep harmony. Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain:

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.

The setting sun, and music at the close, As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last. Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear. York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds.

As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond. Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound The open ear of youth doth always listen; Report of fashions in proud Italy, Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitv-

So it be new, there's no respect how vile-That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears? Then all too late comes counsel to be heard For young hot colts being rag'd do rage Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose.

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,

And thus expiring do foretell of him: His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last, For violent fires soon burn out themselves: Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;

To help him to his grave immediately! 60 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant. Consuming means, soon preys upon itself. This royal throne of kings, this scept red isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars. This other Eden, demi-paradise, This fortress built by Nature for herself Against infection and the hand of war, This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea, 46 Which serves it in the office of a wall. Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands; This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings.

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home. For Christian service and true chivality, As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son: This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land.

Dear for her reputation through the world. Is now leas'd out-I die pronouncing it-Like to a tenement or pelting farm. England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds;

That England, that was wont to conquer others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself. Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life. How happy then were my ensuing death I

Enter KING and QUEEN. AUMERLE. BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, Ross. and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The King is come; deal mildly with his youth,

the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle And thou-Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't Presuming on an ague's privilege. with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt, O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed: and gaunt in being old. Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?

watch'd;

gaunt. The pleasure that some fathers feed upon

Is my strict fast-I mean my children's

And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave, Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee. K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with

those that live?

that die. K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, sayest thou

flatterest me.

sicker be. K. Ruh. I am in health, I breathe, and

see thee ill. Gaunt. Now He that made me knows I see thee ill:

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill. Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land 95

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick; And thou, too careless patient as thou art, Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure Of those physicians that first wounded thee: A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, Whose compass is no bigger than thy head; And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land. O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye Seen how his son's son should destroy his

sons, From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame.

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd, Which art possess'd now to depose thyself. Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world, It were a shame to let this land by lease; 110 But for thy world enjoying but this land, Is it not more than shame to shame it so? Landlord of England art thou now, not

Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool, 115 Darest with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood

With fury from his native residence. Now by my seat's right royal majesty, 120 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's

son, For sleeping England long time have I This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son.

For that I was his father Edward's son; That blood already, like the pelican, Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.

My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul-

Whom fair befall in heaven mongst happy souls !---

May be a precedent and witness good 130 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.

Join with the present sickness that I have: And thy unkindness be like crooked age, To crop at once a too long withered flower. Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!

These words hereafter thy tormentors be! Convey me to my bed, then to my grave. Gaunt. O. no! thou diest, though I the Love they to live that love and honour have.

> [Exit, borne out by his Attendants. K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave. York. I do beseech your Majesty impute

his words To wayward sickliness and age in him. He loves you, on my life, and holds you

dear As Harry Duke of Hereford, were be here. K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his; 145

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

Nay, nothing; all is said. North. His tongue is now a stringless instrument; Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe. K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be. So much for that. Now for our Irish wars We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

Which live like venom where no venom else. But only they have privilege to live. And for these great affairs do ask some charge.

Towards our assistance we do seize to us 16 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stanpossess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's
banishment, 16

Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage, nor my own disgrace, Have ever made me sour my patient cheek Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. I am the last of noble Edward's sons, 17 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first.

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce, In peace was never gentle lamb more mild, Than was that young and princely gentle-

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he, Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours. But when he frown'd, it was against the French

And not against his friends. His noble hand Did win what he did spend, and spent not that

Which his triumphant father's hand had

His hands were guilty of no kindred blood, But bloody with the enemies of his kin. O Richard! York is too far gone with grief, Or else he never would compare between— K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my liege, Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd Not to be pardoned, am content withal. Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?

Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?

Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true? Did not the one deserve to have an heir? Is not his heir a well-deserving son? Take Hereford's rights away, and take

from Time

His charters and his customary rights;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;

Be not thyself—for how art thou a king

But by fair sequence and succession?

Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in the letters patents that he hath

By his attorneys-general to sue His livery, and deny his off'red homage, You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts, And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think. K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize

into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell.

What will ensue hereof there's none can tell:

But by bad courses may be understood That their events can never fall out good. IExit.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repail to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow.

And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our Uncle York Lord Governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen; to-morrow must we

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy,

Aumerle, Green, and Baget.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is Duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him
ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man; Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good to pity him, Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

n him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this decliming land. 240
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
letely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our With eight tall ships, three thousand men heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes;

And quite lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd.

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what: But what, a God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with blows.

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish

His burdenous taxations notwithstanding, But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke. North. His noble kınsman-most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing, Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm: We see the wind sit sore upon our sails, 265 And yet we strike not, but securely perish. Ross. We see the very wreck that we

must suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now

For suffering so the causes of our wreck. North. Not so: even through the hollow eves of death

I spy life peering; but I dare not say How near the tidings of our comfort is. Willo. Nav. let us share thy thoughts as

thou dost ours. Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumber-

We three are but thyself, and, speaking so.

Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold.

North. Then thus: I have from Le Port Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence

Lord Cobham,

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter, His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston, Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint—

All these, well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine. 285 of war.

Are making hither with all due expedience, And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the King for Ireland. If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke, Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptie's gilt.

And make high majesty look like itself, 295 Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh: But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay and be secret, and myself will go. Ross. To horse, to horse! Urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Windsor Castle.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT,

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is too much

sad. You promis'd, when you parted with the King.

To lay aside life-harming heaviness And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please myself

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause Why I should welcome such a guest as grief, Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest As my sweet Richard. Yet again metlinks Some unboin sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb.

Is coming towards me, and my inwaid soul With nothing trembles. At some thing it grieves

More than with parting from my lord the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows.

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so; For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears. Divides one thing entire to many objects, Like perspectives which, rightly gaz'd upon, Show nothing but confusion—ey'd awry, Distinguish form. So your sweet Majesty, Looking awry upon your lord's departure, That Harry Duke of Heieford, Rainold Find shapes of grief more than himself to wail;

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows

Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,

More than your lord's departure weep not -more is not seen; Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye.

imaginary.

Queen. It may be so: but yet my inward Soul

Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be, I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad As-though, on tlunking, on no thought I think-

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd

From some forefather grief: mine is not so, For nothing hath begot my something grief,

Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;

'Tis in reversion that I do possess-

But what it is that is not yet known what, I cannot name; 'tis nameless wee, I wor.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your Majesty! and well Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and met, gentlemen. 41 I hope the King is not yet shipp'd for

Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:

For his designs crave haste, his haste good

shipp'd?

retir'd his power

And driven into despair an enemy's hope Who strongly hath set footing in this land.

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself, And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd 50 At Ravenspurgh.

Now God in heaven forbid! Queen. Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true; and that is worse,

The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,

The Willoughby,

With all their powerful triends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland

And all the rest revolted faction traitors? Green. We have; whereupon the Earl of Worcester

Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.

Wnich for things true weeps things Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother. 6s Have wee to wee, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Burhy. Despair not, madam. Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity With cozening hope—he is a flatterer.

A parasite, a keeper-back of death, Who gently would dissolve the bands of life.

Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York. Queen. With signs of war about his aged O, full of careful business are his looks! 75

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts.

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth.

grief. Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80

Whilst others come to make him lose at home.

Here am I left to underprop his land, Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made:

Green. That he, our hope, might have Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was—why so go all which way it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side. Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;

Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.

Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordslup.

To-day, as I came by, I called there-But I shall grieve you to report the rest. 95

York. What is't, knave? Serv. An hour before I came, the Duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once! I know not what to do. I would to God, 100 So my untruth had not provok'd him to it, The King had cut off my head with my brother's.

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Scene 21

What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars? Come, sister-cousin, I would say-pray, pardon me.

Go. fellow, get thee home, provide some carts.

And bring away the armour that is there.

[Exit Servingman. Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know how or which way to order these affairs

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, 110 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen. T'one is my sovereign, whom both my

And duty bids defend: t'other again Is my kinsman, whom the King hath

wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to

somewhat we must do.—Come. Well. cousin.

up your men, And meet me presently at Berkelev.

I should to Plashy too, But time will not permit. All is uneven, And everything is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen. Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go

to Ireland. But none returns. For us to levy power Proportionable to the enemy

Is all unpossible. Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love

Is near the hate of those love not the King. Bagot. And that is the wavering commons; for their love

Lies in their purses; and whose empties By sight of what I have, your noble comthem.

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

ally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the King. Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristow Castle.

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there. Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office

Will the hateful commons perform for us, Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us? r40
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his Majesty.

Farewell. If heart's presages be not vain, We three here part that ne'er shall meet. He was not so resolv'd when last we spake

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

Green. Alas, poor Duke! the task he undertakes Is numb'ring sands and drinking oceans

dry. Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once-for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Gloucestershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBER-LAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkelev now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire. These high wild hills and rough uneven

ways Draws out our miles, and makes them

wearisome; I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar.

> Making the hard way sweet and delectable. But I bethink me what a weary way From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be

> found In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

> Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd The tediousness and process of my travel. But theirs is sweet'ned with the hope to

> have The present benefit which I possess: And hope to joy is little less in joy Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords Shall make their way seem short, as mine

hath done pany.

Boling. Of much less value is my company

Bushy. Wherein the King stands gener- Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen? 25 Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd The household of the King.

What was his reason? North. together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh. To offer service to the Duke of Hereford: And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover What power the Duke of York had levied there;

Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

Have you forgot the Duke of North. Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot

Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,

I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service.

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young; Wnich elder days shall ripen, and confirm To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and

be sure I count myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends; And as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense. My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkeley? And what stir

Keeps good old York there with his men of

Percy. There stands the castle, by you tuft of trees.

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:

And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour-None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste. Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues

A banish'd traitor. All my treasury Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,

Shall be your love and labour's recompense. Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to

Stands for my bounty. But who comes here? Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is-'to Lancaster '

And I am come to seek that name in England;

And I must find that title in your tongue Before I make reply to aught you say. Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not

my meaning To raze one title of your honour out.

To you, my lord, I come-what lord you will-

From the most gracious regent of this land. The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time. And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;

Here comes his Grace in person. My noble uncle! [Kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !--85 York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle. I am no traitor's uncle; and that word grace'

In an ungracious mouth is but profane. Why have those banish'd and forbidden

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then more 'why?'-why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom, Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war And ostentation of despised arms? Com'st thou because the anointed King is hence ?

Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind, And in my loyal bosom lies his power. Were I but now lord of such hot youth

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men.

From forth the ranks of many thousand French.

O, then how quickly should this arm of mine.

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee And minister correction to thy fault! 105

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;

On what condition stands it and wherein? York. Even in condition of the worst degree-

In gross rebellion and detested treason.

Thou art a banish'd man, and here ar come

Before the expiration of thy time.

In braving arms against thy sovereign. Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'c Hereford:

But as I come, I come for Lancaster. And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace 11 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eve You are my father, for methinks in you I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father, Will you permit that I shall stand con demn'd

A wandering vagabond; my rights an royalties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given

To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was born?

If that my cousin king be King in England It must be granted I am L. ike of Lancaster. You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father

To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the

I am denied to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters patents give me leave My father's goods are all distrain'd and

And these and all are all amiss employ'd. What would you have me do? I am a subject,

me:

And therefore personally I lay may claim To my inheritance of free descent. 136 North. The noble Duke hath been too

much abused. Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do

him right.

made great.

you this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs, And labour'd all I could to do him right; But in this kind to come, in braving arms, Be his own carver and cut out his way, To find out right with wrong—it may not

be: And you that do abet nim in this kind Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that We all have strongly sworn to give him aid; And let him never see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,

Because my power is weak and all ill left: But if I could, by Him that gave me life, 155 I would attach you all and mane you stoop Unto the sovereign mercy of the King; But since I cannot, be it known unto you I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well; Unless you please to enter in the castle, 160 And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.

But we must win your Grace to go with us To Bristow Castle, which they say is held By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices, 165 The caterpillars of the commonwealth, Which I have sworn to weed and pluck

away.

York. It may be I will go with you; but yet I'll pause,

For I am loath ... break our country's laws. Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are. Things past redress are now with me past care. IExeunt.

Scene IV. A camp in Wales.

Enter Earl of Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days

And hardly kept our countrymen together, And yet we hear no tidings from the King; Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;

And I challenge law—attorneys are denied The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. The thought the King is dead; we will not stay.

The bay trees in our country are all wither'd.

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven; The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,

Willo. Base men by his endowments are And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;

York. My lords of England, let me tell Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap-

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy, The other to enjoy by rage and war.

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Farewell. Our countrymen are gone and fled, 145 As well assur'd Richard their King is dead. Exit.

> Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,

I see thy glory "ke a shooting star Fall to the base earth from the firmament! The sun set weeping in the lowly west, Witnessing storms to come, woe, and uniest;

Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes; And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. (Exit.

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ACT THREE

Scene I. Bolingbroke's camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumber-LAND, PERCY, Ross, WILLOUGHBY, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your

Gince presently your souls must part your bodies-

With too much urging your pernicious lives, For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your

From off my hands, here in the view of men I will unfold some causes of your deaths: You have misled a prince, a royal king, A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,

By you unhappied and disfigured clean: 10 You have in manner with your sinful hours Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him: Broke the possession of a roval bed. And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's

cheeks With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs;

Myself-a prince by fortune of my birth, Near to the King in blood, and near in love

Till you did make him misinterpret me-Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries And sigh'd my English breath in foreign

clouds. Eating the bitter bread of banishment, Whilst you have fed upon my signories, Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my fores woods,

From my own windows torn my household coat.

Raz'd out my imprese, leaving me no sig Save men's opinions and my living blood To show the world I am a gentleman.

This and much more, much more than twice all this.

Condemns you to the death. See them delivered over

To execution and the hand of death. 30 Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[Exeunt Northumberland, and others, with the prisoners.

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house: For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated. Tell her I send to her my kind commends; Take special care my greetings be delivered. Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large. Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. lords, away,

'o fight with Glendower and his complices. while to work, and after holiday Exeunt.

Scene II. The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Drums. Flourish and colours. Enter the KING, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well. I ween for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again, 5 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand. Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.

As a long-parted mother with her child Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting.

So weeping-smiling greet I thee, my earth, And do thee favours with my royal hands. Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom. And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way, 15 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet Which with usurping steps do trample thee:

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies; And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower.

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder. Whose double tongue may with a mortal

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords. This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms. 26

Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power that; made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all. The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd

And not neglected; else, if heaven would, And we will not, heaven's ofter we refuse, The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss:

Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hıd.

Behind the globe, that lights the lower world. Then thieves and robbers lange abroad unseen

In murders and in outrage boldly here: But when from under this terrestrial ball He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines And darts his light through every guilty hole.

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins. The cleak of night being pluck'd from off their backs.

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,

Who all tills while hath revell'd in the night. Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, His treasons will sit blushing in his face, Not able to endure the sight of day, But self-affrighted tremble at his sin. Not all the water in the rough rude sea Can wash the balm off from an anointed

king ; The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord. For every man that Bolingbroke hath

press'd To lift shrewd steel against our golden

crown, God for his Richard hath in heaven -- pay A glorious angel. Then, if angels fight, 61 Weak men must fall; for heaven still

Enter SALISBURY.

guards the right.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,

Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue

And bids me speak of nothing but despair. One day too late, I fear me, noble lord, Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth. O, call back yesterday, bid time return, And thou shalt have twelve thousand

fighting men! To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late, O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and Against thy majesty; boys, with women's thy state;

dead,

Aum. Comfort, my liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in may face, and they are fled; And, rill so much blood thither come again, Have I not reason to look pale and dead? All souls that will be sofe, fly from my side; Por time hath set a blos upon my pilde.

An n. Comlost, my hege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself; am I not King?

Awake, thou conacu majesty! thou sleepest.

Is not the King's name twenty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes At thy great glory. Look not to the ground. Ye favourites of a king; are we not high? High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver hım.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd.

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold. Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care:

And what loss is it to be rid of care? Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we? Greater he shall not be . if he serve God, We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so. Revolt our subjects? That we cannot

mend; They break their faith to God as well as us. Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay-The worst is death, and death will have his

day Scroop. Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity. 105

Like an unseasonable stormy day Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores.

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears. So high above his limits swells the rage Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land With hard bright steel and hearts harder

than steel. White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

voices,

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert Strive to speak big, and clap their female ioints

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown: Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their

Of double-fatal yew against thy state;

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills Against thy seat: both young and old rebel.

And all goes worse than I have power to teli.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill. Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is

Bagot? What is become of Bushy? Where is

Green? That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it. I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 130 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence! Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate. Again uncurse their souls; their peace is

With heads, and not with hands; those whom you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound

And fie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground. Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

his power?

K. Rich. No matter where-of comfort no man speak. Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choos executors and talk of wills; And yet not so—for what can we bequeath Save our deposed bodies to the ground? 15 Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's.

And nothing can we call our own but death And that small model of the bairen earth Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake let us sit upon the ground And tell sad stories of the death of kings: How some have been depos'd, some slain in war.

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd.

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,

All murder'd—for within the hollow crown That rounds the mortal temples of a king Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits.

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp: Allowing him a breath, a little scene, To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks:

Infusing him with self and vain conceit. As if this flesh which walls about our life Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd chus,

Comes at the last, and with a little pin Bores through his castle wall, and farewell. king! Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and

blood With solemn reverence: throw away

respect. Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty: For you have but mistook me all this while. I live with bread like you, feel want, Taste guef, need friends; subjected thus.

How can you say to me I am a king? Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes.

But presently prevent the ways to wail. To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength.

Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe.

And so your follies fight against yourself. Fear and be slain-no worse can come to fight ;

And fight and die is death destroying death. Where fearing dving pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee fc. our day of doom. This ague fit of fear is over-blown; 100

An easy task it is to win our own. Say, Scroop, where hes our uncle with his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day; 195 So may you by my dull and heavy eye, My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say. I play the torturer, by small and small To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke: And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your outhern gentlemen in aims Upon his par y.

Thou hast said enough. K. Rich.

[To Aumale] peshrew thee, cousin, which uidst lad me toith

Of that sweet way I was in to despair! What say you now? What comfort nave we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to Flint Castle; there I'll pine away; A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. That power I have, discharge; and let them go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,

Fo. I have none. Let no man speak again To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers; let them hence away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair [Exeunt. day.

S. ENE III. Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Boling-BROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Forces.

learn

The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salis-

Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed With some few private triends upon this

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord.

Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland

To say 'King Richard'. Alack the heavy day

When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your Grace mistakes; only to be brief.

Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been. Would you have been so brief with him, he

Have been so brief with you to shorten you, For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,

Lest you mistake. The heavens are over our heads.

Boling, I know 12, uncle; and oppose not myself

Against their will. But who comes here? Enter Percy.

205 Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castie roy. Ily is mann'd, my lord.

Against thy entrance. Boling, Royally !

Why, it contains no king?

Percv. Yes, my good lord, It doth contain a king; King Richard hes Within the limits of you lime and stone; And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. [To Northumberland] Noble lord, Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle; Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver: Henry Bolingbroke On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand.

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart To his most royal person; hither come Even at his feet to lay my arms and power, Boling. So that by this intelligence we Provided that my banishment repeal'd 40 And lands restor'd again be freely granted; If not, I'll use the advantage of my power And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood

> Rain'd from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen:

> The which how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke It is such crimson tempest should bedrench The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's

> land. My stooping duty tenderly shall show. Go, signify as much, while here we march

> Upon the grassy carpet or this plain. [Northumberland advances to the Castle, with a trumpet.

> Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum.

That from this castle's tottered battlements Our fair appointments may be well perus'd. Methinks King Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water: The rage be his, whilst on the earth I My waters—on the earth, and not on him.

465

March on, and mark King Richard how he And by the honourable tomb he swears 105 looks.

Parle without, and answer within; then a flourish. Enter on the walls, the KING, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, SCROOP and SALISBURY.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear. As doth the blushing discontanted sun From out the fiery portal of the east,

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory and to stain the track Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king. Behold, his eye,

As brig., t as is the eagle's, lightens forth Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe, That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. [To Northumberland] We are amaz'd: and thus long have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, Because we thought ourself thy lawful king: And if we be, how dare thy joints forget 75 To pay their awful duty to our presence? If we be not, show us the hand of God That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship:

For well we know no hand of blood and

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp. And though you think that all, as you have done,

Have torn their souls by turning them from

And we are barren and bereft of friends. Yet know-my master, God omnipotent, 85 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf Your children yet unborn and unbegot, That lift your vassal hands against my head And threat the glory of my precious crown. Or that I could forget what I have been!

stands, That every stride he makes upon my land Is dangerous treason; he is come to open Since foes have scope to beat both thee The purple testament of bleeding war: But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers'

Shall ill become the flower of England's face, Change the complexion of her maid-pale

To scarlet indignation, and bedew Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our My gay apparel for an almsman's gown, lord the King

Should so with civil and uncivil arms Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin, Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy And my large kingdom for a little grave. hand;

That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones.

And by the royalties of both your bloods. Currents that spring from one most gracious head,

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt. And by the worth and honour of himself. Comprising all that may be sworn or said. His coming hither hath no further scope Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg Enfranchisement immediate on his knees: Which on thy royal party granted once. 115 His glittering arms he will commend to rust. His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart To faithful service of your Majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just: And as I am a gentleman I credit him. 120 K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the

King returns: His noble cousin is right welcome hither: And all the number of his fair demands Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.

With all the gracious utterance thou hast Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. [To Aumerle] We do debase ourselves. cousin, do we not,

To look so poorly and to speak so fair? Shall we call back Northumberland, and send

Defiance to the traitor, and so die? Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine

That laid the sentence of dread banishment On you proud man should take it off again Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike With words of sooth! O that I were as

As is my grief, or lesser than my name! Tell Bolingbroke, for you methinks he Or not remember what I must be now! Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat.

and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? Must be submit?

The King shall do it. Must be depos'd? The King shall be contented. Must be lose The name of king? A God's name, let it go. I'll give my jewels for a set of beads. 100 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage, My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood, My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff, My subjects for a pair of carved saints, A little little grave, an obscure graveOr I'll be buried in the king's high way, 155 Up, cousin, up: your heart is up. I know. Some vay of common trace, where sub- [Touching his own head] Thus high at least. jects' reet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's bead:

For on my neart they tread now whilst I live.

And buried once, why not upon my head? Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin! TOO

We'll make foul weather with despised tears:

Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer

And make a dearth in this revoluing land. Or shall we play the wantons with our woes And make some pretty match with shed-

ding tears? As thus: to drop them still upon one place Till they have fretted us a pair of graves Within the earth; and, therein laid—there

Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.

Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I

I talk but kliv, and you laugh at me. Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland.

What says King Bolingbroke? Will his Maiestv

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die? You make a leg, and Boungbroke says ay. North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend

To speak with you; may it please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like And that my fortune runs against the bias. glist'ring Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades. In the base court ? Base court, where kings

grow base, To come at traitors' calls, and do them

grace. In the base court? Come down? Down. court! down, king!

For night-owls shrick where mounting larks [Exeunt from above. should sing.

Boling. What says his Majesty? North. Sorrow and grief of heart Makes him speak fondly, like a trantic man; Yet he is come.

Enter the King, and his Attendants, below.

Boling, Stand all apart, And show fair duty to his Majesty.

[He kneels down.

My gracious lord -K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your

princely knee To make the base earth proud with kissing

Me rather had my heart might feel your love Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy. And never borrow any tear of thee.

although your knee be low. 195

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mue own.

K. Auh. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord.

As my true service shall deserve your love. K. Rich. Well you deserve. They well deserve to have

That know the strong'st and surest way to ьet.

Uncle, give me your nands; nay, dry your eyes:

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father, Though you are old enough to be my heir. What you will have, I'll give, and willing

For do we must what force will have us do. Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord. K. Rich. Then I must not say no. [Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden

To drive away the neavy thought of care? Ludy. Madam, we'll play at bowls. Queen. "I will make me think the world

is full of rubs

Lady. Madam, we'll dance. Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;

Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales. Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl; For it of joy, being attogether wanting. It doth remember me the more of sorrow; Or if of griet, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy; For what I have I need not to repeat.

And what I want it boots not to complain. Lady. Madam, I'll sing. Oueen.

'Tis well that thou hast cause; But thou snouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could ing, would wepping do me good.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners. Let's step into the shadow of these trees. 25 My wretchedness unto a row of pins, They will talk of state, for every one doth so Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire. Gard. Go, bind thou up you dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire Stoop with oppression of their produgal weight:

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays That look too lofty in our commonwealth: All must be even in our government. You thus employ'd. I will go root away The noisome weeds which without profit

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers. Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law and form and due proportion, Showing, as in a model, our firm estate, When our sea-walled garden, the whole

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up, Her fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd.

Her knots disordered, and her wholesome In your lord's scale is nothing but himself, herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

Hold thy peace. He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf; The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up, Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke-

I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green. Serv. What, are they dead?

They are; and Bolingbroke Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O, what pity

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land

As we this garden! We at time of year Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood. With too much riches it confound itself: 60 Had he done so to great and growing men, They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste

Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches We lop away, that bearing boughs may live; Had he done so, himself had borne the Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be

Which waste of idle hours hath quite In the remembrance of a weeping queen. thrown down.

Serv. What, think you the King shall be deposed?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd

'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's That tell black tidings. Queen. O, I am press'd to death through

want of speaking!

[Coming forward. Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this

garden, How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested

To make a second fall of cursed man? Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd? Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth.

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when,

and how, Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? Speak. thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam; little joy

To breathe this news; yet what I say is

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weigh'd.

And some few vanities that make him light; But in the balance of great Bolingbroke, Besides himself, are all the English peers. And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.

Post you to London, and you will find it so; I speak no more than every one doth know. Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassage belong to me, And am I last that knows it? O, thou thinkest

To serve me last, that I may longest keep Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go To meet at London London's king in woe. What, was I born to this, that my sad look Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe, Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow!

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies. Gard. Poor Queen, so that thy state might be no worse.

I would my skill were subject to thy curse. Here did she fall a tear; here in this place I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace. 105 seen,

Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Westminster Hall.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Otheis; Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind— What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death;

Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end. 5
Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord
Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd. In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted

I heard you say 'Is not my arm of length, That reacheth from the restful English Court

As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?' Amongst much other talk that very time 14 I heard you say that you had rather refuse The offer of an hundred thousand crow_ns Than Bolingbroke's return to England; Adding with il, how blest this land would be In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars 21 On equal terms to give him chastisemen? Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd With the attainder of his slanderous lips. There is my gage, the manual seal of death That marks thee out for hell. I say thou liest,

And will maintain what thou hast said is false

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

30

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so. Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine. By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st.

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it.

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.

If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest;

And 1 will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dai'st not, coward, live to see

that day. 41 Fuz. Now, by my soul, I would it were

this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true

In this appeal as thou art all unjust; 45 And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

To prove it on thee to the extremest point Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot

And never brandish more revengeful steel Over the glittering helmet of my foe! 51 Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle:

And spur thee on with full as many lies As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear From sun to sun. There is my honour's

pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Aum. Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll throw at all!

I have a thousand spirits in one breast
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
60

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true; you were in presence then,

And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven
itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy! 65
That he shall he so heavy on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the he-giver and that he do he
In proof whereof, there is my honour's

pawn; 70
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness, And spit upon him whilst I say he lies, 75

And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith.

To tie thee to my strong correction. As I intend to thrive in this new world, Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men 8x

To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me
with a gage

If he may be repeal'd to try his honour, 85 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, under gage

And, though mine enemy, restor'd again To all his lands and signories. When he is return'd.

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. Car. That honourable day shall never be

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field. Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens; And, toil'd with works of war, retur'd himself

To Italy: and there, at Venice, gave His body to that pleasant country's earth.

And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ, Under whose colours he had fought so long. Boling. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord. Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom

Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants, Your differences shall all rest under gage 105 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields To the possession of thy royal hand. Ascend his throne, descending now from

And long live Henry, fourth of that name! Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid! Worst in this royal presence may I speak, Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth. Would God that any in this noble presence Were enough noble to be upright judge Of noble Richard! Then true noblesse would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. What subject can give sentence on his king? And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?

Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to

Although apparent guilt be seen in them And shall the figure of God's majesty, 125 Did they not sometime cry 'All hail!' to His captain, steward, deputy elect,

Anointed, crowned, planted many years, Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath, And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,

That in a Christian climate souls refin'd 180

That Norfolk lies. Here do 1 throw down Should flow so hemous, black, obscene a deed!

Boling. These differences shall all rest Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.

Till Norfolk be repeal'd-repeal'd he shall My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king.

Is a foul traiter to proud Hereford's king: And if you crown him, let me prophesy-The blood of English shall manure the ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act: Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels. And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound:

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny, Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls. O, if you raise this house against this house. It will the woefullest division prove That ever fell upon this cursed earth. Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,

Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe.

North. Well have you argued, sir: and, for your pains, Of capital treason we arrest you here.

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge To keep him safely till his day of trial. May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view

He may surrender; so we shall proceed Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. |Fxit. Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest.

Procure your sureties for your days of answer.

Little are we beholding to your love. And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing the regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee. 164

Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me To this submission. Yet I well remember The favours of these men. Were they not mine?

me?

So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve, Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none. God save the King! Will no man say amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat amen.

God save the King! although I be not he: And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer-The resignation of thy state and crown To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here,

cousin, seize the crown.

Here, cousin,

On this side my hand, and on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well That owes two buckets, filling one another: The emptier ever dancing in the air, The other down, unseen, and full of water. That bucket down and full of tears am I, Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine.

You may my glories and my state depose, But not my griefs; still am I king of those. Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done; Your care is gain of care, by new care won. The cares I give I have, though given away: They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee. Now mark me how I will undo myself: I give this heavy weight from off my head, And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand, The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm. With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;

All pomp and majesty I do forswear; My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo; My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny. God pardon all oaths that are broke to me! God keep all vows unbroke are made to

thee! Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd.

to sit.

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit.

God save King Henry, unking'd Richard savs.

And send him many years of sunshine days! What more remains?

No more; but that you read North. These accusations, and these grievous crimes

Committed by your person and your followers

Against the state and profit of this land: That, by confessing them, the souls of men May deem that you are worthly depos'd. K. Rich. Must I do so? And rust I

ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland.

If thy offences were upon record, Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst. There shouldst thou find one heinous article.

Containing the deposing of a king And cracking the strong warrant of an oath. Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself.

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands.

Showing an outward pity-vet you Pilates Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross. And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see.

And yet salt water blinds them not so much

But they can see a sort of traitors here. Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest; For I have given here my soul's consent T' undeck the pompous body of a king; 250

Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave, Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant. North. My lord-

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title-No, not that name was given me at the

font-But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day, That I have worn so many winters out. And know not now what name to call

myself! O that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke To melt myself away in water drops!

310

Good king, steat king, and yet not greatly | For when I was a sang, my flatters good,

An if my word be sterling yer in England, Let it command a mirror hither straight, That it may show me what a face I mave Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boing Co some of you and fetch a looking-glass. [Exit on Attendant. North. Read o'er this paper while the

glass doth come.

K. Rich. Frend. shou torments me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland. North. The commons will not, then, be

satisfied.

encugh,

When I do see the very book indeed Where all my sins are wilt, and that's myself. 275

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read. No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring glass.

Like to my followers in prosperity, Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the

That every day under his household roof Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the

face That like the sun did make beholders wink? Is this the face which fac'd so many follies That was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke? A brittle glory shineth in this tace: As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground. For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers. Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport-How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again. The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see. 'Tis very true: my grief lies all within; 295 And these external manner of 'aments Are merely shadows to the unseen grief That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul. There lies the substance; and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way How to lament the cause. I'll beg one bo 'n. And then be gone and trouble you no more. Shall I obtain it?

a king;

Were then but subjects; bein, now a subject.

I have a king here to my latterer. Being so great, I have no used to beg. Bolung. Yet ask.

K. Ruh. And shall I have?

Boling You shall. K. Ruh. Then give me leave to go. Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Conveyers! Conveyers are you all.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied. I'll read That rise thus numbly by a true king's fall Execut King Richard some Lords. and a Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemaly set down Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves.

[Exeum all but the Abbot of Westminster, the Bishop of Carlisle, and Assocrie.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children vet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn. Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no

plot To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? 3°5

Abbot. My lord. Before I freely speak my mind herein. You shall not only take the sacrament To bury mine intents, but also to effect Whatever I shall happen to devise. I see your brows are full of discontent, Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.

Come home with me to supper; I will lav

A plot shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. London. A street leading to the Tower.

Enter the QUEEN, with her Attendants.

Queen. This way the King will come; this is the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower, To whose flint bosom my condemned lord Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke. Here let us rest, if this rebellious carth Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard and Guard.

Boling. Name it, fair cousin. But soft, but see, or rather do not see, K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than My fair rose wither. Yet look up, behold, 305 That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh again with true-love And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-12015. 70

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did For the deposing of a rightful king. stana:

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb.

not King Richard: And thou most beauteous inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest? K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so.

To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul.

To think our former state a happy dream; From which awak'd, the truth of what we

Shov's us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim Necessity; and he and I Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,

And closter thee in some religious house. Our holy lives must win a new world's crown.

Which our profane hours here have thrown down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd and weak'ned? Hath Bolingbroke depos'd

Thine intellect? Hath he been in thiv heart?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw And wounds the earth, it nothing else, with rage

To be o'eipow'r'd; and wilt thou, pupillike.

Take the correction mildly, kiss the rod, And fawn on rage with base humility, Which art a lion and the king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed! aught but beasts. I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France.

takest, As from my death-bed, thy last living

leave.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40 With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales

Of woeful ages long ago betid:

And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me, And send the hearers weeping to their beds,

For why the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue, And in compassion weep the fire out;

black.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:

You must to Pomíret, not unto the Tower. And, madam, there is order ta'en for you: With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my

throne, The time shall not be many hours of age More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt

think Though he divide the realm and give thee half

It is too little, helping him to all;

And he shall think that thou, which knowest the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again, Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

The love of wicked men converts to fear; That 'ear to hate; and hate turns one or

To worthy danger and deserved death. North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.

Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, you violate

A twofold marriage-'twixt my crown and me.

And then betwixt me and my married wife. Let me unkers the oath 'twixt thee and me; And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made. Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime:

Think I am dead, and that even here thou My wife to France, from whence set forth in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May. Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? Must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes thither let me go. K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make

one woe. Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here; Better far off than near, be ne'er the near Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan the way being short.

And piece the way out with a heavy heart. Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief, Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. Quien. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100 K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay.

Once more, adieu: the rest let sorrow say. Exeunt.

Scene II. The Duke of York's palace.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUCHESS. Duch. My lord, you told me you would

tell the rest, When weeping made you break the story off.

Of our two cousins' coming into London.

York. Where did I leave? Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,

Where rude misgoverned hands from windows' tops

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know. With slow but stately pace kept on his course.

Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!

You would have thought the very windows spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old Through casements darted their desiring

Upon his visage; and that all the walls 15 With painted imagery had said at once Jesu preserve thee! broke!

Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,

Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's I will be satisfied; let me see the writing. neck.

Bespake them thus, ' I thank you, countrymen '

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along. Duch. Alack, poor Richard I where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men

After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage Are joly bent on him that enters next. Thinking his prattle to be tedious;

Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried God save him!

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head: Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off. His face still combating with tears and smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience. That had not God, for some strong purpose,

steel'd The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted.

And barbarism itself have pitied him. But heaven bath a hand in these events.

To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now. Whose state and honour I for ave allow. 40 Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

Aumerle that was: But that is lost for being Richard's friend, And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.

I am in Parliament pledge for his truth And lasting fealty to the new-made king. 45

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now

That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.

God knows I had as lief be none as one. York. Well, bear you well in this new

spring of time. Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? Do these justs and triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so. York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?

Welcome, Boling- Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who see it. Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon

It is a matter of small consequence Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear-

What should you fear? Duch. Tis nothing but some bond that he is I would appeach him. ent'red into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph-day. York. Bound to himself! What doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. [He plucks it out of his bosom, and reads it.

Treason, foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave !

Duch. What is the matter, my lord? York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse. God for his mercy, what treachery is here! Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

the King.

What is the matter? Duch. York. Peace, foolish woman. 80 What is the Duch. I will not peace. matter, Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no

Than my poor life must answer. Duch.

His Man enters with his boots.

Duch, Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd. Hence, villain! never more come in my

sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say. Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do? Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have? Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from minc age

And rob me of a happy mother's name? Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own? York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy? A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament.

And interchangeably set down their hands To kill the King at Oxford.

He shall be none; We'll keep him here. Then what is that to I see some sparks of better hope, which elder him ?

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

York. Away fond woman! were he twenty times my son

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind: theu dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed And that he is a bastard, not thy son. Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that

mind. He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin, And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! 110 Exit. Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon

his horse: Spur post, and get before him to the King. And beg thy pardon ere he do acruse thee. I'll not be long behind; though I be old, I doubt not but to ride as fast as York; 115 York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle And never will I rise up from the ground my horse. [Exit Servant. Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd there Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee.

Away, be gone. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Windsor Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son? 'Tis full three months since I did see him

Thy life answer! If any plague hang over us, 'tis he. York. Bring me my boots. I will unto I would to God, my lords, he might be found.

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there.

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent With unrestrained loose companions,

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes

And beat our watch and rob our passengers, Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince.

And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant? Percy. His answer was, he would unto the

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove

And wear it as a favour; and with that He would unhorse the lustiest challenger. Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet

through both years

Enter AUMERLE amazed.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin that he stares and looks

So wildly?

your Majesty.

alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[Excunt Percy and Lords. What is the matter with our cousin now? earth. Kneels.

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth.

Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak. Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be, To win thy after-love I pardon thee. Aum. Then give me leave that I may

turn the key. That no man enter till my tale be done.

York knocks at the door and crieth. York. [Within] My hege, beware; look My dangerous cousin, let your mother in. to thyself:

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. Boling, [Drawing] Villain, I'll make thee sate.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to tear.

York. [Within] Open the door, secure, foolhardy King.

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face? Open the door, or I will break it open. 45

Enter YORK.

Beling. What is the matter, uncle? Speak:

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger, That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show. Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd.

I do repent me; read not my name there; My heart is not confederate with my hand. York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King; 55 Fear, and not love, begets his penitence. Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son! Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,

May happily bring forth. But who comes From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current and defil'd himself! Thy overflow of good converts to bad: And thy abundant goodness shall excuse 65 This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;

Aum. God save your Grace! I do beseech And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

To have some conference with your Grace As thuiftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies. Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies. 71 Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [Within] What ho, my liege, for God's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. [Within] A woman, and thine aunt. great King; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door. A beggar begs that never begg'd before. Boling. Our scene is alt'red from a serious

thing, Boling. Have thy desire. [The Duke of And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King'.

> I know she is come to pray for your foul sin. York. If thou do pardon whosoever play.

> More sins for this forgiveness prosper may. This fest'red joint cut off, the rest rest sound;

This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O King, believe not this hardhearted man!

Love loving not itself, none other can. York. Thou frantic woman, what dost

thou make here? Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me,

gentle liege. [Kneels.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech. For ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy 95 By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [Kneels.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [Kneels. Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any

grace ! Duch. Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face;

60 His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

He prays but faintly and would be denied; We pray with heart and soul, and all beside. His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; Our knees still kneel till to the ground they grow.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy; Ours of true zeal and deep integrity. Our prayers do out-play his; then let them

have That mercy which true prayer ought to IIO have.

Boling, Good aunt, stand up.

Nay, do not say 'stand up': Duch. Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up'.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach. 'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now: 115 Say 'pardon' King; let pity teach thee how.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet: No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so

York. Speak it in French, King, say pardonne mov '.

destroy? T 20

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord.

That sets the word itself against the word! Speak ' pardon ' as 'tis current in our land ; The chopping French we do not understand. Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear, That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse. Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear. Speak it again. Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain. 131

But makes one pardon strong. Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him. A god on earth thou art. Duch. Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law

and the Abbot, With all the rest of that consorted crew,

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are. May tear a passage through the flinty ribs They shall not live within this world, 1 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls; swear.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

Uncle, farewell; and, cousin, adieu: Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove

you true. Duch. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Windsor Castle.

Enter SIR PIERCE OF EXTON and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King. what words he spake?

' Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'

Was it not so?

Serv. These were his very words. Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he. He spake it twice.

And urg'd it twice together, did he not? 5 Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wishtly look'd on me,

As who should say 'I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart':

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.

> Scene V. Pomfret Castle. The dungeon of the Castle.

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare

This prison where I live unto the world; And, for because the world is populous And here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer it out. My brain I'll prove the female to my soul, Duch. I do not sue to stand; My soul the father; and these two beget Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 130 A generation of still-breeding thoughts, Boling, I pardon him, as God shall pardon And these same thoughts people this little world.

In humours like the people of this world, For no thought is contented. The better sort.

As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd

With scruples, and do set the word itself Against the word,

As thus: 'Come, little ones'; and then

' It is as hard to come as for a camel To thread the postern of a small needle's eve'.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content flatter them- Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world. selves

That : .ey are not the first of fortune's slaves.

Nor shall not be the last: like silly beggars Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,

That many have and others must sit there: And in this thought they find a kind of ease. Bearing their own misfortunes on the back Of such as have before endur'd the like. 30 Thus play I in one person many people, And none contented. Sometimes am I king: Then treasons make me wish myself a

beggar, And so I am. Then crushing penury Persuades me I was better when a king; 35 Then am I king'd again; and by and by Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke, And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,

Nor I, nor any man that but man is. With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd

With being nothing.

The music plays.

Music do I hear? Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music When time is broke and no proportion kept!

So is it in the music of men's lives. And here have I the daintiness of ear To check time broke in a disorder'd string; But, for the concord of my state and time, Had not an ear to hear my true time broke. I wasted time, and now doth time waste

me : For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:

My thoughts are minutes: and with sighs they jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,

Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour

it is Are clamorous groans which strike upon my heart.

Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears, and groans,

Show minutes, times, and nours; but my time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy While I stand fooling here, his Jack of the clock.

This music mads me. Let it sound no more: For though it have holp madmen to their

In me it seems it will make wise men mad. Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me! For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard Enter a Groom of the stable.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer! The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear. What art thou? and how comest thou hither.

Where no man never comes but that sad

That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable. King,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York.

With much ado at length have gotten leave To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.

O. how it ern'd my heart, when I beheld. In London streets, that coronation-day, When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary-That horse that thou so often hast bestrid. That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Baibary? Tell me. gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clappipg him. Would he not stumble? would he not fall

down, Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back? Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee. Since thou, created to be aw'd by man. Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;

And yet I bear a burden like an ass, Is pointing still, in cleansing them from Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper with meat.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit. Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first as thou art wont to do.

Kcep. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, Who lately came from the King, commands

the contrary. K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee I

Scene 51

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. Beats the Keeper.

Keep, Help, help, help!

The murderers, Exton and Servants, rush in. armed.

K. Rich. How now! What means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon and killing one. Go thou and fill another room in hell. [He kills another, then Exton strikes

him down. That hand shall burn in never-quenching

That staggers thus my person. Exton. thy fierce hand

King's own land.

high;

ro die.

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood. Both have I spill'd. O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well, Says that this deed is chronicled in hell. This dead king to the living king I'll bear. Take hence the rest, and give them burial Exeunt.

Scene V1. Windsor Castie.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, the DUKE OF YORK, with other Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind mucle York, the latest news we hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire Our town of Ciceter in Gioucestershire: But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear nor.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news? North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all nappiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.

The manner of their taking may appear At large discoursed in this paper here. Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Füz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent In weeping after this untimely bier. to London

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Suedy . Two of the dangerous consorted traiters 15 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow. Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlister.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy.

Hath yielded up his body to the grave; But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride. Boling, Carlisle, this is your doom: Choose out some secret place.

reverend room. Hath with the King's blood stain'd the More than rhou hast, and with it joy thy

life; Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here For though mine enemy thou hast ever been.

High sparks of honour in thee have I seen. Enter Exton, with Attendants, bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies The mightiest of thy greatest enemies. Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand Upon my head and all this famous land. Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Beling. They love not poison that do poison need.

Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him. dead.

f hate the murderer, love him murdered. 40 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour.

But neither my good word nor princely favour;

With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light. Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament, And put on sullen black incontinent.

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land, To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. March sadly after; grace my mournings here

(Exeunt.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FOURTH. HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, Sons of PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, Henry IV. EARL OF WESTMORELAND, \ friends of the SIR WALTER BLUNT. THOMAS PERCY, EARL OF WORCESTER. HENRY PERCY, EARL OF NORTHUMBER-LAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son. EDMUND MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH. ARCHIBALD, EARL OF DOUGLAS. SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. SIR MICHAEL, friend of the Archbishop. OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Poins, irregular BARDOLPH. humorists. PETO, GADSHILL.

LADY PERCY, wife of Hotspur and sister of Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, wife of Mortimer and daughter of Glendouer.

HOSTESS QUICKLY, of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Attendants, Sheriff, Vintner, Chambeilain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers.

THE SCENE: England and Wales.

ACT ONE

Scene I. London. The palace.

Enter the KING, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

Find we a time for frighted peace to pant And breathe short-winded accents of new

To be commenc'd in strands afar remote. No more the thirsty entrance of this soil 5 Shall daub her lips with her own children's

blood: No more shall trenching war channel her fields.

Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed

Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven.

All of one nature, of one substance bred, Did lately meet in the intestine shock And furious close of civil butchery, Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks March all one way, and be no more oppos'd Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies. The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife, No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends.

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ-Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross

We are impressed and engag'd to fight-Forthwith a power of English shall we levy, Whose aims were moulded in their mothers' womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet Which fourteen hundred years ago were naıl'd

For our advantage on the bitter cross. King. So shaken as we are, so wan with But this our purpose now is twelvemonth old.

And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go: Therefore we meet not now. Then let me

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland, What yesternight our Council did decree In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question

And many limits of the charge set down 35 But yesternight, when all athwart there came

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news; Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer, Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight Against the irregular and wild Glendower. Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken.

A thousand of his people butchered; Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,

Such beastly shameless transformation. By those Welshwomen done, as may not be Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the fidings of this broil

20 Brake off our business for the Holy Land. West. This match'd with other did, my gracious Lord;

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r more uneven and unwelcome news 50 To his own use he keeps; and sends me Came from the north, and thus it did import:

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there.

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald, That ever-valiant and approved Scot. At Holmedon met.

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour:

As by discharge of their artillery

And shape of likelihood the news was told; For he that brought them, in the very heat

And pride of their contention did take horse.

Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

Stain'd with the variation of each soil Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours:

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited: Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty

knights, Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter

On Holmedon's plains; of prisoners,

Hotspur too!: Mordake, Earl of Fife and eldest son

Athol. Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith. And is not this an honourable spoil?

West. In faith, It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

mak'st me sin In envy that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the father to so blest a son— 80 A son who is the theme of honour's tongue, Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;

Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride ;

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, See riot and dishonour stain the brow Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet! Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd well too; for the fortune of us that are the

word.

I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife. West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects:

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle

The crest of youth against your dignity. King. But I have sent for him to answer

And for this cause awhile we must neglect

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem. Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at Windsor—so inform the lords; But come yourself with speed to us again, For more is to be said and to be done 100 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my hege.

Scene II. London. The Prince's lodging. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it. lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair het wench in flame-colouied taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not? 75 be so superfluous to demand the time of the

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and for we that take pulses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phobus, he 'that wand'ring knight so fair'. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as, God save thy Grace-Majesty, I should say; tor grace thou wilt have none-

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come, roundly, coundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when theu art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds

moon's men dotn ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by ' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tayern a most

sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin

a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! Wnat, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkın?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do

with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a re koning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

hast paid all there. Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my

coin would stretch; and where it would

not. I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent -but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fubb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll

be a brave judge!

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman. 66 Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort

it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugg'd bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire

bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to An old lord of the Council hang'd.

rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration. and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal-God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I. if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not I am a villain! I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse

to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad: I'll make one. An I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life Fâl. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou in thee—from praying to puise-taking. 100 Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his veration.

Enter Poins.

Poins!-Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieui Remorse? What says Sir. John Sack and Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that theu soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word—the devil shall have his baigain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for

cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock early, at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at them to be as true-bied cowards as ever home and go not, I'll hang you for going. Poins, You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll

he a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he

shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring!

Farewell, All-hallown summer!

[Exit Falstaff. Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in

setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our-

selves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see—I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be

too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it-

turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight 131 longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the Prince. Who ?- I rob, I a thief? Not I, incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured, and in the reproof of this lives the lest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary, and meet me tomorrow night in Eastcheap: there I'll sup.

Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit Poins. Prince. I know you all, and will awhile

uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness; Yet herein will I imitate the sun. Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world. That, when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wond'red at By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours that did seem to strangle him. If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wish'dfor come.

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So, when this loose behaviour I throw off And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am. By so much shall I falsify men's hopes, 204 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground. My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault, Shall show more goodly and attract more

eyes Than that which hath no foil to set it off. I'll so offend to make offence a skill, Redeeming time when men think least I

[Exit.

Scene III. London. The palace.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Wor-CESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT. with Others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate.

Unapt to stir at these indignities.

And you have found me; for accordingly You tread upon my patience. But be sure I will from henceforth rather be myself, 5 Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition, Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as

young down,

will.

And therefore lost that title of respect Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves

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KING HENRY THE FOURTH—PART ONE And that same greatness too which our own Of guns, and drums, and wounds-God save the mark !hands And telling me the sovereignest thing on Have holp to make so portly. earth North. My lord-King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I Was parmaceti for an inward bruise; And that it was great pity, so it was, This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd 60 Danger and disobedience in thine eye. Out of the bowels of the harmless earth. O, sir, your presence is too bold and Which many a good tall fellow had peremptory, destroy'd And majesty might never yet endure So cowardly: and but for these vile guns The moody frontier of a servant brow. He would himself have been a soldier. You have good leave to leave us; when we This bald unjointed that of his, my lord. 65 need I answered indirectly, as I said; Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. And I beseech you, let not his report [Exit Worcester. You were about to speak. Come current for an accusation Betwixt my love and your high Majesty. Yea, my good lord. North. Blunt. The circumstance considered, good Those prisoners in your Highness' name my lord, demanded, Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took, To such a person, and in such a place, Were, as he says, not with such strength At such a time, with all the rest re-told, denied May reasonably die, and never rise As is delivered to your Majesty. To do him wrong, or any way impeach 75 What then he said, so he unsay it now. Either envy, therefore, or misprision Is guilty of this fault, and not my son. King. Why, yet he doth deny his Hot. My hege, I did deny no prisoners. But I remember when the fight was done, prisoners. But with proviso and exception-When I was dry with rage and extreme That we at our own charge shall ransom toil, straight Breathless and faint, leaning upon my His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer: Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd Came there a certain loid, neat, and trimly The lives of those that he did lead to fight dress'd. Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower. reap'd Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of home. March Hath lately married. He was perfumed like a milliner, And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held then. A pouncet-box, which ever and anon He gave his nose and took't away again; Wno therewith angry, when it next came selves? there. Took it in snuff-and still he smil'd and talk'd-

Shall our coffers, Be emptied to redeem a traitor home? Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears. When they have lost and forfeited them-No, on the barren mountains let him starve: For I shall never hold that man my friend Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them untaught knaves, uncost To ransom home revolted Mortimer. mannerly To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse Hot. Revolted Mortimer! Betwixt the wind and his nobility. He never did fall off, my sovereign liege. With many holiday and lady terms But by the chance of war; to prove that He questioned me: amongst the rest, true. demanded Needs no more but one tongue for all those My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf. wounds.

took When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank, In single opposition hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an hour 100 He should, or he should not--for he made In changing hardiment with great Glendower. To see him shine so brisk, and smell so Three times they breath'd, and three times

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he

did they drink, And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman 55 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood:

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I then, all smarting with my wounds being

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what—

To be so pest'red with a popinjay,

Out of my grief and my impatience

cold.

sweet.

Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks.

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds 105 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank Bloodstained with these valuant combatants.

Never did base and rotten policy Colour her working with such deadly wounds:

Nor never could the noble Mortimer IIO Receive so many, and all willingly. Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower. I tell thee He durst as well have met the devil alone As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? But, sırrah, hence-

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer; Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland.

We license your departure with your son. Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it. [Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,

I will not send them. I will after straight And tell him so; for I will ease my heart, Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? and pause awhile.

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Speak of Mortimer! 130 Hot. Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy if I do not join with him. Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins And shed my dear blood drop by drop in

the dust, But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer 135 As high in the air as this unthankful king, As this ingrate and cank'red Bolingbroke. North. Brother, the King hath made your

nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd Even with the bloody payment of your pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of Therefore I say death.

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. And now I will unclasp a secret book,

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:

And then it was when the unhappy King-Whose wrongs in us God pardon !-did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted did return To be depos'd, and shortly murdered. Wor. And for whose death we in the

world's wide mouth Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you: did King Richard then Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer, Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it. Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin

king. That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.

But shall it be that you that set the crown Upon the head of this forgetful man, And for his sake wear the detested blot Of murderous subornation-shall it be That you a world of curses undergo, Being the agents or base second means. 165 The cords, the ladder, or the hargman rather ?

O, pardon me that I descend so low To show the line and the predicament Wherein you range under this subtle king! Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days Or fill up chronicles in time to come. That men of your nobility and power Did gage them both in an unjust behalf-As both of you, God pardon it! have done-To put down Richard, that sweet lovely

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook

off. By him for whom these shames ye under-

went?

No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem Your banish'd honours, and restore your-

selves Into the good thoughts of the world again:

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt

Of this proud king, who studies day and night

To answer all the debt he owes to you 185 deaths.

Peace, cousin, say no more. Wor. Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he And to your quick-conceiving discontents proclaim'd 145 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, By Richard that dead is the next of blood? As full of peril and adventurous spirit 191

As to o'er-walk a current roaning loud On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

swim.

Send danger from the east unto the west, So henour cross it from the north to south, And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs

To rouse a lion than to start a hare! North. Imagination of some great exploit

Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy

leap To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon:

Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the

ground, And pluck up drowned honour by the locks; So he that doth redeem her thence might

wear Without corrival all her dignities.

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here.

But not the form of what he should attend. Good cousin, give me audience for a while. Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor.

Those same noble Scots That are your prisoners

I'll keep them all; Hot.

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them : No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away, And lend no ear unto my purposes

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Nay, I will; that's flat. Hot. He said he would not ransom Mortimer; Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But I will find him when he hes asleep, 2~ And in his ear I'll holla ' Mortimer! Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak Nothing but 'Mortimer', and give it him To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word. Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy Save how to gall and pinch this Boling-

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince

of Wales-But that I think his father loves him not And would be glad he met with some

mischance-I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale. Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you

When you are better temper'd to attend. 235 North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood, Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine l awo

Hoi. Why, look you, I am whipt and scoung'd with rods,

Hot. If he iall in, good night, or sink or Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time-what do you call the place ?-

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire-'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle

kept-His uncle York-where I first bow'd my

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke— 'Sblood!

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh-

North. At Berkeley Castle.

Hot. You say true. 250 Why, what a candy deal of courtesy This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

'Look when his infant fortune came to age '

gentle Harry Percy' and 'kind And cous, 7 '-

O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me! 255 Good uncle, tell your tale—I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again; We will stay your lessure.

I have done, i' faith. Hot. Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners:

Deliver them up without their ransom straight.

And make the Douglas' son your only mean For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd Will easily be granted. [To North] You, my lord.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd, Shall secretly into the bosom creep Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,

The Archbishop. Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard His brother's death at Bristow, the Lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation, As what I think might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,

And only stays but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it en. Hot. I smell it. Upon my life, it will do

well. North. Before the game is afoot thou

still let'st slip. Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.

And then the power of Scotland and of York To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall. Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head; For, bear ourselves as even as we can, 285 The King will always think him in our debt,

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay us home. And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love. Hot. He does, he does. We'll be reveng'd

on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in

Than I by letters shall direct your course. When time is ripe, which will be suddenly, I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer; Where you and Douglas and our pow'rs at once.

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong
arms.

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother. We shall
thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu. O, let the hours be mean to come to London? short Sec. Car. Time enough to

Till fields and blows and groams applaud our sport! [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Carrier. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd; Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle; put a few flocks in the point; poor lade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots; this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died. 20

First Car. Poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! By the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a of gallows; fo fordan; and then we leak in your chimney; hangs with me and your chamber-lye breeds fleas like a no starveling. loach.

First Car. What, ostler ! come av av, and be hang'd; come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

First Car. God's body! the tuikeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, osfler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? Canst not hear? An 'twere nor as good deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd! Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock. Gads. I prithee lend me thy lantern to

see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God! Soft! I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when, canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth 'a? Marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Execut Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain! 46 Cham. [Within] At hand, quoth pick-

purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the Wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too—God knows what. They are up already and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck. 60

Cham. No, I'll none of it; I pray thee keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

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Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Troyans that thou dream'st not of, the

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which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot landrakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hu'd malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great onevers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet, zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their Will she hold out water in foul boots?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cocksure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-

seed for your walking invisible. Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have

a share in our purchase, as I am a true man. Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you

are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy [Exeunt. knave.

Scene II. The highway, near Gadshill.

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins! And be hang'd! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the

hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. doubt not but to die a fair death for all this. if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It

Poins! Hal! A plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest variet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [They whistle] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prince. Peace, ve fat-guts! lie down: lav thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers. 32

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest: thou art not colted.

thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son. Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your

ostler?

Fal. Hang thyself in thine own heirapparent garters. If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too !- I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and PETO with

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all. 55

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto, How many be there of them? 60

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us? What, a coward, Sir John Prince.

Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt. your grandfather; but yet no coward. Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof. Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands could not be else: I have drunk medicines. behind the hedge: when thou need'st him.

there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince, [Aside to Poins] Ned, where are our disguises?

Foins. [Aside] Here, hard by; stand close. Exeunt the Prince and Poins. Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be

his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Threves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! They hate us youth. Down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and

ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here. On, bacons, on! What, ve knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, faith. [Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.

Re-enter the PRINCE and Poins in buckram.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true Now, could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close: I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them.

Prince. Your money! Poins. Villains!

[They all run away, and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.

The thieves are all scattered, and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death And lards the lean earth as he walks along. Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the fat rogue roar'd ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Warkworth Castle.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord. I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our househe shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous '-why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord feel, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower. 'The purpose you undertake is safety. dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant-a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him; let him tell the King: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night. 32

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the

And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks.

And given my treasures and my rights of I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world I'o thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy? in thy taint slumbers I by thee have watch'd. And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed: Cry 'Courage! To the field!' And thou

hast talk'd Of sallies and reures, of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, 50 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy

brow Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd.

Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these? Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not. Hot. What, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone? Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago. Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? A roan, a crop-ear, is it not? Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne. Well, I will back him straight. O esperance! BiJ Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord. Hot. What say'st thou, my lady? Lady. What is it carries you away? Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse. Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen 75 As you are toss'd with. In faith, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir About his title and hath sent for you To line his enterprise; but if you go-

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love Lady. Come, come, you paraquito answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask. In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry An if thou wilt not tell me all things true. Hot. Away. Away, you trifler! Love, I love thee not

42 To play with mammets and to tilt with lips: We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

nd pass them current too. God's me, my horse!

Vhat sav'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed?

Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,

will not love myself. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am o' horseback, I will swear love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate: must not have you henceforth question

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout. Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude, This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you

are. But yet a woman; and for secrecy. No lady closer; for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate. Lady. How, so far ? Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you,

Kate: Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you. Will this content you. Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [Exeunt.

The Boar's Head CENE IV. Eastcheab. Tavern.

Enter the PRINCE, and Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation that though I be but Prince of Wales yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy—by the Lord, so they call me— and when I am King of England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in

one quarter of an hour that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned-to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than ' Eight shillings and sixpence and You are welcome' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny diawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis!' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon'. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [Exit Poins.

Poins. [Within] Francis! Prince. Thou are perfect. Poins. [Within] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve,

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. Francis, darest thou be so valuant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran, O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart-

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis? Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be-

Poins, [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me-'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two! Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis-

Fran. My lord? Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agatering, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smoothtongue, Spanish-pouch-

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean? 69 Prince. Why, then, your blown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much. Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit Francis] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door. Shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir. Prince. Sırrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye: what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil-age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter Francis.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work?. 'O my sweet Harry,' says she 'how many hast thou kill'd to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench' says he; and answers Some fourteen,' an hour after, 'a trifle, a

trifle'. I prithee call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; followed by FRANCIS with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou 108 been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks. 113]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, pittful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's? If thou didsi, then behold that compound. 116

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too! There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways. old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while! A bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, woolsack! What mut- am I no two-legg'd creature.

ter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales! 132

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man,

what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? Answer me to that—and Poins there?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat patinch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders—you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All is one for that. [He drinks] A

plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? Where is it? Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at halfsword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet our through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd ike a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never lealt better since I was a man—all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than ruth, they are villains and the sons of larkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it? Gads. We four set upon some dozen— Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound. 170 Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all? Fal. All! I know not what you call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then

Prince. Pray God you have not murd'red

some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? Thou saidst but

two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four. Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. [Aside to Poins] Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack. Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram that I told thee

Prince. So, two more already. Fal. Their points being broken—Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram prince?

men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it. three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me-for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldest not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them-gross as a mountain, Why, thou clay-brain'd open, palpable. guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch-

Fal: What, art thou mad? art thou mad?

Is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, vour

reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world. I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bedpresser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish-O for breath to utter what is like thee !-- you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck ! 240

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four, and bound them and were masters of their four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still run and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame? 256

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick

hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st he that made ye. Why, hear you, my away; what instinct hadst thou for it? 309 masters: was it for me to kill the heir- Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? apparent? Should I turn upon the true do you behold these exhalations?

Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter: I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life-I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors. Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the Prince! Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! What say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer? 286 Prince. Prithee do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing,

TExit. Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too: you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true

prince; no, fie! Bard. Faith, I ran when 1 saw others

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd? 205 put you down. Then did we two set on you Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

> Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before-I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices. 304

> Prince. O villain! Thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend? Prince. Hot livers and cold purses. Burd. Choler, my loid, it rightly taken. Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter. 316

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes barebone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist: I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a There's villamous news abroad. bladder. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true licgeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook-what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower. Fal. Owen, Owen-the same; and his

son-in-law Mertimer, and old Northumberland, and that spiightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendiculai-

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his piscol kills a sparrow flying?

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow. Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle

in him; he will not run. Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou,

then, to praise him so for running!
Ful. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot

he will not budge a foot. Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a Worcester is thousand blue-caps more. stol'n away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mack'rel. 350

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true: it is like we shall have good trading that heirible afeard. Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? noted Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not name. thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i 'faith; I lack some your Majesty? of thy instinct.

morrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answei.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life. Fal. Shall I? Content! This chair shall be n v state, this dagger my sceptre, and his cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a join'd-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg. Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside.

nobility. Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hest. O, the father, how he holds his ountenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my rristful aucen :

For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes. Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of

these harlotry players as ever I see! Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.-Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou ait my son I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? A question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? A question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many is our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, But tell me, Hal, art not thou now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in wees also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his 406

Prince. What manner of man, an it like

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to- corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing

eve, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, And now I reinclining to three-score. member me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me: for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you? Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoll'n parcel of dropsies. that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me

with you; whom means your Grace? 445 Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old whitebearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. That he is old—the more the pity his white hairs do witness it; but that he is-saving your reverence-a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old | and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to Send him to answer thee, or any man,

be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff. and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff-banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. IA knocking heard. Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door. Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord! Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick; what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the

house. Shall I let them in? Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art

essentially made, without seeming so. 476 Prince. And thou a natural coward,

without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. It I become not a cart as well as another man. a plague on my bringing up! I hope i shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk up above. Now, my masters,

for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. 486 Exeunt all but the Prince and Peto. Prince. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath followed certain men unto this house. Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord-

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butier.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here,

For I myself at this time have employ'd

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal; And so let me entreat you leave the house. Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen 501

Have in this robbery lost three hundred

Prince. It may be so; if he have robb'd these men

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

505

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it

not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well in Paul's. Go call him forth

as Paul's. Go, call him forth. 509

Peto. Falstaff! Fast asleep behind the

arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark how hard he fetches breath Search his pockets. [He searchelh his pocket, and findeth certain papers] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord. 515 Prince. Let's see what they be: read

them.

Peto. [Reads]
Item, A capon - 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce - 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons - 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after
supper - 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread - - - ob
Prince. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intoletable deal of
sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll
read it at more advantage. There let him
sleep till day. I'll to the court in the
morning. We must all to the wats, and thy
place shall be honourable. I'll procure this
fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his
death will be a march of twelve-score. The
money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto. 530

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

[Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Wales. Glendower's castle.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure.

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester—a plague upon it! 5 Welsh. I'il to dinner. I have forgot the map.

Mort. Peace, cousi

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with

A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10 Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my

nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets; and at my birth 15 The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples
down

Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemp'rature,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many m

Glend. Cousin, of many men 35 I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth
The tront of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the
herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields. 40

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; And all the courses of my life do show I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me pupil or hath read to me? And bring him out that is but woman's son Can trace me in the tedious ways of art And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command

The devil.

the devil

By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wve

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him

Bootless home and weather-beaten back. Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How scapes he agues, in the devil's name? Glend. Come, here is the map; shall we divide our right

According to our threefold order ta'en? Mort. The Archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto. By south and east is to my part assign'd: All westward. Wales beyond the Severn shore.

And all the fertile land within that bound, To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn: 80 Which being sealed interchangeably, A business that this night may execute. To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth

power.

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury. My father Glendower is not ready yet, Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

[To Glendower] Within that space you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;

And in my conduct shall your ladies come, From whom you now must steal and take no leave ;

For there will be a world of water shed Upon the parting of your wives and you. 95 I'll haste the writer, and withal

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours. See how this river comes me cranking in. And cuts me from the best of all my land Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. I'll have the current in this place damm'd

> And here the smug and silver Trent shall run

In a new channel, fair and evenly;

It shall not wind with such a deep indent To rob me of so rich a bottom here. Glend. Not wind! It shall, it must; you sec it doth.

Mort. Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course and runs me

With like advantage on the other side, Golding the opposed continent as much 110 As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here.

And on this north side win this cape of land. And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it ali'red.

Will not you? Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay? Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then: speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as vou

For I was train'd up in the English court: Where, being but young, I framed to the harp

Many an English ditty lovely well, And gave the tongue a helpful ornament-A virtue that was never seen in you. Hot. Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart! I had rather be a kitten and cry mew Than one of these same metre ballad-

mongers: To meet your father and the Scottish I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd. Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree; And that would set my teeth nothing on

Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag. 135 Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd. Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend:

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me, I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be

gone? Glend. The moon shines fair: you may away by night;

Break with your wives of your departure bence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad, So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you crosmy father !

Hot. I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, And of a dragon and a finless fish. A clip-wing d griffin and a moulten ra on A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff As puts me from my faith. I tell you what He held me last night at least nine hours In reckoning up the several devils' names That were his lackeys. I cried 'hum' and well, go to

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedions

As a tired horse, a railing wife: 750 Worse than a smoky house; I had rather

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far, I nan feed on cates and have him talk to me In any summer house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman Exceedingly well read, and profited In strange concealments; valiant as

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin hie holds your temper in a high respect, 170 And curbs himself even of his natural scope When you come 'cross his humour: faith, he does.

I warrant you that man is not alive Might so have tempted him as you have

done Without the taste of danger and reproof; But do not use it oft, let me entreat you. Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-

blame: And since your coming hither have done

enough

To put him quite besides his patience. You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood-

And that's the dearest grace it renders

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage. Defect of manners, want of government. Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain: The least of which, haunting a nobleman, Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides. Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners And straight they shall be here; sit, and be your speed!

Here come our waves, and let us tobe our lenve.

Re-enter Grandower, with Land Monmison and TANY PERCY.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me:

My wife can speak no English. I no Welsh. Glend. My daughter weens: she'll not part with you;

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the ware. Most. Good father, tell her that she and

my aunt Percy

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Glend. She is desperate here: a neevish. self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuacion can do good upon.

The Lady speaks in Welsh. Mort. I understand thy looks: pretiv Welsh

Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame. In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Ladv speaks again in Welsh. I understand thy kisses, and thou mine, And that's a feeling disputation: But I will never be a truant, love.

Till I have learnt thy language: for thy tongue

And wondrous affable; and as bountiful Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bow'r. With raviching division, to her lute. Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

The Lady speaks again in Welsh. Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this! Glend. She bids you on the wanton ' rushes lay you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap. And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep, Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep

As is the difference betwixt day and night The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

Begins his golden progress in the east. Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear

her sing; By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so:

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And those musicians that shall play to you Hang in the air a thousand leagues from

attend.

Hot. Come. Kate, thou art perfect in I know not whether God will have it so. lying down. Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

The music plays.

Hot. Now I perceive the devil under-stands Welsh; And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.

By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach,

howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still. 240 Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault. Lady P. Now God help thee! Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that? Hot. Peace! she sings.

[Here the Lady sings a Welsh song. Hot. Come, Kate. I'll have your song too. Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! vou swear like a comfit-maker's wife. ' Not you, in good sooth' and 'As true as I live' and 'As God shall mend me' and 'As sure as day '. And givest such sarcenet surety for thy

oaths

As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath; and leave 'in sooth

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens. Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you

are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go. By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, And then to horse immediately. Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

Scene II. London. The palace.

Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, and Lords.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

For some displeasing service I have done. 5 That, in his secret doom, out of my blood He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:

But thou dost in thy passages of life Make me believe that thou art only mark'd For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else, Could such inordinate and low desires, Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts.

Such barren pleasures, rude society, As thou art match'd withal and grafted to, Accompany the greatness of thy blood And hold their level with the princely heart?

Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse, As well as I am doubtless I can purge Myself of many I am charg'd withai; Yet such extenuation let me beg, As, in reproof of many tales devis'd, Which oft the ear of greatness needs must

By smiling pick-thanks and base news-

mongers, I may, for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wand'red and irregular, Find pardon on my true submission. King. God pardon thee! Yet let me

wonder, Harry At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30 Quite from the flight of all thy anc stors. Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger brother is supplied, And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood. 35 The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man Prophetically do forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been, So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40 So stale and cheap to vulgar company, Opinion, that did help me to the crown, Had still kept loyal to possession And left me in reputeless banishment A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.

By being seldom seen, I could not stir But, like a comet, I was wond'red at ; That men would tell their children 'This

is he '; would sav 'Where, which Others Bolingbroké?'

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, And dress'd myself in such humility That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths.

[Exeunt Lords. Even in the presence of the crowned King.

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new. Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops 55 My presence, like a robe pentifical, Ne'er seen but wond'red at, and so my

state. Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a least And wor by rareness such sclemnity. With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits, Soon kindled and soon burnt: carded his state.

Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools; Had his great name profaned with their scorns,

And gave his countenance, against his name,

To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push Of every beardless vain comparative; Grew a companion to the common streets, Enfeoff'd himself to popularity; That, being daily swallowed by men's

eves. They surfeited with honey and began

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little

More than a little is by much too much. So, when he had occasion to be seen, He was but as the cuckoo is in June, Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such eyes

As, sick and blunted with community, Afford no extraordinary gaze, Such as is bent on sun-like majesty When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80 But rather drowz'd and hung their eyelids down.

Slept in his face, and rend'red such aspect As cloudy men use to their adversaries, Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou; For thou hast lost thy princely privilege With vile participation. Not an eye But is aweary of thy common sight,

Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;

Which now doth that I would not have Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thricegracious lord,

Be more myself.

Kine. For all the world As thou art to this hour was Richard then When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;

And even as I was then is Percy now. Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot. He hath more worthy interest to the state Than thou the shadow of succession; For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm: Turns head against the lion's armed jaws; And, being no more in debt to years than thou.

OB

To bloody bettles and to reulsing arms. 105 What never-dying honour hath he got Against renowned Louglas! whose high deeds,

The skipping king, he ambled up and town ! Whose het incursions, and great name in arras.

> Holds from all soldiers chief majority And military title capital Through all the kingdoins that acknowledge

Christ. Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes.

This infant warnor, in his enterprises Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once.

Enlarged him and made a friend of him. 115 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up And shake the peace and satety of our throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, Northuinberland,

The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas. Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up. But wherefore do I tell these news to thee? Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes, Which art my nearest and dearest enemy? Thou that art like enough, through vassal

Base inclination, and the start of spleen, 125 To fight against me under Percy's pay, To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns. To show how much thou air degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so;

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd I 40 Your Majesty's good thoughts away from

me l I will redeem all this on Percy's head, And in the closing of some glorious day Be bold to tell you that I am your son, When I will wear a garment all of blood, 135

And stain my favours in a bloody mask, Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it :

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,

That this same child of honour and renown. gallant Hotspur, this all-praised This knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm, Would they were multitudes, and on my

head My shames redoubled! For the time will come

That I shall make this northern youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities. Percy is but my factor, good my lord. To engress up glorious deeds on my behalf; inside of a church! Company, villainous And I will call him to so strict account Tha he shall render every glory up, Yea even the slightest worship of his time, cannot live long. Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart. This, in the name of God, I promise here; The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform. I do beseech your Majesty may salve The long-grown wounds of my intemper-

If not, the end of life cancels all bands; And I will die a hundred thousand deaths Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow. King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:

Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust you must needs be out fall compass—out herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! Thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word That Douglas and the English rebels met The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury. A mighty and a fearful head they are, 167 If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever off'red foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set

forth to-day.

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster; For this advertisement is five days old. On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting

Is Bridgenorth. And, Harry, you shall march Through Gloucestershire; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business. Let's away. Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Easicheap. The Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The of a hair was never lost in my house before.

company, hath been the spou of me. Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful you

Fal. Why, there is it; come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry. I was as victuously given as a gentleman need to be; Virtuous enough: swore little, dic'd not above seven times a week, went to a pawdyhouse not above once in a quarter-of an hour, paid money that I borrowed-three or four times, lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out or all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fat. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy tace: my oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel'. But thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in vour belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! Have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The tithe shav'd and lost many a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you

are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? No, I defy thee. God's light. I was never call'd so in mine own

house before.

Fa: Go to. I know you well enough. Host. No. Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I know you. Sir John: you owe me money. Sir John: and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fàl. Dowlas, filthy dowlas! I have given them away to bakers' wives; they have

made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? Alas, he is poor; he hath

Fal. How! poor? Look upon his face: what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth torty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that

ring was copper!

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so. 66

Enter the PRINCE marching, with Peto; and Falstaff meets him, playing upon his truscheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad! Is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion. Host. My lord, I pray you hear me. What say'st thou, Prince. Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Hest. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me. Prince. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket pick'd; this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack? 100 Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece and a

seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter. Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Baidolph was mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood, in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go. 115
Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! Why, a thing to thank

God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and setting knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou

art a beast to say otherwise.

Host, Say, what beast, thou knave, thou? Fal. What beast! Why, an ofter. Prince. An otter, Sir John! Why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh: a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and

he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! A million. Thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper. Prince. I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's

whelp. Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine-it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of baway-licuses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-commy to make thee long-windedin thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries of timese, I am a vulam. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket-up wrong. Att thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell: and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more tiesh than another man, and therefore more rrailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pockét?

Prince. It appears so by the story. Fal. Hostess, I torgive thee. Go make

ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests. shalt find me tractable to any nonest reason. Thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, oe gone. [Exit Hostess] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered? 175

Prince. O, my sweet beer, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O. I do not like that paying back: 'tis a double labour. 170

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do anytining.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwasn'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my loid. 164 Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a

charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of hoise. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am hemously unprovided. Well, God be tnanked for these repels they offend none but the virtuous; I laud thein, I praise them.

Prince. Bardoiph!

Bard. My lora?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John: this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [Exit Burdotph. Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-[Exit Peto. tıme.

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon: There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture. The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie. [Exit.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come! 204 O. I could wish this tavern were my drum! Exit.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. The relel camp near Shrewsbury. Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot tratter; I do defy

The tongues of soothers, but a braver place

In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.

Nay, task me to my word; approve me. lord. Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground But I will beard him.

Hor. Do so, and 'tis well,

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there ?- I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your tather.

Hot. Letters from nim! Why comes he not himself? Mess. He cannot come, my lord, he is

grievous sick. Hot. Zounds! how has he the leisure to

be sick In such a justling time? Who leads his

power? Under whose government come they along? Mess. His letters bears his mind, not I,

my lord. Wor. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state or time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited: His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise: Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30 He writes me here that inward sickness-And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust On any soul remov'd, but on his own. Yet doth he give us bold advertisement That with our small conjunction we should

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us; For, as he writes, there is no qualling now. Because the King is certainly possess'd 40 Of all our purposes. What say you to it? Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim

to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince off.

And yet, in faith, it is not. His present want Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states All at one cast? To set so rich a main On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope. The very list, the very utmost bound Of all our fortunes.

Faith, and so we should: Where now remains a sweet reversion. We may boldly spend upon the hope of

what Is to come in.

A comfort of retirement lives in this. Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto, If that the devil and mischance look big Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had

been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt Brooks no division. It will be thought By some, that know not why he is away, That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike Of our proceedings, kept the earl from

hence; And think how such an apprehension May turn the tide of fearful faction And breed a kind of question in our cause; For well you know we of the off'ring side Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70 And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us. This absence of your father's draws a curtain

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far. 75 I rather of his absence make this use: It lends a lustre and more great opinion, A larger dare to our great enterprise, Than if the earl were here; for men must

If we, without his help, can make a head 80 To push against a kingdom, with his help We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think; there is not such a word Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear. 85 Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord. The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand

strong,

John. Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd The King himself in person is set forth, Or hitherwards intended speedily, With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales. And his comrades that daff'd the world aside And bid it pass?

All furnish'd, all in arms: Ver. All plum'd like estradges, that with the wind

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd: Glittering in golden coats, like images; 100 As full of spirit as the month of May And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer: Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on, His cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd, Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, And witch the world with noble horseman-

ship. Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come.

They come like sacrifices in their trim, And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war All hot and bleeding will we offer them. 115 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh And yet not ours. Come, let me tas.e my horse.

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales. Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse, Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a

corse. O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news. I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along, 125 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be: 130 My father and Glendower being both away, The powers of us may serve so great a day. Come, let us take a muster speedily. Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of

fear

Of death or death's hand for this one haif year. [Exeunt.

Scene II. A public road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night

Bard. Will you give me money, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, Captain; farewell. [Exit. Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exhange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies—slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n; the cankers of a calm world and a long ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-fac'd ancient. And such have I, to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered Prodigals lately come from swinekeeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and

the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gives on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! What a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant

as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, feed for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare—too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers in the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

[Exit. Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. [Exit.

Fal. Well, 76
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exit.

Scene III. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him, then, advantage, Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful. Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd, stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

You do not counsel well; You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas; by my

And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honour bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle Which of us fears.

Doug.

Yea, or to-night. Content.

Ver. Hot. To-night, say 1.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. wonder much.

Being men of such great leading as you a.e.

That you foresee not what impediments Drag back our expedition: certain norse Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up: Your uncle Worcester's horse came but today :

And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull.

That not a horse is half the half of himself. Hot. So are the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated and brought low; The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. [The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King.

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect. Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name, Because you are not of our quality, But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule You stand against anointed majesty! But, to my charge. The King hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs; and whereupon And in the neck of that, task'd the whole You conjure from the breast of civil peace 506

Such bold hostility, teaching his queous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the King Have any way your good deserts to got. Which he couresseth to be manifold,

He bids you mame your griefs, and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest, And pardon absolute for yourself and these Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know the King

Knows at what time to promise, when to pav.

My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears: And when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low.

A poor ummuded outlaw sheaking home, My father gave him welcome to the shore: And when he heard him swear and yow to

He came but to be Duke or Lancaster. To sue his livery and beg his peace. With tears of nunceatry and terms of zeal, My father, in kind neart and pity mov'd, Swore min assistance, and perform'd it too. Now when the loads and barons of the realm Perceiv'd Northumperland did lean to him. The more and less came in with cap and

knee : Met him in boroughs, cities, vulages; Attended him on budges, stood in lanes, Laid gifts before him, profter'd him their oaths.

Gave him their heirs as pages, followed

Even at the heels in golden multitudes. He presently—as greatness knows itself-Steps me a little higher than his vow Made to my father, while his blood was

poor, Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh; And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees

That lie too heavy on the commonwealth: Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,

This seeming brow of justice, did he win The hearts of all that he did angle for: Proceeded further: cut me off the heads 85 Of all the favourites that the absent King In deputation left behind him here, When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this. Hot. Then to the point. In short time after, he depos'd the King;

Soon after that depriv'd him of his life; state:

To make that worse, suff'red his kinsman March-

Who is, if every owner wer, well plac'd, Indeed his king—to be enged'd in Wales, 95 There without ransom to lie forfeited: Disgrac'd me in my happy victories; Sought to entrap me by intelligence; Rated mine uncle from the council-board; In rage dismiss'd my father from the court: Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:

And in conclusion drove us to seek out This head of safety, and withal to pry Into his title, the which we find Too indirect for long continuance. 105

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd Some surety for a safe return again. And in the morning early shall mine uncle Bring him our purposes. And so, farewell.

and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall. Blunt.

Pray God you do. Exeunt.

SCENE IV. York. The Archbishop's balace. Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and SIR MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief

With winged haste to the Lord Marshal: This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest To whom they are directed. If you knew How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,

I guess their tenour.

Like enough you do. Arch. To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,

As I am truly given to understand. The King with mighty and quick-raised power

Meets with Lord Harry; and I fear, Sir Michael,

What with the sickness of Northumberland. Whose power was in the first proportion, 15 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,

Who with them was a rated sinew too And comes not in, o'errul'd by prophecies, I fear the power of Percy is too weak

To wage an instant trial with the King. 20 Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not

There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer. Arch. No. Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy, And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the King hath drawn

The special head of all the land together: The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,

The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt:

And many moe corrivals and dear men Of estimation and command in aims.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear :

And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed: For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us-For he hath heard of our confederacy-Blunt. I would you would accept of grace And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:

Therefore make haste. I must go write again

To other friends; and so farewell. Sir Michael. Exeunt severally.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. The King's camp near Shrewsbury. Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer

Above you busky hill! The day looks pale At his distemp'rature. Prince.

The southern wind Doth play the trumpet to his purposes, And by his hollow whistling in the leaves 5 Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,

For nothing can seem foul to those that win. [The trumpet sounds.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'Tis not well

That you and I should meet upon such terms

As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,

And made us doff our easy robes of peace To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel; This is not well, my lord, this is not well. What say you to it? Will you again unknit This churlish knot of all-abhorred war, 16 And move in that obedient orb again Where you did give a fair and natural light,

And be no more an exhal'd meteor, A prodigy of fear, and a portent 20 Of broached mischief to the unborn times? Wor. Hear me, my liege :

For mine own part, I could be well content To entertain the lag-end of my life With quiet hours; for I protest

I have not sought the day of this dislike. King. You have not sought it!

comes it then? Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn

your looks Of favour from myself and all our house; And yet I must remember you, my lord, We were the first and dearest of your

friends. For you my staff of office did I break In Richard's time, and posted day and

night

To meet you on the way and kiss your hand, When yet you were in place and in account Nothing so strong and fortunate as I. It was myself, my brother, and his son, That brought you home, and boldly did outdare

The dangers of the time. You swore to us-And you did swear that oath at Doncaster-That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,

Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right.

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster; To this we swore our aid. But in short space

It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head:

And such a flood of greatness fell on you, What with our help, what with the absent

King, What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50 The seeming sufferances that you had borne, And the contrarious winds that held the

King So long in his unlucky Irish wars That all in England did repute him dead; And from this swarm of fair advantages 55 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd To gripe the general sway into your hand; Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster; And being fed by us you us'd us so As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60 Useth the sparrow-did oppress our nest, Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk That even our love durst not come near

your sight For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing

We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly 65 Out of your sight, and raise this present

Whereby we stand opposed by such means For, on their answer, will we set on them; 508

As you yourself have torg'd against yourself.

By unkind usage, dangerous countenance. And violation of all faith and troth Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things, indeed, you have articulate,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,

To face the garment of rebellion With some fine colour that may please the

Of fickle changelings and poor discontents, Which gape and rub the elbow at the news

Of hurlyburly innovation; And never yet did insurrection want Such water-colours to impaint his cause, 80 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many

a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter. If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes, This present enterprise set off his head. I do not think a braver gentleman. More active-valiant or more valiant-young. More daring or more bold, is now alive 91 To grace this latter age with noble deeds. For my part, I may speak it to my shame. I have a truant been to chivalry; And so I hear he doth account me too. 05 Yet this before my father's majesty-I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation, And will, to save the blood on either side.

Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100 King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee.

Albeit considerations infinite Do make against it. No, good Worcester,

no. We love our people well; even those we love

That are misled upon your cousin's part: And will they take the offer of our grace, Both he and they and you, yea, every man Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his. So tell your cousin, and bring me word 100 What he will do. But if he will not yield, Rebuke and dread correction wait on us. And they shall do their office. So, be gone; We will not now be troubled with reply. We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon. Prince. It will not be accepted, on my

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [Exeunt all but the Prince and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time. Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no maiter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how it honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is henour? A word. What is in that word? Honour. What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will Therefore I'll none of it. not suffer it. Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism. Exit. 140

Scene II. The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal and kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone. It is not possible, it cannot be, 4 The King should keep his word in loving us; He will suspect us still, and find a time To punish this offence in other faults; Supposition all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes.

For treason is but trusted like the fox, Who, never so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of
blood,

And an adopted name of privilege— He made a blushing cital of himself, 62 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a And chid his truant youth with such a spleen. grace

All his offences live upon my head 20 And on his father's: we did train him on; And, his corruption being ta'en from us, We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know, In any case, the offer of the King. 25 Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so. Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.

Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid! Wor. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus.

By now forswearing that he is forsworn. 39 He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth— And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it—

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

45
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth

before the King, And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath

to-day

But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me. tell

me, 50 How show'd his tasking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul, I never in my life Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly, Un'ess a brother should a brother dare To gentle exercise and proof of arms. 55 He gave you all the duties of a man; Trimm'd up your praises with a princely

tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
62
And chid his truant youth with such a

As if he mast'red there a double spirit, Of teaching and of learning instantly. There did he pause; but let me tell the worldIf he outlive the envy of this day, England did never owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his wantonness. Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured

On his follies. Never did I hear Of any prince so wild a liberty.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night I will embrace him with a soldier's arm, That he shall shrink under my courtesy. 75 Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers, friends,

Better consider what you have to do Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,

Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. 80 Hot. I cannot read them now. O gentlemen, the time of life is short! To spend that shortness basely were too long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour. An if we live, we live to tread on kings; If die, brave death, when princes die with us I

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair. When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking; only this— Let each man do his best. And here draw I A sword, whose temper I intend to stain With the best blood that I can meet withal In the adventure of this perilous day. Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on. Sound all the lofty instruments of war, And by that music let us all embrace; For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall A second time do such a courtesy. [They embrace. The trumpets sound.

Scene III. A plain between the camps.

Exeunt.

The King passes across with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas and SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle

Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek

Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas; And I do haunt thee in the battle thus Because some tell me that thou art a king. Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought

Thy likeness: for instead of thee, King Harry,

This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,

Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner, Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.

[They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Louglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here. Hot. This, Douglas? No: I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul whither it goes! A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou west a Hot. The King hath many marching in

his coats. Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the King. Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's honour for you! Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword. Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies. Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. prithee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee. I prittee lend me thy sword.

Fel. Nav, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, then get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me. What, is it in the

Fol. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [He throus the bottle at him. Exit. Fal. Well, if Percy be alive. I'll pierce him If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grunning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmorlland.

King. I prithee,

Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much;

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him. P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your Majesty, make up,

Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King, I will do 60.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his

tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not ned your help;

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this.

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmereland, 15 Our duty this way lies; for God's sake,

come.
[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.
Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me,

Lancaster!
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit;
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,

But now I do respect thee as my soul. 20 King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.

Enter Douglas.

Poug. Another king! They grow like
Hydra's heads. 25
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them. What art

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
King. The King himself, who, Douglas,
grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met, 30 And not the very King. I have two boys Seek Percy and thyself about the field; But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit; 35

And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king;
But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou

be, And thus I win thee.

[They fight, the King being in danger.

Re-enter the PRINCE.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again. The spirits 40 Of valuant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee, Who never promiseth but he means to ray. [They fight; Douglas flies.

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your Grace? Sir Nicholas Gawsey I ath for succour sent, And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight. King. Stay, and breathe awhile.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion; And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God, they did me too much injury

That ever said I heark'ned for your death! If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your
end
55

As all the poisonous potions in the world, And sav'd the treacherous labour of your

King. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [Exit.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy, To share with me in glory any more. Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

Nor can one England brook a double reign Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales. Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is

To end the one of us; and would to God Thy name in arms were now as great as mine:

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee.

And all the budding honours on thy crest I'll crop to make a garland for my head. Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. They fight

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead; Douglas withdraws. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life Than those proud titles thou hast won of me:

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:

But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool,

And time, that takes survey of all the world, Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy, But that the earthy and cold hand of death Lies on inv tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust

And food for-[Dies. Prince. For worms, brave Percy. Faie thee well, great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eye-

shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound; 90 But now two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal; But let my favours hide thy mangled face, And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself For doing these fair rites of tenderness. Adleu, and take thy praise with thee to

heaven! Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave, But not rememb'red in thy epitaph! IOI

[He speth Falstaff on the ground. What, old acquaintance! Could not all this

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spar'd a better man.

If I were much in love with vanity! Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day. Though many dearer, in this bloody fray, Embowell'd will I see thee by and by; Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

Fal. [Rising up] Embowell'd! embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and Counterfeit? I he, I am no lot too. counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit: for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect The better part of image of life indeed. valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead; how it he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing contutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [stabbing himl, with a new wound in your thigh. come you along with me.

[He takes up Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES and PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword. P. Jolin. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,

Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?

sight?

I prithee speak; we will not trust our eyes Without our ears: thou art not what thou

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [throwing the body down]; if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke. I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and

aw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them that should eward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave O, I should have a heavy miss of thee, 103 him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow. brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. A retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field.

To see what friends are living, who are dead. [Exeunt the Prince and Prince John of Lancaster.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [Exit.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

The Trumbets sound. Enter the KING, the PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, with Wor-CESTER and VERNON prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace.

Pardon and terms of love to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl, and many a creature else, Had been alive this hour.

If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to:

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me. King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon. [Exeunt Worcester and Vernon guarded. How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas,

when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest: 20 And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart. Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster,

to you This honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomiess and free; His valours shown upon our crests to-day Have taught us how to cherish such high deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy.

Which I shall give away immediately. King. Then this remains—that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland. Towards York shall bend you with your

dearest speed To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms. Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day; And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave tall all our own be won. [Exeunt.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOUR, the Presenter. KING HENRY THE FOURTH. HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards Henry V. PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, sons of PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOU- Henry IV. CESTER. THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP YORK, opposites LORD MOWBRAY, against LORD HASTINGS, King LORD BARDOLPH. Henry IV. SIR JOHN COLVILLE, TRAVERS, 5 retainers of Northumberland. MORTON. EARL OF WARWICK, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, EARL OF SURREY. of the King's EARL OF KENT. bart* Gower, HARCOURT, BLUNT, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF. EDWARD POINS. irregular BARDOLPH. Humourists. PISTOL, PETO, Page, to Falstaff. ROBERT SHALLOW. country Justices. SILENCE. DAVY, servant to Shallow.

FANG, Sheriff's officers. SNARE,

RALPH MOULDY. SIMON SHADOW. THOMAS WART.

FRANCIS FEEBLE. PETER BULLCALF. Francis, a drawer.

country soldiers.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY, Percy's widow.

HOSTESS QUICKLY, of the Boar's Head. Eastcheap.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords, Attendants, Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, Servants.

THE SCENE: England.

INDUCTION

Servant, to Lord Chief Justice.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's castle. Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you

will stop

speaks? I, from the orient to the drooping west, Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold The acts commenced on this ball of earth. 5 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride, The which in every language I pronounce, Stuffing the ears of men with false reports. Even with the rebels' blood. But what I speak of peace while covert enmity, Under the smile of safety, wounds the To speak so true at first? My office is world:

And who but Rumour, who but only I, Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence, Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief.

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant

And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe 15 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures, And of so easy and so plain a stop That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,

The still-discordant wav'ring multitude, Can play upon it. But what need I thus 20 My well-known body to anatomize The vent of hearing when loud Rumour Among my household? Why is Rumour here?

I run before King Harry's victory. Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury, Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his

troops. Quenching the flame of bold rebellion mea. I

To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell Under the wrath of coble Hotspur's sword. And that the King before the Douglas' rage Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death This have I rumour'd through the peasant

towns Between that royal field of Shrewsbury 34

5**T**4

Where Hotspur's father, old Northumber- A gentleman well bred and of good name, land.

Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on, And not a man of them brings other news Than they have learnt of me. Rumour's tongues

They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [Exit.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Warkworth. Before Northumberland's castle.

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the Earl? Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the Earl That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard.

Please it 'our honour knock but at the gate.

And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

I., Bard. Here comes the Earl. [Exit Porter.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem. The times are wild; contention, like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion loose

And bears down all before him.

Noble Earl. L. Bard. I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury. North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish. The King is almost wounded to the death; And, in the fortune of my lord your son, 15 Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,

And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John.

Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day. 20 So fought, so followed, and so fairly won.

Came not till now to dignify the times, Since Cæsar's fortunes!

How is this deriv'd? North. Saw you the field? Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence:

That freely rend'red me these news for true.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Here comes my servant Travers. whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;

And he is furnish'd with no certainties More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreyile turn'd me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd.

Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard

A gentleman, almost forspent with speed, That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him I did demand what news from Shrewsbury. He told me that rebellion had bad luck, 41 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

With that he gave his able horse the head And, bending forward, struck his armed heels

Against the panting sides of his poor jade Up to the rowel-head; and starting so, 46 He seem'd in running to devour the way, Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again: Said he young Harry Percy's spur was

cold? Had met ill luck?

My lord, I'll tell you what: L. Bard. If my young lord your son have not the day,

Upon mine honour, for a silken point I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers

Give then such instances of loss? L. Bard. Who-he? He was some hilding fellow that had stol'n The horse he rode on and, upon my life, Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes

more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume. So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Came you from Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord:

mask

To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in the cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone, Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night And would have told him half his Troy was burnt:

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue, And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st

This thou wouldst say: 'Your son did thus and thus;

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas '-

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;

But in the end, to stop my ear indeed, Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, Ending with 'Brother, son, and all, are dead '.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, vet:

But for my lord your son-

Why, he is dead. See what a ready tongue suspicion hath! He that but fears the thing he would not

Hath by instinct knowledge from others'

That what he fear'd is chanced. speak, Morton:

Tell thou an earl his divination lies, And I will take it as a sweet disgrace And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid;

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye: Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so: The tongue offends not that reports his death:

And he doth sin that doth belie the dead. Not he which says the dead is not alive. Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100 Hath but a losing office, and his tongue Sounds ever after as a sullen bell, Rememb'red tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe 105 That which I would to God I had not seen:

Where hateful death put on his ugliest But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state.

Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd.

To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110 From whence with life he never more sprung up.

In few, his death-whose spirit lent a fire Even to the dullest peasant in his camp-Being bruited once, took fire and heat away

From the best-temper'd courage in his troops:

For from his metal was his party steeled: Which once in him abated, all the test Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy

lead. And as the thing that's heavy in itself 119

Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed. So did out men, heavy in Hotspui's loss. Lend to this weight such lightness with

their fear That arrows fled not swifter toward their

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their

safety. Fly from the field. Then was that noble

Worcester Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot.

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword

Yet Had three times slain th' appearance of the King.

Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame

Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all Is that the King hath won, and hath sent out

A speedy power to encounter you, my lord, Under the conduct of young Lancaster And Westmoreland. This is the news at

full. North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news. Having been well, that would have made me sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me well:

And as the wretch whose fever-weak'ned joints,

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life. Impatient of his fit breaks like a fire

Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs, Weak'ned with grief, being now enrag'd with grief.

Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch! A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel

Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly co.t!

Thou art a guaid too wanton for the head Which plinces, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.

Now bind my brows with iron; approach The tagged'st hour that time and spite date

bring To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!

Let heaven kiss earth! Nature's hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!

And let this world no longer be a stage 155 To feed contention in a ling'ring act; But let one spirit of the first-born Cain Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end And darkness be the burier of the dead! 110 L. Bard. This strained passion doth you

wrong, my lord. mind;
Mor. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom And doth enlarge his ising with the blood from your honour.

The lives of all your loving complices Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay. 165 You cast th' event of war, my noble lord, And summ'd the account of chance before

vou said Let us make head'. It was your presurmise

That in the dole of blows your son might drop.

You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,

More likely to fall in than to get o'er; You were advis'd his flesh was capable Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;

Yet did you say 'Go forth': and none of this. Though strongly apprehended, could re-

strain The stiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n.

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought

More than that being which was like to be? L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this

Knew that we ventured on such dangerous

That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;

And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd; And since we are o'erset, venture again. 185 put thee into my service for any other

Mor. 'Tis more than time. And, my most noble loid,

I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth: The gentle Archbishop of York is up

With well-appointed pow'rs. He is a man Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord your son had only but the corpse. But shadows and the shows of men, to fight: For that same word 'rebellion' did divide The action of their bodies from their souls: Now let not And they did fight with queasiness, constram'd.

> As men drink potions; that their weapons only

> Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and souls

> This word 'iebellion'-it had froze them up,

> As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishen Turns insurrection to religion. Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts, He's follow'd both with body and with

> Of fair King Richard, sciap'd from Poinfiet stones:

> Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause:

> Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land, Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke: And more and less do flock to follow him. North. I knew of this before: but, to

> speak truth. This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.

Go in with me; and counsel every man The aptest way for safety and revenge. Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed-

Never so few, and never vet more need. 215 [Exeunt,

Scene II. London. A street.

Enier Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you grant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have moe diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird The brain of this foolish-comat me. pounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that intends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath everwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the Prince Come, we will all put forth, body and goods. reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel—the juvenal, the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledge. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one off his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet. He may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dommelton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph. He would not take his band and yours; he

liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd, like the Glutton; pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! A rascal-yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking-up, then they must stand upon security. I had as hef they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I look'd 'a should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy

your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. An I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hers'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardelph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Justice. What's he that goes there? Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship. Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robb'ry?

Serv. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster,

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow: I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John !

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wais? Is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou et'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter. Hence! Avaunt! *5

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you. Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with

you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard say your lordship was sick; I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty. You would not come when I sent for you. 100 Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness

1s fall'n into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray
you let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, an't please your fordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it original from much grief,

from study, and perturbation of the brain. will take me without weighing. And yet in I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well. Rather an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phys-

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come

speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles himself in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender

and your waste is great. Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer. 135

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful

Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-al'd wound. Your day's service at heal'd wound. Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill. You may thank th' unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord-

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What I you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord-all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair in your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy. Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel. X55

light; but I hope he that looks upon me it is. I were better to be eaten to death

some respects, I grant, I cannot go-I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in Ch. Just. I think you are fall'n into the these costermongers' times that true valour is turn'd berod; pregnancy is made a tapster, and his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertment to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken. your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity? And will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John! 175

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice-I have lost it with hallooing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only To approve my youth old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you-he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents-marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the Prince a

better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him. 190 Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd

you. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily. If it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever; but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my Fal. Not so, my lord. Your ill angel is name were not so terrible to the enemy as with a rust than to be scoured to nothin: with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest

and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me : thousand pound to furnish me forth? 21 Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmore-[Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant. land.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses Boy!

Page. Sir ?

Fal. What money is in my purse? Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland: and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair of my chin. About it; you know where to find me. [Exit Page] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exit.

Scene III. York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray the Earl Marshal, LORD HASTINGS and LORD BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes-And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it? Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our

arms; But gladly would be better satisfied How, in our means, we should advance

ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the King. Hast. Our present musters grow upon the

To five and twenty thousand men of choice; Beyond his power to build it; who, half And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns

With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus: 15 Whether our present five and twenty thousand

May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgment is we should not step too

Till we had his assistance by the hand: For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids incertain, should not be admitted. Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for ındeed

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury. L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope.

Eating the air and promise of supply. Flatt'ring himself in project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;

And so, with great imagination Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And, winking, leapt into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did

To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war-

Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot-Lives so in hope, as in an early spring We see th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build.

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house. Then must we rate the cost of the erection; Which if we find outweighs ability, What do we then but draw anew the model In fewer offices, or at least desist

To build at all? Much more, in this great work-

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down And set another up-should we survey 50 The plot of situation and the model, Consent upon a sure foundation,

Question surveyors, know our own estate

How able such a work to undergo-To weigh against his opposite; or else 55

We fortify in paper and in figures, Using the names of men instead of men: Like one that draws the model of a house

through, Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost A naked subject to the weeping clouds And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes-yet likely of fair birthShould be still-born, and that we now After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke, 105 possess'd

The utmost man of expectation,

I think we are so a body strong enough. Even as we are, to equal with the King.

twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph;

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70 Are in three heads: one power against the French.

And one against Glendower; perforce a third

Must take up us. So is the unfirm King In three divided; and his coffers sound With hollow poverty and emptiness. Arch. That he should draw his several

strengths together

And come against us in full puissance Need not be dreaded.

Welsh Baying him at the heels. Never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and West- Falstaff. moreland:

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry ent'red him and all. Monmouth:

But who is substituted against the French lives, for he will stab. I have no certain notice.

Let us on, And publish the occasion of our arms. The commonwealth is sick of their own choice:

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited. An habitation giddy and unsure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond many, with what loud applause Didst thou beat heaven with blessing

Bolingbroke Before he was what thou wouldst have him come but within my vice! be!

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires.

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him That thou provok'st thyself to cast him

thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard; And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?

him die

Are now become enamour'd on his grave. Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly

When through proud London he came sighing on

Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,

And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurs'd!

L. Bard. What, is the King but five and Past and to come seems best; things present, worst.

Moub. Shall we go draw our numbers. and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

ACT TWO

Scene I. London. A street.

Enter Hostess with two officers, FANG and SNARE.

Host. Master Fang, have you ent'red the action?

Fang. It is ent'red.

Hast. If he should do so, Host. Where's your yeoman? He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and lusty yeoman? Will 'a stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare? Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare. Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; 85 he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out; he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child. 17

Fang. It I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an 'a

Host. I am undone by his going: I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him Good Master Snare, let him not 'A comes continuantly to Piescape. corner-saving your manhoods-to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's Head in Lumbert Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray you, since my exion is ent'red, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; They that, when Richard liv'd, would have and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmseynose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead?

What's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, variets! Draw, Bardolph Cut me off the villain's head. Throw the

quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honeysuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wot, wot thou! thou wot, wot ta? Do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Page. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe. 58

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his Men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? Keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your wav to

York.

Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his. But I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee a nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare,

if I have any vantage of ground to get up. Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! What man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Ane you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man. thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor-thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? Coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some. whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny it, if thou caust.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress

against them

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person. 112

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord. Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the

debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with

current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty rememb'red, I will not be your suitor. I say to you I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in th' effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither hostess.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry long, being you are to take soldiers up in Prince of Wales Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells.

[Gives a letter.

Fal. As I am a gentleman!

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman! Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking, and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting, in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangers and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift.

You'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live ? [To Bardolph] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on. Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet

you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her. [Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, and Officers. Ch. Just. I have heard better news. Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King to-night? Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back? Gow. No: fifteen hundred foot, five

hundred horse, Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancas-

ter. Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales. my noble lord?

presently.

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank you, good Sir John. Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too

130 counties as you go. Fal. Will you sup with me. Master

Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord: tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! Thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.

Scene II. London. Another street.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a

composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow, or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast -viz., these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones-or to bear the inventory of thy shirts-as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of hnen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say the children are not in the fault: whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened 26

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as

yours at this time is? Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell. Prince. Marry, I tell thee it is not meet

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that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend- I could be sad and sad indeed too.

Poms. Very hardly upon such a subject. Princ2. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstail for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou ait hath in reason taken from me

all estentation of sorrow. Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely

hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than Every man would think me an thine. hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lead and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears. worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper tellow of my hands; and those two things, I consess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Frince And the boy that I gave Falstaff. 'A had him from me Christian; and look if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Bard. God save your Grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph! Poins. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-atarms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pot-le-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his tace from the window. At last I spied his eyes: and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peep'd through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited? Bard. Away, you whoreson upright

rabbit, away! Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's

dream, away! Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream,

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamt she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation. There 'tis, boy. [Giving a crown. Poins. O that this blossem could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong. Prince. And how doth thy master.

Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

Poins, Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him. Though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds

his place, for look you how he writes. 104
Poins. [Reads] ' John Falstaff, knight '— Every man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himself, even like those that are kin to the King; for they never prick their finger but they say 'There's some of the King's blood spilt'. 'How comes that?' says he that takes upon him not to The answer is as ready as a conceive. borrower's cap: 'I am the King's poor cousin, sir'.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter: [Reads] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting'.

Poins. Why, this is a certificate. Prince. Peace! [Reads] 'I will imitate the

honourable Romans in brevity.'-

Poins. He sure means brevity in breath. short-winded.

Prince. [Reads] 'I commend me to thee. I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no-which is as much as to say as thou usest Falstaff him-JACK my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.'

Poins. My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty o. his words. But do you use me thus,

Ned? Must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse

fortune: But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master 87 here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old trank? I 10

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old

Prince. Sup any women with him? Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet. Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a

kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll

follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bird. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it. Prince. Fare you well; go. [Exeunt Bar lolph and Page] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colouis, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerking and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as

drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bull? A heavy descension! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? A low transformation! That shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. (Exeunt

Scene III. Warkworth. Before the castle. Enter Northumberland, Lady North-UMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs; Put not you on the visage of the times And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn:

And but my going nothing can redeem it. Lady P. O. yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word.

When you were more endear'd to it than First let them try themselves. So did your now:

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in

Who then persuaded you to stay at home? There were two honours lest, yours and your son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it! For his, it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light

Did all the chivalry of England move -0 To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress theinselves.

He had no legs that practis'd not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his

Became the accents of the valiant: For those that could speak low and tardily Would turn their own perfection to abuse To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait.

In diet, in affections of delight, In military rules, humouis of blood,

blemish.

He was the mark and glass, copy and book, That fashion'd others. And him-O wondrous him!

O miracle of men !-him did you leave-Second to none, unseconded by you-To look upon the hideous god of war in disadvantage, to abide a field

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspui's name

Did seem defensible. So you left him Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong To hold your honour more precise and nice With others than with him! Let them alone.

The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers.

Fo-day might I, hanging on Hotspui's neck, Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart, Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from

With new lamenting ancient oversights. But I must go and meet with danger there, Or it will seek me in another place, And find me worse provided.

O. fly to Scotland 50 Ladv N. Till that the nobles and the armed commons Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the King,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel, To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

[Exeunt.

He was so suff'red: so came I a widow: And never shall have length of life enough To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes, That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven.

For recordation to my noble husband. North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis

with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height, That makes a still-stand, running neither wav

Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop, 65 But many thousand reasons hold me back. I will resolve for Scotland. There am I, Till time and vantage crave my company.

Scene IV. London. The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheat.

Enter Francis and another Drawer.

Francis. What the devil hast thou brought there-apple-johns? Thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2 Draw. Mass, thou say'st true. Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights'. It ang'red him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

Francis. Why, then, cover and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music.

Enter third Drawer.

3 Draw. Dispatch! The room where they supp'd is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Francis. Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

3 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis; it will be an excellent stratagem. 20 2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. Exeunt second and third Drawers.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality. Your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour. I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' Haw do you now?

Doll. Better than I was—hem. Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [Singing] 'When Arthur first in court '-Empty the jordan. [Ext Francis]
-[Singing] 'And was a worthy king'-How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith. Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once

in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. A pox damn you, you muddy rascal! Is that all the comfort you give me? Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! Gluttony and diseases make them: I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases. Doll. We catch of you, Doll, we catch of you: grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Yea, joy, our chai s and our iewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches.' For to serve bravely is to come halting off: you know, to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely: to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely-

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet but you tall to some discord. You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you. You are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such There's a whole a huge full hogshead? merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! Let him not come hither; it is the foul-

mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here. No, by my faith! I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am n good name and fame with the very best. hut the door. There comes no swaggerers ere; I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.

Host, Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: and your ancient swagg'rer comes not in you go off here. Discharge yourself of our my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t' other day; and, as he said to me-'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'i good faith !-- ' Neighbour Quickly,' says he-Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then—' Neighbour Quickly,' says he 'receive those that are civil, for' said he 'you are in an ill name.' Now 'a said so. I can tell whereupon. 'For' says he 'vou are an honest woman and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive' says he 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No. I'll no swagg'rers.

Fal. He's no swagg'rer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call [Exit Francis.

him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth. I am the worse when one says 'swagger'. Peel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do 1? Yea, in very truth, do I, an I cannot abide 'twere an aspen leaf. swagg'rers.

Enter PISTOL. BARDOLPH. and PAGE.

Pist. God save you, Sir John! Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John,

with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall

not hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to vou, Mistress Dorothy; I

will charge you.

Doll. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy. 119 Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? Much! 125

murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have company, Pistol.

Host. No. good Captain Pistol; not here.

sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! Thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave, for what? For tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word occupy'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted. Therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good ancient. Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I! I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her ; I'll be reveng'd of her.

Page. Pray thee go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damn'd lake, by this hand, to th' infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith; I beseek you now,

aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,

And hollo" pamper'd jades of Asia. Which cannot go but thirty mile a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals.

And Troiant Greeks? Nay, retier damn

them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys? Host. By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will

grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! Give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here? 165 Host. O' my word, Captain, there's none such here. What the good-year i do you

think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack. 170 Si fortune me tormente sperato me contento.

Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire.

Pist. God let me not live but I will Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [Laying down his sword.

Come we to full points here, and are my knee, Doll. A rascal biagging slave! etceteras nothings?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

375 Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. For God's sake thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! Know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here. Bard. Come, get you down stairs. 185

What! shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue?

Snatching up his sword. Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping

1"ounds Untwine the Sisters Three! Come,

Atropos, I say! Host. Here's goodly stuff toward! IQO

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy. Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing and driving Pistol out. Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll torswear keeping house afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So: murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. 197 [Exeunt Pistol a, A Bardolph.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the Ah, you who eson little rascal's gone. valiant villain, vou!

Host. Are you not huit i' th' groin? Methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out a doors Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' th' shoulder,

Fal. A rascal! to brave me! Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come let me wipe thy face. Come on, you whoreson chops. Ah, rogue! i' faith. I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector o Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ter times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, an thou dar'st for thy heart An thou dost, I'll canvass thee between pair of sheets.

Enter Musicians.

Page. The music is come, sir. Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit o 528

The rogue fled from me like quicksilver. 219

Doll, I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like Thou whoreson little tidy sartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting a days and forning a nights. and begin to patch up thine old body for leaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS disguised as drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like death's-head; do not bid me remember une end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour 's the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow. 'A vould have made a good pantler; 'a would ia' chipp'd bread well.

Doll. They say Poins has a good wit. 229 Fal. He a good wit! hang him, baboon! His wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the Prince love him so, hen?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a signess, and 'a plays at quoits well, and eats conger and tennel, and drinks off andles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides he wild mare with the boys, and jumps uron join'd-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth. like unto the sign of the Leg, and biceds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties 'a has, hat show a weak mind and an able body. for the which the Prince admits him. For the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poms. Let's beat him before his whore. Prince. Look whe'er the wither'd elder hath not his poli claw'd like a parrot. 249

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance? Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! What says th' almanac to that? 254

Poins. And look whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses. Doll. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of?

I shall receive money a Thursday. Shalt

have a cap to-morrow. A merry song come. 'A grows late; we'll to bed. Thou't 267

forget me when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou't set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so. Prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken a' th' end.

Ful. Some sack. Francis.

Prince. Anon, anon, sir. [Advancin.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's? And art thou not Poins his brothei?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou. I am a gentleman: thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy Grace! By my troth, welcome to London. Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light fleth and corrupt

blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his hand upon Doll. Doll. How, you fat fool! I scorn you. Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill. You knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think

thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no

abuse.

Prince. Not—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' th' world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked-that the wicked might not fall in love with thee; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject; and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us?

Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answei, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy-there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them-she's in hell already, and burns poor souls. For th' other -I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All vict'lers do so. What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman -

Poll. What says your Grace?

Fal. His Grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking within. Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look

to th' door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! What news? Pet. The King your father is at Westminster:

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts

Come from the north; and as I came along

I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns.

asking every one for Sir John Talstaff. Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame

So idly to profane the precious time,

When tempest of commotion, like the south,

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt

And drop upon our bare unarmed heads. Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince, Poins, Peto, and Bardouph. Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [Knocking within] More knocking at the door! 350

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! What's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you. 359 Fal. [To the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah.-Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere

Doll. I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to burst! Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[Excunt Falstaff and Bardolph. Host. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascodtime; but an honester and truer-hearted man-well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Within] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [Within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O. run Doll, run, run, good Doll. Come. [To Bardolph] She comes blubber'd. Yea, will you come. Doll? [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Westminster. The palace. Enter the King in his nightgown, with a

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick:

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters

Make good [Exit Page. And well consider of them. speed. How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle

sleep. Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids

And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee. And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,

Under the canopies of costly state. And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody O thou dull god, why liest thou with the

vile In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingl couch

A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell'? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock hi brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge.

And in the visitation of the winds. Vho take the ruffian billows by the top. urling their monstrous heads, and hanging

With deafing clamour in the slippery clouds,

That with the hurly death itself awakes? 25 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude: And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot. Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!

Ineasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

Many good morrows to your Majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords? War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow. And with what danger, near the heart of it. War. It is but as a body yet distempered: Which to his former strength may be restored

With good advice and little medicine. My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times Make mountains level, and the continent, Weary of solid firmness, melt itself Into the sea; and other times to see The beachy girdle of the ocean Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration With divers liquors! O, if this were seen, The happiest youth, viewing his progress through.

What perils past, what crosses to ensue, 53 Would shut the book and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone

Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends, Did feast together, and in two years after

Were they at wars. It is but eight years since This Percy was the man nearest my soul:

Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs And laid his love and life under my foot : Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of

Richard Gave him defiance. But which of you was

by---

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ITo Warwick! You, cousin Nevil, as I may And, were these inward wars once out of remember-

tears,

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,

Did speak these words, now prov'd prophecy?

Northumberland, thou ladder by the which cousin Bolingbroke ascends my Mv

throne '-Though then, God knows, I had no such intent

But that necessity so bow'd the state

That I and greatness were compell'd to The time shall come '-thus did he follow

The time will come that foul sin, gathering

head.

Shall break into corruption' so went on. Foretelling this same time's condition And the divison of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives, Figuring the natures of the times deceas'd; The which observ'd, a man may prophesy, With a near aim, of the main chance of

things As yet not come to life, who in their seeds cousin. And weak beginning lie intreasured.

And, by the necessary form of this,

King Richard might create a perfect guess That great Northumberland, then false to him,

Would of that seed grow to a greater false-

Which should not find a ground to root upon Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities? Then let us meet them like necessities: And that same word even now cries out on us.

They say the Bishop and Northumberland Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord. Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo.

The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace

To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord, The powers that you already have sent

Shall bring this prize in very easily. To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd A certain instance that Glendower is dead. Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill; And these unseasoned hours perforce must add

Unto your sickness. King. I will take your counsel.

hand. When Richard, with his eye brim full of We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. Exeunt.

> Scene II. Glou estershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.

> Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE. Bullcalf, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir; give me your hand, sir An early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow. 4 Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow! Shal. By yea and no, sir. I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar; he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost. Shal. 'A must, then, to the Inns o' Court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn; where I think they will talk of mad Shallow

Sil. You were call'd 'lusty Shallow' then,

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd anything: Such things become the hatch and broad of and I would have done anything indeed time; and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man-you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns o' Court again. And I may say to you we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Scoggin's head at the court gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that have spent! and to see how many of my Id acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin. Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure. Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there. Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir. Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! 'A drew a good ow; and dead! 'A shot a fine shoot.

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John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted men, have you provided me here half a much money on his head. Dead! 'A would have clapp'd i' th' clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be-a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and One with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice

Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff—a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most

gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal, It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. 'Better accommodated '! It is good; yea, indeed, is it. Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. 'Accommodated'! It comes of accommodo. Very good; a good phrase.

Baid. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. 'Phrase' call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is being-whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my vioth, you like well and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot reather. Gentle-

dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit? Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you. 95 Shal. Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so—so, so—yea, mariy, sir. Rafe Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you. Shal. What think you, Sir John? A good limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good

friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you. Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd. Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! Things that are mouldy lack use. singular good! In faith, well said, Sir John: very well said.

Fal. Prick him. Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; know you where you are? For th' other, Sir John-let me see. Simon Shadow! 121

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under. He's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow? Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir. Fal. Thy mother's son! Like enough: and thy father's shadow. So the son of the

female is the shadow of the male. often so indeed; but much of the father's substance! Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him; for we have a number of shadows fill up the muster-book.

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Shal. Thomas Wart! Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir. Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart. Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins. Prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! You can do it, sir; I commend you well. you can do it. Francis Feeble! 146

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou. Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir. Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

150 Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat? 154

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can

have no more.

Fal. Well aid, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor-well, Master Shallow, deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir. Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor. that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' th' green! Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

170 Fal. Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain-Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number. You must have but four here, sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O. Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Field?

Fal. No more of that, Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, 'twas a merry night. And is

Jane Nightwork alive? Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me. Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to th' heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork, by old Nightwork. before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen ! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at mid-

night, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was 'Hem, boys!' Come, let's to dinner'; come, let's to dinner. Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come. [Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as hef be hang'd, sir, as go. And yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather because I am unwilling and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And. good Master Corporal Captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend. She has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind. An't be my destiny, so: an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve's Prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; th'art a good fellow. Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have? Shal. Four of which you please. Bard. Sir, a word with you. I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have? Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shall. Marry, then-Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you. 246

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, 201 the thews, the stature, bulk, and big Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit,

Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see forlorn that his dimensions to any thick what a ragged appearance it is. 'A shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow. Shadow-give me this man. He presents no mark to the enemy: the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreathow swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Eardolph. 263

Bard. Hold, Wart. Traverse—thus, thus thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So -very well. Go to; very good; exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; th'art a good scab. Hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mileend Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn-I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in. 'Rah, tah, tan!' would 'a say; 'Bounce!' would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come. I shall ne'er see such a fellow. 278

Shallow, God keep you! Master Silence, I will not use many words with you: Fare you well! Gentlemen both, I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you; God prosper your affairs; God send us peace! At your return, visit our house: let our old acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God, would you would. Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word.

God keep you. Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [Exeunt Justices] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt all but Falstaff] As I return, I will fetch off these justices. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord. Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same stary'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When 'a was naked, he was for all the world like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. 'A was so And dash themselves to pieces.

sight were invisible. 'A was the very yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him man-drake. 'A came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd huswifes that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tiltyard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the maishal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name: for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a tieble hautboy was a mansion for him. a court-and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him if I return; and't shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me. the young dace be a bast for the old pike. I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Yorkshire. Within the Forest of Gaultree.

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, HASTINGS, and Others.

> Arch. What is this forest call'd? Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall

please your Grace. Arch. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies. Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done. My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland: Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:

Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon

He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers

That your attempts may overlive the hazard

And fearful meeting of their opposite. Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge the

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field

Enter WestmoreLand.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of West moreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,

The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland in peace.

What doth concern your coming.

West. Then, my lord, Unto your Grace do I in chief address 37 The substance of my speech. If that

rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggaryI say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection

40
With your fair honours. You, Lord Arch-

bishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath

touch'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,

Whose white investments figure innocence, The dove, and very blessed spirit of peace— Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,

Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war;

Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood, 50
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine

To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? So the

question stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd And with our surfeiting and wanton hours Have brought ourselves into a burning

fever, 50 And we must bleed for it; of which disease Our late King, Richard, being infected, But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland, I take not on me here as a physician; to Nor do I as an enemy to peace

Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show awhile like fearful war
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions which begin to

stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

We see which way the stream of time doth run 70

And are enforc'd from our most quiet there By the rough torrent of occasion; And have the summary of all our griefs, When time shall serve, to show in articles; Which long ere this we offer'd to the King, And might by no suit gain our audience: When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,

We are denied access unto his person, Even by those men that most have done us wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone, so Whose memory is written on the earth With yet appearing blood, and the examples

Of every minute's instance, present now, Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms; Not to break peace, or any branch of it, 85 But to establish here a peace indeed, Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied:

Wherein have you been galled by the King; What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you

That you should seal this lawless bloody book

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,

To brother born an household cruelty, 99. I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us

That feel the bruises of the days before, 100 And suffer the condition of these times To lay a heavy and unequal hand Upon our honours?

West. O my good Lord Mowbray, Construe the times to their necessities, And you shall say, indeed, it is the time, 105 And not the King, that doth you injuries. Yet, for your part, it not appears to me, E-thei from the King or in the present time, That you should have an inch of any ground To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories. Your noble and right well-rememb'red father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me? The King that lov'd him, as the state stood then.

Was force perforce compell'd to banish him, And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he, Being mounted and both roused in their seats.

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur, Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together-

Then, then, when there was nothing could have stav'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, O, when the King did throw his warder down-

His own life hung upon the staff he threw-Then threw he down himself, and all their

That by indictment and by dint of sword Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke. West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now

you know not what. The Earl of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant gentleman. have smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there, He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry; 135 For all the country, in a general voice, Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on, And bless'd and grac'd indeed more than the King.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.

Here come I from our princely general To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace

That he will give you audience; and wherein

It shall appear that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them, everything set off 145 That might so much as think you enemies. Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel

this offer;

And it proceeds from policy, not love. West. Mowbray, you overween to take

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear; For, lo! within a ken our army lies-Upon mine honour, all too confident

To give admittance to a thought of fear. Our battle is more full of names than yours. Our men more perfect in the use of arms, 155 Our aimour all as strong, our cause the best;

Then reason will our hearts should be as good.

Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd. Moub. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your oftence:

A rotten case abides no handling. Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission.

In very ample virtue of his father, To hear and absolutely to determine Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?-

West. That is intended in the general's name.

I muse you make so slight a question. Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances. Each several article herein redress'd. 170 All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinewed to this action. Acquitted by a true substantial form, And present execution of our wills To us and to our purposes confin'd-We come within our awful banks again. And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet: Who knows on whom fortune would then And either end in peace —which God so frame !-

> Or to the place of diff'rence call the swords Which must decide it. Arch.

My lord, we will do so. Exit Westmoreland. Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom

tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand. Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace Upon such large terms and so absolute

As our conditions shall consist upon, Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be

That every light and false-derived cause, Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason, hall to the King taste of this action; That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love, We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff.

And good from bad find no partition. Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this: the King is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances;

For he hath found to end one doubt by That man that sits within a monarch's

Revives two greater in the heirs of life; 200 And therefore will be wipe his tables lean. And keep no tell-tale to his memory That may repeat and history his loss

knows He cannot so precisely weed this land 205 As his misdoubts present occasion: His foes are so enrooted with his friends That, plucking to unfix an enemy, He doth unfasten so and shake a friend. So that this land, like an offensive wife 210 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes, As he is striking, holds his infant up, And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm

That was uprear'd to execution. Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack The very instruments of chastisement; So that his power, like to a fangless lion, May offer, but not hold.

'Tis very true; Àrch. And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal.

If we do now make our atonement well, Our peace will, like a broken limb united, Grow stronger for the breaking. Be it so.

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

The Prince is here at hand Pleaseth your lordship To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God's name then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his Grace. My [Exeunt. lord, we come.

Scene II. Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, attended; afterwards, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers and Others.

P. John. You are well encount'red here. my cousin Mowbray.

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop; And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all. My Lord of York, it better show'd with you

When that your flock, assembled by the

Encircled you to hear with reverence Your exposition on the holy text Than now to see you here an iron man, .Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum, Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

heart

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, Would he abuse the countenance of the king,

Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroach To new remembrance. For full well he In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord Bishop.

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken How deep you were within the books of God?

To us the speaker in His parliament, To us th' imagin'd voice of God himself, The very opener and intelligencer Between the grace, the sanctines of heaven. And our dull workings. O, who shall believe But you misuse the reverence of your place, Employ the countenance and grace of

heav'n As a false favourite doth his prince's name, In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en

Under the counterfeited zeal of God. The subjects of His substitute, my father, And both against the peace of heaven and

Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your father's perce; But, as I told my Loid of Westmoreland. The time misord'red doth, in common

Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous

To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace 35 The parcels and particulars of our grief, The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,

Whereon this hydra son of war is born: dangerous eyes may well be Whose charm'd asleep

With grant of our most just and right desires;

And true obedience, of this madness cur'd. Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

To the last man.

And though we here fall down, Hast. We have supplies to second our attempt. 45 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them; And so success of mischief shall be born, And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow. Hastings. much too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times. West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly

How far forth you do like their articles. P. John. I like them all and do allow them well;

And swear here, by the honour of my blood. My father's purposes have been mistook; And some about him have too lavishly Wrested his meaning and authority. My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd:

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you. Discharge your powers unto their several

counties.

As we will ours: and here, between the armies.

Let's drink together friendly and embrace, That all their eyes may bear those tokens

Of our restored love and amity. Arch. I take your princely word for these rediessés.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:

And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

army This news of peace. Let them have pay, and part.

I know it will well please them. Hie thee, Captain. [Exit Officer. Arch. To you, my noble Lord of West-

moreland. West. I pledge your Grace; and if you I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason;

knew what pains I have bestow'd to breed this present

peace, You would drink freely; but my love to ye Shall show itself more openly hereafter. 76

Arch. I do not doubt you. West. I am glad of it. Health to my lord and gentle cousin,

Mowbray. Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season.

For I am on the sudden something ill. Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry ;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow Serves to say thus, 'Some good thing comes

to-morrow' Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. Shouts within. P. John. The word of peace is rend'red.

Hark, how they shout! Mowb. This had been cheerful after

victory. Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest:

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd, 90 And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord. And let our army be discharged too.

Exit Westmoreland. And, good my lord, so please you let our trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men We should have cop'd withal.

Go, good Lord Hastings. Arch. And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march Exit Hastings.

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall he tonight together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand. Will not go off until they hear you speak. P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.

Hast. Go, Captain, and deliver to the Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses

East, west, north, south; or like a school broke up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings: for the which

And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith? P. John. I pawn'd thee none: I promis'd you redress of these same grievances

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care. But for you, rebels-look to taste the due Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours. Most shallowly did you these arms com-

mence, Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatt'red stray.

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. Some guard these traitors to the block of death.

Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Another part of the forest.

Alarum; excursions. Enter Falstaff and COLVILLE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? Of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a knight sir; and my name is Colville of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, Colville is your name, a of the noble. Therefore let me have right, knight is your degree, and your place the and let desert mount. Dale. Colville shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colville of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff? Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff,

and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WEST-MORELAND, BLUNT, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past; follow no further now.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. [Exit Westmoreland. Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this

When everything is ended, then you come. These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back. Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion. the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have found'red nine score and odd posts; and here, travel tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colville of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome-I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than

your deserving.

Fal. I know not. Here he is, and here I vield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colville kissing my foot; to the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount. Fal. Let it shine, then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you

P. John. Is thy name Colville? Col. It is, my lord.

P. John. A tamous rebel art thou, Colville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him. Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are

That led me hither. Had they been rul'd by me. You should have won them dearer than you

have. Fal. I know not how they sold themselves;

but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit? 20 West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colville, with his confederates,

To York, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. [Exeunt Blunt and others. And now dispatch we toward the court, my

lords. I hear the King my father is sore sick. Our news shall go before us to his Majesty. Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him:

And we with sober speed will follow you. 79 Fal. My lord. I beseech you, give me leave to go through Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve. Exeunt all but Falstaff.

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh-but that's no marvel; he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards-which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it

nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extremes. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage-and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire. I have him already temp'ring between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the King, Prince Thomas of Clarence, Prince Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, and Others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, We will our youth lead on to higher fields, And draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our navy is address'd, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence well invested, 6 And everything lies level to our wish. Only we want a little personal strength;

Only we want a little personal strength; And pause us till these rebels, now afoot, Come underneath the yoke of government. War. Both which we doubt not but your

Majesty Shall soon enjoy. King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester, Where is the Prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord. King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas
of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers; cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other
biethien.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love, Nor lose the good advantage of his grace By seeming cold or careless of his will; For he is gracious if he be observ'd.

He hath a tear for pity and a hand Open as day for melting charity;

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he is flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden As flaws congealed in the spring of day. 35 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:

But, being moody, give him line and scope Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,

ground, 40 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
45
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As a conitum or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas? 50

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death. The blood weeps from my heart when I do The Earl Northumberland and the Lord

In forms imaginary, th' unguided days 59 And rotten times that you shall look upon When I am sleeping with my ancestors. For when his headstrong not hath no curb, When rage and hot blood are his counsellors.

When means and lavish manners meet together.

O, with what wings shall his affections fly 65 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

Wor, My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.

The Prince but studies his companions Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language.

'Tis needful that the most immodest word Be look'd upon and learnt; which once attain'd.

Your Highness knows, comes to no further

But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms.

The Prince will, in the perfectness of time. Cast off his followers; and their memory 75 Shall as a pattern or a measure live By which his Grace must mete the lives of

other. Turning past evils to advantages.

leave her comb In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland? West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness

Added to that that I am to deliver! Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand.

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all.

Are brought to the correction of your law. There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd.

But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere. The manner how this action hath been

Here at more leisure may your Highness read.

With every course in his particular. King. O' Westmoreland, thou art a sum-

mer bird, Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look here's more news. Har. From enemies heaven keep your Majesty:

Is overspread with them; therefore my And, when they stand against you, may they fall

As those that I am come to tell you of! Baidolph,

With a great power of English and et Scots,

Are by the shrieve of Yorkshire overthrown The manner and true order of the fight 100 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her fair words still in foulest letters? She either gives a stomach and no food -Such are the poor, in health-or else a

feast. And takes away the stomach-such are the 1ich

That have abundance and enjoy it not. I should rejoice now at this happy news; And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.

O me! come near me now I am much ill. P. Humph. Comfort, your Majesty!

Cla. O my royal fither! West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know these fits

'Tis seldom when the bee doth Are with his Highness very ordinary. Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.

Th' incessant care and labour of his mind Hath wrought the mure that should confine it ın

So thin that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me: for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature. The seasons change their manners, as the

vear Had found some months asleep, and leapt

them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no chb between;
And the old folk, Time's doting chronicles,

Say it did so a little time before That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will certain be his end. King. I pray you take me up, and bear

rae hence Into some other chamber. Softly, pray. Scene V. Westminster. Another chamber.

The King lying on a bed; Clarence, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow
here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence? Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness Prince. How now! Rain within doors and none abroad!

How doth the King?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alt'red much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords Sweet Prince, speak low;

The King your father is dispos'd to sleep Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room. War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here b the King.

[Excunt all but the Prince Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wid.
To many a watchful night! Sleep with i

Yet not so sound and half so deeply swee
As he whose brow with homely biggebound.

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty When thou dost pinch thy bearer, tho dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day 3 That scald'st with safety. By his gates o breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not Did he suspire, that light and weightles down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a slee That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd So many English kings. Thy due from m Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously. My due from thee is this imperial crown, 4x Which, as immediate from thy place and blood.

Derives itself to me. [Putting on the croun]

Lo where it sits—

Which God shall guard; and put the world's whole strength

into one giant arm, it shall not force 45 This lineal honour from me. This from thee Will I to mine leave as 'tis left to me.

[Exit. King. Warwick! Gloucester! Claience!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE.

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? How fares your Grace? 50 King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he?

Let me see him.

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence.
Go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [Exit Warwick. This part of his conjoins with my disease

And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt When gold becomes her object! For this the foolish over-careful fathers Have broke their sleep with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry; 70 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up.

The cank'red heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest Their sons with arts and martial exercises; When, like the bee, tolling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees, Are murd'red for our pains. This bitter taste Yields his engrossments to the ending Pluck down my officers, break my decrees; father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now where is he that will not stay so long Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me? War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks, With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his

knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming

hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry. 90

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[Exeunt all but the King and the

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak

again.
King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to

that thought.
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair That thou wilt needs invest the with my honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth! Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity Is held from falling with so weak a wind That it will quickly drop; my day is dm. Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not.

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart.

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear That thou art crowned, not that 1 am dead. Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head; xx5 Only compound me with forgotten dust; Give that which gave thee life unto the worms. Pluck down my officers, break my decrees; For now a time is come to mock at form—Harry the Fifth is crown'd. Up, vanity: 126
Down, royal state. All you sage counsellors, hence.

And to the English court assemble now, From every region, apes of idleness.

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum.

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance, 12:

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit The oldest sins the newest kind of ways? Be happy, he will trouble you no more. England shall double gild his treble guilt; England shall give him office, honour,

England shall give him office, honour,
might;
r30
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence

plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

When that my care could not withhold thy riots.

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again.

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! But for
my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, 140 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown,

And He that wears the crown immortally Long guard it yours! [Kneeling] If I affect it more

Than as your honour and as your renown, Let me no more from this obedience rise Which my most inward true and duteous spirit

Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending!

God witness with me, when I here came in And found no course of breath within your Majesty.

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign, O, let me in my present wildness die,

And never live to show th' incredulous world

The noble change that I have purposed! 155 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead—

And dead almost, mv liege, to think you were—

I spake unto this crown as having sense, And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending

Hath fed upon the body of my father; 160 Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold.

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious, Preserving life in med'cine potable;

T (6

renown'd.

roval hege.

Accusing it, I put it on my head, To try with it-as with an enemy

That had before my face murd'red my father-

The guarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine Did with the least affection of a welcome Give entertainment to the might of it, Let God for ever keep it from my head, 175 And make me as the poorest vassal is, That doth with awe and terror kneel to it! King. O my son,

God put it in thy mind to take it hence, That thou mightst win the more thy

father's love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it! Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed, And hear, I think, the very latest counsel That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my

By what by-paths and indirect crook'd

wavs I met this crown: and I myself know well How troublesome it sat upon my head: To thee it shall descend with better quiet, Better opinion, better confirmation; For all the soil of the achievement goes With me into the earth. It seem'd in me But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand:

And I had many living to upbraid My gain of it by their assistances; Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears

Thou seest with peril I have answered; For all my reign hath been but as a scene Acting that argument. And now my death Changes the mood; for what in me was purchas'd

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort; So thou the garland wear'st successively. Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green:

And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,

Have but their stings and teetli newly ta'en out:

By whose fell working I was first advanc'd, And by whose power I well might lodge a

To be again displac'd; which to avoid, I cut them off; and had a purpose now 210 To lead out many to the Holy Land,

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most Lest rest and lying still might make them look

Hast eat thy bearer up'. Thus, my most Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds With foreign quarrels, that action, hence

borne out. May waste the memory of the former days. More would I, but my lungs are wasted so That strength of speech is utterly denied me.

How I came by the crown, O God, forgive: And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege.

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me: Then plain and right must my possession

Which I with more than with a common pain

'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaın.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, War-WICK, Lords, and Others.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

From this bare wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight My worldly business makes a period.

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

My Lord of Warwick! King. Doth any name particular belong Unto the lodging where I first did swoon? War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! Even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years, I should not die but in Jerusalem;

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land. But bear me to that chamber; there I'll

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Gloucestershire. Shallow's house. Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd. Why, Davy! 6

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me seeyea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus: those precepts cannot be served; and, again, sir-shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook—are there no young pigeons? Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid. Sir John,

you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had; and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all

night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy; I will use him well. A friend i' th' court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul

linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy-about thy business, Davv.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' th' hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor. That Visor is an arrant

kn ive, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; an I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech you, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your

hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship. 54 Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph. [To the Page] And welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [Exit Shallow] Bardolph, look to O that the hving Harry had the temper 15

our horses. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices: he. by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spir ts are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men. I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions; and 'a shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight eath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up ! Shal. [Within] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. Exit.

Scene II. Westminster. The palace. Enter, severally, WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice; whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

He's walk'd the way of nature: And to our purposes he lives no more. Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd

me with him.

The service that I truly did his life Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself

To welcome the condition of the time, 11 Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gioucester, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead

19

Of he, the worst of these three gentlemen ! Yet weep that Hairy's dead, and so will I. How many nobles then should hold their But Harry lives had shell convert those DUCES

That must strike sail to spirit of vile sort! By number into hours of happiness. Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou. Good morrow. cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier I

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed; And I dare swear you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow-it is sure your own. P. John. Though no man be assur'd what

grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise. Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstafi fair;

Which swims against your stream of q sality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did ia honour.

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul; And never shall you see that I will beg A ragged and forestall'd remission. If truth and upright innocency fail me, I'll to the King my master that is dead, 40

And tell him who hath sent me after him. War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter King Henry the Fifth, attended.

your Majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty.

Sits not so easy on me as you think. Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.

This is the English, not the Turkish court: Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds. But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good

brothers. For, by my faith, it very well becomes you. Sorrow so royally in you appears

That I will deeply put the fashion on, And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers, Than a joint burden laid upon us all. For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd, I'll be your father and your brother too; Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

teast

Brothers. We hope no otherwise from

your Majesty. King. You all look strangely on me: and you most.

You are, I think, assur'd I 'ove you not. Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me. King. No?

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me? What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,

Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy ?

May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten? Ch. Just. I th n did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lav then in me: And in th' administration of his law. Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth. Your Highness pleased to forget my place. The majesty and power of law and justice. The image of the King whom I presented. And struck me in my very seat of judgment:

Whereon, as an offender to your father. I gave bold way to my authority

And did commit you. If the deed were ill. Be you contented, wearing now the garland, To have a son set your decrees at nought, 85 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person;

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body. Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son; Hear your own dignity so much profan'd, See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd; 95 And then imagine me taking your part And, in your power, soft silencing your son. After this cold considerance, sentence me; And, as you are a king, speak in your state What I have done that misbecame my place.

My person, or my liege's sovereignty. King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword; And I do wish your honours may increase Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son 110
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit
me:

For which I do commit into your hand Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;

With this remembrance—that you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.

You shall be as a father to my youth;
My voice shall sound as you do prompt

mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents 120
To your well-practis'd wise directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you,
My father is gone wild into his grave,
Foi in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirits sadly I survive, 123
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now. 130
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of
floods.

And flow henceforth in formal majesty. Now call we our high court of parliament; And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,

That the great body of our state may go In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be As things acquainted and familiar to us; In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

Our coronation done, we will accite, As I before rememb'red, all our state; And —God consigning to my good intents— No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,

God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Barbolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of mine own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth. Come, cousin Silence. And then to bed.

Fal. Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sır John—marry, good aır. Spread, Davy, spread, Davy; well sand, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband. Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down; come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a—we shall ISinging.
Do nothing but eat and make good cheer,
And piase God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there.

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master Page, good Master Page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing]
Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall;

'Tis merry in hall when beaids wag all; And welcome merry Shrove-tide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. [To Bardolph] There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your workship! I'll be with you straight. [To Bardolph] A cup of wine, sir? Sil. [Singing]

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, And drink unto the leman mile;

And a merry heart lives long-a. Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' th' night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

Sil. [Singing]

Fill the cup, and let it come,

I'll pledge you a mile to th' bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardoiph, welcome; if thou want'st anything and wilt not call,

beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little I'll tiny thief and welcome indeed too. drink to Master Lardolph, and to all the cabileros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die. Bard. An I might see you there, Davy! Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together-ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot. Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee. The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. 'A will not out, 'a; 'tis true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. [One knocks at door] Look who's at door there, ho! knocks? TExit Davy.

Fal. [To Silence, who has drunk a bumber]

Why, now you have done me right. Sil. [Singing] Do me right,

And dub me knight.

Samingo.

Is't not so?
Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't plaise your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news. Fal. From the court? Let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you! Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol? Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of

the greatest men in this realm. Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be, but goodman

Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, 94 And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A fourtra for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [Singing] And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled? Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. 105

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways-either to utter them or conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian?

Speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth-or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

A foutra for thine office! Pist. Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! T 25 I would not take a knighthood for my

fortune.

Pist. What, I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt-I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [Exit Bardolph] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot. boot, Master Shallow! I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they.

Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days! Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No. thou arrant knave: I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd. Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill'd

Doll. Nut-hook, mut-hook, you lie. Come

on: I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripevisag'd rascal an the child I now go with do miscarry, hou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother. thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Doll. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swing'd for this—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-

errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me

to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starv'd bloodhound. Doll. Goodman dearh, goodman bones ! Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing! come, you rascal!

1 Bead. Very well.

[Exeunt.

Scene V. Westminster. Near the Abbev. Enter Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes! 2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded

twice.

3 Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch. [Exeunt. dispatch.

Trumpets sound, and the KING and his Train pass over the stage. After them enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow: I will make the King do you grace. I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight! Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. [To Shallow] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affec-

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion-

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night: and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me-

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs 1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen clse in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem' for 'obsque hoc nihil est'. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed. 30

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contagious prison; Hal'd thither By most mechanical and dirty hand.

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell

Alecto's snake, For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but

truth. Ful I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound. Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpetclangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his Train, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal; my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal map of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy! King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! I have long dreamt of such a kind of man, So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane; But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream. Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men-Reply not to me with a fool-born jest; Presume not that I am the thing I was,

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self; So will I those that kept me company. (o When thou dost hear I am as I have been, Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou

The tutor and the feeder of my riots.

Exeunt.

Till then I banish thee, on pain of death, 64 As I have done the rest of my misleaders Not to come near our person by ten mile For competence of life I will allow you, That lack of means enforce you not to evils:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves, We will, according to your strengths and

qualities, Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word. Set on. [Exeunt the King and his train. Master Shallow, I owe you a Fal. thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me. Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent

for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements: I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in,

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, the Lord Chief JUSTICE, with Officers.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:

Take all his company along with him. Fal. My lord, my lord-

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.

[Exeunt all but Prince John and the Lord Chief Justice.

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.

He hath intent his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world. Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire As far as France. I heard a bird so sing, Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?

EPILOGUE

First my fear, then my curtsy, last my speech. My fear, is your displeasure; my curtsy, my duty; and my speech, to bea your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what, indeed. I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant, indeed, to pay you with this; which if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promis'd you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies. Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely, and so I kneel down before you—but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? And yet that were but light payment -to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me. If the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, tor anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr and this is not the man. tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night.

KING HENRY THE SERTH

DRAMATIS PERSONA

Bur.

CHORUS. KING HENRY THE FIFTH. DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, \ biothers to the DUKE OF BEDFORD. King. DUKE OF EXELER, uncle to the King. DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King. EARL OF SALISBURY. EARL OF WESTMORELAND. EARL OF WARWICK. ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY. EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, conspirators against LORD SCROOP, the King. SIR THOMAS GREY, SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER. officers in the FLUELLEN. King's army. MACMORRIS, JAMY. BATES. COURT. soldiers in the WILLIAMS.

A betald. CHARLES THE SEATH, King of France. Lewis, the Dauphin. DOKE OF BURGUNDY. DONE OF ORLLANS. DUKE OF BRITAINE. DUKE OF BOURDON. The Constable of France. RAMBURES, French loids GRANDPPÉ, French loids Governor of Haifleur. Montjoy, a French herald. Ambassadors to the King of England ISABEL, Queen of France. KATEERINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel. ALICE, a lady attending her. HUSTESS of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap; Jonnerly Mrs. Quickly, now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Attendants.

THE SCENE: England and France.

PROLOGUE

King's army.

NYM.

BARDOLPH. PISTOL.

Enter CHORUS.

ascend The brightest heaven of invention, A kingdom for a stage, princes to act, And monarchs to behold the swelling scene! Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels.

Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,

The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10 So great an object. Can this cockpit hold The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram

Within this wooden O the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt? O, pardon! since a crooked figure may 15 Scene I. London. An ante-chamber in the Attest in little place a million; And let us, ciphers to this great accompt, On your imaginary forces work. Suppose within the girdle of these walls 19 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, Whose high upreared and abutting fronts

The perilous narrow ocean parts acunder. Plece out our imperfections with your thoughts:

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would Into a thousand parts divide one man,

And make imaginary puissairst; Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them

Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth:

For 'tis your thoughts that now laust dick our kings,

Carry them here and there, jumping e'er times,

Turning th' accomplishment of many years Into an hour-glass; for the which supply, Admit me Chorus to this history;

Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT ONE

King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you: that self bill is urg'd

Lexit.

Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's faintfar as his garter; that, when he reign

Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd The air, a charter'd libertine, is still. Did push it out of farther question.

Eiv. But how, my lord, shall we resist

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us.

We lose the better half of our possession; For all the temporal lands which men devout

By testament have given to the church Would they strip from us; being valu'd

thus-As much as would maintain, to the King's honour.

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,

Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

And, to relief of lazars and weak age. Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil, A hundred alms-houses right well supplied; And to the coffers of the King, beside, A thousand pounds by th' year: thus runs

the bill.

Elv. This would drink deep.

'Twould drink the cup and all. Cant. Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Elv. And a true lover of the holy Church. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd

The breath no sooner left his father's body But that his wildness, mortified in him, 26 Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment.

Consideration like an angel came And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of

him. Leaving his body as a paradise

T' envelop and contain celestial spirits. Never was such a sudden scholar made; Never came reformation in a flood.

With such a heady currance, scouring faults:

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness So soon did lose his seat, and all at once, As in this king.

We are blessed in the change. Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity, And, all-admiring, with an inward wish You would desire the King were made a

prelate: Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs, You would say it hath been all in all his

study; List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle rend'red you in music. Turn him to any cause of policy, 45 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

speaks,

But that the scambling and unquiet time And the mute wonder lurketh in men's

To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences: So that the art and practic part of life Must be the mistress to this theoric;

Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it.

Since his addiction was to courses vain. His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow. His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets. sports;

And never noted in him any study, Any retirement, any sequestration

From open haunts and popularity. Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle.

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality; And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt.

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are

ceas'd:

And therefore we must needs admit the means

How things are perfected.

But, my good lord, How now for mitigation of this bill Urg'd by the Commons? Doth his Majesty Incline to it, or no?

He seems indifferent; Cant. Or rather swaying more upon our part Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us; For I have made an offer to his Majesty-Upon our spiritual convecation And in regard of causes now in hand,

Which I have open'd to his Grace at large, As touching France—to give a greater sum Than ever at one time the clergy yet Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty;

Save that there was not time enough to

As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have

The severals and unhidden passages Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms, And generally to the crown and seat of France,

Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant

Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come

To give him hearing: is it four o'clock? Ely. It is.

Then go we in, to know his Cant. embassy;

Which I could with a ready guess declare, Before the Frenchman speak a word of it. Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [Exeunt.

Scene II. London. The Presence Chamber in the King's palace.

Enter the KING, GLGUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER. WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

Send for him, good uncle. King. West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

King. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd.

Before we hear him, of some things of weight

That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,

And make you long become it!

King. Sure, we thank you. My learned lord, we pray you to proceed, And justly and religiously unfold 10 Why the law Salique, that they have in France.

Or should or should not bar us in our claim; And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord, That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul 15 With opening titles miscreate whose right Suits not in native colours with the truth; For God doth know how many, now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation Of what your reverance shall incite us to. 20 Therefore take her how you impawn our person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of warheed:

For never two such kingdoms did contend Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint, 'Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords

That makes such waste in brief mortality. Under this conjuration speak, my loid; For we will hear, note, and believe in heart. That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services.

To this imperial throne. There is no bar 35 To make against your Highness' claim to France

But this, which they produce from Pharamond:

In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant'-

' No woman shall succeed in Salique land '; Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond The founder of this law and female bar. Yet their own authors faithfully affirm That the land Salique is in Germany.

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe: 45 Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons.

There left behind and settled certain French:

Who. holding in disdain the German women

For some dishonest manners of their life. Establish'd then this law: to wit. female

Should be inheritrix in Salique land: Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,

Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen. Then doth it well appear the Salique law Was not devised for the realm of France; 55 Nor did the French possess the Salique land Until four hundled one and twenty years After defunction of King Phalamond, Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;

Who died within the year of our redemption Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French

Beyond the river Sala, in the year Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers

King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, Did, as heir general, being descended Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair.

We charge you, in the name of God, take Make claim and title to the crown of France.

Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male

Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great.

To find his title with some shows of truth-

Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught-

Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' Lady Lingare.

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son To Lewis the Empeior, and Lewis the son Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth.

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet, Could not keep quiet in his conscience. 79 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother, Was lineal of the Lady Ermengage.

Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine;

By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great

Was re-united to the Crown of France. 85 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun. King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim, King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear To hold in right and title of the female: So do the kings of France unto this day, 90 Howbert they would hold up this Salique

To bar your Highness claiming from the female :

And rather choose to hide them in a net Than amply to imbar their crooked titles Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. 95

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ. When the man dies, let the inheritance Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,

Look back into your mighty ancestors. Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit.

And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,

Making defeat on the full power of France Whiles his most mighty father on a hill Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp Forage in blood of French nobility. O noble English, that could entertain With half their forces the full pride o

France. And let another half stand laughing by,

All out of work and cold for action Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,

And with your puissant arm renew thei feats.

You are their heir; you sit upon thei throne:

The blood and courage that renowned them

ins in your veins; and my thricepuissant hege

an the very May-mora of his youth, 120 ape for exploits and mighty enterpises. Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs

of the earth Do all expect that you should rouse vourself.

is did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause and means and might-

o hath your Highness; never King of England

Tad nobles richer and more loyal subjects. Vhose hearts have left their bodies here in England

And he pavilion'd in the fields of France. Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear hege.

With blood and sword and fire to win your right !

in aid whereof we of the spiritualty Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum

as never did the clergy at one time Bring in to any of your ancestors. King. We must not only arm t' invade

the French. But lay down our proportions to defend Against the Scot, who will make road upon

115 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign.

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot. Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:

For you shall read that my great-grandfather

Never went with his forces into France But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, With ample and brim fulness of his force.

Galling the gleaned land with hot assays, Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;

That England, being empty of defence. Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege; For hear her but exampled by herself: When all her chivalry hath been in France, And she a mourning widow of her nobles, She hath herself not only well defended

But taken and impounded as a stray The King of Scots; whom she did send to

France,

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,

And make her chronicle as rich with praise As is the ooze and bottom of the sea \(\textit{td}\). With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries. \(\textit{West}\). But there's a saying, very old and

true:

'If that you will France win, Then with Scotland first begin'.

For once the eagle England being in prey, To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat, To tear and havoc more than she can eat. Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay

at home;

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight
abroad.

Th' advised head defends itself at home; For government, though high, and low, and lower.

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent, Congreeing in a full and natural close, Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion; 185
To which is fixed as an aim or butt
Obedience; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts, 190
Where some like magistrates correct at
home;

Others like merchants venture trade abroad:

Others like soldiers, armed in their stings, Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds, Which pillage they with merry march

bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey.
The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference 205
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows loosed several ways
Come to one mark, as many ways meet in
one town.

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea, As many lines close in the dial's centre; 220 So many a thousand actions, once afoot, End in one purpose, and be all well borne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.

Divide your happy England into four; 214 Whereof take you one quarter into Glance, And you withal shall make all Gallia shake. If we, with thrice such powers left at home.

Cannot defend our own doors from the dog, Let us be worned, and our nation lose The name of hardiness and policy.

King. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[Exeunt some Attendants. Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help

And yours, the noble sinews of our power, France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe, Or break it all to pieces; or there we'll sit, Ruling in large and ample empery 226 O'er France and all her almost kingly

dukedoms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy un, Tombless, with no remembrance over them. Either our history shall with full mouth Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave, Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure

Of our fan cousin Dauphin; for we hear 235 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

1 Amb. May't please vour Majesty to give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge; Or shall we sparingly show you far off 239 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy? King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian

king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fett'red in our prisons;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed
plainness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

1 Amb. Thus then, in few. 245 Your Highness, lately sending into France, Did claim some certain dukedoms in the right

Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.

In answer of which claim, the Prince our master

Says that you savour too much of your youth, 250

And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France

That can be with a nimble galliard won; You cannot revel into dukedoms there. He therefore sends you, meeter for your

spirit, 254
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you
claim

Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King. What treasure, uncle?

Tennis-balls, my liege. Exe. King. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;

His present and your pains we thank you for.

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls. We will in France, by God's grace, play a

set Shall strike his father's crown into the

hazard. Tell him he hath made a match with such a

wrangler That all the courts of France will be

disturb'd With chaces. And we understand him well, How he comes o'er us with our wilder days, Not measuring what use we made of them. We never valu'd this poor seat of England; And therefore, living hence, did give ourself To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common That men are merriest when they are from heme.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state, Be like a king, and show my sail of great-

When I do rouse me in my throne of France;

For that I have laid by my majesty And plodded like a man for working-days: But I will rise there with so full a glory That I will dazzle all the eyes of France, Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance

That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands:

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down:

And some are yet ungotten and unborn That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's

But this lies all within the will of God. 280 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name, Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on, To venge me as I may and to put forth

My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause. So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin

His jest will savour but of shallow wit, 295 When thousands weep more than did laugh

Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France; Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300 That may give furth'rance to our expedition:

For we have now no thought in us but France,

Save those to God, that run before our business.

Therefore let our proportions for these wars Be soon collected, and all things thought upon

That may with reasonable swiftness add More feathers to our wings; for, God before. We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

Therefore let every man now task his thought

That this fair action may on foot be brought. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire.

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies: Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man; They sell the pasture now to buy the horse. Following the mirror of all Christian kings With winged heels, as English Mercuries. 7 For now sits Expectation in the air,

And hides a sword from hilts unto the point With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets. Promis'd to Harry and his followers. The French, advis'd by good intelligence

Of this most dreadful preparation, Shake in their fear and with pale policy Seek to divert the English purposes. O England! model to thy inward greatness, Like little body with a mighty heart, What mightst thou do that honour would

thee do, Were all thy children kind and natural! But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men-

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third.

Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumber-

· land, Have, for the gilt of France-O guilt indeed !-

[Exeunt Ambassadors. And by their hands this grace of kings must die--

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

If hell and treason hold their promises, Ere he take ship for France-and in Southampton.

Linger vour patience on, and we'll digest Th' abuse of distance, force a play.

The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed, The King is set from London, and the scene

Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;

There is the play-house now, there must you sit,

And thence to France shall we convey you

And bring you back, charming the narrow

To give you gentle pass; for, if we may, We'll not offend one stomach with our play. But, till the King come forth, and not till

Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

Scene I. London. Before the Boar's Head

Tavern, Eastcheap. Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant

BARDOLPH. Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you

friends vet?

Nym. For my part, I care not; I say little, but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let't be so, good

Corperal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-

plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may; though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell. 25

Enter PISTOL and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good Corporal, be patient here.

Nym. How now, mine host Pistol! Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the term;

Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [Nym drows] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be Now we shall see wilful not drawn! adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal. offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland! Host. Good Corporal Nym. show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have

you solus.

Pist. 'Solus' egregious dog? O viper vile! The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face: The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat. And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty

mouth!

I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels; For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up. 50 And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason: you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if you would walk off I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape and doting death is near :

Therefore exhale. [Pistol draws. Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.

Pist. An oath of mickle might: and fury shall abate.

[Pistol and Nym sheathe their swords. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give; Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'
That is the word. I thee defy again. O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No: to the spital go,

And from the powd'ring tub of infamy Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her tertian that it is most lamentable to behold. espouse.

I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly

For the only she; and-pauca, there's enough.

Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master; and your hostess-he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Baid. Away, you rogue.

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come bome presently. [Executt Hostess and Boy. Bard. Come, shall I make you two We must to France together; friends?

why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for

food howl on! Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I

won of you at betting? Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push [Pistol and Nym draw.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

[Sheathes his sword. Bard, Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Prithee put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay:

And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.

I'll live by Nym and Nym shall live by me.

Is not this just? For I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. [Sheathing his sword] I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. [Shaking hands] Well, then, that's the humour of't. II3

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Under the sweet shade of your government.

Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; 120 His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good king, but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight: for. lambkins, we will live. Exeunt.

Scene II. Southampton. A councilchamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmore-LAND.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and bv.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves.

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

Crowned with faith and constant lovalty! Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend.

By interception which they dream not of. Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and clov'd with gracious favours-

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpels sound. Enter the King, Scroop. CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and Attendants.

King. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham.

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.

Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with Will cut their passage through the force of

France, Doing the execution and the act

For which we have in head assembled them? Scroop. No doubt, my hege, if each man

do his best. King. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence That grows not in a fair consent with ours: Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish

Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd

Than is your Majesty. There's not. I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of real. King. We therefore have great cause of thankful.ress.

And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner than quittance of desert and merit According to the weight and worthings. 35 Scroop. So service shall with swelled sinews toil.

And labour shall refresh itself with hope. To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We judge no less. Uncle of E ceter, Enlarge the man committed yesterday 40 That rail'd against our person. We consider For your own reasons turn into your It was excess of wine that set him on; And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but 100 much security.

Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest ex-

ample Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

King. O, let us yet be merciful!

Cam. So may your Highliess, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, You show great mercy if you give him life, After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wietch! If little faults proceeding on distemper Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eve

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care

And tender preservation of our person, Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:

Who are the late commissioners? Cam. I one, my lord.

Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day. Scroop. So did you me, my liege. Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

King. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, Sir Knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.

Read them, and know I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,

We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen What see you in those papers, that you lose Do botch and bungle up damnation

True: those that were your So much complexion? Look ye how thew change!

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read vou there

That have so cowarded and chaste your blood

Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault. And do submit me to your Highness' mercy. Grev, Scroop. To which we all appeal.

King. The mercy that was quick in us but late

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kıll'd. You must not dare, for shame, to talk of

meicv:

bosoms

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. See you, my princes and my noble peers, These English monsters? My Lord of Cambridge here-

You know how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appeitinents Belonging to his honour; and this man Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly

conspar'd,

And sworn unto the practices of France 90 To kill us here in Hampton; to the which This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou

Ingiateful, savage, and inhuman creature? Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels.

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold.

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy

May it be possible that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together, 105 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause That admiration did not whoop at them; But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in

Wonder to wait on treason and on murder; And whatsoever cunning fiend it was That wrought upon thee so preposterously Hath got the voice in hell for excellence; And other devils that suggest by treasons IIS

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being fetch'd

From glist'ring semblances of piety: But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand

Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee

thus Should with his lion gait walk the whole

world.

He might return to vasty Tartar back, And tell the legions 'I can never win A soul so easy as that Englishman's'. O, how hast thou with jealousy infected The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?

Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?

Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?

Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious? Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet.

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,

blood.

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest comple-

Not working with the eye without the ear, And but in purged judgment trusting neither?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem; And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot To mark the full-fraught man and best

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man. Their faults are open. Arrest them to the answer of the law; And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd.

And I repent my fault more than my death; Which I beseech your Highness to forgive, Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce.

Although I did admit it as a motive The sooner to effect what I intended; But God be thanked for prevention, Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice, Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160 Grey. Never did faithful subject more

rejoice

With patches, colours, and with forms, At the discovery of most dangerous treason Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself. Prevented from a damned enterprise.

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign. 164 Kmg. God quit you in his mercy! Hear

your sentence. You have conspir'd against our royal

person, Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death: Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter.

His princes and his peers to servitude, His subjects to oppression and contempt. And his whole kingdom into desolation. Touching our person seek we no revenge:

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender.

Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws

We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence.

Poor miserable wretches, to your death; The taste whereof God of his mercy give You patience to endure, and true repent-

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence. [Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof

Shall be to you as us like glorious. We doubt not of a fair and lucky war. Since God so graciously hath brought to

This dangerous treason, lurking in our way To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now

But every rub is smoothed on our way. Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver

Our puissance into the hand of God, 100 Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance; No king of England, if not king of France ! [Flourish. Exeunt.

Eastcheap. Before we Boar's SCENE III. Head lavern.

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth earn. Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up. For Falstaff he is dead,

And we must earn therefore. Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Pist. Let housewifery appear: kern close, I thee command. Host. Farewell: adieu. Exern.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

Host. Nav, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' th' tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets. and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end. I knew there was but one way: for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and babbl'd of green fields. 'How now, Sin John!' quoth I 'What, man, be o' good cheer.' So 'a cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God: I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to as knees, and so upward and upward, and

all was as cold as any stone. Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did. Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did, and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

him about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me

thy lips. Look to my chattels and my moveables; Let senses rule. The word is 'Pitch and

Pay'. Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes.

And Holdtast is the only dog, my duck. Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor. Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in

arms. Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys.

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck. Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth and march. Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her. Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu. 61

Scene IV. France. The King's balace.

ourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Flourish. BRITAINE, the CONSTABLE, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Britaine,

Of Brabant and of Oileans, shall make forth.

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,

To line and new repair our towns of war With men of courage and with means defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce As waters to the sucking of a gulf. It fits us, then, to be as provident As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English Upon our fields. My most redoubted father Dau. It is most meet we sim as 'gainst the a co

Boy. 'A said once the devil would have For peace itself should not so Leit a kingdom, Though war nor no known quarrel were to

question, But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let us do it with no show of fear-No, with no more than if we heard that

England Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance; For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd, Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, That fear attends her not.

O peace, Prince Dauphin! Con. You are too much mistaken in this king. 30 Question your Grace the late ambassadors With what great state he heard their

embassy, How well supplied with noble counsellors, How modest in exception, and withal How terrible in constant resolution, And you shall find his vanities forespent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly; As gardeners do with ordure hide those

That shall first spring and be most delicate. Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable:

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In cases of desence 'tis best to weigh The enemy more mighty than he seems: So the proportions of defence are fill'd: 45 Which of a weak and niggardly projection Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scant-

A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong; Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd. And, Princes, look you stre gly arm to He sends you this most memorable line. meet him.

The kindred of him liath been flesh'd upon

And he is bred out of that bloody strain That haunted us in our familiar paths. Witness our too much memorable shame When Cressy battle fatally was struck, And all our princes captiv'd by the hand 55 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales:

Whiles that his mountain sire-on mountain standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun-

Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him, Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60 The patterns that by God and by French fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England

Do crave admittance to your Majesty. Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go and bring them.

[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords. You see this chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dau. Turn head and stop pursuit; for coward dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign, Take up the English short, and let them know

Of what a monarchy you are the head. Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother of England? Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majesty:

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty, That you divest yourself, and lay apart The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven.

By law of nature and of nations, 'longs 80 In second accent of his ordinance. To him and to his heirs-namely, the crown,

But though we think it so, it is no matter. And all wide-stretched honours that pertain.

By custom and the ordinance of times. Unto the crown of France. That you may

'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim, 85 Pick'd from the worm-holes of longvanish'd days,

[Gives a paper.

In every branch truly demonstrative: Willing you overlook this pedigree. And when you find him evenly deriv'd From his most fam'd of famous ancestors. Edward the Third, he bids you then resign Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows? Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming. In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove. That if requiring fail, he will compel: And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord, Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy On the poor souls for whom this hungry war Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries.

The dead men's blood, the privy maidens' groans.

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers.

That shall be swallowed in this controversy. This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here, To whom expressly I bring greeting too. Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this

further: To-morrow shall you bear our full intent Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin: 115 I stand here for him. What to him from

England? Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard. contempt.

And anything that may not misbecome The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my king: an if your father's Highness Do not, in grant of all demands at large.

Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,

He'll call you to so hot an answer of it That caves and womby vaultages of France Shall chide your trespass and return your mock 124

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return.

It is against my will; for I desire Nothing but odds with England. To that

As matching to his youth and vanity, 130 I did piesent him with the Paris balls. Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake

Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe;

And be assur'd you'll find a difference, 131 As we his subjects have in wonder found, Between the promise of his greener days And these he masters now. Now he weighs

Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read

In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full. Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that

our king Come here himself to question our delay; And down goes all before them. Still be

For he is footed in this land already.

with fair conditions. A night is but small breath and little pause To answer matters of this consequence.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT THREE PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter CHORUS.

scene flies.

In motion of no less celerity

Suppose that you Than that of thought. have seen

The well-appointed King at Hampton pier Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet 5 With silken stieamers the young Phœbus fanning.

Play with your fancies: and in them behold Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;

Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give

To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails.

Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind, the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,

Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think You stand upon the rivage and behold A city on th' inconstant billows dancing; 15

For so appears this fleet majestical, Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy And leave your England as dead midnight

women.

Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissai ce ;

For who is he wnose chin is but enrich'd With one appearing hair that will not follow These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:

Behold the ordnance on their carriages, With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.

Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back;

Tells Harry that the King doth offer him Katharine his daughter, and with her to dowry

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms. The offer likes not; and the numble gunner With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[Alarum, and chambers go off. kind.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd And eke out our performance with your mind. IExit.

Scene I. France. Before Harfleur.

Enter the KING, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers with scaling-ladders.

King. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more:

Or close the wall up with our English dead. Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift In peace there's nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness and humility; But when the blast of war blows in our ears.

Then imitate the action of the tiger: Stiften the sinews, summon up the blood, Disguise fair nature with haid-favour'd rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; Let it pry through the portage of the head Like the brass cannon; let the brow

o'erwhelm it As fearfully as doth a galled rock O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean. Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit On, on, you noblest

To his full height. English, Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-

proof-Fathers that like so many Alexanders

Have in these parts from morn till even fought,

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

Be copy now to men of grosser blood, And teach them how to wai. And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear That you are worth your breeding—which I doubt not:

For there is none of you so mean and base That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start. The game's afoot: Fellow your spirit; and upon this charge try 'God for Harry, England, and Saint

George! ' [Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.

SCENE II. Before Harfleur.

Later NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pard. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Num. Pray thee, Corporal, stay; the I have not a case of lives. The humour of is s too hot; that is the very plain-song 1 17.

1'ist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound.

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die:

And sword and shield In bloody field

Deth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alchouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me, My purpose should not fail with me, 15 But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!

Driving them forward.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould. Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;

Abate thy rage, great duke. Good bawcock, bate thy rage. Use lenity, sweet chuck.

Nym. These be good humours. Your honour wins bad humours.

[Exeunt all but Boy. Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount For Bardolph, he is whiteliver'd and red-fac'd; by the means any mintary man in the world, in the

whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case. bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service: their villainv goes against my weak stemach, and therefore I must cast it up.

Re-enter Flublien, Gowla following.

Gow. Captain Fhiellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient. For, look you, th' athversary-you may discuss unto the Duke, look you-is digt himself four yard under the countermines; by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman-a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not? Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verity as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchiant wars, upon my particular directions. By Cheshu, knowledge of his directions. he will maintain his argument as well as

disciplines of the pristine wais of the Romai :.

Jan . I say gud day, Captain Fluellen. Flu. God-den to your worship, good

Captaii James.
Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! Have you quit the mines? Have the

pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la. tish ill done! The work ish give over, the trompet sound the ietreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris. I beseech von now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that

sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the Dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk and, be Chrish, do nothing. 'Tis shame for us all, so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere thesse eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or I'll lig i' th' grund for it; valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you

twav.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not 115

many / L your nation-

What ish my Mac. Of my nation? nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation?

Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war and in the derivation

Mac. I do not know you so good a man 77 as myself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Ah! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded. Gow. The town sounds a parley. Flu. Captain Macmoilis, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Before the gates of Harfleur.

Enter the Governor and some Citizens on the walls. Enter the KING and all his Train before the gates.

King. How yet resolves the Governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves

Or, like to men proud of destruction. Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a

soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me

If I begin the batt'ry once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart.

In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, mowing like

Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.

What is it then to me if impious war, 15 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends.

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me when you yourselves are cause.

If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20 Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil, 25 As send precepts to the Leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur.

Take pity of your town and of your people Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of

of my birth, and in other particularities. 124 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds

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KING HÉNRY THE FIFTH

Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy. If not—why, in a moment look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shricking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to
the walls;

Al

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whiles the mad mothers with their howls

confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of
Jewry 40

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. What say you? Will you rield, and this avoid?

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:

The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, 45

Returns us that his powers are yet not ready

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft menton, de sin.

mercy.

Alice. Oui.

Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; For we no longer are defensible. 50

King. Open your gates. [Exit Governor. Come, uncle Exetet,

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French; Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, The winter coming on, and sickness growing Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais. To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest 'To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.

Scene IV. Rouen. The French King's palace.

Enter KATHERINE and ALICE.

Kaih. Alice, tu as été en Angleteire, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelezvous la main en Anglais?

Alice. La main? Elle est appe ée de hand. Kaili. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écoher; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglas vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est for bon Anglais.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. D'elbow.

Kath. D'elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez; d'hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arma, de bilbow.

Alice, D'elbow, madame. Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie!

D'elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous pronoucez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleteire.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendie, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps. 37 Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà oubl. é ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: d'hand, de fingie, de mails—Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow. Alice. Sauf votre honneur, d'elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; d'elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. Le foot, madame; et le count. Kaih. Le foot et le count. O Seigneur Dieu! ils sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le count! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: d'hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le count.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allonsnous à dîner.

[Exeunt.

Scene V. The French King's palace.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Britaine, the Constable of France, and Others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. I rid if he be not fought withal, my! High dukes, great princes, barous, lords, "ard.

Let us put live in France: let us quit all, And giv our vineyards to a baibarous

prople.

Dau. C Dieu vivant! Shall a few sprays of us.

The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters?

Brit. Normans, but bastaid Normans, Norman bastards!

Mort Dea, ma vie! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom

To buy a slobb'ry and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they

this mettle? Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull; On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with flowns? Can sodden

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barleybroth.

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine.

Seem frosty? O. for honour of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields-

Poor we call them in their native lords!

Dau. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us and plainly say Our mettle is bred out, and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth 30 To new-store France with bastard warriors. Brit. They bid us to the English dancing-

schools And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos, Saying our grace is only in our heels

And that we are most lofty runaways. Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up, Princes, and, with spirit of honour edged

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;

You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of but I did see him do as gallant service. 15

Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpié, Roussi, and Fauconbridge,

Foix, Lestrake, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;

and knights. For your great seats now quit you of great

shames. nar Harry England, that sweeps through

our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harflem.

Rush on his host as doth the melted snow 50 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat The Alps doth spit and void his theum upon:

Go down upon him, you have power

enough, And in a captive chariot into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great, 55 Sorry am I his numbers are so tew. His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march:

For I am sure, when he shall see our army, He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,

And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60 Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montiov.

And let him say to England that we send To know what willing ransom he will give. Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty. Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.

Now forth, Lord Copstable and Princes all. And quickly bring us word of England's tall. IExeunt.

Scene VI. The English camp in Picardy Enter Captains, English and Welsh, Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! Come you from the bridge ?

Flu. I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe? Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not -God be praised and blessed!-any hurt in the world, but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the bridge—I think in my very conscience he is as valuant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world;

Gow. What do you call him? Flu. He is call'd Aunchient Pistol. Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

favours.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart.

And of buxom valour, hath by cruel fate And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel, That godde ... blind,

'That stands upon the rolling restless stone-

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which folls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be-

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free, And let not hemp his windpipe suffocat : But Exeter hath given the doom of death For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak—the Duke will hear thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut With edge of penny cord and vile reproach. Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee

requite. Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Aurchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship! 56

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit. Flu. Very good.

1ascal; I remember him now—a bawd, a cutpurse.

summer's day. But it is very well; what gamester is the soonest winner. he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself, at his return into London, under

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where services were done-at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in the phiase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths; and what a beard of the General's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower. I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind. [Drum within] Hark you, the King is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter the KING and his boor Soldiers, and GLOUCESTER.

God pless your Majesty! King. How now, Fluellen! Cam'st thou

from the bridge? Flu. Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to setire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge; I can tell your

Majesty the Duke is a prave man.

King, What men have you lost, Fluellen? Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great; marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church-one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

King. We would have all such offenders so cut off. And we give express charge that in our marches through the country Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none 61 of the French upbraided or abused in Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utt'red as prave disdainful language; for when lenity and words at the pridge as you shall see in a cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Moni. You know me by my habit. King. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mo it. Thus says my king. Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seem'd dead we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses his exchequer is too poor; for th' effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my king and master; so much my office. ISI

King. What is thy name? I know thy

quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now, But could be willing to maich on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth-

Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage— My people are with sickness much enfeebled;

My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have Almost no better than so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald.

I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus; this your air of France

Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.

Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk: My army but a weak and sickly guard; 750 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself and such another neighbour

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself. If we may pass, we will; if we be hind'red, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

Discolour; and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle as we are: Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it.

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So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness. [Ėλιt.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge, it now draws toward night;

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. The French camp near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, the DAUPHIN, with Others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the

world. Would it were day!
Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best house of Europe. Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans and my Lord King. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn High Constable, you talk of hoise and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca. ha! he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narmes de feu! When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk. He trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg. 10 Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world-familiar to us and unknown-to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus ' Wonder of nature '--

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to

one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then belike she was old and gentle: and you rode like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horse-

manship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me; then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a

iade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that,

if I had a sow to my mistress. Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier.' Thou mak'st use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin

to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night—are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away

Con. Ev'n as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall

be paved with English faces. Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for

twenty prisoners?

Can. You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

Day, 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself

Oil. The Dauphin longs for morning. Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills. Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's

gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France. Con. Doing is activity, and he will still

be doing.

Orl. He never did harm that I heard of. Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he

will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant. Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey. hooded valour, and when it appears it will

Oil. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship'.

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due '

Con. Well plac'd! There stands your fuend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil!'

Orl. You are the better at proverbs by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot'.

Con. You have shot over. Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground? Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentle-Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces. x36 Ram. That island of England breeds very

valuant creatures; their mastiffs are of Presenteth them unto the gazing moon unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples! You n.ay as well say that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just! and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel; they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly

out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock; but let me

see-by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time When creeping muimur and the poring dark

Fills the wide vessel of the universe. From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night.

The hum of either army stilly sounds. That the fix'd sentinels almost receive The secret whispers of each other's watch. Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face: Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents

The armourers accomplishing the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation. The country cocks do crow, the clocks do

toll. And the third hour of drowsy morning

name. Proud of their numbers and secure in soul, The confident and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice;

And chide the cupple tardy-gaited night 20 Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp So tediously away. The poor condemned

English, Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires Sit patiently and inly ruminate The morning's danger; and their gesture

Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats

So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent.

Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'

For forth he goes and visits all his host: Bids them good morrow with a modest smile.

And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.

Upon his royal face there is no note How dread an army hath enrounded him ; Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour Unto the weary and all-watched night: But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint With cheerful semblance and

majesty: That every wretch, pining and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:

A largess universal, like the sun, His liberal eye doth give to every one, Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all Behold, as may unworthiness define, A little touch of Harry in the night. And so our scene must to the battle fly;

Where-O for pity!-we shall much disgrace With four or five most vile and ragged foils,

Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous, The name of Agincouit. Yet sit and see. Minding true things by what their mock'ites

SCENE I. France. The English camb at Agincourt.

> Enter the KING, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

King. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger:

The greater therefore should our courage be. Good morrow, brother Bedford. Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil.

Would men observingly distil it out: For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers.

Which is both healthful and good husbandry.

Besides, they are our outward consciences And preachers to us all, admonishing That we should dress us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the weed, And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham: A good soft pillow for that good white head Were better than a churlish turf of France. Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,

Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king'. King. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eased; And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt

The organs, though defunct and dead before.

Break up their drowsy grave and newly

With casted slough and fresh legerity. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brother both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp Do my good morrow to them, and anon Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace? King. No, my good knight: Go with my brothers to my lords of England;

I and my bosom must debate awhile, And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [Exeunt all but the King. King. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou will. speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là? King. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me: art thou officer. Or art thou base, common, and popular? King. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40 King. Even so. What are you?

Emperor. King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock and a heart of gold.

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant. I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string I love the lovely bully. What is thy name? King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish crew?

King, No. I am a Welshman. Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

King. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about vours.

Pist. Art thou his friend? King. And his kinsman too. Pist. The figo for thee, then! Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. IExit. King. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept; if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wais, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobilety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience, now? Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you [Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.

King. Though it appear a little out of fashion.

There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers: JOHN BATES, ALEX-ANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder? Bates. I think it be; but we have no Pist. As good a gentleman as the great cause to desire the approach of day. Will. We see yonder the beginning of the King. Then you are a better than the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A friend. Will. Under what captain serve you?

King. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham. Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

King. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide. Bates. He hath not told his thought to

the King?

King. No; nor it is not meet he should. For though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the 60 like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason King. I thank you; God be with you! of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt,

be of the same relish as ours are; yet, in have on them the guilt of premeditated and reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it. should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a

many poor men's lives saved.

King. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds; methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quariel honourable. 127 Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Av. or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the King's subjects. It his cause be wrong, our obelience to the King wipes the

clime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make when all those legs and arms and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and ciy all 'We died at such a place '-- some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

King. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure

contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance: so that here men are punish'd for beforebreach of the King's laws in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared the death they have borne life away; and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impleties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wais do as every sick man in his bed—wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head-the King is

not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I myself heard the King say he

would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a pendous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the

time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if vou live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again? 205 King. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, of thine.

The intercissued robe of gold and pearl.

King. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after tomorrow, 'This is my glove', by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will

challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd. 215 King. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be

friends; we have French quarrels enow, if

you could tell how to reckon.

King. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper. [Exeunt Soldiers. Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, 227

Our children, and our sins, lay on the King! We must bear all. O hard condition,

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease

Must kings neglect that private men enjoy! And what have kings that privates have

Save ceremony—save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st

more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy com-

What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?

O Ceremony, show me but thy worth! 240

What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree, and

form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
24

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure! Thinks thou the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation? 250 Will it give place to flexure and low

bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream.

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose. I am a king that find thee; and I know 255 'ris not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp That beats upon the high shore of this

That beats upon the high shore of this world—

No, not all these, thruce gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, land in bed majestical, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell; But, like a lackey, from the rise to set Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn, Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse; And follows so the ever-running year 272

With profitable labour, to his grave. And but for ceremony, such a wietch, Winding up days with toil and nights with

sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king. The slave, a member of the country's peace, Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots What watch the king keeps to maintain the

peace 279
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

King. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:

I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [Exit. King. O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts.

Possess them not with fear! Take from them now 286
The sense of reck'ning, if th' opposed

numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day,
O Lord.

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault My father made in compassing the crown! I Richard's body have interred new, 201 And on it have bestowed more contrite tears

Than from it issued forced drops of blood; Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold

Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do; Though all that I can do is nothing worth, Since that my penitence comes after all, 300 Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Scene 11

Glo. My liege!

King. My brother Gloucester's voice?

Av: I know thy errand, I will go with thee; The day, my friends, and all things, stay for 1Exeunt

Scene II. The French camb.

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, Yond Island carrions, desperate of their my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! Varlet, laquais! Ha!

O.l. O brave spirit!

Dan. Via! Les eaux et la terre-Oit. Kien puis? L'air et le feu. Dau. Ciel ! cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!

service neigh!

their hides.

And dout them with superfluous courage,

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood? How shall we then behold their natural

tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattl'd, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant Princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold you poor and starved band, And your fair show shall suck away their souls.

Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands; Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins To give each naked curtle-axe a stain That our French gallants shall to-day draw

And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them. 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords, 25 That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants-

Who in unnecessary action swarm About our squares of battle-were enow To purge this field of such a hilding foe; Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30 Took stand for idle speculation-

But that our honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do,

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket sonance and the note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field

That England shall couch down in fear and vield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

bones.

Ill-favouredly become the morning field: 40 their ragged curtains poorly are let loose. And our air shakes there passing scornfully: Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps. The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks 45 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades

Con. Hark how our steeds for present Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips.

Day, Mount them, and make incision in The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eves.

That their hot blood may spin in English And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal'd

Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless:

And their executors, the knavish crows, Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour. Description cannot suit itself in words To demonstrate the life of such a battle In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender. And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon. To the field!

I will the banner from a trumpet take. And use it for my haste. Come, come, awav!

The sun is high, and we outwear the day. Exeunt.

SCENE III. The English camp.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, with all his Host; SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds. God bye you, Princes all; I'll to my charge. It we no more meet till we meet in heaven Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman-warriors all, adieu Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day :

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it For thou art fram'd of the firm truth o [Exit Salisbury valour.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work to-day!

What's he that wishes so? King. My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair

cousin; If we are mark'd to die, we are enow To do our country loss; and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; 25 It yearns me not if men my garments wear; Such outward things dwell not in my desires.

But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive.

No. faith, my coz, wish not a man from

England. God's peace! I would not lose so great an

honour As one man more methinks would share Without more help, could fight this royal from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made, And crowns for convoy put into his purse; We would not die in that man's company That fears his fellowship to die with us. This day is call'd the feast of Crispian. 40 He that outlives this day, and comes safe

home.

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd, And rouse him at the name of Crispian. He that shall live this day, and see old age, Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian'. 46 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,

And say 'These wounds I had on Crispian's day'.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember, with advantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our names.

Familiar in his mouth as household words-Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury Salisbury and

Gloucester-Be in their flowing cups fieshly rememb'red.

This story shall the good man teach his son: And Crispin Cuspian shall ne'ei go by. From this day to the ending of the world. But we in it shall be remembered-

We few, we happy few, we band brothers:

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother: be he re'er so vile. This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England now a-bed Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My soveriegn lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The Fiench are bravely in their battles set. And will with all expedience charge on us. King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

King. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will, my liege! would you and I alone.

battle!

King. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men:

Which likes me better than to wish us one. You know your places. God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee. King Harry,

f for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, Before thy most assured overthrow; or certainly thou art so near the gulf Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind Thy followers of repentance, that their souls May make beaceful and a sweet retire 86 rom off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

Who hath sent thee now? King. Mont. The Constable of France. King. I pray thee bear my former answer back:

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my! The leading of the vaward. bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor tellows thus?

The man that once did sell the hon's skin While the beast hv'd was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.

And those that leave their valuant bones in homme de honne qualité France,

dunghills,

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven, Leaving their earthly parts to choke your

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in

France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English. That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing

Break out into a second course of mischief, Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable We are but warriors for the working-day: Our gavness and our gilt are all besmirch'd With rainy marching in the painful field; There's not a piece of feather in our host-Good argument, I hope, we will not fly-And time hath worn us into slovenry.

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;

And my poor soldiers tell me yet ere night They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads

And turn them out of service. If they do this-

As, if God please, they shall-my ransom then

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour:

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:

They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;

Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them, Shall yield them little, tell the Constable. Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.

King, I fear thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg

King. Take it, brave York. Now,

soldiers, march away, And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The field of battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter French Soldier. PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

F1. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes le gentil-

Pist. Cality! Calen o custure me! Art Dying like men, though buried in your thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox. Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me 10 Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prennez miséricorde; ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountaingoat,

Offer'st me brass? Fr. Sol. O, pardonnez-moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French What is his name.

Boy. Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer. Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him-discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French tor fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy! Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns:

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword. Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentil-

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

homme de bonne maison. Gardez ma vie. et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life; he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I

The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il? Boy. Encore qu'il est contie son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et tiès distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of thinks—the most brave. one—as he valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.

Exit. Follow me. Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [Exit French Soldier] I did never know so tull a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. IExit.

Scene V. Another part of the field of battle. Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort Dieu, ma v.e! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

[A short alarum. O méchante fortune! Do not run away. Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! Let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at Commend my service to my sovereign'. dice for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die in honour: once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now. Let him go hence and, with his cap in hand Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog, His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field To smother up the English in our throngs, If any order might be thought upon. Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.

Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [Fxeunt.

Scene VI. Another part of the field.

Enter the KING and his Train. with Prisoners; EXETER, and Others.

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen;

But all's not done-yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

King. Lives he, good uncle? within this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;

From helmet to the spur all blood he was. Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side. Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds, The noble Earl of Suffolk also hes. Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yawn upon his face, He cries aloud 'Tarry, my cousin Suffolk. My soul shall thine keep company to

heaven; Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-

breast; As in this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our chivalry'. Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up;

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And, with a feeble grip, says 'Dear my lord.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

lips:

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me which I would have friend, Clertus. stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me. And all my mother came into mine eyes And gave me up to tears.

I blame you not: King. For, hearing this, I must perforce compound With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

Alarum. But, hark! what new alarum is this same? The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men.

Then every soldier kill his prisoners: Give the word through. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Another part of the field. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'Tis expressly against the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive: and the cowardly tascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter; besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great. Flu. Why, I pray you, is not 'pig' great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little

variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is call'd Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well;

He threw his wounded aim and kiss'd his -God knows, and you know-in his reges, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best

Gow. Our king is not like him in that . he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth eie it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and companisons of it; as Alexander kill'd his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly doublet; he was full of jests. and gipes, and knavenes, and mocks; I have lorgot his name.

Gow. Šir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth. Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alanum. Enter the KING. WARWICK. GLOUCESTER, EXECUTER, and Others, with Prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angly since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald, Ride thou unto the hoisemen on you! hill:

If they will fight with us, bid them come down Or void the field; they do offend our sight If they'll do neither, we will come to then And make them skiri away as swift as stenes

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have.

And not a man of them that we shall take Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTIOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French. my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

King. How now! What means this, herald? know'st thou not That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great King; I come to thee for charitable licence, That we may wander o'er this bloody field To book our dead, and then to bury them: To soit our noble, from our common men; For many of our princes-we the while !-Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:

for there is figures in all things. Alexander So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of plinces; and their wounded gage of one that I should fight withal, if he steeds 75

but fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage Yerk out their aimed heels at their dead masters.

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King, To view the field in safety, and dispose

O: then dead bodies!

I tell thee truly, herald, 80 King. I know not if the day be ours or no; For yet a many of your horsemen peer

And gallop o'er the field. The day is yours. Mont.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of

Agincourt, Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King. They did, Fluellen. 93
Flu. Your Majesty says very true; if your Majesties is remembried of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which your Maiesty know to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good country-

man.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash vour Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. Got pless it and preserve it as long as it pleases his Grace and his Majesty too!

King. Thanks, good my countryman. Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not he asham'd of your Majesty, praised be Got, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

Enter WILLIAMS.

King. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

King Soldier, why wear'st thou that Wear it myself, giove in thy cap?

Warwick:

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

be alive.

King. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this glove. I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap-which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive-I will strike it out soundly.

King. What think you, Captain Fluellen. is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else. an't please your Majesty, in my conscience. King. It may be his enemy is a gentle-

man of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the Devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

King. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live. King. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege. Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars. King. Call him hither to me, soldier. 746

Will. I will, my hege. IExit. King, Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap, when Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a triend to Alencon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects. I would tain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of

his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou Gower? Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you. King. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will letch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels; The glove which I have given him for a favour

[Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy. May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear. It is the soldier's: I, by bargain, should Follow, good cousin Warwick:

580

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word Some sudden mischief may arise of it; For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder And quickly will return an injury; 27 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt

Scene VIII. Before King Henry's pavilion Enter Gower and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, Captain I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him

Flu. 'Sblood, an airant traitor as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn? Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter the KING and EXETER.

King. How now! what's the matter? Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a trattor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove: here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is; I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony

and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

King. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike, And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in

the world.

King How canst thou make me satisfac-

tion?

Will. All offences, my loid, come from

the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

King. It was ourself thou didst abuse. 48 Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness pardon me.

King. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns.

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns;
And, Captain, you must needs be friends
with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly: hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I wairant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good, 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it. 70

Enter an English Herald.

King. Now, herald, are the dead numb'red?

Her. Here is the number of the slaught'red French. [Gives a paper. King. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to

the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt;
75

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King. This note doth tell me of ten
thousand French

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

That in the field lie slain; of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six; added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen.

Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights. So that, in these ten thousand they have

lost. There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality. The names of those their nobles that lie

dead: Charles Delabreth, High Constable France;

Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France; The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin;

John Duke of Alencon; Antony Duke of Heave him away Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy; 95 And Edward Duke of Bar. Of lusty earls, Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconbridge and Foix,

Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrake.

Here was a royal fellowship of death! Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another paper. Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk.

Sir Richard Kikely, Davy Gam, Esquire; None else of name; and of all other men But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here!

And not to us, but to thy arm alone, 105 Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem, But in plain shock and even play of battle, Was ever known so great and little loss On one part and on th' other? Take it, God.

For it is none but thine.

'Tis wonderful! 110 Exe. King. Come, go we in procession to the village;

And be it death proclaimed through our

To boast of this or take that praise from God

Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd? 116
King. Yes, Captain; but with this 116 acknowledgment.

That God fought for us.

good.

King. Do we all holy rites: Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum':

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay-And then to Calais; and to England then; Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story

That I may prompt them; and of such as have,

I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse Of time, of numbers, and due course of

things, Which cannot in their huge and proper life

Be here presented. Now we bear the King Toward Calais. Giant him there. There seen.

upon your winged thoughts Athwart the sea. Behold, the English

beach Pales in the flood with men, with wives.

and boys, Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deenmouth'd sea,

Which, like a nughty whitler, fore the King

Seems to prepare his way. So let him land, And solemily see him set on to London. So swift a pace bath thought that even now You may imagine him upon Blackheath: Where that his lords desire him to have

borne His bruised helmet and his bended sword Before him through the city. He forbids it, Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;

Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent, Quite from himself to God. But now behold In the quick forge and working-house of thought.

How London doth pour out her citizens! The mayor and all his brethren in best sort-

Like to the senators of th' antique Rome. With the plebeians swarming at their heels-

Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring Cæsar in:

As, by a lower but loving likelihood, Were now the General of our gracious

Empress-

As in good time he may-from Ireland coming,

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great Bringing rebellion broached on his sword. How many would the peaceful city quit

To welcome him! Much more, and much when God's will is. I will desire you to more cause.

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him-

As yet the lamentation of the French Invites the King of England's stay at home; The Emperor's coming in behalf of France To order peace between them; and omit All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40 Till Harry's back-return again to France. There must we bring him; and myself

have play'd The interim, by rememb'ring you 'tis past, Then brook abridgment; and your eyes

advance. After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.

Scene I. France. The English camp. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day

is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, ass my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, plagging knave, Pistol—which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits-he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt vesterday, look you, and bid me cat my leek; it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol I you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless vou!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Troyan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? 19 Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his

Flu. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him] Will you be so good, scald knave, as

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt die.

live in the meantime, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again] You call'd me yesterday mountainsquite; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek. 75
Gow. Enough, Captain, you have aston-

ish'd him.

Flu. I say I will make lam eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his rate four days. Bite, I play you, it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt. and out of question too, and amiguities. Pist. By this leek, I will most hornbly revenge—I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see I

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away : the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a great to heal your pate. Pist. Me a great!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall

take it; or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of 13 levenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God bye you, and keep you, and heal your IÉxit. pate.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this. you are a counterfeit Gow. Go, go; cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought. because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel; you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye [Exit. well.

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Nell is dead i' th' spital

Of malady of France; Flu. You say very true, scald knave— And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. IExit.

The French King's SCENE II. France. balace.

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER. WARWICK. Bedford. WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at KING, FRENCH OUEEN the PRINCESS KATHERINE. ALICE, and other Ladies; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes

Katherine.

royalty.

By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy. And, princes French, and peers, health to Losing both beauty and utility.

you all! Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold vour face.

Most worthy brother England: fairly met! So are you, princes English, every one. 11 Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother

England, Of this good day and of this gracious

meeting As we are now glad to behold your eyes-Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them.

Against the French that met them in their bent.

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks; The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality; and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

King. To cry amen to that, thus we aprear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love, Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours.

To bring your most imperial Majesties Unto this bar and royal interview, Your mightiness on both parts best can There is no answer made. witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd That face to face and toyal eye to eye 30 You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me If I demand, before this royal view, What rub or what impediment there is Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace.

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not in this best garden of the world. Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage? Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd!

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps. Corrupting in it own fertility. Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart. Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd. Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory, 45 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts

That should deracinate such savagery: The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

To our most fair and princely cousin The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover.

And, as a branch and member of this Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies. burs.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness: Even so our houses and ourselves and children

Have Inst. or do not learn for want of time. The sciences that should become our country:

But grow, like savages-as soldiers will, That nothing do but meditate on blood— 60 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire, And everything that seems unnatural. Which to reduce into our former favour

You are assembled: and my speech entreats

That I may know the let why gentle Peace Should not expel these inconveniences And bless us with her former qualities.

King. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the neace

Whose want gives growth to th' imperfec-

Which you have cited, you must buy that

With full accord to all our just demands: Whose tenours and particular effects You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet

King. Well then, the peace, 75 Which you before so urg'd, hes in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye O'erglanced the articles; pleaseth your Grace

To appoint some of your council presently To sit with us once more, with better heed To re-survey them, we will suddenly Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

King. Brother, we shall. Go. nacle Exeter.

And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester.

Warwick, and Huntington, go with the King;

And take with you free power to ratify, Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best Shall see advantageable for our dignity, Any thing in or out of our demands;

And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,

Go with the princes or stay here with us? Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:

Haply a woman's voice may do some good, When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on. King. Yet leave our cousin Katherine

here with us; She is our capital demand, compris'd Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[Exeunt all but the King, Katherine, and Alice.

Fair Katherine, and most fair, Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms Such as will enter at a lady's ear, And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me;

I cannot speak your England.

King. O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is like me.

King. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-11.

King. I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

tongues of men are full of deceits? Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is

be full of deceits—dat is de Princess. 120 King. The Princess is the better English-

woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for love the enemy of France, Kate, but in thy understanding: I am glad thou canst loving me you should love the friend of speak no better English; for if thou France; for I love France so well that I

couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plane king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you'. Then, if you uige me farther than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'taith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor measure, and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting mio my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my hoise for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my elsquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till 96 urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst for a a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eve be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier. If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die is true-but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou hy'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater: a rhyme is but a ballad. A good lee will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow. But a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon-tor it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou, then, to my King. What says she, fair one? that the love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

King. No, it is not possible you should

will not part with a village of it: I will visage. Now bestrew my father's ambition & have it all mine. And, Kate, when France He was thinking of civil wars when he got is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 175

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi-let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!-donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais

lequel je paile.

King. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English-Canst thou love

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon tres chèr et divin décase ?

Kath. Your Majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle

dat is en France.

King. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my find-faults—as I will do yours for upholding

me; therefore was I created with a stubboin outside, with an aspect of iron. that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax. the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty. can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst : and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress : take me by the hand and say 'Harry of England, I am thine'. Which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine. Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine '; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music—for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, Queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me? Kath. Dat is as it shall please de roi mon

King, Nay, it will please him well, Kate —it shall please him, Kate.

Kath, Den it sall also content me.

King. Upon that I kiss your hand, and

I call you my queen. Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une, notre seigneur, indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très

puissant seigneur. King. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate. 255 Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la

coutume de France.

King. Madam my interpreter, what says he?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le ladies of France-I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

King. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majestee entendre bettre que

King. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married. would she say?

Alice. Out, vraiment.

King. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to reat kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all

the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and yielding. [Kissing her] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Henry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the FRENCH POWER and the ENGLISH LORDS.

Bur. God save your Majesty! My 10yal cousin.

Teach you our princess English?

King. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

King. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign

King. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excus'd, my lord when they see not what they do.

King. Then, good my lord, teach your

cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids well summer'd and warm kept are like flies at Bartholomewtide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

King. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never ent'red.

King. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

King. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will. Fr. King. We have consented to all

terms of reason.

King. Is't so, my lords of England? West. The king hath granted every

article:

His daughter first; and then in sequel, all, 325 According to their firm proposed natures. Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your Majesty demands that the King of Fiance, having any occasion to write for matter of giant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, h éntier France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied

But your request shall make me let it pass. King. I pray you, then, in love and dear allıance.

Let that one article rank with the rest; And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from hei blood raise up Issue to me; that the contending king-

doms Of France and England, whose very shores

look pale With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair

France. Lords. Amen!

King. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. Flourish.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal

That never may ill office or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed

marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league ;

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

Englishmen,

Receive each other. God speak this Amen! All. Amen! King. Prepare we for our marriage; on

which day, My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,

And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to 364 me.

And may our oaths well kept and pros-[Sennet. Exeunt. p'rous be !

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable

Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,

In little room confining mighty men,

That English may as French, French Mangling by starts the full course of their glory. Small time, but, in that small, most greatly

lived This star of England. Fortune made his sword;

By which the world's best garden he achieved.

And of it left his son imperial lord. Henry the Sixth, in infant bands clown'd

king Of France and England, did this king

succeed; Whose state so many had the managing That they lost France and made his England bleed;

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, Basset, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction. and Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Gaolers, to Mortimer. Regent of France.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, DUKE OF EXETER, great-uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, and afterwards CARDINAL.

JOHN BEAUFORT, EARL OF SOMERSET. afterwards Duke.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards DUKE OF YORK.

EARL OF WARWICK. EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards EARL OF SHREWS-BURY.

JOHN TALBOT, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE. Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction. A Lawver.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

REIGNIER, DUKE OF ANJOU, and titular King of Naples.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENCON. BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son. General of the French Forces in Bordeaux. A French Sergeant.

A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called JOAN

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, English and French Attendants. Frends appearing to La Pucelle.

THE SCENE: England and France.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France, the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Protector, the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky And with them scourge the bad revolting

That have consented unto Henry's death! King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long I

England ne'er lost a king of so much worth. Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command;

His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings: His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful

More dazzled and drove back his enemies Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? His deeds exceed all speech:

He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered. Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive. Upon a wooden coffin we attend: And death's dishonourable victory We with our stately presence glorify, Like captives bound to a triumphant car. What! shall we curse the planets of mishap That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? Or shall we think the subtle-witted French Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him, By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

of kings: Unto the French the dreadful judgment-

So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30 The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought; The Church's prayers made him so pros-

churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd. None do you like but an effeminate prince, Whom like a school-boy you may overawe. Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou

art Protector And lookest to command the Prince and

realm.

More than God or religious churchmen may. Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st

the flesh: And ne'er throughout the year to church Give me my steeled coat; I'll fight for

thou go'st.

Except it be to pray against thy foes. Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your

minds in peace;

Let's to the altar. Heralds, wait on us. 45 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms, Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,

babes shall suck.

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, so And none but women left to wail the dead. Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate: Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils, Combat with adverse planets in the heavens.

A far more glorious star thy soul will make Than Julius Cæsar or bright-

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all !

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture: Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60 Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns

Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up? I must inform you of a dismal fight If Henry were recall'd to life again, These news would cause him once more: yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? What treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery, but want of men and

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King That here you maintain several factions: And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals:

One would have ling'ting wars, with little

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings: A third thinks, without expense at all, 76 Glo. The Church! Where is it? Had not By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility! Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot. Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away. Exe. Were our tears wanting to this

funcial. Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe These tidings would call forth their flowing

udes. Bed. Me they concern: Regent I am of France.

France.

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes! Wounds will I lend the French instead of eves.

To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.

When at their mothers' moist'ned eyes France is revolted from the English quite, Except some petty towns of no import. 91 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd: Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his

The Duke of Aknçon flieth to his side. Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach? Glo. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack I'll fight it out. Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness? An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,

Enter a third Messenger.

Wherewith already France is overrun.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments.

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,

66 Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Wm. What! Wherein Talbot overcame? Is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown.

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large. Amongst the soldiers this is muttered-70 The tenth of August last this dreadful lord, Retiring from the siege of Orleans, In Having full scarce six thousand in his troop, By three and twenty thousand of the French

Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men; 115
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out
of hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valuant Talbot, above human
thought,

Enacted wonders with his sword and lance: Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew-

The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms:

All the whole army stood agaz'd on him. His soldiers, spying his undaunted spiit, 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' cried out amain, And rush'd into the bowels of the battle. Here had the conquest fully been scal'd up If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.

He, being in the vaward—plac'd behind With purpose to relieve and follow them—Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke:

Hence grew the general wreck and massacre. Eaclosed were they with their enemies. 136 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's

grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? Then I will slay

myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 Mess. O no, he lives, but is took prisoner, 145 And Lord Scales with him, and Lord

Hungerford;
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.

Farewell, my masters; to my task will I; Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.

Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,

Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe op, quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint; The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude. Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to

Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly, Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take my leave 163
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste

To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[Exit. Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young

King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;

And for his safety there I'll best devise.

[Exit.

Win. [Aside] Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack out of office, 175. The King from Eltham I intend to steal, And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[Execunt.]

Scene II. France. Before Orleans.

Sound a flourish. Enter Charles the Dauphin, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with drum and Soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known. Late did he shine upon the English side; Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment but we have? 5 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans; Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts.

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves.

Either they must be dieted like mules 10

And have their provender tied to their mouths,

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear; Remaineth none but mad-brain*d Salisbury, 15

And he may well in fretting spend his gall— Nor men nor money hath he to make war. Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them. Now for the honour of the forlorn French Him I forgive my death that killeth me, ... When he sees me go back one foot or flee. (Exeunt.

Here alarum. They are beaten back by the English, with great toss. Re-enter CHARLES. ALENCON, and REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like? What men have I!

Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled

But that they left me midst my enemies. Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide; He fighteth as one weary of his life. The other lords, like hons wanting food. Do rush upon us as their hungry prev. Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours

records England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 30 During the time Edward the Third did ieign.

More truly now may this be verified; For none but Samsons and Gohases It sendeth forth to skirmish.

Lean raw-bon'd rascals! Who would e'er suppose

They had such courage and audacity? Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.

Of old I know them; rather with their

The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think by some odd gimmers or device

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on:

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do. By my consent, we'll even let them alone. Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome

Bast. Methinks your looks are sail, your cheer appall'd.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand. 50 A holy maid hither with me I bring. Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven, Ordained is to raise this tedious siege And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome: What's past and what's to come she can Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words.

For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard] But first, to try her skill. Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;

Question her proudly; let thy looks be stein;

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before. Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me. In private will I talk with thee apart. Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate. Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs And to sun's parching heat display'd my checks,

God's Mother deigned to appear to me. And in a vision full of majesty Will'd me to leave my base vocation And free my country from calamity-Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success. In complete glory she reveal'd herselt; And whereas I was black and swart before. With those clear rays which she infus'd on

That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible. And I will answer unpremeditated. My courage try by combat if thou dar'st, And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 40 Resolve on this: thou shalt be fortunate If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make-In single combat thou shalt buckle with me; And if thou vanquishest, thy words are

Otherwise I renounce all confidence. Puc. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,

side.

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's churchvard.

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth. Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live I'll ne'er fly from [Here they fight and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon.

And fightest with the sword of Deborah. Puc. Christ's Mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.

Impatiently I burn with thy desire; My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, Let me thy servant and not sovereign be. 'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love, For my profession's sacred from above. When I have chased all thy foes from hence, Then will I think upon a recompense. Char. Meantime look gracious on thy

prostrate thrall. Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in

talk. Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock:

Else ne'er could he so long protract his

speech. Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know: These women are shrewd tempters with

their tongues.

devise you on?

Shall we give o'er Orleans, or no? 125 Puc. Why, no, I say; distrustful recreants!

guard. Char. What she says I'll confirm; we'll

fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise. 130 Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars. Glory is like a circle in the water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself Till by broad spreading it disperse to

nought. With Henry's death the English circle ends Dispersed are the glories it included. Now am I like that proud insulting ship Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with dove?

hou with an eagle art inspired then. Helen, the mother of great Constantine. Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like

thee. Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the

eaith, may I reverently worship thee How

enough? Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours:

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try. Come, let's away about it.

No prophet will I trust if she prove false. 150 [Exeunt.

SCENE III. London. Before the Tower gates. Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his

Serving-men in blue coats. Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this

day; Since Henry's death, I fear, there is convey-

ance. Where be these warders that they wait not here?

Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls. Ward. [Within] Who's there that

knocks so imperiously? 1 Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester. 2 Ward. [Within] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 Serv. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 Ward. [Within] The Lord protect him! so we answer him.

Reig. My lord, where are you? What We do no otherwise than we are will'd. Glo. Who willed you, or whose will stands but mine?

There's none Protector of the realm but I. Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize. Fight till the last gasp; I will be your Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[Gloucester's men rush at the Tower gates, and Woodville the Lieutenant speaks within.

Wood. [Within] What noise is this? What traitors have we here? Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I

hear? Open the gates; here's Gloucester that

would enter. Wood. [Within] Have patience, noble

Duke, I may not open; The Cardinal of Winchester foibids.

From him I have express commandment 20 That thou nor none of thine shall be let in. Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest

him fore me? Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook!

Thou art no friend to God or to the King. 25 Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly. Lord Protector.

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower gates WINCHESTER and his Men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! What means this?

Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping produtor, And not Protector of the King or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,

Thou that contrived'st to murder our dead lord; Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot.

This be Dainascus; be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40 Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.

I'll use to carry thee out or this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee

to thy face. Glo. What! am I dar'd and bearded to m r face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place-Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware vour beard:

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly; Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat; In spite of Pope or dignities of church, 50 Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this For I intend to have it ere long. before the Pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry 'A rope, a rope!

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. Out, tawny-coats! Out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men: and enter in the hurly-burly the MAYOR of London, and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, Mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim. Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens: One that still motions war and never peace. Serving-men. Open the gates unto the O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;

That seeks to overthrow religion. Because he is Protector of the realm.

And would have armour here out of the Tower.

To crown himself King and suppress the Prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words. but blows.

[Here they skirmish again. May. Nought tests for me in this tumultuous strife

But to make open proclamation. Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst.

Cry. Off. [Cries] All manner of men assembled here in aims this day against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you, in his Highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of

death. Glo. Cardinal. I'll be no breaker of the law:

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth. But we shall meet and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we'll meet to thy cost. be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs if you will not away.

This Cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Glovcester, guard thy head,

[Excunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchester with their Servants.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

God, these nobles should such Good stomachs bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

Before Orleans. SCENE IV. France.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner of Orleans and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won. Boy. Father, I know; and off have shot at them.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. thou rul'd by me.

Chief master-gunner am I of this town; Something I must do to procure me grace. The Prince's espials have informed me How the English, in the suburbs close infrench'd.

Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars 10 ln yonder tower, to overpeer the city, And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault. To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;

And even these three days have I watch'd It I could see them. Now do thou watch, For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word; And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. 20

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. IExit.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets, with Sir William Glandsdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top. Tal. The Earl of Bedford had a prisoner Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles; For him was I exchang'd and ransomed. But with a baser man of arms by far 30 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me;

Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death

Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd. In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart;

Whom with my bare fists I would execute, If I now had him brought into my power. Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me 40
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the
ground
45

To hurl at the beholders of my shame; My grisly countenance made others fly; None durst come near for fear of sudden

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure; So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread 50 That they supposed I could rend bars of steel

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant; Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had That walk'd about me every munule-while; And if I did but stir out of my bed, 55 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Oileans:

Here, through this grate, I count each one
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.

Let us look in; the sight will much delight

Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale.

Let me have your express opinions Where is best place to make our batt'ry

next.

Gar. I think at the North Gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd.

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Here they shoot and Salisbury and Gargrave fall down.

Sat. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sumers!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury, at least, if thou canst speak.

How far st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck
of! 75

Accursed tower! accursed fatel hand
That hath contriv'd this wortul tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck
up,

80

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet lix'st thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace;

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive by It Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! Bear hence his body. I will help to bury it. Sir Thoinas Gargrave, hast thou any life? Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him. Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort.

Thou shalt not die whiles— He beckons with his hand and smiles on me, As who should say 'When I am dead and gone.

Remember to avenge me on the French'. Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero, os Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn. Wretched shall France be only in my name. [Here an alarum, and it thunders

what stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd.

A holy prophetess new risen up,

Is come with a great power to raise the siege. [Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan.

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd. 205 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you. Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish.

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 170 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [Alarum. Exeunt.

Scene V. Before Orleans.

Here an alarum again, and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN and driveth him. Then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal Where is my strength, my valour and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;

A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee.

Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee; Blood will I draw on thee—thou art a witch—

And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [Here they fight. Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of m courage,

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet. [They fight again Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come.

must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[A short alarum; then enter the

town with soldiers.
'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hungry starved men;

rielp Salisbury to make his testament. This day is ours, as many more shall be.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel:

know not where I am nor what I do. 20 A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal, Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists.

So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench

Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;

Now like to whelps we crying run away.

[A short alarum,
Hark, countrymen! Either renew the fight
Or tear the lions out of Forder when the fight

Or tear the lions out of England's coat; Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Here another skirmish.

It will not be—retire into your trenches.

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is ent'red into Orleans

In spite of us or aught that we could do.

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my
head. [Exit Taibot. Alarum; retreat,

SCENE VI. Orleans.

Flourish. Enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English.

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success ? 5 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens, That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess. Recover'd is the town of Orleans. More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state,

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town? Dauphin, command the citizens

bonfires

And feast and banquet in the open streets If underneath the standard of the French To celebrate the joy that God hath given us. Alen All France will be replete with

mirth and joy When they shall hear how we have play'd God is our fortress, in whose conquering

the men. Char 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day

is won: For which I will divide my crown with her; And all the priests and friars in my realm Shall in procession sing her endless praise. A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was. In memory of her, when she is dead, Her ashes, in an urn more precious Than the 11ch jewell'd coffer of Darius, Transported shall be at high festivals Before the kings and queens of France. No longer on Saint Denis will we cry. But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint. Come in, and let us banquet royally After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. Before Orleans.

Enter a French Sergeant and two Sentinels.

Sergt. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.

If any noise or soldier you perceive Near to the walls, by some apparent sign Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergt.] Thus are poor servitors,

When others sleep upon their quiet beds, Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy.

By whose approach the regions of Artois, Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to us, 10 This happy night the Frenchmen are secure, Having all day carous'd and banqueted; Embrace we then this opportunity, As fitting best to quittance their deceit,

Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery. Bed. Coward of France, how much he

wrongs his fame, Despairing of his own arm's fortitude, To join with witches and the help of hell! Bur. Traitors have never other company. But what's that Pucelle whom they term so

pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial! Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long.

She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:

name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks. Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess, That we do make our entrance several ways: That if it chance the one of us do fail

The other yet may rise against their force. Bed. Agreed; I'll to youd corner. Bur.

And I to this. Tal. And here will Talbot mount or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right Of English Henry, shall this night appear How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the walls and cry ' Saint George! a Talbot!' Sent. Arm! arm! The enemy doth make assault.

The French leap o'er the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENCON, REIGNIER, half ready and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? What, all unready so?

Bast. Unready! Ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds.

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors. Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous or desperate than this. 45 Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend? At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail, Or will you blame and lay the fault on me? Improvident soldiers! been good

fall'n.

default 60

That, being captain of the watch to-night Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept

As that whereof I had the government, 64 We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd. Bast. Mine was secure.

And so was mine, my lord. Reig. Char. And, for myself, most part of all

this night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct I was employ'd in passing to and fro

About relieving of the sentinels.

Then how or which way should they first break in? Puc. Question, my lords, no further of

the case, How or which way; 'tis sure they found

some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and

dispers'd, And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying A Talbot! A Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword; For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80 Using no other weapon but his name.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the town. Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and Others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth. Here sound retreat and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury And here advance it in the market-place, 5 The middle centre of this cursed town. Now have I paid my vow unto his soul; For every drop of blood was drawn from

There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold What ruin happened in revenge of him, Within their chiefest temple I'll erect A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd;

Had your watch Upon the which, that every one may read. Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans, 15 This sudden mischief never could have The treacherous manner of his mournful death,

Char. Duke of Alencon, this was your And what a terror he had been to France. But, lords, in all our bloody massacre.

I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc.

Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Rous'd on the sudden from ...eir drowsy beds.

They did amongst the troops of aimed men Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field, 25

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern For smoke and dusky vapours of the night. Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull. When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves That could not live asunder day or night. After that things are set in order here, We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts 35 So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown, By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe

To visit her poor castle where she lies. That she may boast she hath beheld the

Whose glory fills the world with loud report. Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport. When ladies crave to be encount'red with. You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory. Yet hath a woman's kindness overrul'd: 50 And therefore tell her I return great thanks And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company? Bed. No, truly; 'tis more than manners will;

And I have heard it said unbidden guests Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,

598

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. Come hither, Captain. [Whispers! You perceive my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Auvergne. The castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge:

And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

TExit. Count. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit

As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death. Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight, And his achievements of no less account. Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine

To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd.

By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbor come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France? 15 Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seen some Hercules, A second Hector, for his grim aspect And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf! It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure. I'll sort some other time to visit you.

[Going. whither he goes.

lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief.

I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! To whom?

Count.

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to

For in my gallery thy picture hangs;

But now the substance shall endure the like And I will chain these legs and arms of thine

That hast by tyranny these many years 40 Wasted our country, slain our citizens, And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? Thu muth shall turn to moan. . il. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond To think that you have aught but Talbot's

shadcw

Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man? I am indeed. Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself. You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see is but the smallest part And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,

It is of such a spacious lofty patch Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't. Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce:

He will be here, and yet he is not here. How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently. 60

Winds his horn; drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? Are you now persuaded

That Talbot is but shadow of himself? These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks. Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns.

And in a moment makes them desolate. Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my And more than may be gathered by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,

For I am sorry that with reverence I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster

The mind of Talbot as you did mistake The outward composition of his body. What you have done hath not offended me. Nor other satisfaction do I crave

To me, blood-thirsty lord: But only, with your patience, that we may

have.

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. The Temple garden.

Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth? Suf. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud:

The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth:

Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error? Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the

And never yet could frame my will to it; And therefore frame the law unto my will. Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth:

Between two blades, which bears the better

temper; Between two horses, which doth bear him best:

Between two girls, which hath the merriest

I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment:

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law, Good faith. I am no wiser than a daw.

Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:

The truth appears so naked on my side 20 That any purblind eye may find it out. Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd.

So clear, so shining, and so evident, That it will glimmer through a blind man's

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.

Let him that is a true-born gentleman And stands upon the honour of his birth, If he suppose that I have pleaded truth, From off this brier pluck a white rose with

me. Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth, Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Taste of your wine and see what cates you Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery, I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,

And say withal I think he held the right. Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and

pluck no more Till you conclude that he upon whose side The fewest roses are cropp'd from the

tree Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence. Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here. Giving my verdict on the white rose side. Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off.

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose

And fall on my side so, against your will. Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed. Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt

And keep me on the side where still I am. Som. Well, well, come on; who else? 55 Law. [To Somerset] Unless my study and my books be false,

The argument you held was wrong in you: In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that

Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet. 'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

600

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in m hand,

I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong's him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,

Third son to the third Edward, King o England.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's

privilege,

Or durst not for his craven heart say thus

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of
Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And by his treason stand'st not thou

attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood; And till thou be restor'd thou art a yeoman. Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripened to my will. For your partaker Pole, and you yourself, I'll note you in my book of memory 101 To scourge you for this apprehension. Look to it well, and say you are well

warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;

And know us by these colours for thy foes— For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, Will I for ever, and my faction, wear, Until it wither with me to my grave, rro Or flourish to the height of my degree. Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy

ambition!

And so farewell until I meet thee next.

[Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Faiewell ambitious Richard. [Exit. Plan. How I am biav'd, and must per-

force endure it! 115 War. This blot that they object against

your house Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament, Call'd for the truce of Winchester and

Gloucester; And if thou be not then created York, I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee, Against proud Somerset and William Pole.

Against proud Somerset and William Pole, Will I upon thy party wear this lose; And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day, Grown to this faction in the Temple

Garden, Table Shall send between the Red Rose and the White

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

130

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

Scene V. The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants
death.

Nestor-like aged in an age of care, Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening
grief,

And pithless arms, like to a withered vine That droops his sapless branches to the ground.

Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay, Swift-winged with desire to get a grave, 15 As witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;

60I

satisfied.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign.

Before whose glory I was great in arms, This loathsome sequestration have I had; And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd.

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.

But now the arbitrator of despairs,

Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries, With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd, That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd, Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes. Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace lus neck

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp. O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks, That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. 40 And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease. This day, in argument upon a case, Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:

Among which terms he us'd his lavish tonzue

And did upbraid me with my father's death; Which obloquy set bais before my tongue, Else with the like I had requited him. Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake, In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance sake, declare the cause My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head. Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me

And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth

Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine, Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess. Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit

And death approach not ere my tale be Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king. 602

And answer was return'd that he will come. Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son. Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be The first-begotten and the lawful heir 65 Of Edward king, the third of that descent: Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal During whose reign the Percies of the north.

> Finding his usurpation most unjust. Endeavour'd my advancement to the

throne.

The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this Was, for that---young Richard thus

remov'd. Leaving no heir begotten of his body-I was the next by birth and parentage: For by my mother I derived am

From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son 75 To King Edward the Third; whereas he From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigiee,

Being but fourth of that heroic line. But mark: as in this haughty great attempt

They laboured to plant t e rightful heir, 80 I lost my liberty, and they their lives. Long after this, when Henry the Fifth, Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did

reign, Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then

deriv'd From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of

Marrying my sister, that thy mother was, Again, in pity of my hard distress, Levied an army, weening to redeem And have install'd me in the diadem ; But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl. 90 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,

In whom the title rested, were suppress'd. Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have.

And that my fainting words do warrant death. Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee

gather; But yet be wary in thy studious care. Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail

with me. But yet methinks my father's execution Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100 Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou

politic; Strong fixed is the house of Lancaster And like a mountain not to be remov'd. But now thy uncle is removing hence,

As princes do their courts when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, would some part of my young years

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will And for thy 1.0

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good: Only give order for my funeral. And so, farewell; and fair be all thy hopes.

And prosperous be thy life in peace and

wart Dies Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage, And like a hermit overpass'd thy days. Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast, And what I do imagine, let that rest. 110 Keepers, convey him hence; and I mivself Will see his burnal better than his life.

> [Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer. Chok'd with ambition of the meaner soit: And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries, Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house, I doubt not but with honour to rediess; And therefore haste I to the Parliament, Either to be restored to my blood, Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. IExit.

ACT THREE

Scene I. London. The Parliament House.

Enter the King, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others Gloucester offers to put up a bill: Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premed:tated lines.

With written pamphlets studiously devis'd? Humphrey of Gloucester, if thou canst Touching thy spiritual function, not thy accuse

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge, Do it without invention, suddenly;

As I with sudden and extemporal speech Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest, this place commands my patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.

No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a most pernicious usurer; Froward by nature, enemy to peace; Lascivious. wanton, more than beseems

A man of thy profession and degree;

treachery, what's more manifest-

In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life, As well at London Bridge as at the Tower? Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

The King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt

From envious malice of thy swelling heart. Win. Gloucestei, I do defy thee. Lords. vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply. If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse, As he will have me, how am I so poor? 30 Or how haps it I seek not to advance Or raise myself, but keep my wonted

calling?

And for dissension, who preferreth peace More than I do, except I be provok'd? No, my good lords, it is not that offends; 35 It is not that that hath incens'd the Duke: It is because no one should sway but he: No one but he should be about the King; And that engenders thunder in his breast And makes him roar these accusations forth.

But he shall know I am as good--As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Av. lordly sir; for what are you. I pray,

But one imperious in another's throne? Clo. Am I not Protector, saucy priest ? 45 Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps, And useth it to patronage his theft. Win. Unreverent Gloucester!

Glo. Thou art reverend

life. Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then. Som. My lord, it were your duty to

forbear. War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne. Som. Methinks my lord should

religious, And know the office that belongs to such. 55 War. Methinks his lordship should be

humbler:

It fitteth not a piclate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his hely state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what or that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King? 60 Plan. [Aside] Plantagenet, I see, must

hold his tongue, Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should:

well Must your bold veidet enter talk with lords?'

20 Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

chester. The special watchmen of our English weal, I would prevail, if prayers might prevail.

To join your hearts in love and amity. O. what a scandal is it to our crown That two such noble peers as ye should jar! Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell Civil dissension is a viperous worm That gnaws the bowels of the common-

wealth.

[A noise within: Down with the tawny coats.

What tumult's this?

An uproar, I dare warrant, Begun through malice of the Bishop's men. IA noise again: Stones! Stones!

Enter the MAYOR of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,

Pity the city of London, pity us! The Bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's

Forbidden late to carry any weapon, Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble

stones And, banding themselves in contrary parts, Do pelt so fast at one another's pate That many have their giddy brains knock'd

Our windows are broke down in every street.

And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops. 85

Enter in skirmish, the Retainers of Gloucester and Winchester, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself.

To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife. 1 Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [Skirmish again. Glo. You of my household, leave this

peevish broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside. 3 Serv. My lord, we know your Grace to be a man

Just and upright, and for your royal birth Inferior to none but to his Majesty; And ere that we will suffer such a prince. So kind a father of the commonweal, To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate. We and our wives and children all will fight And have our bodies slaught'red by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our

Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin again.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Win- And if you love me, as you say you do, Let me persuade you to forbear awhile. 105 King. O, how this discord doth afflict my

soul!

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold My sighs and tears and will not once relent? Who should be pitiful, if you be not? Or who should study to prefer a peace, 110 If holy churchmen take delight in broils? War. Yield, my Lord Protector; yield.

Winchester;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder too, Hath been enacted through your enmity:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood. Win. He shall submit, or I will never

Glo. Compassion on the King commands

me stoop. Or I would see his heart out ere the priest Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the Duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury, As by his smoothed brows it doth appear: Why look you still so stern and tragical? 125 Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my

hand. King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard

you preach That malice was a great and grievous sin: And will not you maintain the thing you teach.

But prove a chief offender in the same? War. Sweet King! The Bishop hath a kindly gird.

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent; What, shall a child instruct you what to do? Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give. Glo. [Aside] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart .-

See here, my friends and loving countrymen:

This token serveth for a flag of truce Betwixt ourselves and all our followers. So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [Aside] So help me God, as I intend it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract! Away, my masters! trouble us no more: But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's. 2 Serv. And so will I.

3 Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[Exeunt Servanis, Mayor, &c.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious Which in the time of Henry nam'd the sovereign: 140 Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick : for, sweet prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance. Especially for those occasions

At Eltham Place I told your Majesty. King. And those occasions, uncle, were of

force: Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is

That Richard be restored to his blood. War. Let Richard be restored to his

blood: So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd. Win. As will the rest, so willeth Win-

chester. King. If Richard will be true, not that

alone But all the whole inheritance I give That doth belong unto the house of York. From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience

And humble service till the point of death. King. Stoop then and set your knee against my toot;

And in reguerdon of that duty done I girt thee with the valiant sword of York. Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet. And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy toes may tall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they 175 That grudge one thought against your Majesty!

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of York!

Som. [Aside] Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of York!

Glo. Now will it best avail your Majesty To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:

The presence of a king engenders love Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends, As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes. 185 Glo. Your ships already are in readiness. [Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France.

Not seeing what is likely to ensue. This late dissension grown betweet the peers Burns under teigned ashes of forg'd love 1.0 And will at last break out into a flame; As fest'red members rot but by degree Tall bones and flesh and sinews fall away, So will this base and envious discord breed. And now I fear that fatal prophecy

Fifth

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe: That Henry born at Monmouth should win

And Henry born at Windsor should lose all. Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish You have great reason to do Richard right; His days may finish ere that hapless time.

Scene II. France. Before Roven.

Enter LA PUCELLE disguis'd, with four Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen.

Through which our policy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words:

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men That come to gather money for their corn. 5 If we have entrance, as I hope we shall, And that we find the slothful watch but

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends. That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen: Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

Watch. [Within] Qui est là? Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France-Poor market-folks that come to sell their

corn. Watch. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. ILa Pucelle, &c., enter the town.

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!

And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen. Bast. Here ent'red Pucelle and her practisants:

Now she is there, how will she specify Here is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

Which once discern'd shows that her meaning is-

No way to that, for weakness, which she ent'red.

Enter LA PUCELLE, on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding

That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,

605

But burning fatal to the Talbotites, [Exit. Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend:

The burning torch in yonder turret stands. Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes! dangerous ends:

Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently, And then do execution on the watch. [Alarum, Exeunt.

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress, Hath wrought this hellish mischief un-

That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

An alarum; excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without; within, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! Want ye corn for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of darnel—do you like the taste? Bur. Scoft on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan.

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? Break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair? Tal. Foul fiend of France and hag of all despite,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours, Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age 54 And twit with cowardice a man half dead? Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again, Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. [The English party whisper together in council.

God speed the parliament! Who shall be the Speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate. But unto thee, Alencon, and the rest. Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out? Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signioi, hang! Base muleteers of France!

Defer no time, delays have Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. Puc. Away, captains! Let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks. God b'uy, my lord; we came but to tell vou

That we are here. [Exeunt from the walls. Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame! Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house. Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,

Either to get the town again or die; And I, as sure as English Henry lives And as his father here was conqueror, As sure as in this late-betrayed town Great Cœur-de-hon's heart was buried-So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy yows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince, The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my

lord. We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickness and for crazy age. Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour

Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,

And will be partner of your weal or woe. Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read

That stout Pendragon in his litter sick 95 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes. Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! Then be it so. Heavens keep old Bedford safe!

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy, But gather we our forces out of hand And set upon our boasting enemy.

[Exeunt against the town all but Bedford and attendants.

An alarum; excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? To save myself by flight:

We are like to have the overthrow again. Cap. What! Will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast.

All the Talbots in the world, to save my Cab. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow

[Exit into the town. thee! Retreat: excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENcon, and CHARLES fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow. What is the trust or strength of foolish

scoffs

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Bedford dies and is carried in by two in his chair.

An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY.

and the Rest. Tal. Lost and recovered in a day again! This is a double honour, Burgundy. Yet heavens have glory for this victory! Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Bur-

gundy

Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments. 120 Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old tamiliar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What, all amout? Rouen hangs her head for grief

That such a valiant company are fled. 125 Now will we take some order in the town, Placing therein some expert officers; And then depart to Paris to the King,

For there young Herry with his nobles lie. Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd, But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen. A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court; 135 But kings and mightiest potentates must die.

For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The blains near Rouen. Enter Charles, the Bastard, Alencon, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,

Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered. Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedied. Let trantic Talbot triumph for a while s And like a peacock sweep along his tail; We'll pull his plumes and take away his train.

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd. Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,

And of thy cunning had no diffidence: 18 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies.

And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place.

They that of late were daring with their And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint.

Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our

good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sug'red words,

We will entice the Duke of Burgundy

To leave the Talbot and to follow us. Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors; Nor should that nation boast it so with

But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'u from France.

And not have title of an earldom here. Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work

To bring this matter to the wished end. [Drum sounds afar off.

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive

Their powers are marching unto Paris-

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,

And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and his Forces.

Now in the rearward comes the Duke and his.

Fortune in favour makes him lag behind. Summon a parley; we will talk with him. [Trumpets sound a parley.

Char. A parley with the Duke of Bur-

gundy! 36 Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious. Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd 45 By wasting ruin of the cruel foe; As looks the mother on her lowly babe When death doth close his tender dying

See, see the pining malady of France: Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds.

Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.

O, turn thy edged sword another way; Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears, And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent. Put. Besides, all French and France

exclaims on thee, Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny. Who join'st thou with but with a lordly

That will not trust thee but for profit's

sake? When Talbot hath set footing once in France.

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill. 65 Who then but English Henry will be lord, And thou be thrust out like a fugitive? Call we to mind-and mark but this for proof:

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe? And was he not in England prisoner? But when they heard he was thine enemy They set him free without his ransom paid, In spite of Burgundy and all his friends. See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-

Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;

Charles and the rest will take thee in their aims.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers Have batt'red me like roaring cannon-shot We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury:

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Bur, What say'st thou, Charles? for I am And made me almost yield upon my knees. Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace. My forces and my power of men are yours: So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thec.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman-[Aside] turn and turn again.

Char. Welcome, brave Duke! Thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this.

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Paris. The balace.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester. YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK. EXETER, VERNON, BASSET, and Others. To them, with his Soldiers, TALBOT.

Tal. My gracious Prince, and honourable

peers, Hearing of your arrival in this realm. I have awhile given truce unto my wars To do my duty to my sovereign;

In sign whereof, this arm that hath reclaim'd

To your obedience fifty fortresses. Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,

Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, Lets fall his sword before your Highness'

And with submissive loyalty of heart Ascribes the glory of his conquest got First to my God and next unto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,

That hath so long been resident in France? Glo. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young, as yet I am not old, I do remember how my father said

A stouter champion never handled sword. Long since we were resolved of your truth, Your faithful service, and your toil in war;

Yet never have you tasted our reward, 22 Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,

Because till now we never saw your face. Therefore stand up; and for these good deserts

And a our coronation take your place. [Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.

Vel. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble Lord of York-Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes. sir; as well as you dare patronage

The envious barking of your saucy tongue Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is. 35 Bas. Why, what is he? As good a man as York!

Ver. Hark ye: not so. In witness take

ve that. [Strikes him. Villain, thou knowest the law of Bas. arms is such

That whose draws a sword 'tis present death.

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his Majesty and crave I may have liberty to venge this wrong; When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as vou:

And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Paris. The balace.

Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the GOVERNOR of Paris, and Others.

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the Sixth!

Glo. Now, Governor of Paris, take your [Governor kneels. oath-That you elect no other king but him, Esteem none friends but such as are his

friends, And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state. This shall ye do, so help you rightrous God!

[Exeunt Governor and his Train.

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To haste unto your coronation, TO A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee !

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next

To tear the Garter from thy craven's leg. 15 [Plucking it off.

Which I have done, because unworthily Thou wast installed in that high degree. Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest: This dastard, at the battle of Patay, When but in all I was six thousand strong. And that the French were almost ten to one, Before we met or that a stroke was given, Like to a trusty squire did run away;

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men:

Myself and divers gentlen en beside Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners. Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss, Or whether that such cowards ought to wear This ornament of knighthood- en or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was ınfamous з¢

And ill beseeming any common man, Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When mist this order was ordain'd. my lords,

Knights of the Garter were of noble birth, Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars; Not fearing death nor shrinking for distress, But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort Doth but usurn the sacred name of knight. Profaning this most honourable order, 12 And should, if I were worthy to be judge, Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain That doth presume to boast of gentle blocd.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom.

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. [Exit Fastolje.

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter

Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. [Viewing the superscription] What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?

No more but plain and bluntly 'To the King'!

Hath he torgot he is his sovereign? Or doth this churlish superscription Pretend some alteration in good-will?
What's here? [Reads] 'I have, upon especial cause,

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints Of such as your oppression feeds upon. Forsaken your pernicious faction.

And join'd with Charles, the rightful King In confutation of which jude reproach of France.'

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so— I crave the benefit of law of arms. That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

ling guile?

King. What! Doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

contain? Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he

writes. King. Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him

And give him chastisement for this abuse. How say you, my lord, are you not content? Tal. Content, my liege! Yes; but that I

am prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd. King. Then gather strength and march

unto him straight: Let him perceive how ill we brook his

treason. And what offence it is to flout his friends. 75

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble Princé.

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, Presumptuous favour him.

King. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.

exclaim.

And wherefore crave you combat, or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him: for he hath done me wrong. King. What is that wrong whereof you

both complain? First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue.

Upbraided me about the rose I wear, Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves Did represent my master's blushing cheeks When stubbornly he did repugn the truth About a certain question in the law Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him; With other vile and ignominious terms—

60 And in defence of my lord's worthiness.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord: There should be found such false dissemb- For though he seem with forged quaint concert

To set a gloss upon his bold intent. Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him. And he first took exceptions at this badge. Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower King. Is that the worst this letter doth Bewray'd the faintness of my master's

heart. York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out, Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. King. Good Lord, what madness rules in

brainsick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause Such factious emulations shall arise! Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace. York. Let this dissension first be tried by

And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us

alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then. York. There is my pledge; accept it. Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord. Glo. Confirm it so? Contounded be your strife:

And perish ye, with your audacious prate! vassals. are vou asham'd

With this immodest clamorous outrage To trouble and disturb the King and us? Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus And you, my lords-methinks you do not well

To bear with their perverse objections. Much less to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves. Let me persuade you take a better course. Exe. It grieves his Highness. Good my

lords, be friends. King. Come hither, you that would be

combatants: Henceforth I charge you, as you love our

favour, Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause. And you, my lords, remember where we are:

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissension in our looks And that within ourselves we disagree, 140 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise When foreign princes shall be certified That for a toy, a thing of no regard, King Henry's peers and chief nobility Destroy'd themselves and lost the realm of

O, think upon the conquest of my father, But My tender years: and let us not torgo

blood ! Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife. I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose. That any one should therefore be suspicious I more incline to Somerset than York: Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.

As well they may upbraid me with my crown.

Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade Than I am able to instruct or teach; And, therefore, as we hither came in peace, So let us still continue peace and love. Cousin of York, we institute your Grace To be our Regent in these parts of France. And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot:

And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together and digest Your angry choler on your enemies. Ourself, my Lord Piotector, and the rest, After some respite will return to Calais; 170 From thence to England, where I hope ere long

To be presented by your victories With Charles, Alencon, and that traitorous

[Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon. War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the King

Prettily, methought, did play the orator. York. And so he did; but yet I like it

In that he wears the badge of Somerset. War. Tush, that was but his fancy; blame him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did-but let it rest; Other affairs must now be managed. [Exeunt all but Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:

For had the passions of thy heart burst out, I fear we should have seen decipher'd there More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

Than vet can be imagin'd or suppos'd. But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees

This jairing discord of nobility, This shouldering of each other in the court. This factious bandying of their favourites, But that it doth presage some ill event. 'Tis much when scepties are in children's hands:

more when envy breeds unkind division: That for a trifle that was bought with There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

Scene II. France. Before Bordeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with trump and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux. trumpeter: Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, aloft, the General of the French, and Others.

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,

Servant in aims to Harry King of England; And thus he would-Open your city gates, Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours And do him homage as obedient subjects, And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;

But if you frown upon this profter'd peace, You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire:

Who in a moment even with the earth Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers.

It you forsake the offer of their love. Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,

Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge! The period of thy tyranny approacheth. On us thou canst not enter but by death; For, I protest, we are well fortified, And strong enough to issue out and fight. 20 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed, Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee. On either hand thee there are squadrons

pitch'd To wall thee from the liberty of flight, And no way canst thou turn thee for redress But death doth front thee with apparent spoıl

And pale destruction meets thee in the face. Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacra-

To rive their dangerous artillery Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valuant man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit! This is the latest glory of thy praise That I, thy enemy, due thee withal; For ere the glass that now begins to run 35 Finish the process of his sandy hour,

These eyes that see thee now well coloured To Bordeaux, warlike Duke! to Beragaux, Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead. |Drum afar off.

Hark! hark! The Daupnin's drum, a warning bell.

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; 40 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. [Exit General.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy. Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.

O, negligent and heedless discipline! How are we park'd and bounded in a pale-A little herd of England's timorous deer, Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs! It we be English deer, be then in blood: Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch, But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,

Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay. Sell every man his life as dear as mine, And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.

God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right.

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.

Scene III. Plains in Gascony.

YORK, with trumpet and many Soldiers. A Messenger meets him.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out

That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power

To fight with Talbot; as he march'd along, By your espials were discovered Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,

Which join'd with him and made their march for Bordeaux.

A plague upon that villain Somerset

That thus delays my promised supply to Of horsemen that were levied for this siege! Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid. And I am louted by a traitor villain And cannot nelp the noble chevalier. God comfort him in this necessity! If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Thou princely leader of our Lucy. English strength.

Never so needful on the earth of France. Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot. Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20 And hemm'd about with grim destruction. York!

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart

Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place !

So should we save a valiant gentleman By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me ween That thus we die while remiss traitors sleen. Lucy. O, send some succour to the

distress'd lord! York. He dies; we lose; I break my warlike word.

We mourn · France smiles. We lose: they daily get-

All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then Ged take mercy on brave Talbot's soul,

And on his son, young John, who two hours since

I met in travel toward his warlike father. This seven years did not Talbot see his son: And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot

To bid his young son welcome to his grave? Away! vexation almost stops my breath. That sund'red friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away

Long all of Somerset and his delay. Exit with Forces.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,

Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss 49 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror, That ever-living man of memory,

Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross.

Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. (Exit.

Scene IV. Other plains of Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his Forces: an Officer of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late: I cannot send them now.

This expedition was by York and Talbot Too rashly plotted; all our general force Might with a sally of the very town Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot ; Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.

York set him on to fight and die in shame

That. Talbot dead, great York might bear To tutor thee in stratagems of war, the name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! Whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord! From bought and sold Lord Talbot,

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity, Cries out for noble York and Somerset To beat assailing death from his weak legions:

And whiles the honourable captain there Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs

And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue. You, his false hopes, the trust of England's

honour, Keep off aloof with worthless emulation. Let not your private discord keep away The levied succours that should lend him aid. While he, renowned noble gentleman, Yield up his life unto a world of odds. Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy. Alençon, Reignier, compass him about. And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims.

Swearing that you withhold his levied host, Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and

had the horse. I owe him little duty and less love,

And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France.

now entrapp'd the noble-minded Hath Talbot.

Never to England shall he bear his life, But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife. Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight;

Within six hours they will be at his aid. Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain,

For fly he could not if he would have fled: And fly would Talbot never, though he

might. Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then,

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt.

Scene V. The English camp near Bordeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee

That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd

When sapless age and weak unable limbs Should bring thy father to his dicoping chair.

But-O malignant and ill-boding stars! Now thou art come unto a feast of death, A terrible and unavoided danger;

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse.

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt e-cape By sudden flight. Come, dally not, he gone. John. Is my name Talbot, and am I your son?

And shall I fly? O. if you love my mother. Dishonour not her honourable name, To make a bastard and a slave of me!

The world will say he is not Talbot's blood That basely fled when noble Talbot stood. Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be

slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly.

Your loss is great, so your regard should be: My worth unknown, no loss is known in me: Upon my death the French can little boast: In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost. Flight cannot stain the honour you have

But mine it will, that no exploit have done; You fled for vantage, every one will swear; But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear. There is no hope that ever I will stay

If the first hour I shrink and run away. Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,

Rather than life preserv'd with infamy. Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes he in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor cansi not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being

If death be so apparent, then both fly. Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be severed from your side Than can yourself yourself in twam divide. Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; $_{50}$ For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son.

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon. Come, side by side together live and die; 51 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions wherein John Talbot is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! Fight, soldiers, fight.

The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word And left us to the rage of France his sword. Where is John Talbot? Pause and take thy breath;

I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate, To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck file, 10
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud

desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy, 14 And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee. The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered 13 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base, And misbegotten blood I spill of thine, Mean and right poor, for that pure blood

of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy'.

Here purposing the Bastard to destroy, 25 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly, Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry? Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead: The help of one stands me in little stead. O, too much folly is it, well I wot.

To hazard all our lives in one small boat! If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage, To-morrow I shall die with mickle age. 35 By me they nothing gain an if I stay: 'Tis but the shoit'ning of my life one day.

In the the short ning of my life one day. In thee thy mother dies, our household's name.

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's rame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40 All these are say'd it thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not

made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from

my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a

To save a paltry life and slay bright fame, Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly, The coward horse that bears me tall and

And like me to the peasant boys of France, To be shame's scorn and subject of mis-

chance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son;
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;

If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate sire

of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet. 55
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in
pride. [Exeunt

SCENE VII. Another part of the field.

Alarum; excursions. Enter old TALBO1 led by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? Mine own is gone.

O, where's young Talbot? Where is valuant John?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity, Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me, And like a hungry lion did commence Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience; But when my angry guardant stood alone, Tend'ring my ruin and assail'd of none, 10 Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart Suddenly made him from my side to start Into the clust'ring battle of the French; And in that sea of blood my boy did drench His overmounting spirit; and there died, 15 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing 'e body of John Talbot.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny, Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,

Two Talbots, winged through the lither

In thy despite shall scape mortality. O thou whose wounds become hardfavoured Death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield the breath!

Brave Death by speaking, whether he will

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say

Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.

arms.

My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have, Now my old arms are young John Talbot's IDies.

CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY. Enter BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in.

We should have found a bloody day of this. Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's. raging wood.

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

Puc. Once I encount'red him, and thus I said:

'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid'.

But with a proud majestical high scorn born

To be the pillage of a giglot wench'. So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. Bur. Doubtless he would have made a

noble knight. Of the most bloody nurser of his harms! See where he lies inhearsed in the arms

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

wonder. Char. O, no; forbear! For that which

we have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

Enier SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended: a French Herald preceding.

phin's tent, To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'Is a mere French word:

We English warriors wot not what it means. I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en.

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? our pilson is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field. Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,

Treated for his rate success in arms Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence.

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinifeld. Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

Come, come, and lay him in his father's Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,

The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbudge, Knight of the noble order of Saint George, Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece,

Great Marshal to Henry the Sixtn Of all his wars within the realm of France? Puc. Here's a silly-stately style indeed! The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms bath. Writes not so tedious a style as this

Him that thou magnifi'st with all these titles.

Stinking and fly-blown hes here at our teet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain-the Frenchmen's only scourge.

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis? O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd, That I in ra e might shoot them at your faces!

He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not O that I could but call these dead to life! 40 It were enough to fright the realm of France.

Were but his picture left amongst you here, It would amaze the proudest of you all. Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence

And give them burial as beseems their weith.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have them: to keep them here.

They would but stink, and putrefy the air. Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence but from their ashes shall be rear'd

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dau- A phoenix that shall make all France afeard. Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt.

And now to Paris in this conquering vein! Char. On what submissive message art All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter the King, Gloucester, and Exerer.

King. Have you perus'd the letters from the Pope,

The Emperor, and the Earl of Armaguac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is
this:

They humbly sue unto your Excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of
France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord, and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood And stablish quietness on every side. To King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought

It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Aimagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptious
dowly.

King. Marriage, uncle! Alas, my years are young!

And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' ambassadors, and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's
weal.

Enter Winchester in Cardinal's habit as CARDINAL BEAUFORT, the Papal Legate, and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What! Is my Lord of Winchester install'd

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy:
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the
crown'.

King My Lords Ambassadors, your several suits

Have been consider'd and debated on. 15 Your purpose is both good and reasonable, And therefore are we certainly resolv'd To draw conditions of a friendly peace, Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean Shall be transported presently to France. 40

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master.

I have inform'd his Fighness so at large, As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts, Her beauty, and the value of her dower, He doth intend she shall be England's Queen.

King. [To Ambassauor] in argument and proof of which contract

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection. And so, my Lord Projector, see them guarded

And safely brought to Dover; where, insh.pp'd,

Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50
[Exeunt all but Winchester and the Legate.

Win. Stay, inv Lord Legate; you shall first receive

The sum of money which I promised Should be delivered to his Holliness For clothing me in these grave ornaments, Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's

leisuie.

Wm. [Aside] Now Winchester will not

submit. I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well

That neither in birth or for authority
The Bishop will be overborne by thee. 60
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy

Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[Exeunt,

Scene II. France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, La Pucelle, and Foices.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt And turn again unto the warlike French. Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles

of Fiance,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn

to us;
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general, And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was

Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too suduen, sirs, the
warning is;

But we will presently provide for them. 15
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there.

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear. A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace! Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine.

Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20 Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! L'xeunt.

Scene III. Before Angiers.

Alarum: excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The Regent conquers and the Frenchmen fly.

Now help, we charming spells and penapts: And we choice spirits that admonish me And give me signs of future accidents:

You speedy helpers that are substitutes Under the lordly monarch of the north, Appear and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof

Of your accustom'd diligence to me. Now, ye familiar spirits that are cull'd Out of the powerful regions under earth, Help me this once, that France may get 'he They walk and speak not. field.

O, hold me not with silence over-long! Where I was wont to feed you with my

blood.

I'll lop a member off and give it you In earnest of a further benefit, So you do condescend to help me now.

[They hang their heads. No hope to have redress? My body shall Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit. (They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood sacrifice Entreat you to your wonted furtherance? Then take my soul-my body, soul, and all, Before that England give the French the foil. They depart. See! they forsake me. Now the time is

come That France must vail her lofty-plumed

And let her head fall into England's lap. My ancient incantations are too weak, And hell too strong for me to buckle with. Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Enter French and English. Excursions. fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand: La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast.

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms.

And try if they can gain your liberty.

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!

Puc. Charg'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O. Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds! York. Fell banning hag; enchantress,

hold thy tongue. Puc. I prithee give me leave to curse

awhile. York. Curse. miscreant, when thou comest to the stake [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand.

Sut. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Gazes on her. O fairest beauty, do not tear nor fly!

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace, And lay them gently on thy tender side Who art thou? Say, that I may honour

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king.

The King of Naples-whosoe'er thou art. Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I

call'd. Be not offended, nature's miracle, Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me. So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

Yet, it this servile usage once offend, Go and be free again as Suffolk's triend. [She is going.

O, stay! [Aside] I have no power to let her pass; My hand would free her, but my heart says

no. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, Twinkling another counterfeited beam, So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak. I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself; Hast not a tongue? Is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight? Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. [Aside] How canst thou tell she will For princes should be free. deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love? Mar. Why speak'st thou not? ransom must I pay?

Suf. [Aside] She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd:

She is a woman, therefore to be won. Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom-yea

Suf. [Aside] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife:

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. [Aside] There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. [Aside] And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. [Aside] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king! Tush, that's a wooden thing! Mar. He talks of wood. It is some

carpenter. Suf. [Aside] Yet so my fancy may be

satisfied. And peace established between these

realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too; For though her father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor, 95 And our nobility will scorn the match.

leisure? Suf. [Aside] It shall be so, disdain they

ne'er so much. Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield .--

Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100 Mar. [Aside] What though I be enthrall'd? He seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. Suj. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say. Mar. [Aside] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd

by the French; And then I need not crave his courtesy. 105 Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a

cause Mar. [Aside] Tush! women have been

captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so? Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but guid for quo.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen? Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more Than is a slave in base servility:

Suf. And so shall you. If happy England's royal king be free. IIIs Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom

unto me? Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's

queen, To put a golden sceptre in thy hand

And set a precious crown upon thy head. If thou wilt condescend to be my-

Mar.

Suf. His love. 121 Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife. Suf. No. gentle madam; I unworthy am To woo so fair a dame to be his wife And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, inadam? Are ye so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth!

And, madam, at your father's castle walls We'll crave a parley to confer with him. 130

Sound a parley. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner! Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me. Suffolk, what remedy? Reig. I am a soldier and unapt to weep

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord.

Consent, and for thy honour give consent. Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king, Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:

Mar. Hear ye, Captain—are you not at And this her easy-held imprisonment Hath gam'd thy daughter princely liberty. Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign. Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I descend

To give thee answer of thy just demand. [Exit Reignier from the walls.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming. Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER below.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our

territories; Command in Anjou what your Honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child.

Fit to be made companion with a king. What answer makes your Grace unto my

suit? 150 Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord, Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war, My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please. Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her. And those two counties I will undertake

And those two counties I will undertake Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name, As deputy unto that gracious king, 161 Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king. 164
[Aside] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.—
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond
safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee as I would embrace

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he

Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam. But hark you, Margaret—

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again— 1800 No loving token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord: a pure unspotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the King. Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her. Mar. 'That tor thyself—I will not so presume 185

To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt Reignuer and Margaret.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But,

Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise. 140
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount.
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's
feet 194

Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Ext.

Scene IV. Camp of the Duke of York w Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near, Ard, now it is my chance to find thee out, Must I behold thy timeless cruel death? 5 Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood;

Thou art no father nor no triend or mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you,

'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the paush knows. Her mother liveth yet, can testify She was the first fruit of my bacn'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been—

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh; And for thy sake have I shed many a tear. Denv me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have

suborn'd this man

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

'Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the

time
Of thy nativity. I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst
her breast
Had been a little ratebane for the sake

Had been a little ratsbane for the sake. Or else, when thou didst keep ray lambs a-field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee. Dost fhou deny thy father, cursed drab? O, burn her, burn her! Hanging is too good.

[Ivit]

York. Take her away; for she hath hv'd too long.

To fill the world with vicious qualities. ...
Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain. But issued from the progeny of kings; Virtuous and holy, chosen from above By inspiration of celestial grace, To work exceeding miracles on earth. I never had to do with wicked spirits.

But you, that are polluted with your lusts, Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents, 11

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, Because you want the grace that others have.

You judge it straight a thing impossible devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been A virgin from her tender infancy, Chaste and immaculate in very thought; Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously

effus'd. Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay. Away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid.

Spare for no fagots, let there be enow. Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake, That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity That warranteth by law to be thy privilege: I am with child, ye bloody homicides; Murder not then the fruit within my womb,

Although ye hale me to a violent death. York. Now heaven forfend! The holy

maid with child! War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye

wrought: Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling.

I did imagine what would be her refuge. War. Well, go to; we'll have no bastards

Especially since Charles must father it. Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love. York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives. Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded

you. 'Twas neither Charles nor yet the Duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd. That's most War. A married man! intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well-

There were so many-whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence-with whom 1 leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams Upon the country where you make abode . But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you, till mischief and despair To compass wonders but by help of Drive you to break your necks or hang vourselves! [Exit, guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes.

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence

With letters of commission from the King. For know, my lords, the states of Christendom.

Mov'd with iemorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French:

And here at hand the Dauphin and his train

Approacheth, to confer about some matter. York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers, So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers. That in this quarrel have been overthrown And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace? Have we not lost most part of all the towns. By treason, falsehood, and by treachery, Our great progenitors had conquered? 110 O Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York. If we conclude a peace.

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BASTARD.

REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves What the conditions of that league must be. York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice, By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent, Of mere compassion and of lenity, To ease your country of distressful war, 85 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, You shall become true hegemen to his crown;

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear

To pay him tribute and submit thyself. 130 Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him. And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of

himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet And yet, in substance and authority, Retain but privilege of a private man? This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am

possess'd

With more than half the Gallian territories. And therein reverenc'd for their lawful

Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd, Detract so much from that prerogative As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole? No, Lord Ambassador; I'll rather keep That which I have than, coveting for more, Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! Hast thou by

secret means Us'd intercession to obtain a league. And now the matter grows to compromise Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? 150 Either accept the title thou usurp'st, Of benefit proceeding from our king And not of any challenge of desert. Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. [To Charles] My lord, you do not well in obstinacy

To cavil in the course of this contract. If once it be neglected, ten to one We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [To Charles] To say the truth, it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen By our proceeding in hostility:

And therefore take this compact of a truce.

Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? Shall our condition stand? 165

Char. It shall;

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest In any of our towns of garrison.

Then swear allegiance to York. Maiesty:

As thou art knight, never to disobey Nor be rebellious to the crown of England-Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England. [Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty.

So, now dismiss your army when ye please; Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still.

For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. London. The balace. Enter SUFFOLK, in conference with the

KING, GLOUCESTER and EXETER.

King. Your wondrous rare description. noble Earl.

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me. Her virtues, graced with external gifts. Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:

And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts 5 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,

So am I driven by breath of her renown Either to suffer ship wreck or arrive

Where I may have fruition of her love. Suf. Tush, my good lord! This superficial tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise. The chief perfections of that lovely dame. Had I sufficient skill to utter them. Would make a volume of enticing lines, Able to ravish any dull conceit; And, which is more, she is not so divine, So full-replete with choice of all delights. But with as humble lowliness of mind She is content to be at your command-Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents.

To love and honour Henry as her lord. King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent That Marg'ret may be England's royal Queen

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter

You know, my lord, your Highness is betroth'd

Unto another lady of esteem.

How shall we then dispense with that contract,

And not deface your honour with reproach? Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful paths: Or one that at a triumph, having vow'd 31 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists By reason of his adversary's odds: A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,

And therefore may be bloke without offence.

Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?

Her father is no better than an earl. Although in glorious titles he excel.

Sul. Yes, my lord, her father is a king. The King of Naples and Jerusaiem; And of such great authority in : rance As his alliance will confirm our peace, And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do.

Because he is near kinsman unto Charles. 15 Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower;

give.

Suf. A dow'r, my lords! Disgrace not so your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor, To choose for wealth and not for perfect

Henry is able to enrich his queen, And not to seek a queen to make him rich.

So worthless peasants bargain for their

wives. As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse. Marriage is a matter of more worth Than to be dealt in by attorneyship; Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must be companion of his nuptial bed. And therefore, lords, since he affects 'er

It most of all these reasons bindeth us In our opinions she should be preferr'd; For what is wedlock forced but a hell, An age of discord and continual strife? Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss, And is a pattern of celestial peace. Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king? Her peerless feature, joined with her birth, Approves her fit for none but for a

king; Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, More than in women commonly is seen, Will answer our hope in issue of a king; For Henry, son unto a conqueror, Is likely to beget more conquerors, If with a lady of so high resolve As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love. Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me

Where Reignier sooner will receive than That Margaret shall be Queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that My tender youth was never yet attaint With any passion of inflaming love. I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd. I feel such sharp dissension in my breast. Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear, As I am sick with working of my thoughts. Take therefore shipping; post, my lord. to France:

Agree to any covenants; and procure That Lady Margaret do voucnsafe to come To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd

King Henry's faithful and anointed queen. For your expenses and sufficient charge, Among the people gather up a tenth. Be gone, I say; for till you do return I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. 95 And you, good uncle, banish all offence: If you do censure me by what you were, Not what you are, I know it will excuse This sudden execution of my will. And so conduct me where, from company, I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter. Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece, With hope to find the like event in love 105 But prosper better than the Troyan did. Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King;

But I will rule both her, the King, and realm.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, his A Spirit raised by him.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BISHOP OF WIN- PETER, his man. CHESTER, great-uncle to the King. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK. Mayor of Saint Albans.

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Young Clifford, his son. EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Lieutenant, a Shipmaster, a Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk. John Hume and John Southwell, two briests.

ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer.

Clerk of Chatham.

SAUNDER SIMPCOX, an imposior.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

JACK CADE, a rebel.

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL. &c., followers of Cade.

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry. ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER. MARGERY JOURDAIN, a witch. Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants: Petitioners. Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, a Sheriff, Officers, Citizens, Prentices. Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers. &c.

THE SCENE: England.

ACT ONE

Scene I. London. The palace.

Flourish of trumpets; then hautboys. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Glou-SALISBURY. WARWICK, and CESTER. CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; the QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial Majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your Excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace:

So, in the famous ancient city Tours, 5 In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,

The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty By day, by night, waking and in my dreams, reverend bishops,

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd;

And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10 In sight of England and her lordly peers.

Deliver up my title in the Queen To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent: The happiest gift that ever marquis gave, 15 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd. Kmg. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! For thou hast given me in this beauteous face

A world of earthly blessings to my soul, If sympathy of love unite our thoughts. Queen. Great King of England, and my

gracious lord, The mutual conference that my mind hath had.

In courtly company or at my beads, With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign, Makes me the bolder to salute my king With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 30 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty, Makes me from wond'ring fall to weeping

Such is the fulness of my heart's content. 35 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [Kneeling] Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [Flourish. Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace.

Here are the articles of contracted peace 40 Between our sovereign and the French King Charles.

For eighteen months concluded by consent. Glo. [Reads] 'Imprimis: It is agreed between the French King Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item: That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father '—

[Lets the paper fall.

King. Uncle, how now!
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord; 50
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the

heart, And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no

further. King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray read

Car. [Reads] 'Item: It is further agreed between them that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the King her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

King. They please us well. Lord Marquess, kneel down:

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,

And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of
York.

We here discharge your Grace from being Regent

I' th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months

Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done

In entertainment to my princely queen. Come, let us in, and with all speed provide To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state, 70

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief-

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,

His valour, coin, and people, in the wars? Did he so often lodge in open field, 75 In winter's cold and summer's parching

heat, To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford toil his wits To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself, With all the learned Council of the realm, Studied so long, sat in the Council House 85 Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

And had his Highness in his infancy Crowned in Pairs, in despite of foes?

And shall these labours and these honours die?

Shall Hemy's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die? O peers of England, shameful is this league! Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame, Blotting your names from books of memory,

Razing the characters of your renown, Defacing monuments of conquer'd France, Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance? 100 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can; But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse. Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all.

These counties were the keys of Normandy! But wheretore weeps Warwick, my valiant

war. For grief that they are past recovery;

For were there hope to conquer them again My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them I tear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss, both:

Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

And are the cities that I got with wounds Deliver'd up again with peaceful words? Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,

That dims the honour of this warlike isle! France should have torn and rent my very heart

Before I would have yielded to this league. I never read but England's kings have had Large sums of gold and downes with their wives:

And our King Henry gives away his own 125 To match with her that brings no vantages. Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,

Suffolk should demand a whole That fifteenth

For costs and charges in transporting her! She should have stay'd in France, and stary'd in France. 130

Before-

Car. My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow

It was the pleasure of my lord the King. Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye. Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy tace

I see thy fury; if I longer stay

We shall begin our ancient bickerings. Lordings, tarewell; and say, when I am gone.

I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy; Nay, more, an enemy unto you all, And no great friend, I fear me, to the King. Consider, lords, he is the next of blood And heir apparent to the English crown. Had Henry got an empire by his marriage And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west, There's reason he should be displeas'd at it. Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people favour hım,

Calling him ' Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester"

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud

'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!' With God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'

He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself? Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk. We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay:

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently, [Exit. Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us. Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal: His insolence is more intolerable Than all the princes in the land beside, If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be Protector.

Despite Duke Humphrey or the Cardinal. [Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset. Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preterment.

Behoves it us to labour for the realm. I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester

Did bear him like a noble gentleman. Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal- 150 More like a soldier than a man o' th' church. As stout and proud as he were lord of all-

Swear like a ruffian and demean himself Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick my son, the comfort of my age, 155 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,

Hath won the greatest tayour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey. And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland, In bringing them to civil discipline, Thy late exploits done in the heart of France

When thou wert Regent for our sovereign, Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:

Join we together for the public good, In what we can, to bridle and suppress 195 The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal, With Somerset's and Buckinghain's am-

bition; And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's

deeds While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York-[Asule] for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away and look Whose church-like humours fits not for a unto the main.

did win.

And would have kept so long as breath did last.

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine.

slain.

[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury. York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French:

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy 210 Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles;

The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to SCENE II. The Duke of Gloucester's house.

'Tis thine they give away, and not their

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtezans.

Still revelling like lords till all be gone: While as the silly owner of the goods 220 Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands

And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof.

While all is shar'd and all is borne away, Ready to starve and dare not touch his

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue. While his own lands are bargain'd for and

sold. Methinks the realms of England, France,

and Ireland, Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood As did the fatal brand Althæa burnt Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France, Even as I have of fertile England's soil. A day will come when York shall claim his

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts, And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,

And when I spy advantage, claim the crown.

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit. Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right, Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, 240 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

crown.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve;

That Maine which by main force Warwick Watch thou and wake, when others he asleep,

> To pry into the secrets of the state: Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love With his new bride and England's dearbought queen,

Which I will win from France, or else be And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at

iars: Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose.

With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd.

And in my standard bear the arms of York.

To grapple with the house of Lancaster: And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown.

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his wife ELEANOR.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like overripen'd corn

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load? Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows.

As frowning at the favours of the world? Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth, Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

What see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,

Enchas'd with all the honours of the world? If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face Until thy head be circled with the same. 10 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.

What, is't too shor' I'll lengthen it with mine:

And having both together heav'd it up. We'll both together lift our heads to heaven, And never more abase our sight so low 15 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts! And may that thought, when I imagine ill Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

Be my last breathing in this mortal world! My troublous dreams this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? Tell me. and I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine officebadge in court,

Was broke in twain: by whom I have To play my part in Fortune's pageant. forgot.

But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal; And on the pieces of the broken wand Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset

And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.

This was my dream; what it doth bode God knows. Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an

argument That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's

grove

Shall lose his head for his presumption. But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet Duke:

Methought I sat in seat of majesty In the cathedral church of Westminster, And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd :

Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me.

And on my head did set the diadem. Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor! Art thou not second woman in the realm. And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him? Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command

Above the reach or compass of thy thought? And wilt thou still be hammering treachery To tumble down thy husband and thyself From top of honour to disgrace's feet? Away from me, and let me hear no more! 50

Duch. What, what, my lord! Are you so choleric

With Eleanor for telling but her dream? Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans, Where as the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll tollow presently. [Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.

Follow I must; I cannot go before, While Gloucester bears this base humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood, I would remove these tedious stumblingblocks

And smooth my way upon their headless

And, being a woman, I will not be slack

Where are you there, Sir John? Nay, fear not, man.

We are alone; here's none but thee and I. Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal Majesty! Duch. What say'st thou? Majesty! I am but Grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God and Hume's advice.

Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch of Eie. With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good? Hume. This they have promised, to show your Highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of underground That shall make answer to such questions 80 As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from Saint Albans we do make

We'll see these things effected to the full. Hume, take this reward: make Here merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy. Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss were she a devil. Yet have I gold flies from another coast-I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk:

Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain, They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the Duchess, And buzz these conjurations in her brain. They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker ':

Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker. Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair or crafty knaves. Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at

Hume's knavery will be the Duchess' wreck, And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall. Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

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Scene III. London. The palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's man, being one.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.

1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.
2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the Duke

of Suffolk and not my Lord Protector. 9
Suf. How now, fellow! Wouldst any-

thing with me?

1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I

took ye for my Lord Protector.

Queen. [Reads] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and

wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! That's some wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here! [Reads] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner

of our whole township.

Peter. [Presenting his petition] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the

crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth. My master said that he was, and

that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servant. Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[Exit Servant with Peter. Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected 35

Under the wings of our Protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the supplications. Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go. All. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt. Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this

the guise,

Is this the fashions in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of

France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion;
But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads; His champions are the prophets and

apostles; His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ; His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves Are brazen images of canonized saints,

I would the college of the Cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to
Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head; That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient. As I was cause Your Highness came to England, so will I In England work your Grace's full content. Queen. Beside the haughty Protector,

have we Beaufort 66 The imperious churchman; Somerset.

Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of
these

But can do more in England than the King.
Suf. And he of these that can do most

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils; Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers. Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half

As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.

She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies, 73

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the Queen.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back, And in her heart she scorns our poverty; Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her? & Contemptuous base-born callet as she is, She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day

The very train of her worst wearing gown Was better worth than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds That she will light to listen to the lays, And never mount to trouble you again. So, let her rest. And, madam, list to me, so For I am bold to counsel you in this: Although we fancy not the Cardinal, Yet must we join with him and with the

lords,

Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in Have cost a mass of public treasury. disgrace.

As for the Duke of York, this late com- Upon offenders hath exceeded law, plaint

Will make but little for his benefit.

So one by one we'll weed them all at last. And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE CARDINAL BEAUFORT, HUMPHREY. BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALIS-BURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which:

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me. 100 York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France.

Then let him be denay'd the regentship. Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the

place, Let York be Regent: I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unfield.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best

Sal. Peace, son! And show some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this. Queen. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself

To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs vour Grace

To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm:

And at his pleasure will resign my place. Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king—as who is king but thon?-

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas.

And all the peers and nobles of the realm Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty. Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions. Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution

And left thee to the mercy of the law. Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in

France.

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If they were known, as the suspect is great, Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. [Exit Gloucester. The Queen drobs her fan.

Give me my fan. What, minion, can ve not? [She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.

I cry your mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I? Yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails.

I could set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will, good King? Look to 't in time;

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a babv.

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

reveng'd. Exit. Buck, Lord Cardinal, I follow will

Eleanor, 146 And listen after Humphrey, how he pro-

ceeds. She's tickled now: her fume needs no

She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [Exit.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown

With walking once about the quadrangle, I come to talk of commonwealth affairs. As for your spiteful false objections, Prove them, and I lie open to the law; But God in mercy so deal with my soul 155 As I in duty love my king and country! But to the matter that we have in hand: I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man

To be your Regent in the realm of France. Suf. Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force, That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride; Next, if I be appointed for the place, My Lord of Somerset will keep me here Without discharge, money, or furniture, Till France be won into the Dauphin's

Last time I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost mercy upon me, I shall never be able to War. That can I witness; and a fouler fight a blow! O Loid, my heart!

Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner, the Armourer, and his man PETER, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself! York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the

That doth accuse his master of high treason;

His words were these: that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown, And that your Majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words? Hor. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Peter. [Holding up his hands] By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour. 190

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,

I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.

I do beseech your royal Majesty

Let him have all the rigour of the law. 194 Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge: Let Somerset be Regent o'er the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion; 201 And let these have a day appointed them For single combat in convenient place, For he hath witness of his servant's malice. This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's

doom. Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly. Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! The spite of By the eternal God, whose name and power man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month.

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. The Duke of Gloucester's garden.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, the witch : the two priests, HUME and SOUTHWELL; and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the Duchess. I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided; will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? Fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit; but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below: and so I pray you go, in God's name, and leave us. [Ext Hume] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, followed by Hume.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night.

The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;

The time when screech-owls cry and bandogs howl.

And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves-

That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or South-well reads: 'Conjuro te,' &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

Fig till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt; that I had said and done.

Boling. [Reads] ' Pirst of the king: what shall of him become?'

Spir. The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

Boling. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles: Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the
burning lake;

False fiend, avoid! 40 [Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

Beidam, I think we watch'd you at an inch. What, madam, are you there? The King and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, 45' See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close, 50
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.

Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away! [Excunt, above, Duchess and
Hume, guarded; below,
Witch, Southwell and Bol-

ingbroke, guarded.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well.

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A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon! Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here? [Reads.
'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.' 60 Why, this is just

'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse'. Well, to the rest:

'Tell me what fate awairs the Duke of Suffolk?'

By water shall he die and take his end.' 65 What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?"

'Let him shun castles; Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now in progress towards Saint

Albans, With him the husband of this lovely lady;

Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry them— 75
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good to

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's within there, he?

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Saint Albans.

Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers halloing.

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day;

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high, And ten to one old Joan had not gone out. King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made.

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!

To see how God in all His creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty, My Lord Protector's hawks do tow'r so

They know their master loves to be aloft, And bears his thoughts above his falcon's

pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he would be

above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord Cardinal, how think you by that?

Were it not good your Grace could fly to heaven?

King. The treasury of everlasting joy! Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart; Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer, That smooth'st it so with King and commonweal.

grown peremptory?

Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?

Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, hide such malice:

With such holiness can you do it? Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Why, as you, my lord, An't like your lordly Lord's Protectorship. Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester. I prithee, peace,

Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth. Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make

Against this proud Protector with my sword!

Glo. [Aside to Cardinal] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

Car. [Aside to Gloucester] Marry, when thou dar'st.

[Aside to Cardinal] Make up no tactions numbers for the matter:

In thine own person answer thy abuse. Car. [Aside to Gloucester] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep; an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove. King. How now, my lords!

Believe me, cousin Gloucester, Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly.

We had had more sport. [Aside to Gloucester] Come with thy two-hand swoid. Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [Aside to Gloucester] Are ye advis'd? The east side of the grove?

Glo. [Aside to Cardinal] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester! Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.

[Aside to Cardinal] Now, by God's Mother, priest.

I'll shave your crown for this.

Or all my ience shall fail.

Car. [Aside to Gloucester] Medice, teipsum; Protector, see to't well; protect yourself. King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart! When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Albans, crying ' A miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Glo. What, Cardinal, is your priesthood Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60 Towns. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Albans shrine

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight: A man that ne'er saw in his life before. 05 King. Now God be prais'd that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans and his Brethren, bearing SIMPCOX between two in a chair; his Wife and a mult-tude following.

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession

To present your Highness with the man. King. Great is his comfort in this cartlely

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied. Glo. Stand by, my masters; bury him near the King;

His Highness' pleasure is to talk with 'i King. Good fellow, tell us here circumstance.

That we for thee may glorify the I on What, hast thou been long blind and the

restor'd? Simt. Born blind, an't please your

Grace. Wife. Ay indeed was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship. 80 Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee.

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass, 85 But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times and oft'ner, in my sleep, By good Saint Alban, who said 'Simpcex, come.

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee '.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so. Car. What, art thou lame?

Simb. Ay, God Almighty help me! Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Wife. A plum tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, mastei!

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree? Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear. Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that

wouldst venture so.

Simb. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! But yet it shall not serve:

Let me see thine eyes; wink now; now open them:

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simb. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood. 110 Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

King. Why, then, thou know's what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, let did be be elsec-Go. But cloaks and gowns before drie

day a many. Wife. Never before this day in all his life. Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not

Glo. What's his name?

Simb. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think it cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things call'd whips? Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your

Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither [Exit an Attendant. straight.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and A fall off of a tree. 96 by. [A stool brought] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone!

You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whits.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah: off with your doublet quickly. Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I

am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry ' A miracle! King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need!

Glo. I et them be whipp'd through every Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as inc. retaket town till they come to Berwick, mean whence they came.

[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, (1c. ' ar. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day. 'it '. 'I me : made the lame to leap and fly

Go But you have done more miracles

than I: You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to flv.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, Under the countenance and confederacy Oi Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife, The ringleader and head of all this rout, 165 Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches and with conjurers, Whom we have apprehended in the fact, Raising up wicked spirits from under

ground. Demanding of King Henry's life and death And other of your Highness' Privy Council, As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

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'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of nour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke afflict inv heart.

powers:

And, vanguish'd as I am, I yield to thee Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest;

hest. Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do

appeal How I have lov'd my King and common-

weal: stands.

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard. Noble she is; but if she have forgot Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such 100

As, take to pitch, defile nobility, I banish her my bed and company And give her as a prey to law and shame, That hath dishonoused Gloucester's nonest name.

King. Well, for thus night we will repose us here.

To-morrow toward London back again To look into this business thoroughly And call these foul offenders to their answers.

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales, Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave In this close walk to satisfy myself In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is infallible, to England's crown. Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full. War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy

claim be good, The Nevils are thy subjects to command. York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons; ıρ

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales:

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third.

Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster; York;

of Gloucestei:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my William of Windsor was the seventh and iast.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father

And left behind him Richard, his only son. Who, after Edward the Third's death. reign'd as king

Till Heny Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster. The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt. Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth. And look thyself be fauitless, thou wert Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king.

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came.

And him to Pomfret, where, as all you know,

And for my nife I know not how it Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth:

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown. York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead. The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence. from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue Philippe, a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:

Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March; Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown: And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king.

Who kept him in captivity till he died. But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne, My mother, being heir unto the crown, Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son, son.

By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir

To Roger Earl of March, who was the son Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,

Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence; So, if the issue of the elder son Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceedings is more plain than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of And you three shall be strangled on the Gaunt,

The fourth son: York claims it from the third.

Till Lionel's issue falls, his should not reign. It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together, And in this private plot be we the first 60 That shall salute our rightful sovereign

With honour of his birthright to the crown. Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's King!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster; And that's not suddenly to be perform'd, But with advice and silent secrecy. Do you as I do in these dangerous days: Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambi-

tion. At Buckingham, and all the crew of them, Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the

flock. That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey;

'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that.

Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself, Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick

The greatest man in England but the King. [Exeunt.

Scene III. London. A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING and State: the QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUF-FOLK, and SALISBURY, with Guard, to banish the Duchess. Enter, guarded, the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY HUME. SOUTHWELL. JOURDAIN. BOLINGBROKE.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great; Receive the sentence of the law for sins Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.

You four, from hence to prison back again; From thence unto the place of execution: The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes.

gallows.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born, Despoiled of your honour in your life, Shall, after three days' open penance done, Live in your country here in banishment With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee.

I cannot justify whom the law condemns. [Exeunt the Duchess and the other prisoners, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

I beseech your Majesty give me leave to go; Sorrow would solace, and mine age would

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester; ere thou go,

Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself Protector be; and God shall be my hope, My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet. And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloy'd Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years Should be to be protected like a child. God and King Henry govern England's realm !

Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.

Glo. My staff! Here, noble Henry, is my staff.

As willingly do I the same resign

As ere thy father Henry made it mine; And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it As others would ambitiously receive it. 36 Farewell, good King; when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne ! Exit.

Queen. Why, now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,

And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself.

That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once-

His lady banish'd and a limb lopp'd off. This staff of honour raught, there let it stand

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays; Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat: And ready are the appellant and defendant,

So please your Highness to behold the

fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. A God's name, see the lists and all things fit;

Here let them end it, and God defend the

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested, Or more afraid to fight, than is the For by his death we do perceive his appellant,

The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door, HORNER, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door PETER, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to kim.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a

cup of charneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and

be not afraid. 2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices. 71

Peter. I thank you all. Drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter? What more?

Peter. Thump. Sal. Thump? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man; and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow ! York. Dispatch—this knave's tongue

begins to double.

The armourer and his man, to enter the Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants! [Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. Dies. York. Take away his weapon. Fellow. thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou

hast prevail'd in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,

guilt:

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us 100 The truth and innocence of this poor fellow. Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. A street.

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his Men, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,

And after summer evermore succeeds Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. Sirs, what's o'clock?

Ten, my lord. Serv.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me

To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess.

Uneath may she endure the flinty streets To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook 10 The abject people gazing on thy face,

With envious looks, laughing at thy shame. That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think she comes, and I'll

prepare My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand, with SIR JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze! See how the giddy multitude do point

And nod their heads and throw their eyes These few days' wonder will be quickly on thee!

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks.

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame And ban thine enemies, both mine and 25

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

myself!

For whilst I think I am thy married wife And thou a prince, Protector of this land, Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back.

And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice To see my tears and hear my deep-fet

groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet. And when I start, the envious people laugh And bid me be advised how I tread. Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun? No: dark shall be my light and night my day; 40

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell. Sometime I'll say I am Duke Humphrey's

And he a prince, and ruler of the land: Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was, As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess, Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame.

Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will. For Suffolk—he that can do all in all With her that hateth thee and hates us all— And York, and impious Beautort, that false

priest. Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings, And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd. Nor never seek prevention of thy foes. Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! Thou aimest all

I must offend before I be attainted: And had I twenty times so many foes, And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless. Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away, But I in danger for the breach of law. Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell. I pray thee sort thy heart to patience;

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's Parliament,

Holden at Bury the first of this next month. Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

Duch. Ah. Gloucester, teach me to forget This is close dealing. Well. I will be there. [Exit Herald. My Nell, I take my leave-and, master

sheriff. Let not her penance exceed the King's

commission.

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays;

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse in that I prav

You use her well; the world may laugh again.

And I may live to do you kindness if You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell. Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me

not farewell! Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Servants. Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go

with thee ! For none abides with me. My joy is death-Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90 Stanley, I prithee go, and take me hence: I care not whither, for I beg no favour, Only convey me where thou art com-

manded. Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man,

There to be us'd according to your state. 95 Duch. That's bad enough, for 1 am but reproach-

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully? Stan. Like to a duchess and Duke Humphrey's lady;

According to that state you shall be us'd. Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare.

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam,

pardon me. Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet, 105

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And go we to attire you for our journey. Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet.

No, it will hang upon my richest robes And show itself, attire me how I can. Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. The Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds

Sound a sennet. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Bucking-HAM, Salisbury, and Warwick, io the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come.

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now. Queen. Can you not see, or will ye not observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? With what a majesty he bears himself; How insolent of late he is become, How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

affable.

And if we did but glance a far-off look Immediately he was upon his knee, That all the court admir'd him for submission.

But meet him now and be it in the morn, When every one will give the time of day, He knits his brow and shows an angry eye And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, Disdaining duty that to us belongs. Small curs are not regarded when they grin, But great men tremble when the lion roars, And Humphrey is no little man in England. First note that he is near you in descent, And should you fall he is the next will mount;

Me seemeth, then, it is no policy-Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears, And his advantage following your decease That he should come about your royal person

Or be admitted to your Highness' Council. By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts:

And when he please to make commotion, 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallowrooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry. The reverent care I bear unto my lord Made me collect these dangers in the Duke. If it be fond, call it a woman's fear; Which fear if better reasons can supplant, I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful Duke.

My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York.

Reprove my allegation if you can, Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this duke;

And had I first been put to speak my mind. I think I should have told your Grace's tale. The Duchess, by his subornation, Upon my life, began her devilish practices: Or if he were not privy to those faults.

Yet by reputing of his high descent-As next the King he was successive heir-And such high vaunts of his nobility, Did instigate the bedlam brainsick Duchess By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,

And in his simple show he harbours treason.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

No, no, my sovereign, Gloucester is a man Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit. Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law.

We know the time since he was mild and Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

> York. And did he not, in his protectorship, Levy great sums of money through the

> realm For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent

> By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot.

Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent 69 From meaning treason to our royal person As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove: The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given

To dream on evil or to work my downfall: Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?

Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrow'd,

For he's disposed as the hateful raven. Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him, For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.

Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80

Enter SOMERSET.

All health unto my gracious l'hat England was defan.' by tyranny, sovereign!

King, Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories

Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

King. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done!

York. [Aside] Cold news for me: for I had hope of France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England. Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud, And caterpillars cat my leaves away; But I will remedy this gear ere long, Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

King! Pardon, my hege, that I have stay'd so

long.

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon, Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art. I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me

Nor change my countenance for this arrest: A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100 The purest spring is not so free from mud As I am clear from treason to my sovereign. Who can accuse me? Wherein ain I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France

And, being Protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay Nor ever had one penny bribe from France. So help me God, as I have watch'd the night-

Ay, night by night-in studying good for England!

That dort that e'er I wrested from the King, Or any groat I hoarded to my use, Be brought against me at my trial-day!

No; many a pound of mine own proper store.

Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I dispursed to the garrisons, And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

York. In your protectorship you did Myself had notice of your conventicles devise

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard Ot.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that whiles I was Protector

ity was all the fault that was in me; 125 'or I should melt at an offender's tears. And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

Unless it were a bloody muiderer,

Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment, 130 Murder indeed, that bloody sin. I tortur'd Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:

But mighties crimes are laid unto your charge.

Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself. Glo. All happiness unto my lord the I do arrest you in his highness' name, And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal To keep until your turther time of trial.

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope

That you will clear yourself from all suspence.

My conscience tells me you are innocent. Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,

And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand:

Foul subornation is predominant. And equity exil'd your Highness' land, I know their complet is to have my life: And if my death might make this sland

happy And prove the period of their tyranny, I would expend it with all willingness. 150 But mine is made the prologue to their play;

For thousands more that yet suspect no peril

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy. Beautort's red sparkling eyes blab his

heart's malice, And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate; Sharp Buckinghain unburdens with his

tongue The envious load that lies upon his heart: And dogged York, that reaches at the moon. Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd

back. By false accuse doth level at my life. 160 And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

Causeless have laid disgraces on my head, And with your best endeavour have stirr'd

My liefest liege to be mine enemy: Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me Ay, all of you have laid your heads together-

And all to make away my guiltless life.

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt. The ancient proverb will be well effected: 'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog '. 171

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable. If those that care to keep your royal person From treason's secret knite and traitor's rage

Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at, 175 And the offender granted scope of speech, 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here

With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd.

As if she had suborned some to swear 180 False allegations to o'erthrow his state? Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

indeed.

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!

And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body! 190 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side.

And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it To rid us from the fear we have of him. were !

For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [Exit, guarded.

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best

Do or undo, as if ourself were here. Queen. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eves;

My body round engirt with misery-For what's more miserable than discontent? Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy tace I see The map of honour, truth, and loyalty! And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to

come That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.

What louring star now envies thy estate That these great lords, and Margaret our Queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

I shall not want talse witness to condemn Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:

And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays.

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house. Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:

And as the dam runs lowing up and down. Looking the way her harmless young one went,

And can do nought but wail her dailing's loss,

Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case

With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eves

Look after him, and cannot do him good. So mighty are his vowed enemies. His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none'. [Exit.

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams:

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs. Too full of toolish pity; and Gloucester's show

Beguiles him as the mouinful crocodile With sorrow snares relenting passengers; Or as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ring bank, With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child

That for the beauty thinks it excellent, 730 Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I-

And yet herein I judge mine own wit good -This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world

Car. That he should die is worthy policy; But yet we want a colour for his death.

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law. Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:

The King will labour still to save his life; The commons haply rise to save his life; 210 And yet we have but trivial argument. my heart is More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I! York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.

But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:

Were't not all one an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite As place Duke Humphrey for the King's Protector ?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be Had been the Regent there instead of me. sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness then

To make the fox surveyor of the fold? Who being accus'd a crafty murderer. His guilt should be but idly posted over, 255 Because his purpose is not executed. No; let him die, in that he is a fox, By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock, Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood.

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my hege.

And do not stand on quillets how to slay him: Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how, So he be dead; for that is good deceit Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were

For things are often spoke and seldom meant:

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue.

Seeing the deed is meritorious, And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest: Say you consent and censure well the deed, And I'll provide his executioner— I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I. And now we three have spoke it.

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain

To signify that rebels there are up

And put the Englishmen unto the sword. Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime.

Before the wound do grow uncurable; For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as Regent thither:

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd, Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy, He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all as thou hast done.

I rather would have lost my life betimes Than bring a burden of dishonour home By staying there so long till all were lost. Show me one scar character'd on thy skin: Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire.

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with; No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still.

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent there. Might happily have prov'd far worse than

York. What, worse than nought? Nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And in the number, thee that wishest shame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.

Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms 310 And temper clay with blood of Englishmen; To Ireland will you lead a band of men, Collected choicely, from each county some, And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent, And what we do establish he confirms: Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content; provide me soldiers, lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320 Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more. And so break off; the day is almost spent. Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland. Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of

[Exeunt all but York. York. York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts

And change misdoubt to resolution; Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art 2,0 Resign to death-it is not worth th' enjoying.

Witness the fortune he hath had in France. Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the meanborn man 335

641

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time show'rs comes thought on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done
To send me packing with an host of men.
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting
your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them

I take it kindly. Yet be well assur'd You put sharp weapons in a madman's

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band, I will stir up in England some black storm Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage Until the golden circuit on my head, Like to the glorious sun's transparent

beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And for a minister of my intent

I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman, John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.

559
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long till that his thighs with
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine; And in the end being rescu'd, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco, 365 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells. Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern, Hath he conversed with the enemy, And undiscover'd come to me again And given me notice of their villainies. 370 This devil here shall be my substitute; For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble.

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,

How they affect the house and claim of

York.

Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those
arms.

Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will, Why, then from Ireland come I with my

strength, 380
And reap the harvest which that rascal

For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be, And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit. Scene II. Bury St. Edmunds. A room of state.

Enter two or three Murderers running over the stage, from the murder of Duke Humphrey.

1 Mur Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know

We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.

2 Mur. O that it were to do! What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1 Mur. Here comes my lord. 5
Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead. Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you

to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The King and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things
well.

According as I gave directions?

1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go call our uncle to our presence straight;

Say we intend to try his Grace to-day, If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester 20 Than from true evidence, of good esteem,

He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should

prevail
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

King. I thank thee, Meg; these words
content me much.

26

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! Why look'st thou pale? Why tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? What's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend! 30 Car. God's secret judgment! I did dream to-night

The Duke was dumb and could not speak a word. [The King swoons. Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords! The King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by Be poisonous too, and kill thy toilorn the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's ope thine eyes!

patient.

King. O heavenly God!

How fares my gracious lord? Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! Gracious Henry, comfort!

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs; And thinks he that the chirping of a wren, By crying comfort from a hollow breast, Can chase away the first conceived sound? Hide not thy poison with such sug'red words:

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say, Their touch affrights me as a serpent's

sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight! Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny Sits in gram majesty to fright the world. 50 Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;

Yet do not go away; come, basilisk, And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight; For in the shade of death I shall find joy-In life but double death, now Gloucester's

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the Duke was enemy to him, Yet he most Christian-like laments his Because thy flinty heart, more hard than death:

And for myself-foe as he was to me-Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life, I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans.

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking

And all to have the noble Duke alive. me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends: It may be judg'd I made the Duke away; So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded.

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy! To be a queen and crown'd with infamy! King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester,

wretched man! Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched

than he is. What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy His father's acts commenc'd in burning

I am no loathsome leper—look on me. 75 What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?

Queen.

tomb?

Suf. He doth revive again; madam, be Why, then Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.

Erect his statue and worship it. And make my image but an alchouse sign. Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea. And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again unto my native clime? What boded this but well-forewarning wind Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest.

Nor set no footing on this unkind shore '? What did I then but curs'd the gentle gusts.

And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves:

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock? Yet Æolus would not be a murderer, But left that hateful office unto thee.

The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore With tears as salt as sea through thy un-

kındness; The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands

And would not dash me with their ragged sides.

they,

Might in thy palace perish Margaret. As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs, When from thy shore the tempest beat us back.

I stood upon the hatches in the storm; And when the dusky sky began to rob My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view. I took a costly jewel from my neck- 106 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds— What know I how the world may deem of And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it;

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart. And even with this I lost fair England's view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart.

And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles For losing ken of Albion's wished coast. How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue-

The agent of thy foul inconstancy-To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did When he to madding Dido would unfold Troy !

Am I not witch'd like her? Or thou not false like him?

Ay me, I can no more! Die, Margaret, 120 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign, That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murd'red

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means

The commons, like an angry hive of bees 125 That want their leader, scatter up and

And care not who they sting in his revenge. Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny Until they hear the order of his death. 129 King. That he is dead, good Warwick,

'tis too true;

But how he died God knows, not Henry. Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,

And comment then upon his sudden death. war. That shall I do, my liege. Stay,

Salisbury, With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit. Exit Salisbury with the Commons.

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts-

My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul

Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God; For judgment only doth belong to Thee. 140 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips With twenty thousand kisses and to drain Upon his face an ocean of salt tears

To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:

But all in vain are these mean obsequies; And to survey his dead and earthy image, What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Bed put forth with the body. Enter WARWICK.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign view this body. King. That is to see how deep my grave

is made; For with his soul fled all my worldly solace

For, seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live With that dread King that took our state upon Him

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse I do believe that violent hands were laid Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.

ft have I seen a timely-parted ghost. ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless.

Being all descended to the labouring heart. Who, in the conflict that it holds with death. Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy.

Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er

returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again. But see, his face is black and full of blood His eye-balls further out than when 1 liv'd.

Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Look, on the sheets his hair, you see. is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.

It cannot be but he was murd'red here: The least of all these signs were probable. Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the

Duke to death? Myself and Beaufort had him in protection: And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers. 181

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes:

And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep.

Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;

And 'tis well seen he found an enemy. Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe, But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest But may imagine how the bird was dead, Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife? Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his

talons? Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease.

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.

Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwick- Here in our presence! Dare you be so

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death. [Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller, 205 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still-with reverence may I say:

For every word you speak in his behalf Is slander to your royal dignity.

Blunt-witted lord, in Suf. ignoble demeanour.

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much, Thy mother took into her blameful bed Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race. War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee. Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames.

And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild.

I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy

Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st.

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy; And, after all this fearful homage done, 224 Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell, Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with Lest, me.

hence.

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee.

And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost. [Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick. King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel iust:

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is cor-[A noise within. rupted. Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords, your wrathful weapons drawn

bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury. Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. [To the Commons within] Sirs, stand apart, the King shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me

Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death.

Or banished fair England's territories, 245 They will by violence tear him from your palace

And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died;

They say in him they fear your Highness' death;

And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking, Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

They say, in care of your most royal person. That if your Highness should intend to sleep

And charge that no man should disturb vour rest.

In pain of your dislike or pain of death, Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict, Were there a serpent seen with torked tongue

That shly glided towards your Majesty, 260 It were but necessary you were wak'd, being suffer'd in that harmful

slumber. War. Away even now, or I will drag thee The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, whe'er you will or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is; With whose envenomed and fatal sting Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

They say, is shamefully bereft of life. Commons. [Within] An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign; But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd, To show how quaint an orator you are. But all the honour Salisbury hath won 275 Is that he was the lord ambassador

Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

King, or we will all break in !

King. Go. Salisbury, and tell them all from me 270

I thank them for their tender loving care; And had I not been cited so by them, Yet did I purpose as they do entreat; For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesy

Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means. And therefore by His Majesty I swear, 285

Whose far unworthy deputy I am, He shall not breathe infection in this air But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury. Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him, Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath. Had I but said, I would have kept my word;

But when I swear, it is irrevocable. If after three days' space thou here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of. The world shall not be ransom for thy life. Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee. Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction Be playfellows to keep you company ! There's two of you; the devil make a Through whom a thousand sighs third.

steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations.

And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave. Queen. Fie, coward woman and softhearted wretch,

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy? Suf. A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter searching terms, As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear, Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth, With full as many signs of deadly hate, As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave. My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words.

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint.

Mine hair be fix'd an end, as one distract; Ay, every joint should seem to curse and

And even now my burden'd heart would break.

Commons. [Within] An answer from the Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks ! Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss. And boding screech-owls make the consort full !

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell-Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself:

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil. And turns the force of them upon thyself. Suf. You bade me ban, and will you

bid me leave? Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from.

Well could I curse away a winter's night, 335 Though standing naked on a mountain top Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

And think it but a minute spent in sport. Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears; Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place To wash away my woeful monuments.

O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand. That thou might'st think upon these by the seal.

breath'd for thee ! And threefold vengeance tend upon your So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want. I will repeal thee or, be well assur'd, Adventure to be banished myself: And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone. O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

Loather a hundred times to part than die. Yet now, farewell; and farewell life with thee! 356

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the King and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;

A wilderness is populous enough, So Suffolk had thy heavenly company; For where thou art, there is the world itself, With every several pleasure in the world; And where thou art not, desolation. 364 I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life; Myself no joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death; For suddenly a grievous sickness took him That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch

the air. Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometime he calls the King

And whispers to his pillow, as to him. 375 The secrets of his overcharged soul; And I am sent to tell his Majesty

That even now he cries aloud for him. Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the Exit Vaux. King.

Ay me! What is this world! What news are these! But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure? Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee, And with the southern clouds contend in tears-

Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

Now get thee hence: the King, thou know'st, is coming:

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead. Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live; And in thy sight to die, what were it else But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? 390 Here could I breathe my soul into the air, As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe Dying with mother's dug between its lips; Where, from thy sight, I should be raging

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes, To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul, Or I should breathe it so into thy body, And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee were but to die in lest: 400 From thee to die were torture more than death.

O, let me stay, befall what may befall! Queen. Away! Though parting be a fretful corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk. Let me hear from Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on heaven's thee;

For whereso'er thou art in this world's globe

I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out. Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

[She kisses him. Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woefull'st cask

That ever did contain a thing of worth. 410 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we: This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me. [Exeunt severally.

Scene III. London. Cardinal Beaufort's bedchamber.

Enter the King. Salisbury, and Warwick. to the CARDINAL in bed.

King. How fares my lord? Speak. Beaufort, to thy sovereign. Car. If thou be'st Death I'll give thee

England's treasure. Enough to purchase such another island, So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life 5 Where death's approach is seen so terrible! War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'er they will or O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? Then show me where he is; I'll give a thousand pound to look upon hum.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul! Give me some drink; and bid the apothe-

cary Bring the strong poison that I bought of

him. King. O Thou eternal Mover of the

heavens, Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make hım grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy

hope. He dies, and makes no sign: O God,

forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

close:

[Exeunt. And let us all to meditation.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Lieutenant, a Shipmaster and his Mate, and Walter Whitmore, with Sailors; SUFFOLK and other Gentlemen, as prisoners.

Lieut. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea; And now loud-howling wolves arouse the Never yet did base dishonour blur our iades

That drag the tragic melancholy night; Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging

wings Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air. Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand.

Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; And thou that art his mate make boot of

The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share. 1 Gent. What is my ransom, master, let me know?

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Lieut. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns.

And bear the name and port of gentlemen? Cut both the villains' throats—for die you shall;

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum! spare my life.

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for Ay, and allay thus thy abortive pride, it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

[To Suffolk] And therefore, to revenge it, And therefore shall it charm thy riotous shalt thou die;

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Lieut. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman:

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt he paid.

Whit. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! Why start'st thou? What. doth death affright? Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose

sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth And told me that by water I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloodyminded;

Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not:

name

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot: when merchant-like I Therefore. sell

revenge, Broke be my sword, my arms torn and

defac'd, And I proclaim'd a coward through the

world. Suf. Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a prince.

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole. 45 Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags?

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke:

Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Lieut. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster.

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom. Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup,

Bareheaded plodded by my foot-cloth mule. And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup. Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.

When I have feasted with Queen Margaret? 1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore Remember it, and let it make thee crestfall'n,

How in our voiding-lobby hast thou stood And duly waited for my coming forth.

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf. tongue.

Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lieut. Convey him hence, and on our By such a lowly vassal as thyself. longboat's side

Strike off his head.

Suf. Lieut. Poole!

Suf. Poole? Lieut. Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks:

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth For swallowing the treasure of the realm. Thy lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground:

And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in

Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again: And wedded be thou to the hags of hell For daring to affy a mighty lord Unto the daughter of a worthless king. Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem. By devilish policy art thou grown great. And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:

The false revolting Normans thorough thee Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts.

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all, Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

As hating thee, are rising up in arms; And now the house of York-thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king 95 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny-Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colours

Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus'. The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

And to conclude, reproach and beggary Is crept into the palace of our King,

And all by thee. Away! convey him hence. Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth

thunder Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges! Small things make base men proud: this villain here, 106

more

Lieut. First let my words stab him, as he Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate. Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob beehives.

It is impossible that I should die TTO

Thy words move rage and not remorse in

Thou dar'st not, for thy own. I go of message from the Queen to France: I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Lieut. Walter-

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus: it is thee I fear.

Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? Now will ye stoop?

1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair. Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern

and rough. Us'd to command, untaught to plead for

favour. Far be it we should honour such as

these With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven and to my king: And sooner dance upon a bloody pole Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear: More can I bear than you dare execute. 130

Lieut. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot-Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave 135 Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates. [Exit Walter with Suffolk.

Lieut. And as for these, whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart; 140 Therefore come you with us, and let him go. [Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the Queen his mistress bury it. -[Exit. 1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the King. If he revenge it not, yet will his friends; Being captain of a pinnace, threatens So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [Exit with the body. Scene II. Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Geo. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep

now, then.

Geo. I tell thee Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Virtue is not Geo. O miserable age! regarded in handscraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in

leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said 'Labour in thy vocation'; which is as much to say as 'Let the magistrates be labouring men'; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham-Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher-

Geo. Then is sin struck down, like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver-Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher SMITH the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father-

Dick. [Aside] Or rather, of stealing a cad

of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes—command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer— Dick. [Aside] He was an honest man and

a good bricklaver.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet-Dick. [Aside] I knew her well; she was midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies— Dick. [Aside] She was, indeed, a pedlar'daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [Aside] But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washe bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable

house.

Dick. [Aside] Av. by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [Aside] 'A must needs: for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [Aside] No question of that : for I have seen him whipt three market days ogether.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire. Smith. [Aside] He need not fear the

sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [Aside] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand

for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am kingas king I will be-

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all

the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment, being scribbl'd o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! Who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham. write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies. Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't; the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters; 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like a honest plain-dealing man? Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I nave been so well brought up that I can write my name. All. He hath confess'd. Away with him!

He's a villam and a traitor. Cade. Away with him, I say! Hang him

with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow. Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encount'red with a' man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer, [Rises] Now have at him!

HUMPHREY William his brother, with drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent.

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom; The King is merciful if you revolt. W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd

to blood,

If you go forward; therefore yield or die. Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;

It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown. Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener. W. Staf. And what of that?

Earl of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true.

The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away, And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to

His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words

That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we: therefore get ve gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [Aside] He lies, for I invented it mvself-Go to, sirrah, tell the King from me that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to spancounter for French crowns. I am content he shall reign; but I'll be Protector over

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom

of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England main'd and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor. 162

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance! Cade Nay, answer if you can; the Frenchmen are our enemies. Go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor. or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

Assail them with the army of the King. 170 Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade:

That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors. 175 Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, And you that be the King's friends, follow

> Exeunt the two Staffords and Soldiers. Cade. And you that love the commons follow me.

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman; Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon, For they are thrifty honest men and such As would—but that they dare not—take

our parts. Dick. They are all in order, and march towārd us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march for-141 ward. (Exeunt. Scene III. Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain. Enter CADE and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee—the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. [Putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine] This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.
[Exeunt.

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SCENE IV. London. The palace.

Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with Suffolk's head; the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD SAY.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind

And makes it fearful and degenerate; Think therefore on revenge and cease to

But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;

But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;

For God forbid so many simple souls 10 Should perish by the sword! And I myself, Rather than bloody war shall cut them short.

Will parley with Jack Cade their general. But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! Hath this lovely face

Rul'd like a wandering planet over me, 16 And could it not enforce them to relent That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead, Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! What news? Why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,

Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,

And calls your Grace usurper, openly, 30 And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless; Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed. 35

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth 39

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now
alive.

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee; Therefore away with us to Killingworth. Say. So might your Grace's person be in

danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge.

The citizens fly and forsake their houses; 50 The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear

To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd. 56

King. [To Lord Say] Farewell, my lord, trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betrav'd.

The trust I have is in mine innocence.

And therefore am I bold and resolute. 60 [Exeunt.

SCENE V. London. The Tower.

LORD SCALES upon the Tower.

walking. Then enter two or three Citizens.

Scales. How now! Is Jack Cade slain? 1 Cit. No. my lord, nor likely to be slain ; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels. 5

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall

command.

But I am troubled here with them myself: The rebels have assav'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe; Fight for your King, your country, and your lives;

And so, farewell, for I must hence again. TExeunt.

Scene VI London. Cannon street.

Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running,

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade! Cade. Knock him down there.

[They kill him. Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered

together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them. But first go and set London Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. [Exeunt. Come. let's away.

Scene VII. London. Smithfield.

Alarums. MATTHEW GOFFE is slain, and all the rest. Then enter JACK CADE, with his company.

down the Savoy; others to th' Inns of Court; down with them all.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [Aside] Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [Aside] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm. My mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. [Aside] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! Now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd, and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed iustices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them, when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy Cade. So, sirs. Now go some and pull horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets. 47

Dick. And work in their shirt too, as Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship. myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say, You men of Kent-

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'tis' bona terra. mala gens'.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! O, let me live! He speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ. Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle. Sweet is the country, because full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy; Which makes me hope you are not void of

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy; Yet, to recover them, would lose my life. Justice with favour have I always done; Pray'rs and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands, But to maintain the King, the realm, and vou ?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the King, And seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits You cannot but forbear to murder me. This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say, Great men have reaching hands. Oft have-I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! What, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say, Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases. Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man? Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say 'I'll be even with you'; I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended

Have I affected wealth or honour? Speak. Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold? Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my

death? 95

50 These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding.

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

Cade. [Aside] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it. He shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. -Away with him! He has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your pray'rs,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves. How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life. Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [Exeunt some with Lord Say] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as tree as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently,

All. O. brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us instead of maces will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarum and retreat. Enter again CADE and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames! [Sound a parley What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from Henry hath money; you are strong and the King

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all

That will forsake thee and go home in peace. Clif. What say ye, countrymen? Will ye relent

And vield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you, Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths? Who loves the King, and will embrace his

pardon, Fling up his cap and say 'God save his Majesty!'

Who hateth him and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to guake.

Shake he his weapon at us and pass by. All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? Will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your Hath my sword therefore broke necks? through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ve would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom. But you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one; and so God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade! Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?

Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?

Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to: Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us. Were't not a shame that whilst you live at

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?

Methinks already in this civil broil I see them lording it in London streets, Crying 'Villiago!' unto all they meet. 45 Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast. And Henry, though he be infortunate,

manly.

God on our side, doubt not of victory. All. A Clifford! a Clifford! We'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and

follow him; And he that brings his head unto the King Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. [Exeunt some of them. Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the King. [Exeunt.

Scene IX. Killingworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerset, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne

And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle But I was made a king, at nine months old. Was never subject long'd to be a king As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, Multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do vield. And humbly thus, with halters on their

necks Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

And show'd how well you love your Prince and country. Continue still in this so good a mind,

Assure yourselves, will never be unkind. And so, with thanks and pardon to you all. I do dismiss you to your several countries. All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be adver-

The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland

And with a puissant and a mighty power 25 Of gallowglasses and stout kerns Is marching hitherward in proud array. And still proclaimeth, as he comes along, His arms are only to remove from thee The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a

traitor. King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd:

Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest, Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,

And now is York in arms to second him. 35 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him And ask him what's the reason of these arms.

Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40 Som. My lord

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,

Or unto death, to do my country good. King. In any case be not too rough in terms.

For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord, and doubt not so to deal

As all things shall redound unto your good. King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Flourish. Exeunt

Scene X. Kent. Iden's garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambitions! Fie on myself. that have a sword and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am T so hungry that, if I might have a lease o my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word turn the edge, or cut not out the burlysallet 'was born to do me good; for many bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep

time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had een cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a juart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter IOEN.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ? This small inheritance my father left me lontenteth me, and worth a monarchy.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning 20 Or gather wealth I care not with what envy: Sufficeth that I have maintains my state. And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his feesimple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; out I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich and swallow my sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,

know thee not; why then should I betray thee?

is't not enough to break into my garden And like a thief to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? Ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy five men and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while

England stands, That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent. Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man. Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine: See if thou canst outface me with thy looks; Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy leg a stick compared with this

truncheon; My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast.

And if mine arm be heaved in the air, 50 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. As for words, whose greatness answers words,

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to hobnails. [Here they fight; Cade falls] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me. Let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead.

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat 69
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [Dies.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword.

So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the

Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head, Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Ext.]

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

Enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:

Ring bells aloud, burn bonfires clear and bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king. Ah, sancta majestas! who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey that knows not how to rule; This hand was made to handle nought but gold.

I cannot give due action to my words
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of
France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

[Aside] Whom have we here? Bucking-ham, to disturb me?

The King hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our

dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20 Should raise so great a power without his

leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the

court.

York. [Aside] Scarce can I speak, my

choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with

flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury. I am far better born than is the King,

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;

But I must make fair weather yet awhile, 30 Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—

Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me That I have given no answer all this while; My mind was troubled with deep melan-

choly.

The cause why I have brought this army

hither Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,

Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;

But if thy arms be to no other end, The King hath yielded unto thy demand: 40 The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner? Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner. York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss

my pow'rs.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field, You shall have pay and everything you wish.

And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry, Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons, As pledges of my fealty and love.

1'il send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

We twain will go into his Highness' tent. 55 Enter the King, and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us.

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

York. In all submission and humility York doth present himself unto your Highness.

Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence, And fight against that monstrous rebel

Cade, Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean

condition May pass into the presence of a king, Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head, The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew. King. The head of Cade! Great God,

how just art Thou! O, let me view his visage, being dead, That living wrought me such exceeding

trouble. Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that I know, ere they will have me go to ward, slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty. King. How art thou call'd? And what

is thy degree? Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name; A poor esquire of Kent that loves his king. Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

He were created knight for his good service. King. Iden, kneel down. [He kneels] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks, And will that thou thenceforth attend on us. Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

And never live but true unto his liege!

Enter the QUEEN and SOMERSET.

King. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with th' Queen: Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head, But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty? Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart. Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,

Buck. York, I commend this kind sub-mission. Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse? King did I call thee? No, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes.

Which dar's not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff. And not to grace an awful princely sceptre. That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear.

Is able with the change to kill and cure. Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up, And with the same to act controlling laws. Give place. By heaven, thou shalt rule no

more O'er him whom heaven created for thy

ruler. TOS Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee. York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown.

Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace, York. Wouldst have me kneel? First let me ask of these.

If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110 Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

[Exit Attendant. They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain.

To say if that the bastard boys of York 115 Shall be the surety for their traitor father. Exit Buckingham.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan, Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth. Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter CLIFFORD and his Son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the King! [Kneels. York. I thank thee, Clifford. Say, what

news with thee? Nay, do not fright us with an angry look. We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again; For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King, York, I do not mistake:

But thou mistakes me much to think I do. And shame thine honourable age with To Bedlam with him! Is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humeur

Makes him oppose himself against his king. Clil. Ife is a traitor; let him to the Tower.

And chop away that factious pate of his. 135 Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey; His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains They may astonish these fell-lucking curs. Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY.

Clif. Are these thy bears? We'll bait thy I am resolv'd for death or dignity. bears to death,

And manacle the berard in their chains, If thou dar'st bring them to the baitinglace.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur Run back and bite, because he was withheld:

Who, being suffer'd, with the bear's fell

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried;

And such a piece of service will you do, 25-If you oppose yourselves to match Lord The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape! anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair, Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son! What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles? O. where is faith? O, where is loyalty? If it be banish'd from the frosty head, Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war

blood ?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it? For shame! In duty bend thy knee to me. That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself

The title of this most renowned duke, And in my conscience do repute his Grace The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. King. Canst thou dispense with heaven

for such an oath? Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin; But greater sin to keep a sinful oath Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man, 185 To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right,

And have no other reason for this wrong But that he was bound by a solemn oath? Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister. King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself. 102

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hasr.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams

prove true. 195 War. You were best to go to bed and dream again

To keep thee from the tempest of the field. Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm Than any thou carst conjure up to-day; And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet, As on a mountain-top the cedar shows, 205 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm, York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly Even to affright thee with the view thereof. Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy

bear And tread it under foot with all contempt, King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee Despite the beard that protects the bear. Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious

> father, To quell the rebels and their complices. Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! Speak not

> in spite, For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night. Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than

thou canst tell. Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [Exeunt severally.

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Scene II. Saint Albans.

Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK.

War, Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear.

Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air, Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with mé.

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumber-

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot? York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed:

But match to match I have encount'red him,

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well. Enter old CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase.

For I myself must hunt this deer to death. War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit. Clif. What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love

But that thou art so fast mine enemy. Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem

But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason. York. So let it help me now against thy sword.

As I in justice and true right express it! 25 Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

[They fight and Clifford falls. Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [Dies. York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! All is on the rout:

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Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part 35 Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly. He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love: nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance. The name of valour. [Sees his father's body. O, let the vile world end

And the premised flames of the last day Knit earth and heaven together! Now let the general trumpet blow his blast.

Particularities and petty sounds To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father, To lose thy youth in peace and to achieve The silver livery of advised age,

And in thy reverence and thy chair-days thus

To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis

mine It shall be stony. York not our old men

spares: No more will I their babes. Tears virginal Shall be to me even as the dew to fire: And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims, Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax, 55 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity: Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it As wild Medea young Absyrtus did; In cruelty will I seek out my fame. Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

As did Æneas old Anchises bear. So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders; But then Æneas bare a living load.

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. 65 [Exit with the body.

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight. Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there; For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign, The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still: Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King, Queen, and Others.

Queen. Away, my lord! You are slow; for shame, away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens? Good Margaret, stay.

Queen. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly.

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds To give the enemy way, and to secure us

By what we can, which can no more but fly. [Alarum afar off. If you be ta'en, we then should see the

bottom our fortunes; but if we haply Of all

scape-As well we may, if not through your

neglect-We shall to London get, where you are lov'd.

And where this breach now in our fortunes made May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young CLIFFORD.

mischief set. I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly: But fly you must; uncurable discomfit

parts. Away, for your relief! and we will live To see their day and them our fortune give. [Exeunt. Away, my lord, away!

Scene III. Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum, Retreat, Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him.

That winter hon, who in rage forgets Aged contusions and all brush of time And, like a gallant in the brow of youth, Repairs him with occasion? This happy day

Is not itself, nor have we won one foot, If Salisbury be lost. My noble father, Rich.

Three times to-day I holp him to his horse. Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off. Persuaded him from any further act: But still where danger was, still there I met him:

And like rich hangings in a homely house. So was his will in his old feeble body. But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day! By th' mass, so did we all. I thank you,

Richard: God knows how long it is I have to live, Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future And it hath pleas'd Him that three times

> to-day You have defended me from imminent

death. Reigns in the hearts of all our present Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled, Being opposites of such repairing nature. York. I know our safety is to follow

them: For, as I hear, the King is fled to London To call a present court of Parliament. Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth. What says Lord Warwick? Shall we after

them? War. After them? Nav. before them, if

Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York. Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come. Sound drum and trumpets and to London all:

And more such days as these to us befall ! [Exeunt

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son. Louis XI. King of France. DUKE OF SOMERSET. DUKE OF EXETER. EARL OF OXFORD. EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. EARL OF WESTMORELAND. LORD CLIFFORD. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York. EDWARD, Earl of March, after-) wards King Edward IV, EDMUND, Earl of Rutland, GEORGE, afterwards Duke of his sons. Clarence, RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, DUKE OF NORFOLK. MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE. EARL OF WARWICK. EARL OF PEMBROKE.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, ? uncles to the SIR HUGH MORIIMER, Duke of York. HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth. LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grev. SIR WILLIAM STANLEY. SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY. SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE. Tutor, to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his father. A Father that has killed his son. QUEEN MARGARET. LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward

BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

THE SCENE: England and France.

ACT ONE

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STAFFORD.

SCENE I. London. The Parliament House. Alarum. Enter DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WAR-WICK, and Soldiers, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the King escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He slily stole away and left his men; Whereat the great Lord of Northumber-

land. Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat.

Cheer'd up the drooping army, and himself, Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,

Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Búckingham, Is either slain or wounded dangerous; I cleft his beaver with a downright blow. 662

That this is true, father, behold his blood. Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

Whom I encount'red as the battles join'd. Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Throwing down Somerset's head. York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20 War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York.

Before I see thee seated in that throne Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven these eyes shall never

This is the palace of the fearful King, 25 And this the regal seat. Possess it, York; For this is thine, and not King Henry's

close.

heirs'. York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will:

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. 30

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords:

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this And they have troops of soldiers at their night.

[They go up. beck?

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence.

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

York. The Queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council. By words or blows here let us win our right. Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd, 39

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be King, And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves

him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancastei,
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who
dares.

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown. York occupies the throne

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and Others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state! Belike he means,

Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king. Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;

And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge 55

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford

mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's

pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons such as he; He durst not sit there had your father liv'd. My gracious lord, here in the parliament Let us assail the tamily of York. North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Her. Ah, know you not the city favours them.

And they have troops of soldiers at their

beck?
Exe. But when the Duke is slain they'll

quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from
Henry's heart.

Henry's heart, 70
To make a shambles of the parilament house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats.

Shall be the war that Henry means to use. Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet; I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee Duke of York.

York. 'I was my inheritance, as the earl-dom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown 80
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so; content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of

Lancaster; And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall

maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it.

You forget

That we are those which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that instead

of words
65 I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100 War. Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York; Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces. War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head. Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and

honourest arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling

the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first. Hear him, lords:

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live. K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat? No; first shall war unpeople this my realm; Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130 War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be King.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest

king.

K. Hen. [Aside] I know not what to say: my title's weak.-

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful King;

For Richard, in the view of many lords, 664

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth. Whose heir my father was, and I am his, 140 York. He rose against him, being his sovereign.

And made him to resign his crown perforce. War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?' Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.

K. Hen. [Aside] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd. War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all. North. Thou art deceiv'd. 'Tis not thy southern power

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and Can set the Duke up in despite of me. Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or

wrong, Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.

May that ground gape, and swallow me alıve, Where I shall kneel to him that slew my

father! K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive

my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ? War. Do right unto this princely Duke

of York: Or I will fill the house with armed men, And over the chair of state, where now he

sits, Write up his title with usurping blood. [He stamps with his foot and the Soldiers

show themselves. K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear but

got the crown. one word: 170
'Twas by rebellion against his Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir? 135 And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

> K. Hen. I am content. Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease. 175

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince vour son l

War. What good is this to England and himself!

Base, fearful, and despairing Henry I

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

I cannot stay to hear these articles. North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-harted and degenerate king.

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York

And die in bands for this unmanly deed! Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome.

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd! IExeunt Northumberland, Clifford and Westmoreland.

War. Turn this way. Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Éxeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord? K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit. But be it as it may. [To York] I here entail The crown to thee and to thine heirs for 195 ever:

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live, To honour me as thy king and sovereign, And neither by treason nor hostility To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [Coming from the throne. War. Long live King Henry! Planta-

genet, embrace him. K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[Sennet. Here they come down. York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself [Exeunt the Yorkists. I came. K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger. I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes? Ah, wretched man! Would I had died a

maid. And never seen thee, never borne thee son. Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a

father! Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, Or felt that pain which I did for him once, Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood, Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-

blood there

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son. Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit

If you be King, why should not I succeed? K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret: pardon

me, sweet son.
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforc'd

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! Art thou King and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me; And giv'n unto the house of York such head

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance. To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it but to make thy sepulchre 236 And creep into it far before thy time? Warwick is Chancellor and the lord of

Calais; Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The Duke is made Protector of the realm; And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds

The trembling lamb environed with wolves. Had I been there, which am a silly woman, The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act. 245 But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour;

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, Until that act of parliament be repeal'd Whereby my son is disinherited.

665

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours

spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy foul It will outrun you, father, in the end, disgrace

And utter ruin of the house of York. Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's

away; Our army is ready; come, we'll after them. K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou will stay with me?

Q. Mar. Av, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field

I'll see your Grace: till then I'll follow her. Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus. [Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.

K. Hen. Poor queen! How love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke. Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire, Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle Tire on the flesh of me and of my son! The loss of those three lords torments my

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair; Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger. Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them

Scene II. Sandal Casile, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Flourish. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and

MONTAGUE. Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give

me leave. Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel? How began it first? Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention. York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us-

The crown of England, father, which is

York. Mine, boy? Not till King Henry

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now.

Will follow mine, if once they see them By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign. Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be

broken: I would break a thousand oaths to reign

one year. Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should

be forsworn. York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate That hath authority over him that swears. Henry had none, but did usurp the place: Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to denose.

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous. Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown, Within whose circuit is Elysium And all that poets feign of bliss and joy. Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's

heart. York. Richard, enough; I will be King.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently And whet on Warwick to this enterprise. Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk

And tell him privily of our intent. You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham. With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise;

In them I trust, for they are soldiers, Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more

But that I seek occasion how to rise, And yet the King not privy to my drift, Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay. What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The Lucen with all the northern earls and loads

Intend here to besiege you in your castle. 50 She is hard by with twenty thousand men; And therefore fortify your hold, my lord. York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them? Edward and Richard, you shall stay with That trembles under his devouring paws: me:

My brother Meniague shall post to London. Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest, Whom we have left protectors of the King, With pow'rful policy strengthen themselves And trust not simple Henry nor his paths Mont. Brother, I go: I'll win them, fea

it not. And thus most humbly I do take my leave

[Exit Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. mine uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour: The army of the Queen mean to besiege us Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men? Rich. Av., with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear? IA march afar off. Edw. I hear then drums. Let's set our men in order.

And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! Though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory. Many a battle have I won in Fiance, When as the enemy hath been ten to one; Why should I not now have the like success?

Scene III. Field of battle between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarum. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor. Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?

Ah. tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes !

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! Thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke, Whose father slew my father, he shall die. 5 Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man. [Exit, forced off by Soldiers. Clif. How now, is he dead already? Or

is it fear That makes him close his eyes? I'll open

wretch

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prev, in And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder, Ah, gentle Chifford, kill me with thy sword, And not with such a cruel threat'ning look! Sweet Clifford, hear me speak betore I die. I am too mean a subject for thy weath; Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. 20

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; iny father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:

He is a man, and, Chiford, cope with him. Clif. Had I thy biethien here, their lives and thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me: No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves And hung their lotten coffins up in chains, It could not slake mine ire nor ease my beart.

The sight of any of the house of York 30 Is as a fury to torment my soul; And till I toot out their accursed line And leave not one alive, I live in hell. Therefore-

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!

To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me. Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point aflords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slav me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born. Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, 40 Lest in reverge thereof, sith God is just, He be as miserably slain as I. Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence Then let me die, for now thou hast no Cause.

Clif. No cause! Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. IStabs him.

Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae! Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet; And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood. Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off Exit. both.

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field.

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me; And all my followers to the eager foe Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind.

Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers. wolves.

My sons-God knows what hath bechanced them:

But this I know-they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown by life or death. Three times did Richard make a lane to

And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out'.

And full as oft came Edward to my side With purple falchion, painted to the hilt

And when the hardiest warriors did retire, Richard cried 'Charge, and give no foot of

ground'. And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!' With this we charg'd again; but out alas! We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan With bootless labour swim against the tide And spend her strength with over-matching [A short alarum within. waves.

Ah, hark! The fatal followers do pursue, And I am faint and cannot fly their fury; And were I strong, I would not shun their

The sands are numb'red that make up my life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, North-UMBERLAND, the PRINCE OF WALES, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumber- So true men yield, with robbers so o'erland.

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage; I am your butt, and I abide your shot:

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless

arm With downright payment show'd unto my

father.

Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car, And made an evening at the noontide prick. York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all; And in that hope I throw mine eves to heaven.

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with. Why come you not? What! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further:

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons: lives.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again.

And in thy thought o'errun my former time; And, if thou canst for blushing, view this

face. And bite thy tongue that slanders him with

cowardice Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly

ere this! Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word.

In blood of those that had encount'red But buckler with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford; for a thousand causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life. Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou. Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin. For one to thrust his hand between his teeth.

When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's prize to take all vantages:

And ten to one is no impeach of valour. 60 They lay hands on York, who struggles. Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the conv struggle in the

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

match'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here

That raught at mountains with outstretched arms.

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. What, was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward and the lusty George? And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies? So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem, blood

That valuant Clifford with his rapler's point Made issue from the bosom of the boy: And if thine eyes can water for his death, I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal. Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee Unless the adage must be verified.

deadly.

I should lament thy miserable state. I prithee grieve to make me merry. York. What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death Why art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst

be mad:

And I to make thee mad do mock thee thus Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:

York cannot speak unless he wear a crown. A crown for York !- and, lords, bow low to hım.

Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on. 95 [Putting a paper crown on his head. Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king! Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair, And this is he was his adopted heir.

But how is it that great Plantagenet Is crown'd so soon and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be King Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's For raging

And rob his temples of the diadem, Now in his life, against your holy oath? 105 O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!

Off with the crown and with the crown his head:

dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons That hardly can I check my eyes from he makes. York. She-wolf of France, but worse than

wolves of France, Whose tongue more poisons than the

adder's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph like an Amazonian trull Upon their woes whom fortune captivates! But that thy face is visard-like, unchanging, Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless. Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman. Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen:

That beggais mounted run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;

But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small.

'Tis viitue that doth make them most admir'd:

The contrary doth make thee wond'red at. 'Tis government that makes them seem divine:

The want thereof makes thee abominable. Thou art as opposite to every good

As the Antipodes are unto us. Or as the south to the septentrion.

O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide! How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal. And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140 Women are soft, mild, pititul, and flexible: Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, lough, remorseless.

Bid'st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast thy wish:

Wouldst have me weep? Why, now thou hast thy will;

wind blows up incessant showers.

And when the rage allays, the rain begins. These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:

And every drop cries vengeance for his death

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

> North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so

tears. York. That face of his the hungry

cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable-

O. ten times more—than tigers of Hyrcania. See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears. This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away. Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this; And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 100 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears; Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling

And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'

There, take the crown, and with the crown See how the morning opes her golden gates my curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee As now I reap at thy too cruel hand! Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin.

I should not for my life but weep with him, To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul. Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord

Northumberland? Think but upon the wrong he did us all, And that will quickly dry thy melting tears. Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my Stabbing him.

father's death. Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-Stabbing him. hearted king. York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek Dies. out Thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates:

So York may overlook the town of York. [Flourish. Exernit.

ACT TWO

Scene I. A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A march. Enier ED VARD, RICHARD, and their rower.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father scap'd,

Or whether he be scap'd away or no Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.

Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;

Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard

The happy tidings of his good escape. How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy until I be resolv'd Where our right valiant father is become. 10 I saw him in the battle range about

And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth. Methought he bore him in the thickest

troop As doth a hon in a herd of neat;

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs, Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,

The rest stand all aloof and bark at him. So far'd our father with his enemies; So fled his enemies my warlike father. Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son, 20

164 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun. How well resembles it the prime of youth, Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suas?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds. But sever'd in a p e clear-shitting sky. See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss.

As if they vow'd some league inviolable, 30 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one

In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like vet never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field. That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, 35 Each one already blazing by our meeds. Should notwithstanding join our lights together

And ov, shine the earth, as this the world. Whate'ei it bodes, henceforward will I bear Upon my target three fair shining suns. 40 Rich. Nay, bear three daughters-by

your leave I speak it.

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger, blowing. But what art thou, whose heavy looks

foretell Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-

When as the noble Duke of York was slain, Your princely father and my loving lord! Edw. O, speak no more! for I have

heard too much. Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes, And stood against them as the hope of Troy Against the Greeks that would have ent'red Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds: And many strokes, though with a little axe. Hews down and fells the hardest-timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd: But only slaught'red by the ireful arm Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,

Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,

Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept.

The ruthless Queen gave him to dry his cheeks

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain ;

And after many scorns, many foul taunts, They took his head, and on the gates of York

They set the same; and there it doth remain.

The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd. Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon.

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay. O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast

slaın The flow'r of Europe for his chivalry;

And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd hım.

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.

Now my soul's palace is become a prison. Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest! For never henceforth shall I joy again; Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnaceburning heart;

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden.

For self-same wind that I should speak withal

Is kindling coals that fires all my breast, And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief. 85 Tears then for babes: blows and revenge for me!

Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,

Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valuant duke hath I cannot judge; but, to conclude with left with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun; Or like an idle thresher with a flail, For chair and dukedom, throne and king- Fell gently down, as if they struck their dom, say:

his.

March. Enter WARWICK, MONTAGUE, and their Army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? What news abroad?

should recount

deliverance

Stab poinards in our flesh till all were told, The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet Which held thee dearly as his soul's

redemption Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death. War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news

in tears : And now, to add more measure to your woes,

I come to tell you things sith then befall'n. After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought. Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run. Were brought me of your loss and his depart.

I, then in London, keeper of the King, Muster'd my soldiers, gathered flocks of

friends. And very well appointed, as I thought,

March'd toward Saint Albans to intercept the Queen. Bearing the King in my behalf along: 115

For by my scouts I was advertised That she was coming with a full intent

To dash our late decree in parliament Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.

Short tale to make-we at St. Albans met. Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:

But whether 'twas the coldness of the King, Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen, That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,

Or whether 'twas report of her success, 125 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour.

Who thunders to his captives blood and death,

truth,

Their weapons like to lightning came and went:

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight 130

friends.

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause, With promise of high pay and great iewards. 131

But all in vain; they had no heart to fight.

And we in them no hope to win the day; So that we fled: the King unto the Queen; Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,

Our baleful news and at each word's In haste post-haste are come to join with you;

For in the marches here we heard you were Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers:

And for your brother, he was lately sent 145 From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy, With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Warwick fled.

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit, But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150 War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost

thou hear; For thou shalt know this strong right hand

of mine Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head

And wring the awful sceptre from his fist, Were he as famous and as bold in war 155 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well. Lord Warwick; blame me not.

'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak. But in this troublous time what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel And wrap our bodies in black mourninggowns,

Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads? Or shall we on the helmets of our foes Tell our devotion with revengeful arms? If for the last, say 'Ay', and to it, lords. 165

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague. Attend me, lords. The proud insulting Queen,

With Clifford and the haught Northumber-

And of their feather many moe proud birds, Have wrought the easy-melting King like wax.

He swore consent to your succession, His oath enrolled in the parliament: And now to London all the crew are gone To frustrate both his oath and what beside May make against the house of Lancaster. Their power, I think, is thirty thousand

strong. Now if the help of Norfolk and myself, With all the friends that thou, brave Earl

of March. Amongst the loving Welshmen canst pro-

cure. Will but amount to five and twenty thousand.

Why, Via! to London will we march amain, And once again bestride our foaming steeds, And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!

But never once again turn back and fly. Warwick speak. 186

That cries 'Retire!' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean:

And when thou fail'st-as God forbid the hour !-Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valuant Must Edward fall, which peril heaven

forfend. War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:

The next degree is England's royal throne. For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along: And he that throws not up his cap for joy Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head. King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague. Stav we no longer, dreaming of renown, But sound the trumpets and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds. I come to pierce it or to give thee mine. Edw. Then strike up drums. God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news? 205 Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me

The Queen is coming with a puissant host. And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why, then it sorts; brave warriors, let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before York.

Flourish. lourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy That sought to be encompass'd with your crown.

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck-

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. Withhold revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault.

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my yow. Clif. My gracious liege, this too much

lenity And harmful pity must be laid aside. To whom do lions cast their gentle looks? Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Not his that spoils her young before her You promis'd knighthood to our forward face.

Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal Unsheathe your sword and dub him sting?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back. The smallest worm will turn, being trodden

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown, Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows. He, but a Duke, would have his son a king, And raise his issue like a loving site: Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son.

Didst yield consent to disinherit him. Which argued thee a most unloving father Unreasonable creatures feed their young; And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones. Who hath not seen them-even with those wings

Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight-

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest.

defence?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!

Were it not pity that this goodly boy Should lose his birthright by his father's fault.

And long hereafter say unto his child 'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got

My careless father fondly gave away '? Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the bov:

And let his manly face, which promiseth Successful fortune, steel thy melting hear-To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force. But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear That things ill got had ever bad success? And happy always was it for that son Whose father for his hoarding went to hell? I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind-And would my father had left me no more! For all the rest is held at such a rate As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep Than in possession any jot of pleasure. Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends

did know How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our toes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

son:

presently.

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagent, arise a knight: And learn this lesson: Draw thy sword in

maht. Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave.

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown.

And in that quarrel use it to the death Clif Why, that is spoken like a toward pillice.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:

For with a band of thirty thousand men Comes Waiwick, backing of the Duke of York,

And in the towns, as they do march along, Proclaims him king, and many fly to him. Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif I would your Highness would depart the field:

Offering their own lives in their young's The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

> Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my tortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords.

And hearten those that fight in your defence.

Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE. RICHARD. WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace

And set thy diadem upon my head,

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field? Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms >5 Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king? Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee.

I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You that are King, though he do wear the crown,

Have caus'd him by new act of parliament To blot out me and put his own son in. Clif. And reason too:

Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to There is no wrong, but every thing is right. answer thee.

Or any he, the proudest of thy sort. Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry? Wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! Dare you speak? When you and I met at Saint Albans last

Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and vet you fled.

'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain The execution of my big-swol'n heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer. Clif. I slew thy father; call'st thou him

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward.

As thou didst kill out tender brother

Rutland; But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed. K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee give no limits to my tongue: I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be stıll. Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy

sword. By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue. Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right,

or no? A thousand men have broke their fasts

to-day That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy

For York in justice puts his armour on. 130 .674

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands:

'Twas you that Lill'd young For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

O. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam:

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic. Mark'd by the destines to be avoided.

As venom toads or lizards' dreadful stings. Rich. Iton of Naples hid with English

gult. Whose father bears the title of a king- 140 As if a channel should be call'd the sea-

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught.

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns

To make this shameless callet know herself. Helen of Greece was fairer tar than thou. Although thy husband may be Menelaus: And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother

wrong'd

By that false woman as this king by thee. His father revell'd in the heart of France. And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop; 151

And had he match'd according to his state.

He might have kept that glory to this day: But when he took a beggar to his bed And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day.

Even then that sunshine brew'd a show'r for him

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home. For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept:

And we, in pity of the gentle King,

Had slipp'd our claim until another age. Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase, We set the axe to thy usurping root; 165 And though the edge hath something hit

ourselves, Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee: Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deniest the gentle King to speak.

was ē,

And either victory or else a grave!

Q. Mar. Stay, Édward. 175 Edw. No. wrangling woman, we'll no! longer stay:

These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. IExeunt.

Scene III. A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.

Alarum; excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race.

I lay me down a little while to breathe: For strokes receiv'd and many blows repaid Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength.

And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death;

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! What hap? What hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

despair;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us. 10 What counsel give you? Whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight: they follow us For yet is hope of life and victory. with wings; And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD. Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;

And in the very pangs of death he cried, Like to a dismal clangor heard from far, 'Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my

death'. So, underneath the belly of their steeds. 20 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood.

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost. War. Then let the earth be drunken with

our blood. I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly. Why stand we like soft-hearted women

here, Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,

And look upon, as if the tragedy Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors? Here on my knee I was to G d above I'll never pause aga never stand still, 30

Sound trumpets; let our bloody colours. Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine! And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings, Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands That to my foes this body must be prey, Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may

ope And give sweet passage to my sinful soul. Now, lords, take leave until we meet again. Where'et it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms. 45 I that did never weep now melt with woe That winter should cut off our spring-time

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops, And give them leave to fly that will not

And call them pillars that will stand to us; Geo. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad And if we thrive, promise them such rewards

> As victors wear at the Olympian games. This may plant courage in their quailing breasts.

> Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, i have singled thee alone.

Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York, And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York:

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland:

And here's the heart that triumphs in their death

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

To execute the like upon thyself: And so, have at thee! They fight.

Enter WARWICK: Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night. Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea 5 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:

Now sways it that way, like the selfsame

Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind. Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind:

Now one the better, then another best; 10 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast, Yet neither conqueror nor conquered.

So is the equal poise of this fell war. Here on this molehill will I sit me down. To whom God will, there be the victory! 15 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too, Have chid me from the battle, swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence. Would I were dead, if God's good will were

For what is in this world but grief and woe? O God! methinks it were a happy life To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carve out dials quaintly, point by point, Thereby to see the minutes how they run-How many makes the hour full complete, How many hours brings about the day, How many days will finish up the year, How many years a mortal man may live. When this is known, then to divide the

times-So many hours must I tend my flock:

So many hours must I take my rest; So many hours must I contemplate;

So many hours must I sport myself;

So many days my ewes have been with young;

So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean; So many years ere I shall shear the fleece: So minutes, hours, days, months, and years, Pass'd over to the end they were created, Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter - shade

To shepherds looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? O yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.

And to conclude: the shepherd's homely curds.

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle. His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade. All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50 Is far beyond a prince's delicates-His viands sparkling in a golden cup.

His body couched in a curious bed.

When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath kill'd his Father, at one door: and a Father that hath kill'd his Son, at another door.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight

May be possessed with some store of crowns:

And I, that haply take them from him now. May yet ere night yield both my life and them

To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

Who's this? O God! It is my father's face. Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.

O heavy times, begetting such events! From London by the King was I press'd forth:

My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,

Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life, Have by my hands of life bereaved him. Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did. And pardon, father, for I knew not thee. 70 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;

And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

Whiles lions war and battle for their dens, Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity 75 Weep, wretched man; I'll aid thee tear for

And let our hearts and eves, like civil war. Be blind with tears and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter Father, bearing of his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,

Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.

But let me see. Is this our foeman's face? Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son! Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee, Throw up thine eye! See, see what show'rs

arise.

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit. Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eve and heart!

O, pity, God, this miserable age!

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly, Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late! common grief!

O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!

The red rose and the white are on his face, The fatal colours of our striving houses: The one his purple blood right well resembles:

The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish! If you contend, a thousand lives must perish.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death

Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied! Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied! K. Hen. How will the country for these woeful chances

Misthink the King, and not be satisfied! Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may [Exit with the body. weep my fill. Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell; And so obsequious will thy father be,

Even for the loss of thee, having no more, As Priam was for all his valiant sons. I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will.

For I have murdered where I should not [Exit with the body. kill.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums; excursions. Enter QUEEN MAR-GARET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly; for all your friends are fled. And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-

Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath. And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

> Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them. Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed;

> Or else come after. I'll away before. K. Hen. Nav. take me with thee, good sweet Exeter.

> Not that I fear to stay, but love to go Whither the Queen intends. Forward: away! [Exeunt.

Scene VI. Another part of the field.

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded. Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here

it dies. Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow

More than my body's parting with my soul! My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee; And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.

Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud Ÿork.

The common people swarm like summer flies:

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun? And who shines now but Henry's enemies? O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do.

Or as thy father and his father did, Giving no ground unto the house of York, They never then had sprung like summer flies:

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm Had left no mourning widows for our death; And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air? And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds.

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.

The foe-is merciless and will not pity; 25 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity. The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

faint.

Come. York and Richard, Warwick and the And he nor sees nor hears us what we say. rest;

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms: split my breast. [He faints.

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD. GEORGE, RICHARD. MONTAGUE. WAR-WICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords. Good fortune bids us pause

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Oueen

That led calm Henry though he were a king,

As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust, 35 Command an argosy to stem the waves. But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

'tis impossible he should War. No. escape:

For, though before his face I speak the words,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:

And, whereso er he is, he's surely dead. [Clifford groans, and dies. Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her

heavy leave? deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

See who it is.

And now the battle's ended. If friend or foe, let him be gently used. 45 Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch

In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth.

But set his murd'ring knife unto the root From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring-

I mean our princely father, Duke of York. War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head.

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:

Instead whereof let this supply the room. Measure for measure must be answered. 59 Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house.

Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning First will I see the coronation; sound.

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall

War. I think his understanding is bereft. Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100 to thee?

And much effuse of blood doth make me Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,

> Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps. he doth.

Tis but his policy to counterfeit, 65 Because he would avoid such bitter taunts Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, ven him with eager words.

Rich. Chifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy

faults. Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy

faults. Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence

you now? 75
War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont. Rich. What, not an oath? Nay, then the

world goes hard When Clifford cannot spare his friends an

oath. I know by that he's dead; and by my soul.

If this right hand would buy two hours' life, That I in all despite might rail at him.

This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy. War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head.

And rear it in the place your father's stands. And now to London with triumphant march.

There to be crowned England's royal King: From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France.

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen. 90 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together:

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatt'red foe that hopes to rise again: For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

That nothing sung but death to us and Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea To effect this marriage, so it please my lord. Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:

And never will I undertake the thing

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

will create thee Duke of Richard, Gloucester;

And George, or Clarence; Warwick, as ourself.

Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best. 105 Rich. Let me be Dake of Clarence, George of Gloucester:

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous War. Tut, that's a foolish observation. Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London

To see these honours in possession Exeunt

ACT THREE

Scene I. A chase in the north of England Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in then hands.

1 Keeb. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,

For through this laund anon the deer will come:

And in this covert will we make our stand. Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost. Here stand we both, and aim we at the best: And, for the time shall not seem tedious, I'll tell thee what befell me on a day

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love, To greet mine own land with my wishful

sight. No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine; 15 Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed.

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now, No humble suitors press to speak for right, No. not a man comes for redress of thee; 20 For how can I help them and not myself?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,

For wise men say it is the wisest course. 25 2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands Your crown content and you must be conupon him.

I Keep Forbear awnile; we'll hear a little more.

K. He., My Queen and son are gone to France for aid;

And, as I near, the great commanding Warnick

Is thither gone to crave the French King's SISTER

To wife for Edward. If this news he true, Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost: For Warwick is a subtle orator, And Lewis a prince soon won with moving

words. By this account, then, Margaret may win

For she's a woman to be pitied much. Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast: Her tears will pierce into a marble heart:

The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn; And Nero will be tainted with remorse 10

To hear and see her plaints, her brinish

Ay, but she's come to beg: Warwick, to give.

She, on his left side, craving aid for Hemy:

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward. Sue weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd: He smiles, and savs his Edward is install'd: That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength, And in conclusion wins the King from her so With promise of his sister, and what else, To strengthen and support King Edward's place.

O Marg tret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul.

Ait then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn! 2 Kecp. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be; And men may talk of kings, and why not I? 2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou

wert a king. K. Hen. Why, so I am-in mind; and

that's enough.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen. My crown is call'd content: A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy. 65 2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content.

tented

To go along with us; for, as we think, You are the king King Edward hath depos'd:

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath? 2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will

not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old:

v father and my grandfather were kings And you were sworn true subjects unto me And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 Keep. No;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? Do I not breathe a man?

swear!

Look, as I blow this feather from my face, And as the air blows it to me again, Obeying with my wind when I do blow, And yielding to another when it blows, Commanded always by the greater gust, Such is the lightness of you common men. But do not break your oaths; for of that

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty. Go where you will, the King shall be commanded;

And be you kings: command, and I'll obey. 1 Keep. We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,

If he were seated as King Edward is. 1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name and the King's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your King's name be obey'd;

And what God will, that let your King perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. The balace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clar-ENCE, and LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Albans' field

This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain.

His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror. Her suit is now to repossess those lands; Which we in justice cannot well deny. 68o

Because in quarrel of the house of York The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit;

It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less: but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [Aside to Clarence] Yea, is it so? I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the King will grant her humble suit. Clar. [Aside to Gloucester] He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [Aside to Clarence] Silence! K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your

And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious loid, I cannot brook delay.

May it please your Highness to resolve me

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. Glo. [Aside] Av. widow? Then I'll warrant you all your lands.

Ah, simple men, you know not what you An if what pleases him shall pleasure vou.

> Fight closer or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [Aside to Gloucester] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [Aside to Clarence] God forbid that. for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow, tell me.

Clar. [Aside to Gloucester] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [Aside to Clarence] Nay, then whip me; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord. Glo. [Aside] You shall have four if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [Aside] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[Gloucester and Clarence withdraw. K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

- K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
- L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your But, mighty lord, this merry inclination Highness' service.
- if I give them?
- L. Grey. What you command that rests in me to do.
- K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
- L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
- K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
- L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.
- wears the marble.
- Clar. As red as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt.
- L. Grey. Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?
- K. Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.
- L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject fit to jest withal. I am a subject.
- K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee. L. Grev. I take my leave with many
- thousand thanks.
- Glo. The match is made: she seals it with a curtsy.
- love I mean. L. Grev. The truits of love I mean, my
- loving hege.
- K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. What love, thinkst thou, I sue so much to
- get? L. Grey. My love till death, my humble Thou art a widow, and thou hast some
- thanks, my prayers;
- such love.
- thought you did.
- K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
- L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
- Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.
- K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to he with thee.
- L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
- K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
- L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower; For by that loss I will not purchase them.
- K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

- L. Grey. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me.
- Accords not with the sadness of my suit. K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.
 - K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
 - No, if thou dost say no to my demand. 80 L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at
 - an end. Glo. The widow likes him not: she knits her brows.
 - Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
 - K. Edw. [Aside] Her looks doth argue her replete with modesty;
- Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain Her words doth show her wit incomparable; All her perfections challenge sovereignty. One way or other, she is for a king;
 - And she shall be my love, or else my queen. Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
 - L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.

 - But far unfit to be a sovereign.
 - K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
 - I speak no more than what my soul intends; And that is to enjoy thee for my love. 95
- L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto. K. Edw. But stay thee—'tis the fruits of I know I am too mean to be your gueen.
 - And yet too good to be your concubine.
 - K. Edw. You cavil. widow: I did mean
 - my queen.

 L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you tather.
 - K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
 - children;
- That love which virtue begs and virtue And, by God's Mother, I, being but a bachelor,
 - K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing To be the father unto many sons. L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I Answer no more, for thou shalt be my
 - queen. Glo. The ghostly father now hath done
 - his shrift. Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas
 - for shift. K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
 - Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks
 - very sad. 110 K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
 - Clar. To who, my lord?
 - K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself. Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
 - Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

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K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious loid. Henry your foe is

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower.

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him

To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring

To cross me from the golden time I look for! And yet, between my soul's desire and me-The lustful Edward's title buried-

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms ere I can place myseli. A cold premeditation for my purpose! Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty; Like one that stands upon a promontory 135 And spies a far-off shore where he would

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye; And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way-So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 11 And so I chide the means that keeps me from it:

And so I say I'll cut the causes off, Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much.

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard:

What other pleasure can the world afford? I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments, And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns. Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws, She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe 682

Glo. By so much is the wonder in To shrink mine aim up like a wither'd shrub:

To make an envious mountain on my back. Where sits deturnity to mock my body: To shape my legs of an unequal size; To disproportion me in every part, Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp That carries no ampression like the dani. And ain I, then, a man to be belov'd?

O monstrous fault to harbour such a though! 1

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me But to command, to check, to o'eibear such As are of better person than myself, I'll make my heaven to dream upon the

ciown.

And whiles I live t' account this world but hell.

Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this bead

Be round impaled with a glorious crown. And yet I know not how to get the crown. For many lives stand between me and home:

And I—like one last in a thorny wood that rents the thorns and is rent with the

Seeking a way and straying from the way: Not knowing how to find the open air, But toiling desperately to find it out-Forment invself to catch the English crown; And from that forment I will free myself Or hew my way out with a bloody axe. Why, I can smile, and muider whiles I smile.

And cry 'Content!' to that which grieves my heart.

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears. And frame my face to all occasions. 185 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall:

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk; I'll play the orator as well as Nestor. Deceive more slily than t lysses could. And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. I can add colours to the chameleon, Change shapes with Protheus for advantages.

And set the murderous Machiavel to school. Can I do this, and cannot get a crown? Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

Scene III. France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral call'd BOURBON; BOURBON; PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and the EARL OF OXFORD. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

Lewis. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit down with us. It ill befits thy state And birth that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

O. Mar. No, mighty King of Flance. Now Margaret

Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve

Where kings command. I was. I must confess.

Great Albion's Queen in former golden days:

But now mischance hath trod my title down

And with dishonour laid me on the ground, Where I must take like seat unto my fortune.

And to my humble seat conform myself. Lewis. Why, say, fair Queen, whence

springs this deep despair? Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine

eves with tears And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself.

And sit thee by our side. [Seats her by him] Yield not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind

Still ride in triumph over all mischance. Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;

It shall be eas'd, if France can yield tehef. 20 Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis That Henry, sole possessor of my love, Is, of a king, become a banish'd man, And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn; While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York

Usurps the regal title and the seat Of England's true-anointed lawful King. This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30 With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir.

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid; And if thou fail us, all our hope is done. Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:

Our people and our peers are both misled, 35 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight, And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

Lewis. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm.

While we bethink a means to break it off. O. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

Lewis. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.

And see where comes the breeder of my And thou no more art prince than she is sorrow !

Enter WARWICK.

Lewis. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

Lewis. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[He descends. She ariseth. Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise :

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend.

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love. First to do greetings to thy royal person, And then to crave a league of amity.

And lastly to confirm that amity With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to

grant That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,

To England's King in lawful marriage. Q. Mar. [Aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [To Bona] And, gracious madani, in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart; Where fame, late ent'ing at his heedful

Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak

Before you answer Warwick. His demand Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,

But from deceit bred by necessity; For how can tyrants safely govern home Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,

That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,

Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.

Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour; For though usurpers sway the rule a while Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not Queen? War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;

queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John Unto our sister Bona. of Gaunt.

did subdue the greatest part of Spain:

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,

Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth.

Who by his prowess conquered all France. From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath

All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest: you tell a pedigree Of threescore and two years—a silly time To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why. Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege.

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years, And not bewray thy treason with a blush? War. Can Oxford that did ever fence the

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? For shame! Leave Henry, and call Edward That Bona shall be wife to the English

king. Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere, Was done to death; and more than so, my father.

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years, When nature brought him to the door of

death? No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm.

This arm upholds the house of Lancaster. War. And I the house of York.

Lewis. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford.

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside 110 While I use further conference with War-

[They stand aloof. Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

Lewis. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience.

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

Lewis. But is he gracious in the people's

The more that Henry was unfortunate.

Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside.

Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120 684

Such it seems War. As may be eem a monarch like himself. Myself have often heard him say and swear That this his love was an eternal plant

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain. Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

Lewis. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be

[To Warwick] Yet I confess that often ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire. Lewis. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's.

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn Touching the jointure that your king must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness

king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king. Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick, it was thy

By this alliance to make void my suit.

Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

Lewis. And still is friend to him and Margaret.

But if your title to the crown be weak. 145 As may appear by Edward's good success. Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd From giving aid which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand

That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose. And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you, And better 'twere you troubled him than France. 155

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,

Proud setter up and puller down of kings! I will not hence till with my talk and tears, Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love:

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[Post blowing a horn within. Lewis. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter the Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague. These from our King unto your Majesty. 165 And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [They all read their letters.

Oxf. I like it well that our fair Queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nav. mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.

I hope all's for the best. Lewis. Warwick, what are thy news?

And yours, fair Queen? Q. Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with

unhop'd joys. War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

Lewis. What, has your king married the Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his, Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before.

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heaven.

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss, That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's-

No more my king, for he dishonours me, But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York My father came untimely to his death? Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece? Did I impale him with the regal crown? Did I put Henry from his native right? 190 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame? Shame on himself! for my desert is honour; And to repair my honour lost for him I here renounce him and return to Henry. My noble Queen, let former grudges pass, And henceforth I am thy true servitor. 196 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona, And replant Henry in his former state. Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have That if our Queen and this young Prince

turn'd my hate to love; And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200 And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, av. his unfeigned friend.

That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us With some few bands of chosen soldiers. I'll undertake to land them on our coast 205 And force the tyrant from his seat by war. 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me, He's very likely now to fall from him For matching more for wanton lust than honour

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd

But by thy help to this distressed queen? Q. Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall

poor Henry live Unless thou rescue him from foul despair? Bona. My quairel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

Lewis. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

Lewis. Then, England's messenger, return in post

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis of France is sending over masquers

To revel it with him and his new bride. 225 Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake. Q. Mar. Tell him my mourning weeds are

laid aside, And I am ready to put armour on. War. Tell him from me that he hath done

me wrong, And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Post. But, Warwick, Lewis. Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men. Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle:

And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply. Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt: What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:

agree, I'll join mine eldest daughter and my

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

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Q. Mai. Yes, I agree, and thank you for Which are so weak of courage and in your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous, Therefore delay not-give thy hand to Warwick;

And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:

And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250

[He gives his hand to Warwick. Lewis. Why stay we now? soldiers shall be levied :

Admiral.

Shall waft them over with our royal fleet. I long till Edward fall by war's mischance For mocking marriage with a dame of France. [Exeunt all but Warwick.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe. Matter of marriage was the charge he gave

But dreadful war shall answer his demand. Had he none else to make a stale but me? Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow. I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown, And I'll be chief to bring him down again; Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery, 265

ACT FOUR

Scene I. London. The balace.

Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey? Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France!

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the King.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and Others. Four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford. think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice

That you stand pensive as half malcontent? Clar. As well as Lewis of France or the Earl of Warwick.

judgment

245 That they'll take no offence at our abuse. K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause:

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,

Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And shall have your will, because our King.

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too? Glo. Not 1.

thou, Lord Bourbon, our High No, God torbid that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together, K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey 25 Should not become my wife and England's Lucen.

And you too, Somerset and Montague, Speak treely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy for mocking him 30 About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Exit. Is now dishonoured by this new marriage. K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd

By such invention as I can devise? Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance

Would more have strength'ned this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marnage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself? Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France.

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas

Which He hath giv'n for fence impregnable, And with their helps only defend ourselves. In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant:

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Tell me their words as near as thou canst Scales

Unto the brother of your loving bride, She better would have fitted me or Clarence: But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. O1 else you would not have bestow'd the heir 56

son.

where.

K. Edw. Alas. poor Clarence! Is it for a wife

That thou art malcontent? I will provide Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd

your judgment, Which being shallow, you shall give me I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake'. 100

leave To play the broker in mine own behalf:

K. Edw. Leave me or tarry. Edward will be king. And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his And I am ready to put armour on.' A ajesty To raise my state to title of a queen.

Do me but right, and you must all confess That I was not ignoble of descent; And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine, So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Doth cloud my joys with danger and with And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be sorrow

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee.

So long as Edward is thy constant friend And then true sovereign whom they must But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret? obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too.

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

wrath.

think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or I may not prove inferior to yourself. what news

From France? Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words,

But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore, in brief,

guess them.

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:

'Go tell false Edward, the supposed king, Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's That Lewis of France is sending over masquers

And leave your brothers to go speed else- To revel it with him and his new bride'. 95 K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage? Mess. These were her words, utt'red with mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

K. Edw. I blame not her: she could say little less:

And to that end I shortly mind to leave She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?

For I have heard that she was there in place. Mess, 'Tell him' quoth she 'my mourning weeds are done.

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries? Mess. He, more incens'd against your Majesty

Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:

'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong;

long'. K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well. I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd. They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

And they shall feel the vengeance of my Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

Glo. [Aside] I hear, yet say not much, but For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

You that love me and Warwick, follow me. [Exit, and Somerset follows.

Glo. [Aside] Not I. My thoughts aim at a further matter; I Stay not for the love of Edward but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can We may surprise and take him at our happen:

And haste is needful in this desp'rate case. Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130 Go levy men and make prepare for war; They are already, or quickly will be landed. Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford. But ere I go, Hastings and Montague, Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the So we, well cover'd with the night's black rest,

alliance.

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me? If it be so, then both depart to him: I rather wish you foes than hollow friends. But if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly vow, That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now. brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign pow'r. [Exeunt.

Scene II. A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes

The common people by numbers swarm to

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes. Speak suddenly, my lords—are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset. I hold it cowardice To rest mistrustful where a noble heart Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love; Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother.

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.

But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests but, in night's cover-

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd. His soldiers furking in the towns about, 15 And but attended by a simple guard, 688

pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy;

That as Ulysses and stout Diomede

With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents.

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,

mantle,

Are near to Warwick by blood and by At unawares may beat down Edward's guard

And seize himself-I say not 'slaughter him'. For I intend but only to surprise him. You that will follow me to this attempt. Applaud the name of Henry with your [They all cry ' Henry! leader.

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort. For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [Exeunt.

Scene III. Edward's camp, near Warwick. Enter three Watchmen, to guard the King's

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

The King by this is set him down to sleep. 2 Watch. What, will he not to bed?

1 Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd. 2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day.

It Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

That with the King here resteth in his tent? 1 Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

3 Watch. O. is it so? But why commands the King

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field? 2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness:

I like it better than a dangerous honour. If Warwick knew in what estate he stands, 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent

But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, Somerser, and French Soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! Honour now or But march to London with our soldiers? never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 25 1 Watch. Who goes there?

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[Warwick and the rest cry all 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard. who fly, crying 'Arm! Arm! Warwick and the rest following them.

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. GLOUCESTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there? War. Richard and Hastings. Let them go; here is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,

Thou call'dst me King?

Ay, but the case is alter'd. When you disgrac'd me in my embassade, Then I degraded you from being King, And come now to create you Duke of York. Alas, how should you govern any kingdom That know not how to use ambassadors, 30 Nor how to be contented with one wife, Nor how to use your brothers brotherly, Nor how to study for the people's welfare, Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art

thou heie too?

Nav. then I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance, Of thee thyself and all thy complices, Edward will always bear himself as King. Though fortune's malice overthrow my state.

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel. War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king;

[Takes off his crown. But Henry now shall wear the English crown

And be true King indeed: thou but the shadow.

My Lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be convev'd

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York. When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you and tell what answer Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him. Now for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [They lead him out forcibly. to do

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free King Henry from implisonment, And see him seated in the regal throne. Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. The balace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Rw. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward? Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle

against Warwick? Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal

person. Riv. Then is my sovereign slam?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner ;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares; And, as I further have to understand, Is new committed to the Bishop of York, Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of guef;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may: Warwick may lose that now hath won the đay.

O. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair For love of Edward's offspring in my womb. This is it that makes me bridle passion And bear with mildness my mistortune's cross:

Av. av. for this I draw in many a tear And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs, Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.

Guess thou the rest: King Edward's friends must down.

But to prevent the tyrant's violence-For trust not him that hath once broken

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary To save at least the heir of Edward's right. There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly: Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. 35 [Exeunt.

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Scene V. A bark near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOUCESTER, LORD HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, and Others.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither Into this chiefest thicket of the park. Thus stands the case: you know our King, my brother,

Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands

He hath good usage and great liberty; And often but attended with weak guard Comes hunting this way to disport himself. I have advertis'd him by secret means That if about this hour he make this way, Under the colour of his usual game. and men.

To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman with

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man. See where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth

haste; Your horse stands ready at the park corner. K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness. Glo. But wherefore stay we? Tis no

time to talk. K. Edw. Huntsmen, what say'st thou? Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell. Shield thee from Waiwick's frown.

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. London. The Tower.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, WARWICK, SOMERSET, 'young HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND, OXFORD, MON-TAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat And turn'd my captive state to liberty, My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys, At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sov'reigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail, I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? well using me?

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

Av. such a pleasure as incaged birds Conceive when, after many moody thoughts. At last by notes of household harmony They quite forget their loss of liberty. He shall here find his friends, with horse But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee: He was the author, thou the instrument. Therefore, that I may conquer tortune's spite

By living low where fortune cannot hurt

And that the people of this blessed land May not be punish'd with my thwarting

Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee, For thou ait fortunate in all thy deeds, 25 War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for viituous,

And now may seem as wise as virtuous By spying and avoiding fortune's malice. For tew men rightly temper with the stars: Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace

For choosing me when Clarence is in place. Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway.

To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown. As likely to be blest in peace and war; 35 And therefore I yield thee my tree consent. War. And I choose Clarence only for

Protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands vour hearts.

That no dissension hinder government. 40 I make you both Protectors of this land. While I myself will lead a private life And in devotion spend my latter days, To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must

I be content.

We'll voke together, like a double shadow To Henry's body, and supply his place; 50 I mean, in bearing weight of government, While he enjoys the honour and his ease. And, Clarence, now then it is more than And we shall have more wars before't be needful

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor.

And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? And that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs.

Let me entreat-for I command no more-That Margaret your Queen and my son Edward

Be sent for to return from France with speed:

For till I see them here, by doubtful fear My joy of liberty is haif eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care? Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. Lays his hand on his head. If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts. This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty: His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown, His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself Likely in time to bless a regal throne. Make much of him, my lords; for this is he

Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy. War. Unsavoury news! But how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him In secret ambush on the forest side And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescu'd

him; For hunting was his daily exercise. War. My brother was too careless of his charge.

A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,

long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy Did glad my heart with hope of this young

Richmond. So doth my heart misgive me, in these

conflicts. What may befall him to his harm and ours.

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst

Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany. Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown.

'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittany. Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

Scene VII. Before York.

Flour ish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOU-CESTER, HASTINGS, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest.

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends. And says that once more I shall interchange My waned state for Henry's regal crown. Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the

seas, And brought desired help from Burgundy: What then remains, we being thus arriv'd From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom? Glo. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this:

For many men that stumble at the threshold

Are well foretold that danger lurks within. K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us.

By fair or foul means we must enter in, For hither will our friends repair to us. 15 Hast. My hege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves, For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King, But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom.

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [Aside] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates: we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? The gates shall THe descends. then be open'd. Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon

persuaded! 30 Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 'twere not long of him; but being ent'red.

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade Both him and all his brothers unto reason. Enter, below, the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, Master Mayor. These gates

must not be shut But in the night or in the time of war. What! fear not, man, but yield me up the Takes his keys. keys;

For Edward will defend the town and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow

March. Enter MONTGOMERY with drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,

Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm.

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again.

I came to serve a king and not a duke. 40 Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [The Drum begins to march.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? In few words: If you'll not here proclaim yourself our

I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone! With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders, 692

To keep them back that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title? Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal OUF meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns. Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right, 65

And Henry but usurps the diadem. Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh

like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion, Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be

here proclaim'd. Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclama-

tion. [Gives him a paper. Flourish. Sold. [Reads] 'Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whoso'er gainsavs King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throws down his gauntlet. All. Long live Edward the Fourth! 75 K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all;

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now for this night let's harbour here in York:

And when the morning sun shall raise his

Above the border of this horizon. We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates:

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier. Ah, froward Clarence, how evil it beseems thee

To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother! Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and

Warwick. Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day.

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large Exeunt. pay.

Scene VIII. London. The balace.

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and EXETER.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia.

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow My pity hath been balm to heal their

London:

And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out. Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench. War. In Warwickshire I have truehearted friends.

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10 Those will I muster up, and thou, son Clarence.

Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent.

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.

belov'd.

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. My sovereign, with the loving citizens, Like to his island girt in with the ocean 20 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs, Shall rest in London till we come to him. Fair lords, take leave and stand not to Hence with him to the Tower: let him reply.

Farewell, my sovereign.

Troy's true hope. Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your

Highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

Oxf. [Kissing the King's hand] And thus I seal my truth and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt all but the King and Exeter. K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

Should not be able to encounter mine. Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands, Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; wounds.

And with his troops doth march amain to My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griets.

My mercy dried their water-flowing tears: I have not been desirous of their wealth, Nor much oppress'd them with great sub-

sidies. Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace; And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb, The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50 [Shout within 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!' Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! What shouts

are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence;

And thou, brave Oxford, wondious well And once again proclaim us King of England.

You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow.

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry. And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

not speak. Exeunt some with King Henry.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector and my And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course.

Where peremptory Warwick now remains. The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join, And take the great-grown traitor unawares. Blave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hithérward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Wur. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And by the guess how nigh is Clarence now?

his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours [Drum heard hence. I hear War. Then Clarence is at hand

his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies. The drum your Honour hears marcheth

from Warwick. War. Who should that be? Belike un-

look'd for triends. Som. They are at hand, and you shall

quickly know.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, March. GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O unbid spite! Is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts or how are they seduc'd

That we could hear no news of his repair? K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy?

And he shall pardon thee these outrages. War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence.

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down.

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent? And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;

Or did he make the jest against his will? 30 War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give.

I'll do thee service for so good a gitt.

thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight; And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift

agaın; And Henry is my King, Warwick his

subject. K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: Have sold their lives unto the house of What is the body when the head is off? 41 694

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more torecast,

Som. At Southam I did leave him with But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten.

The king was slily finger'd from the deck! You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace. And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are K. Warwick still.

Come, Warwick, take the time: Glokneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow.

And with the other fling it at thy face.

Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee. K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind

and tide thy friend, This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black

hair, Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off.

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood:

' Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more'.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! See where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster! 59 [He and his forces enter the city.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too. K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array, for they no doubt Will issue out again and bid us battle: If not, the city being but of small defence, We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city. Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory.

My mind presageth happy gain and con-

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster I

[He and his forces enter the city. Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

York:

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword Lords, to the field; Saint George and hold 75

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo where George of Clarence sweeps along.

Of force enough to bid his brother battle: With whom an upright zeal to right prevails More than the nature of a brother's love.

Clar. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster! K. Edw. Et tu Brute-wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

A parley, sırrah, to George of Clarence. [Sound a parley. Richard and Clarence whister.

War. Come. Clarence, come. Thou wilt if Warwick call.

Clar. [Taking the red rose from his hat and throwing it at Warwick] Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee. I will not rumate my father's house.

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together.

And set up Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war Against his brother and his lawful King? Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath. To keep that oath were more implety Jephtha when he sacrific'd his Than

daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made That, to deserve well at my brother's hands, I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe; 94 With resolution whereso'er I meet thee-As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad-To plague thee for thy foul misleading me. And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee.

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks. Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends; And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults, For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more bélov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate. Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st. K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares and leads the way.

victory! [Exeunt Yorkists. March. Warwick and his company follow.

Scene II. A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarum and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD. bringing forth WARWICK wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear ;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all. Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee, That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe.

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? My mangled body shows, My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows.

That I must yield my body to the earth And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge, Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept. Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree

And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil.

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun To search the secret treasons of the world: The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood.

Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres: For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!

My parks, my walks, my manors, that I had, 25 Even now forsake me; and of all my

lands

Is nothing left me but my body's length. Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are.

We might recover all our loss again. The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power;

I will away towards Barnet presently 110 Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why then, I would not fly. Montague.

hand.

And with thy lips keep in my soul a while! Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood

That glues my lips and will not let me speak.

Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead. Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague ha Montague hath breath'd his last:

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick.

And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother'.

And more he would have said; and more he spoke,

Which sounded like a clamour in a vault, That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last.

I well might hear, delivered with a groan, O farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet Dies. in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power! Here they bear away his body.

Scene III. Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory. But in the midst of this bright-shining day I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud That will encounter with our glorious sun 5 Ere he attain his easeful western bed—

I mean, my lords, those powers that the Queen Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast

And, as we hear, march on to fight with us. Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud

And blow it to the source from whence it came;

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up, For every cloud engenders not a storm. Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong.

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her. 15 If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends

That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;

We, having now the test at Barnet field, 20 Will thither straight, for willingness rids wav:

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my And as we march our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along.

Scene IV. Plains near Tewksbury.

Flourish. March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET. PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss.

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms. What though the mast be now blown overboard.

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost, And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood : Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he Should leave the helm and, like a fearful lad,

With tearful eyes add water to the sea And give more strength to that which hath too much:

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock.

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?

And Montague our top-mast; what of him ?

Our slaught'red friends the tackles; what of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor? And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? We will not from the helm to sit and weep. But keep our course, though the rough wind say no.

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea? 25 What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit? And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark. Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while! Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish—that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand, If case some one of you would fly from us, That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers

More than with ruthless waves, with sands, Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your and rocks.

Why, courage then! avoided

'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear. Prince. Methinks a woman of this valuant His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure

Should, if a coward heard her speak these words.

Infuse his breast with magnanimity And make him naked foil a man-at-arms. I speak not this as doubting any here: For did I but suspect a fearful man, He should have leave to go away betimes, 45 Lest in our need he might infect another And make him of like spirit to himself. If any such be here—as God forbid !-Let him depart before we need his help. Oxf. Women and children of so high a

courage,

And warriors faint! Why, 'twere perpetual shame.

O brave young Prince! thy famous Away grandfather Doth live again in thee. Long mayst thou

To bear his image and renew his glories! Som. And he that will not fight for such a

Go home to bed and, like the owl by day, If he arise, be mock'd and wond'red at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet

Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is Shall have a high reward, and he his life? to at hand

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less. It is his policy To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided. Som. But he's deceiv'd: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your Whilst I propose the self-same words to strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night. I need not add more fuel to your fire, For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out. Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak, And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Ye see, I drink the water of my eye. 75

sovereign,

What cannot be Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd. His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects

spent:

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice. Then, in God's name, lords.

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [Alarum, retreat, excursions. Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Clarence. GLOUCESTER, and Forces, with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, brisoners.

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.

with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head. Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxt. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Some Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

Freunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded. () So part we sadily in this troublous world.

To relet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made that who finds Edward

Glo. It is; and lo where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What, can so young a man begin to prick? Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth; Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou.

thee 20

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat

Lancaster.

night:

that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm Here sheathe thy sword; I'll pardon thee your tongue. Untutor'd lad, thou art too

malapert. Prince. I know my duty; you are all

undutiful. Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,

And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all 35 I am your better, traitors as ye are; And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this Stabs him. railer here. Glo. Sprawl'st thou? Take that, to end

[Stabs him. thy agony. Clar. And there's for twitting me with

Stabs hra. perjury. Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her. K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? Use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother.

I'll hence to London on a serious matter: Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [Exit. mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? murderers!

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame. If this foul deed were by to equal it. He was a man: this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child. What's worse than murderer, that I may name-it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak-And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals! How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !

had.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's The thought of them would have stirr'd un remorse.

His currish riddles sorts not with this place. But if you ever chance to have a child. Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for Look in his youth to have him so cut off

voung prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence: dispatch me here.

my death. What, wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Mar. Good Clarence, do: sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself. 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher.

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here. Murder is thy almsdeed: Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st

back. K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ve bear

her hence. Q. Mar. So come to you and yours as to

this prince! [Exit, led out forcibly. K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess.

To make a bloody supper in the Tower. 85 K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

49 Now march we hence. Discharge the common sort

O. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy With pay and thanks; and let's away to London

O traitors! And see our gentle queen how well she fares.

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. 90

Scene VI. London. The Tower.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester with the Lieutenant, on the walls.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord-my lord, I should say rather.

'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better. 'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,

You have no children, butchers; if you And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord'.

must confer. [Exit Lieutenant.

from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece.

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been hmed in a bush

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, 15 Have now the fatal object in my eye Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete

That taught his son the office of a fowl! And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus:

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course; The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with

words ! My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

Than can my ears that tragic history. But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner? K. Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art. If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner. Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption. K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first

thou didst presume,
35
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine. And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear, And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye-

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,

Orphans for their parents' timeless death— Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born. The owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign; The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time:

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we And chatt'ring pies in dismal discords sing: Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain. K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,

To wit, an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born.

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world: And if the rest be true which I have heard. Thou cam'st-

Glo. I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech. [Stabs him. For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins and pardon thee! 60

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death.

O, may such purple tears be alway shed From those that wish the downfall of our house!

If any spark of life be yet remaining, Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of; For I have often heard my mother say 70 I came into the world with my legs forward. Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right? The midwife wonder'd; and the women

'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!' And so I was, which plainly signified That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it. I have no brother, I am like no brother; 80 And this word 'love', which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another, And not in me! I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee; For I will buzz abroad such prophecies That Edward shall be fearful of his life; And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry and the Prince his son are gone. Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;

Counting myself but bad till I be best. I'll throw thy body in another room, And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit with the body.

London. The balace. SCENE VII.

Enter King Edward, Queen Flourish. GLOUCESTER ELIZABETH. CLARENCE, HASTINGS, Nurse with the young PRINCE and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's roval throne,

Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies. What valiant foemen, like to autumn's

Have we mow'd down in tops of all their I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. pride!

Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions: Two Cliffords, as the father and the son; And two Northumberlands-two braver men

Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:

With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly Having my country's peace and brothers'

And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat And made our footstool of security. Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my

boy. Young Ned, for thee thine uncles and myself

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,

Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat, That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. Glo. [Aside] I'll blast his harvest if your head were laid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave:

And heave it shall some weight or break my back. Work thou the way-and that shall

execute. K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love

my lovely queen: And kiss your princely nephew, brothers

both. Clar. The duty that I owe unto your

Majesty

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st.

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. [Aside] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd

his master And cried 'All hail!' when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,

loves. Clar. What will your Grace have done

with Margaret? Reignier, her father, to the King of France Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem, And hither have they sent it for her

ransom. K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court? Sound drums and trumpets. Farewell, sour annoy!

21 For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. Exeunt.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards KING EDWARD \ sons to the King. RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE, brothers RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. to the afterwards KING RICHARD King A Young Son of Clarence (Edward, Earl of Warwick). HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, afterwards KING HENRY VII. CARDINAL BOURCHIER. ARCHRISHOP OF CANTERBURY. THOMAS ROTHERHAM, ARCHBISHOP OF York. JOHN MORTON, BISHOP OF ELY. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. DUKE OF NORFOLK. EARL OF SURREY, his son. EARL RIVERS, brother to King Edward's Queen. MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, her sons. EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF. SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL. SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT. SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower. SIR WILLIAM BRANDON. CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. Sheriff of Wiltshire. HASTINGS, a pursuivant. TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne. ELIZABETH, Queen to King Edward IV. MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI. DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV, Clarence, and Gloucester. LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester. A Young Daughter of Clarence (Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury).

Ghosts, of Richard's victims.

majesty

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

Lords, Gentlemen, and Attendants; Priest, Scrivener, Page, Bishops, Aldermen, Citizens, Soldiers, Messengers, Murderers, Keeper.

THE SCENE: England.

EARL

ACT ONE

called also

LORD STANLEY.

DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

Scene I. London. A street.

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, solus.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer by this sun of York; And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;

5

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments; Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful meas-

ures. Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his And descant on mine own deformity.
Wrinkled front, And therefore, since I cannot prove a

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous lookingglass— 15 I—that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph—
I—that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made
up,
21

And that so lamely and unfashionable That dogs bark at me as I halt by them— Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace, Have no delight to pass away the time, 25 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun

And descant on mine own detormity.

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain 30
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,

70I

To set my brother Clarence and the King In deadly hate the one against the other; And if King Edward be as true and just 36 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous, This day should Clarence closely be mew'd

About a prophecy which says that G Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul. Here Clarence comes.

> Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard

That waits upon your Grace?

His Majesty, Clar. Tend'ring my person's safety, hath ap-

pointed This conduct to convey me to th' Tower. 45

Glo. Upon what cause? Because my name is George. Clar. Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of

vours:

He should, for that, commit your godfathers.

O, belike his Majesty hath some intent That you should be new-christ'ned in the And that the Queen's kindred are made Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? May I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I

As yet I do not; but, as I can learn, He hearkens after prophecies and dreams And from the cross-row plucks the letter

And says a wizard told him that by G His issue disinherited should be; And, for my name of George begins with G It follows in his thought that I am he. These, as I learn, and such like toys as these

Hath mov'd his Highness to commit m now.

Glo. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women:

'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;

My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she That tempers him to this extremity. Was it not she and that good man o worship,

Antony Woodville, her brother there, That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,

From whence this present day he delivered?

We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe Clar. By heaven, I think there is no ma is secure

But the Queen's kindred, and night-walkin heralds

By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams, That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.

Heard you not what an humble suppliant Lord Hastings was, for her delivery? Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity ot my Lord Chamberlain his liberty. 'll tell you what-I think it is our way. f we will keep in favour with the King, To be her men and wear her livery: The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself.

Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen. Are mighty gossips in our monarchy. Brak. I beseech your Graces both to

pardon me: His Majesty hath straitly given in charge 85 That no man shall have private conference. Of what degree soever, with your brother,

Glo. Even so; an't please your worship. Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say: We speak no treason, man; we say the

Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous; We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;

gentlefolks.

How say you, sir? Can you deny all this? Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thec, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one. Were best to do it secretly alone. Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave! Wouldst thou

betray me? Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withal

Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury. and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects and must obev.

Brother, farewell; I will unto the King; And whatsoe'er you will employ me in-Were it to call King Edward's widow sister-

I will perform it to enfranchise you. Meantime, this deep disgrace in brother-

Touches me deeper than you can imagine. Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well. Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be

I will deliver you, or else lie for you. Meantime, have patience.

I must perforce. Farewell. Clar. [Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Glo. Go tread the path that thou shalt Ciarence still breathes; Edward still lives ne'er return.

Simple, plain Claience, I do love thee so That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven, If heaven will take the present at our hands. But who comes here? The new-delivered Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good Lord
Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall

Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his, 130 And have prevail'd as much on him as you Hast. More pity that the eagles should be mew'd

Whiles kites and buzzards prey at liberty Glo. What news abroad?

home · 135

The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy, And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long And overmuch consum'd his royal person! 'Tis very greyous to be thought upon. 141 Where is he? In his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[Exit Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope, and must not die 145 Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.

I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence W:th hes well steel'd with weighty arguments;

And, if I tail not in my deep intent,

Clarence hath not another day to live; 150 Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest
daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends

Is to become her husband and her father; The which will I—not all so much for love As for another secret close intent

By marrying her which I must reach unto. But yet I run before my horse to market.

Ciarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns; 161 When they are gone, then must I count my gains. 152 if

Scene II. London. Another street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE being the mourner, attended by TRESSEL and BERNELEY.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse;
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal
blood!

Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost Io hear the lamentations of poor Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son, ro

Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life I pour the helpless but a firm poor eyes. Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes!

Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!

Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch That makes us wretched by the death of

Tlan I can wish to adders, spiders, toads, Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! If ever he have child, abortive be it, 2r Prodigious, and untimely blought to light, Whose ugly and unmatural aspect May fright the hopeful mother at the view,

And that be heir to his unhappiness! 2
If ever he have wife, let her be made
M we miserab'e by the death of him

than I am made by my young lord and thee!

Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there; 30 And still as you are weary of this weight Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

The bearers take up the coffin.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by
Saint Paul,

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! Stand thou, when I command.

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The Bearers set down the coffin.

Anne. What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. 45 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell! Thou hadst but power over his mortal body.

His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so cuist.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep ex-

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds, Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! Dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity, For 'tis thy piesence that exhales this blood From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells;

Thy deeds inhuman and unnatural 60 Provokes this deluge most unnatural. O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge

his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge

his death!
Either, heav'n, with lightning strike the

murd'rer dead;
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him

quick, 65
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd aim hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity, Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou knowest nor law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 75 Of these supposed crimes to give me leave By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, deffus'd infection of a man.

For these known evils but to give me leave By circumstance to curse thy cursed self. Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee,

let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excused

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Sav that I slew them not?

Anne. Then sav they were not slain. But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive. Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest:

Queen Margaret saw

Thy murd'rous falchion smoking in his blood:

The which thou once didst bend against her breast, 95

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

That never dream'st on aught but butchenes.

Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then,

God grant me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glo. The better for the King of Heaven, that hath him. 105

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that holp to send him thither,

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hel.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Your bed-chamber. Glo. Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you Anne. I hope so.

I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne To leave this keen encounter of our wits, 115 And fall something into a slower method— Is not the causer of the timeless deaths Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause and most No, when my father York and Edward accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect-

Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep To undertake the death of all the world So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;

You should not blemish it if I stood by. As all the world is cheered by the sun, So I by that; it is my day, my life. Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and

death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on

Glo. It is a guarrel most unnatural, To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee. 135

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable, To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband

Did it to help thee to a better husband. Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him

Glo. Plantagenet.

Why, that was he. Anne. Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Here. [She spits at him] Why dost Glo. thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler

Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead! I50 Glo. I would they were, that I might die

at once;

For now they kill me with a living death. Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears.

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops-

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear.

wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, Told the sad story of my father's death, 160 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks

Like trees bedash'd with rain-in that sad

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear: And what these sorrows could not thence exhale

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy:

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word:

But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee, My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him. Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt. If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword:

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee. I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee. [He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry-

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me. 180 Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward-

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on. [She falls the sword. Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Glo. That was in thy rage. Speak it again, and even with the word This hand, which for thy love did kill thy

love, Shall for thy love kill a far truer love; 190 To both their deaths shalt thou be acces-

sary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then never was man true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ling.

Anne. To take is not to give.

[Puts on the ring.
Glo. Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart:

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may But beg one favour at thy gracious hand Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby House; Where—after I have solemnly interr'd At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king, And wet his grave with my repentant

I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too

To see you are become so penitent. 22
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve; But since you teach me how to flatter you, Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt two gentlemen with Lady Anne. Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord? Glo. No, to White Friars; there attend my coming.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband and his
father—

To take her in her heart's extremest hate, With curses in her mouth, tears in her

The bleeding witness of my hatred by;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit at all 235 But the plain devil and dissembling looks, And yet to win her, all the world to nothing! Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince, Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury? A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—Fram'd in the prodigality of nature, Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right

The spacious world cannot again afford; 245 And will she yet abase her eyes on me, That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet

prince
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's
moiety?

240

moiety?

On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a maiv'llous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adon my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.

26r
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a
glass.

That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

Scene III. London. The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his Majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,

And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a ford includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son

To be your comforter when he is gone. 10 Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority

Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester, A man that loves not me, nor none of you. Riv. Is it concluded he shall be Pro- Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and tector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded vet:

But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

. Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grev. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace !

Der. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been.

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,

To your good prayer will scarcely -say

Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Derby. I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers: Or, if she be accus'd on true report, Bear with her weakness, which I think pro-

From wayward sickness and no grounded Makes him to send that he may learn the malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Derby?

Der. But now he Duke of Buckingham

Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam; he desires to make atonement

Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,

And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! But that will never be.

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

Who is it that complains unto the King That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly

That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter and look fair,

cog,

Duck with French nods and anish courtesy. I must be held a rancorous enemy. Cannot a plain man live and think no harm But thus his simple truth must be abus'd With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To who in all this presence speaks

vour Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace. When have I injur'd thee? when done thee

wrong, Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction? A plague upon you all! His royal Grace-

Whom God preserve better than you would wish !-Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while 60

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.

The King, on his own royal disposition And not provok'd by any suitor else-Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred 65 That in your outward action shows itself Against my children, brothers, and myself-

ground.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown so That wrens make prey where eagles dare

not perch. Since every Jack became a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a lack. Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your

meaning, brother Gloucester: You envy my advancement and my friends':

God grant we never may have need of you! Glo. Meantime, God grants that I have need of you.

Our brother is imprison'd by your means, Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while great promotions Are daily given to ennoble those That scarce some two days since were worth a noble.

O. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd. I never did incense his Majesty Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been

An earnest advocate to plead for him. My lord, you do me shameful injury

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects. Glo. You may deny that you were not the mean

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—Glo. She may, Lord Rivers? Why, who knows not so?

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

She may do more, sir, than denying that: Ay, and forswore himself-which Jesu She may help you to many fair preferments

And then deny her aiding hand therein, And lay those honours on your high desert. What may she not? She may-ay, marry, may she-

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Marry Glo. What, marry, may she? with a king,

A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too. Iwis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scofts.

By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty 105 Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servant-maid Than a great queen with this condition-To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

Q. Mar. And less'ned be that small, God, I beseech Him!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me. Glo. What! Threat you me with telling of the King?

Tell him and spare not. Look what I have

I will avouch't in presence of the King. 115 I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tow'r. 'Tis time to speak-my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower.

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs, A weeder-out of his proud adversames, A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize his blood I spent mine own. 125 Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than

his or thine. Glo. In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster; And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain? Let me put in your minds, if you forget, What you have been ere this, and what you

Withal, what I have been, and what I am. Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick, 135

pardon !-

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown:

And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up. I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's.

Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine. I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame and leave this world,

Thou cacodemon; there thy kingdom is. Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy davs

Which here you urge to prove us enemies. We tollow'd then our lord, our sovereign

So should we you, if you should be our king. Glo. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar.

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy were you this country's king,

As little joy you may suppose in me

That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof:

For I am she, and altogether joyless. I can no longer hold me patient.

Advancing. Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me.

Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

If not that, I am Queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away! Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,

That will I make before I let thee go. Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of

death? Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain

in banishment Than death can yield me here by my

abode.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; 170 And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance. This sorrow that I have by right is yours: And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland—

His curses then from bitterness of soul Denounc'd against thee are all fall'n upon

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it

was reported. 185

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What, were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turn you all your hatred now on me? Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?

195

Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king! Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales, 200

Die in his youth by like untimely violence! Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen, Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self! Long mayest thou live to wail thy children's death.

And see another, as I see thee now, 205 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in

mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many length'ned hours of grief,

And, after many length ned hours of grief, Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers. God, I pray him,

That none of you may live his natural age, But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag. 275
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay, dog,

for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee, O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation 220 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends! 224
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils! Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog, Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity The slave of nature and the son of hell, 230 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb,

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins, Thou rag of honour, thou detested—

Glo. Margaret!

Q. Mar. Richard! Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then, for I did
think

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did, but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—
Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself. 240

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about? Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me 245

To help thee curse this poisonous bunchback'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse.

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience. Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty. 250 Q. Mar. To serve me well you all should

do me duty, Teach me to be your queen and you my

subjects.

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic O. Mar. Peace, Master Marquis, vou are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge What 'twere to lose it and be miserable! They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high.

Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top, And dallies with the wind, and scorns the

O. Mar. And turns the sun to shadealas! alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death, Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up. Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. O God that seest it, do not suffer it; As it is won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity!

O. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt, 275 And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame; And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand

In sign of league and amity with thee. Now fair befall thee and thy noble house! Thy garments are not spotted with our And for your Grace, and you, my gra-

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never

The lips of those that breathe them in the

the sky

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping beace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog! Look when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites.

His venom tooth will rankle to the death: Have not to do with him, beware of him: Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him.

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham? Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious

lord.

O. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess! Live each of you the subjects to his hate. And he to yours, and all of you to God's! IExit.

Buck. My hair doth stand an end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her; by God's holy Mother,

She hath had too much wrong; and I repent

My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong. I was too hot to do somebody good

That is too cold in thinking of it now. Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid: He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:

od pardon them that are the cause thereof! Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion. 316

To pray for them that have done scathe to us!

Glo. So do I ever—[Aside] being well advis'd:

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for cious lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester. Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend The secret mischiefs that I set abroach 325 I lay unto the grievous charge of others. Tarence, who I indeed have cast in dark-

do beweep to many simple gulls;

Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham; And tell them 'tis the Queen and her allies

That stir the King against the Duke my brother.

Now they believe it, and withal whet me To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grev:

But then I sigh and, with a piece of Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-Scripture. Tell them that God bids us do good for evil.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ. And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft, here come my executioners. 339 How now, my hardy stout resolved mates! Are you now going to dispatch this thing? 1 Murd. We are, my lord, and come to

have the warrant, That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here [Gives the warrant. about me. When you have done, repair to Crosby

Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution, Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead; For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps May move your hearts to pity, if you mark

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers. Be assur'd We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall tears. Glo.

I like you, lads; about your business straight: Go. go. dispatch.

We will, my noble lord. 1 Murd. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. The Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night, So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights, That, as I am a Christian faithful man, I would not spend another such a night Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days-

So full of dismal terror was the time! Keep. What was your dream, my lord? I

pray you tell me. Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy: 10 And in my company my brother Gloucester, Who from my cabin tempted me to walk Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd

toward England. And cited up a thousand heavy times, During the wars of York and Lancaster, 15 That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and

in falling

board

Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20 O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown,

What dreadful noise of waters in my ears. What sights of ugly death within my eyes! Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wrecks.

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon, Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, All scatt'red in the bottom of the sea;

Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in the holes

Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept.

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatt'red by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of death

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep? 35 Clar. Methought I had: and often did I strive

To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood

Stopp'd in my soul and would not let it forth

To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air:

But smother'd it within my panting bulk. Who almost burst to belch it in the sea. 4x Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore agony? Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.

O, then began the tempest to my soul! I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood With that sour ferryman which poets write of.

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night. The first that there did greet my stranger soul

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,

Who spake aloud 'What scourge for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud

'Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury. Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!

With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

TIG

Such hideous cries that, with the ver noise.

I trembling wak'd, and for a season after Could not believe but that I was in hell, Such terrible impression made my dream. No marvel, lord, though i Keep.

affrighted you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it. Clar. Ah, Keeper, Keeper, I have don these things

That now give evidence against my soul For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!

O God! If my deep prayers cannot appeas

Thee, But Thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds Yet execute Thy wrath in me alone; O, spare my guiltless wife and my poo

children!

Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile; My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep. Keep. I will, my lord. God give you [Clarence sleeps Grace good rest.

Enter BRAKENBURY the Lieutenant.

Brak. Sorrow breaks seasons and repos ing hours,

Makes the night morning and the noontide

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil; And for unfelt imaginations They often feel a world of restless cares, So that between their titles and low name There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

how cam'st thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission and talk no more. [Brakenbury reads it. Brak. I am, in this, commanded to

deliver The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant hereby. Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.

There lies the Duke asleep; and there the keys.

I'll to the King and signify to him That thus I have resign'd to you my

charge. 1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Brakenbury and Keeper. 2 Murd. What, shall I stab him as he sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Murd. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word judgment hath bred a kind of temotse in me.

1 Mund. What, art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him. from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Muid. I thought thou hadst been

resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live. 1 Murd. I'll back to the Duke of

Gloucester and tell him so.

2 Muid. Nay, I prithee, stay a little. I hope this passionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now? 2 Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of

conscience are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 Murd. Zounds, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. O, in the Duke of Glovcoster's purse!

1 Murd. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's

few or none will entertain it. 1 Murd. What if it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it—it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot he with his Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow, and neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that-by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

1 Murd. Zounds, 'tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 Murd. I am strong-fram'd; he cannot revail with me.

2 Murd. Spoke like a tall man that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we all to work?

1 Murd. Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then chop him 100 in the malmsey-butt in the next room. 153

2 Murd. O excellent device! and make a Sourn at his edict and fulfil a man's? sop of him.

1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.

2 Murd. Strike!

1 Murd. No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what ait thou?

Muid. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not as I am, royal. 2 Murd. Nor you as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 Murd. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 Muid. To, to, to-Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clai. You scarcely have the hearts to tell

And therefore cannot have the hearts to

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you? I Mand. Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again. 2 Mind. Never, my lord; therefore pre pare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a would of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge, or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Claience' death?

Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is most un-

lawful. I charge you, as you hope to have re-

demption By Christ's dear blood shed for our

grievous sins, That you depart and lay no hands on me.

The deed you undertake is damnable. 1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon Go you to him from me.

command. 2 Murd. And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King Bless'd his three sons with his victorious of kings

Hath in the tables of his law commanded And charg'd us from his soul to love each That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hull on thee

For false torswearing, and for murder too: Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight In quariel of the house of Lancaster.

1 Muid. And like a traitor to the name of God

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade

Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sov'ieign's son.

2 Mind. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us.

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did 1 that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake. He sends you not to murder me for this. 210 For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed. O, know you yet He doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrel from His pow'rful arm:

He needs no indirect or lawless course 213 To cut off those that have offended Him.

1 Mund. Who made thee then a bloody

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet. That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar My brother's love, the devil, and

my rage.

1 Mu.d. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee. Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me:

I am his brother, and I love him well. If you are hir'd for meed, go back again, 275

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester.

Who shall reward you better for my life Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Murd. You are deceiv'd: your brother Gloucester hates you. Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds

me dear. 230

1 Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him when that our princely father York

arm

other. He little thought of this divided friendship.

1 Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right, as snow in harvest. Come, you deceive yourself: 'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs

That he would labour my delivery.

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your SOUTE

To counsel me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your own souls so 250 blind

That you will war with God by murd'ring me?

O, sirs, consider: they that set you on To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do? Relent, and save your souls. Clar. I Murd. Relent! No, 'tis cowardly and womanish. 255

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son, Being pent from liberty as I am now, If two such murderers as yourselves came

to you.

260 Would not entreat for life? My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and entreat for me-As you would beg were you in my distress. A begging prince what beggar pities not? 2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord. 266

1 Murd. [Stabbing him] Take that, and that. If all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Exit with the body.

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd! How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my

Of this most grievous murder!

hands

Re-enter First Murderer.

1 Murd. How now, what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not?

By heavens, the Duke shall know how slack you have been!

2 Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother! Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will For I repent me that the Duke is slain.

[Exit. 1 Murd. So do not I. Go, coward as thou

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole. Till that the Duke give order for his burial: And when I have my meed, I will away; 280 For this will out, and then I must not stay.

ACT TWO

Scene I. London. The palace.

Enter KING EDWARD sick. QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.

K. Edw. Why, so. Now have I done a good day's work.

You peers, continue this united league. I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence: And more at peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love. Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;

Lest He that is the supreme King of kings Confound your hidden falsehood and award Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself is not exempt from this:

Nor you, son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you:

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand:

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine! K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings love Lord Marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [They embrace. K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, I would to God all strifes were well com-And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [To the Queen] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend And most assured that he is a friend, Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile, Be he unto me! This do I beg of God When I am cold in love to you or yours. 40

They embrace. K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham.

Is this thy yow unto my sickly heart. There wanteth now our brother Gloucester

here To make the blessed period of this peace. Buck. And, in good time,

Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER, and RATCLIFF.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen:

And, princely peers, a happy time of day! K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.

Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity, Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50 Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign

Among this princely heap, if any here, By false intelligence or wrong surmise, Hold me a foe-55

If I unwittingly, or in my rage, Have aught committed that is hardly borne To any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace: 'Tis death to me to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love. First, madam, I entreat true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham. If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset.

That all without desert have frown'd on me:

Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you;

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen-indeed, of Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd? all.

I do not know that Englishman alive With whom my soul is any jot at odds More than the infant that is born to-night. I thank my God for my humility.

hereafter.

pounded.

sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness

To take our brother Clarence to your grace. Glo. Why, madam, have I off'red love for this.

To be so flouted in this 10yal presence?

Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? They all start. You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks. K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? The order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died.

And that a winged Mercury did bear; Some tardy cripple bare the countermand That came too lag to see him buried. God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, an not in blood, Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did.

And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter DERBY.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou requests.

The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk. K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my

brother's death, And shall that tongue give pardon to a

slave? My brother kill'd no man-his fault was

thought, And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? Who, In my wrath, 106

Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake The mighty Warwick and did fight for me?

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury When Oxford had me down, he rescued me And said 'Dear Brother, live, and be a king'?

Who told me, when we both lav in the field Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me Even in his garments, and did give himself, All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you 129 Had so much grace to put it in my mind. But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter and defac'd The precious image of our dear Redeemer, You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you. 125 [Derby rises.

But for my brother not a man would speak; Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all llave been beholding to him in his life; Yet none of you would once beg for his life. O God, I fear thy justice will take hold 131 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this!

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor Clarence!

[Exeunt some with King and Queen.
Glo. This is the fruits of rashness.
Mark'd you not *34

How that the guilty kindred of the Queen Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?

O, they did urge it still unto the King! God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you

To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your Grace. 40

[Execunt.

Scene II. London. The palace.

Enter the old Duchess of York, with the Son and Daughter of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,

And cry' O Clarence, my unhappy son!'?

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head.

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways, It that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;

I do lament the sickness of the King, 9 As loath to luse him, not your father's death;

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost. Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.

The King mine uncle is to blame for it.

God will revenge it; whom I will importune

With earnest prayers all to that effect. 15 Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! The King doth love you well.

Incapable and shallow innocents.

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Giandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester

Told me the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him. And when my uncle told me so, he wept, And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek; Bade me rely on him as on my father, 25 And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such

gentle shape,

And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice! He is my son; ay, and therein my shame; Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble,

grandam?

Duch. Av. bov.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears; Rivers and Dorset after her.

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself? I'll join with black despair against my soul And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence. Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. Why grow the branches when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief, That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's,

Or like obedient subjects follow him 45 To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow

As I had litle in thy noble husband! I have bewept a worthy husband's death, And liv'd with looking on his images; 50 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death, And I for comfort have but one false glass, That grieves me when I see my shame in

Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother 53

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands-

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I-

Thine being but a moiety of my moan— 60 To overgo thy woes and drown thy cries? Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!

How can we aid you with our kindred tears? Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept! 65 Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation; I am not bairen to bring forth complaints. All springs reduce their currents to mine eves

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon, May send forth plenteous tears to drown

the world! Ah for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs! 80 Their woes are parcell'd, mine is general. She for an Edward weeps, and so do I: I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she. These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I: I for an Edward weep, so do not they. Alas, you three on me, threefold distress'd, Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentation. Dor. Comfort, dear mother. God is much displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness his doing.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven.

For it requires the royal debt it lent you. 95 Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother.

And hast the comfort of thy children left. Of the young prince your son. Send straight for him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave.

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF.

Glo. Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star: But none can help our harms by wailing them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy: I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my 105

I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty! Glo. Amen! [Asule] And make me die a good old man!

That is the butt end of a mother's blessing: I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy punces and heartsorrowing peers,

That bear this heavy mutual load of moan. Now cheer each other in each other's love. Though we have spent our harvest of this

We are to reap the harvest of his son. The broken rancour of your high-swol'n

hearts. But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd to-

gether. Must gently be preserv'd, cheush'd, and kept.

Me seemein good that, with some little tiam.

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince he fet

Hither to London, to be crown'd our King. Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my ord, lest by a multitude The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out,

would be so much the more Which dangerous

By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd;

Where every horse bears his commanding rein

And may direct his course as please himself, As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,

In my opinion, ought to be prevented. Glo. I hope the King made peace with all

of us; And the compact is firm and true in me. Ris. And so in me; and so, I think, in all. Yet, since it is but green, it should be put Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months To no apparent likelihood of breach, таб Which haply by much company might be urg'd;

Therefore I say with noble Buckingham That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam, and you, my sister, will you go To give your censures in this business?

[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester. Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,

For God sake, let not us two stay at home; For by the way I'll sort occasion.

As index to the story we late talk'd of, To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory.

My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin, I, as a child, will go by thy direction. Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay IExeunt. behind.

SCENE III. London. A street.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour. Whither away so fast?

2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.

Hear you the news abroad?

1 Cit. Yes, that the King is dead. 2 Cit. Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better.

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed!

Give you good morrow, sir. 3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 Cit. Av, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 Cit. No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child.

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of governmen#

Which, in his nonage, council under him, And, in his full and ripened years, himself, No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern

1 Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

old.

3 Cit. Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends. God wot: For then this land was famously enrich'd

With politic grave counsel; then the King Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace, 21 1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,

Or by his father there were none at all: For emulation who shall now be nearest 25 Will touch us all too near, if God prevent

O. full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester! And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and proud;

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before, 30 1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all

will be well. 3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks:

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand:

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth. All may be well; but, if God sort it so.

'Tis more than we deserve or I expect. 2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full

of fear. You cannot reason almost with a man That looks not heavily and full of dread. 40

3 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so ;

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust Ensuing danger; as by proof we see The water swell before a boist'rous storm. But leave it all to God. Whither away ? 45 2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 Cit. And so was I; I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. The palace.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Stony Stratford,

And at Northampton they do rest to-night; To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince.

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear no; they say my son of York Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Av. mother: but I would not have Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners. it so.

Duch. Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow 'Ay,' quoth my More than my brother. uncle Gloucester

'Small herbs have grace: great weeds do grow apace.

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast.

Because sweet flow'rs are slow and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee. He was the wretched'st thing when he was voung.

So long a-growing and so leisurely

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been rememb'red,

I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth. Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

O. Eliz. A parlous boy! Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

O. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince? Well, madam, and in health. Mess.

Duch. What is thy news? Are sent to Pomfret, and with them

Duch. Who hath committed them? Mess. The mighty Dukes. Gloucester and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence? 15 Mess. The sum of all I can, I have

disclos'd. Why or for what the nobles were committed

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the ruin of my

house! The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to jet Upon the innocent and aweless throne. Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all. Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling

days.

How many of you have mine eyes beheld! My husband lost his life to get the crown: And often up and down my sons were toss'd

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss; And being seated, and domestic broils Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors

Make war upon themselves-brother to brother.

Blood to blood, self against self. O, preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen.

Or let me die, to look on death no more! 65 Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary. Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you. Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [To the Queen] My gracious lady, go. And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace 70 The seal I keep; and so betide to me As well I tender you and all of yours! York. Grandam, his nurse. As well I tender you and all of yours! Duch. His nurse! Why she was dead ere Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. London. A street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOUCESTER. BUCKINGHAM. CATESBY, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and Others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.

The weary way hath made you melancholy. Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the

Lord Rivers and Lord Grey Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.

I want more uncles here to welcome me. Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit; Nor more can you distinguish of a man Than of his outward show: which, God He knows,

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart. Those uncles which you want were dangerous;

Grace attended to their sug'ied Your words

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts God keep you from them and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.

May. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.

I thought my mother and my brother York

Would long ere this have met us on the way.

Fig. what a slug is Hastings, that he comes

To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God He knows, not I.

The Queen your mother and your brother York

Have taken sanctuary. The tender Prince Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld. Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace

Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of Methinks the truth should live from age to York

Unto his princely brother presently? If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him 35 And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York, Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40 We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land With what his valour did enrich his wit. 85

Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord.

Too ceremonious and traditional. Weigh it but with the grossness of this age. You break not sanctuary in seizing him. The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place

And those who have the wit to claim the place. This Prince hath neither claim'd it nor

deserv'd it, And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot

have it.

Then, taking him from thence that is not there.

You break no privilege nor charter there. Oft have I heard of sanctuary men: But sanctuary children never till now.

Card. My lord, you shall overrule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings. Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come, Where shall we so ourn till our coronation? Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal

If I may counsel you, some day or two Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower.

Then where you please and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Casar build that place, my lord? Glo. He did, my gracious loid, begin that place,

Which, since, succeeding ages have reedified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported Successively from age to age, he built it? Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not regist'red,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [Aside] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle? Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[Aside] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again, Or die a soldier as I liv'd a king.

Glo. [Aside] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York, how fares our loving brother?

York. Well my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay brother, to our grief, as it is yours.

Too late he died that might have kept that

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of
York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord.

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth.

The Prince my brother hath outgrown me

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle? 105 Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so. York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign:

But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this
dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? With all my heart!

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give,

And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it!

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light

enough.

York. O, then, I see you will part but with light gifts:

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too heavy for your Grace to

wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier. Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be

cross in talk.
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with

Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me; Because that I am little, like an ape, 130 He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

So cunning and so young is wonderful. 135 Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome

you. York. What, will you go unto the Tower,

my lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not

But come, my lord; with a heavy heart, Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150 [A sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester,

Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O, vis a perilous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable. He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend

As closely to conceal what we impart. Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the

way.

What think'st thou? Is it not an easy

matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our

mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

5

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Cale. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince 105 That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings 170

How he doth stand affected to our purpose; And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us, Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling, Be thou so too, and so break off the talk, And give us notice of his inclination; For we to-morrow hold divided councils, Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William. Tell him, Catesby, 181
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

Io-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle; And bid my lord, for joy of this good news, Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more

Buck. Good Catesby, go effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby House, there shall you find us both. [Exit Catesby. Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head—something we will determine.

And, look when I am King, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford and all the movables

Whereof the King my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards We may digest our complots in some form.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mess. My lord, my lord! [Knocking. Hast. [Within] Who knocks? Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. [Within] What is't o'clock? Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble self. Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship that this night

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm. Besides, he says there are two councils kept,

And that may be determin'd at the one Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure—

If you will presently take horse with him
And with all speed post with him toward
the north

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord:

Bid him not fear the separated council: ~o His honour and myself are at the one, And at the other is my good friend Catesby; Where nothing can proceed that toucheth

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance:

And for his drams, I wonder he's so simple To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers. To fly the boar before the boar pursues Were to incense the boar to follow us

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me; And we will both together to the Tower, Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [Exit.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

Cate. It is a reeling world indeed my

Cate. It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;

And I believe will never stand upright 39
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast, How, wear the garland! Does thou

Hast. How, wear the garland! Dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd. But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it? Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find Were jocund and suppos'd their states were you forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof:

And thereupon he sends you this good news.

That this same very day your enemies, The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed. I am no mourner for that news. Because they have been still my adver-

saries:

But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side

To bar my master's heirs in true descent. God knows I will not do it to the death. 55 Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve month hence,

That they which brought me in my master's hate.

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older.

I'll send some packing that yet think not

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious

When men are unprepar'd and look not for it. 65

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! And so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill

With some men else that think themselves as safe

As thou and I, who, as thou knowest, are dear To princely Richard and to Buckingham

Cate. The Princes both make high account of you-

[Aside] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boarspear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided? Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby.

You may jest on, but, by the holy road, I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours,

And never in my days, I do protest, Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.

Think you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am? Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Sure.

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust : But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast. This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt: Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward. What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk'd of are beheaded. Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter HASTINGS, a pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby. How now, Hastings! How goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me

Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet :

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower By the suggestion of the Queen's allies: But now, I tell thee-keep it to thyself-This day those enemies are put to death, 105 And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, Hastings; there, drink that for me. [Throws him his purse. Purs. I thank your honour. [Exit.

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise; Come the next Sabbath, and I will content [He whispers in his ear. Pr. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain!

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest: Your honour hath no shriving work in

hand. Hast. Good faith, and when I met this

hely man, The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower? Buck. I do, my lord, but long I cannot

stay there: 85 I shall return before your lordship thence. Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [Aside] And supper too, although thou knowest it not .-

Come, will you go?

I'll wait upon your lordship Hast. Exeunt.

Scene III. Pomfret Castle.

Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles, RIVERS, GREY and VAUGHAN, to death.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the Prince from all the

pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch: the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody

prison, Fatal and ominous to noble peers! Within the guilty closure of thy walls Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat, We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink. Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon

our heads. When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd I mean, your voice for crowning of the she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings. O, remember, God,

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us! And for my sister, and her princely sons, 20 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood, Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be I saw good strawberries in your garden spilt.

expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey; come, Vaughan; let us here embrace.

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. 25 Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. The Tower.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, with Others and seat themselves at a table.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is to determine of the coronation. In God's name speak-when is the royal day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the royal time?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination, 5 Elv. To-morrow then I judge a happy dav.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke? Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts.

He knows no more of mine than I of yours: Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine. Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;

But for his purpose in the coronation I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd His gracious pleasure any way therein.

But you, my honourable lords, may name the time :

And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice, Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Elv. In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all. good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper, but I trust My absence doth neglect no great design 25 Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue. my lord,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part-

King.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder; His lordship knows me well and loves me

well. My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn

there. Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is I do beseech you send for some of them, 35 Ely. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart. [Exit.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with [Takes him aside. you.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,

And finds the testy gentleman so hot 39 That he will lose his head ere give consent His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne. Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Buckingham. Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden; Stanley did dream the boar did raze our For I myself am not so well provided As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter the BISHOP OF ELY.

Elv. Where is my lord the Duke of And started when he look'd upon the Gloucester?

I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:

There's some conceit or other likes him well When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I think there's never a man in Christendom Can lesser hide his love or hate than he; For by his face straight shall you know his

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face

By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms? Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord.

Makes me most forward in this princely presence

To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be. I say, my lord, they have deserved death. Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm

Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up. And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore, That by their witchcraft thus have marked

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord-

Glo. If ?—thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor.

Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear

I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done. 80 The rest that love me, rise and follow me. [Exeunt all but Hastings, Lovell, and Ratcliff.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me: For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

helms.

And I did scorn it and disdain to fly. Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house. O, now I need the priest that spake to me! I now repent I told the pursuivant, As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd, And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head! Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men, Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast, Ready with every nod to tumble down Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come. come. dispatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! Miserable England!

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee That ever wretched age hath look'd upon. Come, lead me to the block: bear him my

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [Exeunt.

Scene V. London. The Tower-walls.

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour.

Murder thy breath in middle of a word, And then again begin, and stop again, As if thou were distraught and mad with

terror? Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep

tragedian; Speak and look back, and pry on every side, Tremble and start at wagging of a straw, Intending deep suspicion. Ghastly looks Are at my service, like enforced smiles; And both are ready in their offices At any time to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone? Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck, Lord Mayor-Glo. Look to the drawbridge there! Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent-

Glo. Look back, defend thee; here are

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVELL and RATCLIFF, with Hastings' head.

Glo. Be patient; they are friends— Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings. Glo. So dear I lov'd the man that I must

I took him for the plainest harmless creature

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian; Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts. So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue

That, his apparent open guilt omitted, I mean his conversation with Shore's

He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st Only for saying he would make his son shelt'red traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe— 35 Were't not that by great preservation We live to tell it—that the subtle traitor This day had plotted, in the council-house, To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester.

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or Infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law, Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death But that the extreme peril of the case, The peace of England and our persons' safety,

Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! He deserv'd his death;

And your good Graces both have well proceeded

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands After he once fell in with Mistress Shore. Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he

should die Until your lordship came to see his end-Which now the loving haste of these our friends.

Something against our meanings, have pre-

Because, my lord, I would have had you heard

The traitor speak, and timorously confess The manner and the purpose of his treasons: That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may Misconster us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good loid, your Grace's word shall serve

As well as I had seen and heard him speak:

And do not doubt, right noble Princes both. But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this cause. Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here.

T' avoid the censures of the carping world. Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend. And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell. [Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, atter, after, cousin Buckingham. The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.

There, at your meet'st advantage of the time.

Infer the bastardy of Edward's children. 75 Tell them how Edward put to death a cıtizen

Heir to the crown-meaning indeed his house,

Which by the sign thereof was termed so. Moreover, urge his hateful luxury And bestial appetite in change of lust, stretch'd unto their servants. Which daughters, wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart Without control lusted to make a prev. Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:

Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York My princely father then had wars in France And, by true computation of the time, Found that the issue was not his begot; 90 Which well appeared in his lineaments, Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off: Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator

As if the golden plea for which I plead Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied With reverend fathers and well learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock

affords. (Exit

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.

them both Meet me within this hour at Baynard's

[Exeunt all but Gloucester Castle. Now will I go to take some privy order 106 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight, And to give order that no manner of person Have any time recourse unto the Princes [Exit.

Scene VI. London. A street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings:

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's. And mark how well the sequel hangs together:

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over, For vesternight by Catesby was it sent me; At lower end of the hall hurl'd up their The precedent was full as long a-doing; And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd.

Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty. Here's a good world the while! Who is so

That cannot see this palpable device? Yet who so bold but says he sees it not? Bad is the world; and all will come to nought.

When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

Scene VII. London. Baynard's Castle. Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors.

citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy Mother of our Lord,

The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France; Th' insatiate greediness of his desire, And his enforcement of the city wives; His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy, As being got, your father then in France, And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withal I did infer your lineaments, Being the right idea of your father, Both in your form and nobleness of mind; Laid open all your victories in Scotland, 15 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace, Your bounty, virtue, fair humility; Indeed, left nothing fitter for your purpose

Look for the news that the Guildhall Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse. And when mine oratory drew toward end I bid them that did love their country's good

[To Catesby] Go thou to Friar Penker. Bid Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal King!

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word:

But, like dumb statues or breathing stones. Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly

Which when I saw, I reprehended them. And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence.

His answer was, the people were not used To be spoke to but by the Recorder. Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again.

'Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke ınferr'd '-

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself. When he had done, some followers of mine

And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!

And thus I took the vantage of those few-Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I

'This general applause and checiful shout Argues your wisdoms and your love to Řichard '.

And even here brake off and came away. Glo. What, tongueless blocks were they? Would they not speak?

Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear:

Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit; Glo. How now, how now! What say the And look you get a prayer-book in your hand.

And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant;

And be not easily won to our requests. 50 Play the maid's part: still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them

As I can say may to thee for myself, No doubt we bring it to a happy issue. Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the Lord

Mayor knocks.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord. I dance attendance here: I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

[Exit Gloucester.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my Lend favourable ear to our requests. request?

Cate. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow or next day. He is within, with two right reverend fathers.

Divinely bent to meditation;

And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd, To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke;

Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen, In deep designs, in matter of great moment, No less importing than our general good, Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him Exit. straight.

an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed, But on his knees at meditation; Not dallying with a brace of courtezans, But meditating with two deep divines; 75 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body, But praying, to enrich his watchful soul. Happy were England would this virtuous prince

Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof; But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it. May. Marry, God defend his Grace

should say us nay! Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace? Cate. My lord, He wonders to what end you have assembled Such troops of citizens to come to him. 85 His Grace not being warn'd thereof before, He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should Suspect me that I mean no good to him. 89 By heaven, we come to him in perfect love; And so once more return and tell his Grace.

[Exit Catesby. When holy and devout religious men Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence.

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian orince.

To stay him from the fall of vanity; And, see, a book of prayer in his hand, True ornaments to know a holy man. Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,

And pardon us the interruption Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no apology:

I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, 105 Who, earnest in the service of my God, Deferr'd the visitation of my friends. But, leaving this, what is your Grace's

pleasure? Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above.

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence That seems disgracious in the city's eye, And that you come to reprehend my ignor-

ance. Buck. You have, my lord. Would it might please your Grace,

Buck. Ah ha, my lord, this prince is not On our entreaties, to amend your fault! 115 Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestical, The scept'red office of your ancestors Your state of fortune and your due of birth. The lineal glory of your royal house, To the corruption of a blemish'd stock; Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

Which here we waken to our country's good.

The noble isle doth want her proper limbs; Her face defac'd with scars of infamy, 126 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, And almost should'red in the swallowing gulf

Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion. Which to recure, we heartily solicit Your gracious self to take on you the charge And kingly government of this your land-Not as protector, steward, substitute, Or lowly factor for another's gain: But as successively, from blood to blood, Your right of birth, your empery, your own. For this, consorted with the citizens, Your very worshipful and loving friends, And by their vehement instigation, In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell if to depart in silence Or bitterly to speak in your reproof Best fitteth my degree or your condition. If not to answer, you might haply think Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty, Which fondly you would here impose on

If to reprove you for this suit of yours, So season'd with your faithful love to me, Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.

Scene 71

Therefore-to speak, and to avoid the first And then, in speaking, not to incur the last-

Definitively thus I answer you: Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert

Unmeritable shuns your high request. 155 First, if all obstacles were cut away, And that my path were even to the crown, As the ripe revenue and due of birth, Yet so much is my poverty of spirit, So mighty and so many my defects, That I would rather hide me from my greatness-

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea-Than in my greatness covet to be hid. And in the vapour of my glory smother'd But, God be thank'd, there is no need of

And much I need to help you, were there need.

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of

Will well become the seat of majesty And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. On him I lay that you would lay on me-The right and fortune of his happy stars, Which God defend that I should wring

from him. Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial.

All circumstances well considered. You say that Edward is your brother's son. So say we too, but not by Edward's wife; For first was he contract to Lady Lucy-Your mother lives a witness to his vow-180 And afterward by substitute betroth'd To Bona, sister to the King of France. These both put off, a poor petitioner, A care-craz'd mother to a many sons, A beauty-waning and distressed widow, 185 Even in the afternoon of her best days, Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye, Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree To base declension and loath'd bigamy. By her, in his unlawful bed, he got This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate, Save that, for reverence to some alive, I give a sparing limit to my tongue. Then, good my lord, take to your royal self This proffer'd benefit of dignity; If not to bless us and the land withal, Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry From the corruption of abusing times Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit! Glo. Alas, why would you heap this care

on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty. I do beseech you, take it not amiss:

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. It you refuse it-as, in love and zeal.

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son

As well we know your tenderness of heart And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse, Which we have noted in you to your kindred

And egally indeed to all estates—

Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no, Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne To the disgrace and downfall of your house; And in this resolution here we leave you. Come, citizens. Zourids, I'll entreat no more.

Glo. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham. [Exeunt Buckingham, Mayor, and Citizens.

Cate. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their suit.

If you deny them, all the land will rue it. Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again. I am not made of stones, But penetrable to your kind entreaties. 2 5 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the re.t.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back, To bear her burden, whe'er I will or no, I must have patience to endure the load: But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach Attend the sequel of your imposition, Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

For God doth know, and you may partly sec.

How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your Grace! We see it. and will say it. Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the

truth. Buck. Then I salute you with this royal

title-Long live King Richard, England's worthy

King! All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace;

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave. Glo. [To the Bishops] Come, let us to our holy work again.

Farewell, my cousin; farewell. gentle friends. [Exeunt

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. London. Before the Tower.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET, at one door; ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER. leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET. Clarence's young daughter, at another

Duch. Who meets us here? My niece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Death and destruction dogs thee at thy Princes.

Daughter, well met.

God give your Graces both 3 A happy and a joyful time of day!

Whither away?

Anne. No tarther than the Tower; and. Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughteras I guess.

Upon the like devotion as yourselves, To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And in good time, here the licutenant comes.

Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them. The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The King! Who's that?

Brak. I mean the Lord Protector. Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother: who shall bar me from them?

see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother.

Then bring me to their sights: I'll bear thy

And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Biak. No, madam, no. I may not leave it so:

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence.

And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother

And reverend looker-on of two fair queens. [To Anne] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen. Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat.

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news! Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing

Dor. Be of good cheet; mother, how tares your Grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!

heels, Thy mother's name is ominous to children. If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas.

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

house.

Lest thou increase the number of the dead. And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,

Nor mother, wite, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours: You shall have letters from me to my son 50 In your behalf, to meet you on the way. Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery! O my accursed womb, the bed of death! A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the

world. Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will

O, would to God that the inclusive verge Of golden metal that must round my brow Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brains! Anomited let me be with deadly venom, 62 Duch. I am their father's mother; I will And die ere men can say 'God save the Queen I

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul; I envy not thy glory.

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. Anne. No, why? When he that is my husband now

Scene 11

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse: When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands

Which issued from my other angel husband, And that dear saint which then I weeping

follow'd-

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face, This was my wish: 'Be thou' quoth I accurs'd

For making me, so young, so old a widow; And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife, if any be so mad, More miserable by the life of thee Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's

death Lo. ere I can repeat this curse again. Within so small a time, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words 30 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's

Which hitherto hath held my eyes from rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep, But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick: And will, no doubt, shortly be 1id of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adjeu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. [To Dorset] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[To Anne] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[To Queen Elizabeth] Go thou to sanctuary. and good thoughts possess thee! I to my grave, where peace and test lie

with me! Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen, And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls.

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones. Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow For tender princes, use my babies well. So foolish sorrows bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.

Scene II. London. The palace.

Sound a sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, as King; Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, LOVEL, a Page, and Others.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham I

Buck. My gracious sovereign? K. Rich. Give me thy hand.

[Here he ascendeth the throne. Sound. Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated. But shall we wear these glories for a day; 5 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed.

Young Edward lives-think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be King. Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-

renowned lord. K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'Tis so; but

Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence: That Edward still should live-true noble Prince!

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull. Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead. And I would have it suddenly perform'd. What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure. K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice; thy kindness freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this. I will resolve you herein presently. [Exit. Cate. [Aside to another] The King is

angry; see, he gnaws his lip. K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools [Descends from the throne.

And unrespective boys; none are for me That look into me with considerate eyes. 30 High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-

spect. Boy!

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death? 35 Page. I know a discontented gentleman Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything. K. Rich. What is his name? Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel. 40

K. Rich. I partly know the man. Go, call him hither, boy. [Exit Page. The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my The late request that you did sound me in. counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me, untir'd, And stops he now for breath? Well, be

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley! What's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord.

The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled To Richmond, in the parts where he abides. [Stands abart.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby. Rumoui it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very gnevous sick; I will take order for her keeping close. Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman, Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter-

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. Look how thou dream'st! I say again, give out

That Anne, my queen, is sick and like to die. About it; for it stands me much upon 60 To stop all hopes whose growth may dam-

age me. [Exit Catesby. I must be married to my brother's daughter, Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass. Murder her brothers, and then marry her! Uncertain way of gain! But I am in So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin. Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Prove me, my gracious lord. 70 K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? Tyr. Please you;

But I had rather kill two enemics.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it. Two deep enemies.

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon. Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower. Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them. K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music.

Hark, come hither, Tyrrel. Go, by this token. Rise, and lend thine ear. [Whispers.

There is no more but so: say it is done, And I will love thee and prefer thee for it. Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. TExit.

Re-enter Buckingham.

mind

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord. K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son :

well, look unto it. Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due

by promise, For which your honour and your faith is

pawn'd: Th' earldom of Hereford and the movables Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me: Henry the Sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be King, When Richmond was a little peevish boy. A king !-- perhaps-

Buck. My lord-K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom-

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter.

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle And call'd it Rugemount, at which name I

started, Because a bard of Ireland told me once 110 I should not live long after I saw Rich-

mond. Buck. My lord-

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me. K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock? Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike. Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that like a Jack thou keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. I am not in the giving vein to-day. Buck. May it please you to resolve me in

my suit. K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt all but Buckingham. Buck. And is it thus? Repays he my deep service

With such contempt? Made I him King for this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my To Brecknock while my fearful head is on!

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Scene III. London. The palace. Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done. The most arch deed of piteous massacre That ever yet this land was guilty of. Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn To do this piece of ruthful butchery, Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody

Melted with tenderness and mild compassion, Wept like two children in their deaths' sad

story. 'O, thus' quoth Dighton 'lay the gentle

babes'-'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest 'girdling one another

Within their alabaster innocent arms. Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay; quoth Forrest 'almost Which once,' chang'd my mind;

But, O, the devil '-there the villain stopp'd: thus told When Dighton on:

smothered The most replenished sweet work of nature That from the prime creation e'er she

framed'. Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse

They could not speak · and so I left them both, To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign lord! K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy

news? Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then, For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead? Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel? Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower i ath buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know. K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

I humbly take my leave. [Exit. Tyr.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close: His daughter meanly have I match'd in

marriage; The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's

bosom, And Anne my wife hath bid this world

good night. Now, for I know the Britaine Richmond aıms

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter. And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Rat. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond:

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen.

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth. K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay; Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.

Then fiery expedition be my wing, Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king! 55 Go, muster men. My counsel is my shield. We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

Scene IV. London. Before the palace.

Enter old OUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd To watch the waning of mine enemies. A dire induction am I witness to, And will to France, hoping the consequence Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical. Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret. Who

comes here? [Retires.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes! My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! If yet your gentle souls fly in the air And be not fix'd in doom perpetual, Hover about me with your airy wings And hear your mother's lamentation. Q. Mar. Hover about her; say that right

for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
20

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such

gentle lambs

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed

was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

25

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedrous days, Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [Sitting down.

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood. 30

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them
here.

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we? [Sutting down by her.

Q. Mar. [Coming forward] If ancient sorrow be most reveiend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory.

And let my griefs from on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

[Sitting down with them.
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine. I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him: Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death. That dog, that had his teeth before his eves To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood. That foul defacer of God's handiwork, I that excellent grand tyrant of the earth That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls, Thy womb let loose to chase us to our grayes.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God, How do I thank thee that this carnal cur Preys on the issue of his mother's body 57 And makes her pew-fellow with others'

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;

The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;

Young York he is but boot, because both they

Match'd not the high perfection of my loss. Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;

And the beholders of this frantic play, Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,

Grey, Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer; Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls

Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls
And send them thither. But at hand, at
hand.

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end. Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints

pray, 75
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live and say 'The dog is dead'.

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time

would come
That I should wish for thee to help me
curse 80

That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,

The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direful pageant, 85 One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below,

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes, A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag To be the aim of every dangerous shot,

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble, A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost

thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says 'God save

the Queen'? Where be the bending peers that flattered

thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art: For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

Scene 4]

For joyful mother, one that wails the name; For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues:

For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care; For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:

For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one; For she commanding all, obey'd of none. Thus hath the course of justice whir'd about

And left thee but a very prey to time, Having no more but thought of what thou

To torture thee the more, being what thou

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?

Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke,

From which even here I slip my weary head

And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad
mischance:

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile

And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;

Compare dead happiness with living woe; Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is.
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad-causer
worse:

Revolving this will teach thee how to curse. Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine. [Ext.]. Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries,

Let them have scope; though what they
will impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the

heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied. Go

with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

The trumpet sounds; be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard and his Train, marching with drums and trumpets.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

K. Ruh. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb, From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown rio.

Where should be branded, if that right were right,

The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?

Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers,

Vaughan, Grey?
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!
[Flourish. Alarums.
Either be patient and entreat me fair.

Or with the clamorous report of war Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself. 155 Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my
words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well 165 Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my

hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

A grievous burden was thy birth to me; Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and

bloody, More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in

hatred.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

What comfortable hour canst thou name That ever grac'd me with thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace 175 To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on and not offend you,

Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word: 180

Duch. Hear me a word; refer I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror; Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish

And never more behold thy face again. Therefore take with thee my most grievous

curse,

Which in the day of battle tire thee more Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight; 190 And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies And promise them success and victory. Bloody thou art; bloody will be thy end. Shame serves thy life and doth thy death

attend. [Exit. Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no moe sons of the royal blood

For thee to slaughter. For my daughters, Richard, 200

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd
Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed, Throw over her the veil of infamy; So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding

slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's

daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a

royal Princess.

Q. Eliz. To save her life I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death, If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction. 225 No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys 230
Till that my pails were anchor'd in thine

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desp'rate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft, Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom. K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enter-

prise 235
And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you or yours Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good? 240 K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have—ay, and myself and all

Will I withal endow a child of thine; So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 259

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

hen know, that from my soul I K. Rich. love thy daughter.

O. Eliz. 1 daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. V hat do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughte: from thy soul. So from thy soul's love didst thou love be

brothers. And from my heart's love I do thank the

for it. K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my

meaning. I mean that with my soul I love th

daughter And do intend to make her Queen or

England. Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean

shall be her king? K. Rich. Even he that makes her Queen Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so. How think you of it. Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you As one being best acquainted with her numour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave 'Edward' and 'York'. Then haply will she weep;

Therefore present to her—as sometimes Margaret

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood-

A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain

The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal. If this inducement move her not to love, Send her a letter of thy noble deeds: 280 Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

not the way

To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way; 283 shape

And not be Richard that hath done all this.

of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee.

Having bought love with such a bloody Would be her lord? Or shall I say her spoil. 290

K. Rich. Look what is done cannot be now amended.

Mon shall deal unadvisedly sometimes. With after-hours gives leisure to repent. If I did take the kingdom from your sons, the make amends l'il give it to your daughter.

if I have kill d the issue of your womb, To quicken your increase I will beget Mine issue of your blood upon your

daughter. A grandam's name is little less in love

Than is the doating title of a mother; 300 They are as children but one step below, Even of your metal, of your ver blood; Of all one pain, save for a night of groans Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth; But mine shall be a comfort to your age. The loss you have is but a son heing King, And by that loss your daughter is made

Queeu. I cannot make you what amends I would. Therefore accept such fundness as I can. 310 Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul Leads discontented steps in foreign soil. This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high promotion, and great dignity. The King, that calls your beauteous

daughter wife, Familiarly shall call the Dorset brother: Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see.

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed Shall come again, transform'd to orient

pearl, Advantaging their loan with interest Of ten times double gain of happiness. Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go; Make bold her bashful years with your

experience; Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale : Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the

Princess K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.

And when this arm of mine hath chastised The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham, Unless thou couldst put on some other Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed; To whom I will retail my conquest won, 315 K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love And she shall be sole victoress, Casar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? Her father's brother uncle?

uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee 340 That God, the law, my honour, and her love Can make seem pleasing to her tender vears?

- K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
- Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still-lastıng war.
- K. Rich. Tell her the King, that may command, entreats.
- Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the King's King forbids.
- K. Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.
- Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
- K. Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.
- Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?
- K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
- O. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
- K. Rich. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
- Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.
- K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
- Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty. K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
- Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
- K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.
- Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
- K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
- Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead— Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their

graves.

- K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
- Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break. K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter,
- and my crown-Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the
- third usurp'd. K. Rich. I swear-
- By nothing; for this is no oath: Q. Eliz. Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory. If something thou wouldst swear to be Be the attorney of my love to her:

believ'd,

Or he that slew her brothers and her Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then, by my self-

Thy self is self-misus'd. Q. Eliz. K. Rich. Now, by the world-

'Tis full of thy foul wrongs. Q. Elız. K. Ruh. My father's death-

Thy life hath it dishonour'd. Q. Elız. K. Rich. Why, then, by God-

God's wrong is most of all. O. Elız. If thou didst fear to break an oath with Him.

The unity the King my husband made Thou hadst not broken, not my brothers died.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Hım,

Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head. Had grac'd the tender temples of my child: And both the Princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust. Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time ro come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast:

For I myself have many tears to wash Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee. 300

The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age; The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd.

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age. Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast. K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! Myself myself confound!

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours! Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding !---if, with dear heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

tender not thy beauteous princely daughter. In her consists my happiness and thine:

Without her, follows to myself and thee, Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul.

Death, desolation, ruin, and decay. It cannot be avoided but by this;

It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother—I must call you SO-

410

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve. 415 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury. Urge the necessity and state or times, And be not peevish-tond in great designs.

O. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

O. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children. K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them;

Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture. Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very snortly And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell. [Kissing her. Exit Queen Elizabeth.

Rejenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF: CATESBY following.

How now! what news?

western coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends.

Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore. K. Rich. Some light-toot friend post to

the Duke of Norfolk. 410 Ratcliff, thyself-or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord. K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury;

When thou com'st thither—To Catesbyl Dull, unmindful villain, Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the

Duke? Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your

Highness' pleasure, What from your Grace I shall deliver to

him. K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby. Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power that he can make

Exit. Cate. I go. Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do

at Salisbury? K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do

there before I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stanley, what news with you. Stan. None good, my hege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported. K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou iun so many miles about.

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the When thou mayest tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas. K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the

seas on him! White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there? 465

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but

by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the He makes for England here to claim the crown.

> K. Rich. Is the chair empty? sword unswav'd?

Is the King dead, the empire unpossess'd? What heir of York is there alive but we? And who is England's King but great York's heir?

Then tell me what makes he upon the seas. Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot gue-s.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your hege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear. Stan. No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers? Are they not now upon the western shore, Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships? Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in

the north. K. Rich. Cold friends to me. What do

they in the north, When they should serve their sovereign in

the west? Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King.

Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,

Grace

Where and what time your Majesty shall

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond;

But I'll not trust thee.

Most mighty sovereign, Stan. You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.

I never was nor never will be false. 44.1 leave behind

Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm.

Or else his head's assurance is but frail. Stan. So deal with him as I prove tiuc [Exit to you.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire. 500 As I by friends am well advertised,

Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guiltords are in arms: And every hour more competitors

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Buckingham-

songs of death? [He strikes him. news. 510

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your Majesty

Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd:

And he himself wand'red away alone, No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy. 515 There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd Reward to him that brings the traitor in? 3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been

made, my lord.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset, 520 'Tis said, my lege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

But this good comfort bring I to your Highness-

The Britaine navy is dispers'd by tempest. Farewell.

I'll muster up my friends and meet your Richmond in Doisetshire sent out a boat Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks If they were his assistants, yea or no; 526 Who answer'd him they came from Buckingham

Upon his party. He, mistiusting them, Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Britaine.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in aims; It not to fight with toreign enemies,

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My hege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken—

That is the best news. That the Earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford Is colder tidings, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ! While we icason here

A royal battle might be won and lost. Some one take order Buckingham be brought

With many moe confederates, are in arms. To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. | Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V. Lord Derby's house.

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:

That in the sty of the most deadly boar 3 Mess. My lord, the army of great My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:

K. Rich. Out on you, owls! Nothing but If I revolt, off goes young George's head: The fear of that holds off my present aid. 5 There, take thou that till thou bring better So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.

Withal say that the Queen hath heartily consented

He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter. But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford west in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him? Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, 10 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt.

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew; And many other of great name and worth; And towards London do they bend their power.

If by the way they be not fought withal. 15 Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand;

My letter will resolve him of my mind. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

An oben blace. SCENE I. Salisbury. Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BULKING-HAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

Holy King Henry, and thy fan son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand computed foul injustice, If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hom.

Even for revenge mock my destruction! This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not? 10 Sher. It is, inv loid.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day which in King Edward's time I wish'd might fall on me when I was found False to his children and his wife's allies; This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall 10 By the talse faith of him whom most I trusted:

This, this All-Soul 'day to my fearful soul Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs; That high All-Seer which I deflied with to Hath turn'd my leigned player on my head And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest. Thus doth He force the swords of wicked

To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck.

"When he quoth she 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophet 'ss.' Come lead me, officers, to the block of shame:

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Camp near Tamworth.

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and Others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny, Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment; And here receive we from our father Stanley

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar, That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. vines.

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms-this foul swine

Is now even in the centre of this isle, Near to the town of Leicestei, as we learn. From Tamworth thither is but one day's maich.

In God's name cheerly on, comageous inends,

To reap the barvest of perpetual peace 15 By this one bloody that of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,

To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for tear.

Which in his dearest need will fly from him. Richm. All for our vantage. Then in God's name march.

Frue hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings:

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. IExeunt.

Scene III. Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD in arms, with Nor-FOLK, RATCLIFF, the EARL OF SURREY, and Others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Suriey, why look you so sad? Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk!

No. Here, most gracious liege. K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks;

ha! must we not? Nor. We must both give and take, my loving loid.

K. Ruh. Up with my tent! Here will I he to-night;

[Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent. But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Wuo hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trables that account;

Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want. Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen.

Let us survey the vantage of the ground. 15 Call for some men of sound direction. Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

[Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICH-MOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, PORSET, and Others. Some pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And by the bight tract of his fiery car concerns token of a goodly day to-morrow. Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent. I'll draw the form and model of our battle, Limit each leader to his several charge, s And part in just proportion our small

power. My Lord of Oxford—you, Sir William

Brandon— And you, Sir Walter Herbert—stay with me.

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment; Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning Desire the Earl to see me in my tent. Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much—

Which well I am assur'd I have not done— His regiment hes half a mile at least South from the mighty power of the

Richm. If without peril it be possible, Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt.

Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business. In to my tent; the dew is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord; It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper. What, is my beaver easier than it was? And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

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K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Ext. K. Rich. Catesby!

Cale. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power 60

Before suntising, lest his son George fall Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[Exit Catesby. Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch. Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. Look that my staves be sound, and not too

heavy. Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy
Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself, Much about cock-shut time, from troop to

troop 70
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.

I have not that alacrity of spirit Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have. Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent.

And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
[Exit Ratcliff. Richard sleeps.

Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent; LORDS attending.

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford 80

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! Tell me, how fares our loving mother? Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from

thy mother, Who prays continually for Richmond's

good.

So much for that. The silent hours steal on, And flaky darkness breaks within the east. In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy battle early in the morning, And put thy fortune to the arbitrement 89 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. I, as I may—that which I would I cannot— With best advantage will deceive the time And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms; But on thy side I may not be too forward, Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender

George, 95
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell; the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious yows of love

And ample interchange of sweet discourse Which so-long-sund'red friends should dwell upon.

God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adicu; be valiant, and speed
well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.

I'll strive with troubled thoughts to take a nap,

Lest leaden slumber peise me down tomorrow 105

When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Exeunt all but Richmond.
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of
wrath,

That they may crush down with a heavy fall

The usurping helmets of our adversaries! Make us Thy ministers of chastisement, That we may praise Thee in the victory! To Thee I do commend my watchful soul Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes. Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of young PRINCE EDWARD, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

Think how thou stabh'dst me in my prime of youth

At Tewksbury; despair, therefore, and die! [To Richmond] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf.
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts
thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY THE SIXTH.

Ghost. [To Richard] When I was mortal, my anointed body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes. Think on the Tower and me. Despair, and die.

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die. [To Richmond] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be King,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep. Live and flourish! 1230

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy in thy soul to-morrow! that was wash'd to death with fulsome

I that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me, And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die!

[To Richmond] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee. Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN.

Riv. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy in thy soul to-morrow,

Rivers that died at Pomfret! Despair and die!

Grey. [To Richard] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Vaugh. [To Richard] Think upor Vaughan, and with guilty fear

Let fall thy lance. Despair and die!

All. [To Richmond] Awake, and think our
wrongs in Richard's bosom

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The usurping helmets of our adversaries! Will conquer him. Awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. [To Richard] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings. Despair and die.
[To Richmond] Quiet untroubled soul,
awake, awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake! 150

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [To Richard] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.

[To Richmond] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;

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Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings! Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE, his wife.

Ghost. [To Richard] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife

That never slept a quiet hour with thee 160 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations. To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die.

[To Richmond] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

Dream of success and happy victory. 165 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. [To Richard] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

The last was I that felt thy tyranny. O, in the battle think on Buckingham, And die in terror of thy guiltiness! Dream on, dream on of bloody deeds and Your friends are up and buckle on their death;

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

[To Richmond] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;

But cheer thy heart and be thou not dismay'd:

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard falls in neight of all his pinle. [The Ghosts varish. Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse. Bind up my wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream. O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict

The lights burn blue. It is now dead T50 midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I. Is there a murderer here? No-yes, I am. What, from myself? reason why-

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself! Alack, I love myself. Wherefore ? For any

That I myself have done unto myself? O, no! Alas, I rather hate myself For hateful deeds committed by myself! I am a villain; yet I he, I am not. Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not Methought then souls whose bodies Richard flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, 193

And every tongue brings in a several tale, And every tale condemns me for a villain. Perjuly, perjury, in the high'st degree; Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree; All several sins, all us'd in each degree, Thiong to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves

And if I die no soul will pity me: And wherefore should they, since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself? Methought the souls of all that I had Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our murder'd

Came to my tent, and every one did threat Io-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord! K. Rich. Zounds, who is there? Rat. Ratchil, my loru; 'tis I. The early village-cock

170 Hath twice done saturation to the morn: dilliour.

K. Rich. O Raicust, I have dream'd a fearful di som l What think'st shou-will our friends prove all true :

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratchil, I fear, I fear. Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By tre apostle Paul, shadows te-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond. 'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;

Under our tents I'll play the caves-dropper, To see if any mean to shimk from me. Exeunt.

Enier the Lords to RICHMOND sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond! Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here. Lords. How have you slept, my lord? Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairestboding dreams

That ever ent'red in a drowsy head Have I since your departure had, my lords. murder'd

Came to my tent and cried on victory. I promise you my soul is very jocund In the remembrance of so fan a dream. How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four. Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His Oration to his Soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen, The leisure and enforcement of the time Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this: God and our good cause fight upon our side; The prayers of holy samts and wronged souls,

taces;

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? Truly, gentle-

A bloody tyrant and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one m blood Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me establish'd:

One that made means to come by what he hath.

And slaughtered those that were the means? to help nim:

A base foul stone, made precious by the koil

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set: One that hath ever been God's enemy. Then if you fight against God's enemy. God will in justice ward you as his soldiers; If you do sweat to put a tyrant down, 255 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slair . If you do fight against your country's foes Your country's fat shall pay your pains all hire:

If you do fight in safeguard of your wries, Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword, Your children's children quits it in your

Then, in the name of God and all these rights.

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt 265 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face:

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt The least of you shall share his part thereof. Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;

God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! En unt.

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF. Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond? Rat. That he was never trained up in

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd, and said 'The better for our purpose'.

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so [Clock strikes. indeed it is. Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar. Who saw the sun to-day?

Not I, my lord. K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book

He should have brav'd the east an hour

A black day will it be to somebody. Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day; The sky doth frown and lour upon our armv.

I would these dewy tears were from the

More than to Richmond? For the selfsame heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfoli.

Not. A in. arm, my laid; the fae vaunes un the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse:

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, And thus my battle shall be ordered: My toreward shall be urawn out all in

length. Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst. 205 John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey.

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse. They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot! think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign. This found I on my tent this morning. [He sheweth him a paper.

K. Rich. [Reads] Jockey to Norfolk, be not so bold.

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.' A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge. Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:

Conscience is but a word that cowards use, Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe. Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to it pell-mell; If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his Army.

What sha'l I say more than I have inferr'd? Remember whom you are to cope withal-A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways, A scum of Britaines, and base lackey peasants. 317

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

desperate adventures and assur'd To destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives.

They would restrain the one, distain the other. And who doth lead them but a paltry

fellow. Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost?

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KING RICHARD THE THIRD

A milk-sop, one that never in his life Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow? Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France.

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives:

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquered, let men conquer us, And not these bastard Britaines, whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and

thump'd, And, in record, left them the heirs of shame. Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our

wives. 336 Ravish our daughters? [Drum afar off] Hark! I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold veomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come. K. Rich. Off with his son George's head! Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh.

After the battle let George Stanley die. K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes; Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George.

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum; excursions. Enter Norfolk and Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue. my Lord of Norfolk, rescue. rescue!

The King enacts more wonders than a man, Daring an opposite to every danger. His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights, Seeking for Richmond in the throat of

death. Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

for a horse!

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast

And I will stand the hazard of the die. 10 I think there be six Richmonds in the field: Five have I slain to-day instead of him. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND: they fight; Richard is slain. Retreat and Enter RICHMOND, DERBY Flourish. bearing the crown, with other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd. victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead. Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!

But, tell me is young George Stanley living. Der. He is, my loid, and safe in Leicester town.

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William

Brandon. Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes

their births. Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled That in submission will return to us.

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament, We will unite the white rose and the red. Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction. 20 That long have frown'd upon their enmity! What traitor hears me, and says not amen? England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself:

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood.

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, 25 The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:

All this divided York and Lancaster. Divided in their dire division. O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house, 30 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together! And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so, K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, That would with treason wound this fair That would reduce these bloody days again land's peace!

And make poor England weep in streams Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again—

increase

Let them not live to taste this land's That she may long live here, God say amen! (Exeunt.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS. CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V. CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. DUKE OF NORFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. DUKE OF SUFFOLK. EARL OF SURREY. Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor. GARDINER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. Bishup of Lincoln. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDYS. SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL. SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX. Secretaries to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine. Three Gentlemen. DR. BUTTS, physician to the King. Garter King-at-Arms. Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham. Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms. Doorkeeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, and his Man. Page to Gardiner. A Črier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry. afterwards divorced. ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen. PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants; Spirits.

THE SCENE: London: Westminster: Kumbolton.

THE PROLOGUE

CROMWELL, servant to Wolsev.

I come no more to make you laugh: things

That bear a weighty and a serious brow. Sad, high, and working, full of state and

woe. Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow, We now present. Those that can pity here 5 May, if they think it well, let tall a tear: The subject will deserve it. Such as give Their money out of hope they may believe May here find truth too. Those that come to see

Only a show or two, and so agree The play may pass, if they be still and willing,

I'll undertake may see away their shilling Richly in two short hours. Only they That come to hear a merry bawdy play, A noise of targets, or to see a fellow In a long motley coat guarded with yellow, Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know, To rank our chosen truth with such a show As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting Our own brains, and the opinion that we

bring To make that only true we now intend, Will leave us never an understanding friend. Therefore, for goodness sake, and as you I was then present, saw them salute on are known

Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see

The very persons of our noble story As they were living; think you see them great.

And follow'd with the general throng and sweat

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see

How soon this mightiness meets misery, 30 And if you can be merry then, I'll say A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT ONE

Scene I. London. The palace.

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door: at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck, Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace. Healthful: and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague 4 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Ardehorseback;

The first and happiest hearers of the town, Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung

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In their embracement, as they grew together:

Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

All the whole time Buck. I was my chamber's prisoner.

Then you lost Nor. The view of earthly glory; men might say, Till this time pomp was single, but now married

To one above itself. Each following day Became the next day's master, till the last Made former wonders its. To-day the French,

All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods, Shone down the English; and to-morrow thev

Made Britain India: every man that stood Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

As cherubins, all gilt; the madams too, Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear The pride upon them, that their very labour Was to them as a painting. Now this masque

Was cried incomparable; and th' ensuing night

Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings, Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst, As presence did present them: him in eye Still him in praise; and being present both, 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner

Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns-

For so they phrase 'em-by their heralds challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform Beyond thought's compass, that former fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Bevis was believ'd.

O, you go far! Buck. Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect In honour honesty, the tract of ev'rything Would by a good discourser lose some life Which action's self was tongue to. All was roval:

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd; Order gave each thing view. The office did Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide— 45 I mean, who set the body and the limbs Of this great sport together, as you guess? One, certes, that promises no element

In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord? Nor. All this was ord'red by the good discretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York. Buck. The devil speed him! No man's pie is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had ne To do in these fierce vanities? I wonde. That such a keech can with his very built 55 Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun. And keep it from the earth.

Surely, s: Nov. There's in him stuff that puts him to these enus:

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace

Chalks successors their way, not call'd upon For high feats done to the crown, neither allied

To eminent assistants, but spider-like. Out of his self-drawing web, 'a gives us

note The force of his own merit makes his way-A gift that heaven gives for him, which

buys

A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell What heaven hath given him-let some graver eve

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride Peep through each part of him. Whence has he that ?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard 70 Or has given all before, and he begins A new hell in himself.

Why the devil, Upon this French going out, took he upon hım-

Without the privity o' th' King-t' appoint

Who should attend on him? He makes up

Of all the gentry; for the most part such To whom as great a charge as little honour He meant to lay upon; and his own letter, The honourable board of council out, Must tetch him in he papers.

Aher. I do know 80 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that

have By this so sicken'd their estates that never They shall abound as tormerly

Buck. O. many Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity

But minister communication of

A most poor issue? Grievingly I think Nor.

The peace between the French and us not values

The cost that did conclude it.

Every man, 89 Buck. After the hideous storm that follow'd, was A thing inspir'd, and, not consulting, broke Into a general prophecy—that this tempest, Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded The sudden breach on't.

Which is budded out: Nor.

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux. Is it therefore Aber.

Th' ambassador is silenc'd? Nor. Marry, 15't. Aber. A proper title of a peace, and

purchas'd

At a superfluous race! Why, all this business Buck.

Our reverend Cardinal carried. Nor.

Like it your Grace, 100 The state takes notice of the private difference

Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you-And take it from a heart that wishes to-

wards you Honour and plenteous safety-that you

The Cardinal's malice and his potency 105 Together; to consider further, that

What his high hatred would effect wants not

A minister in his power. You know his nature.

That he's revengeful; and I know his sword

Hath a sharp edge—it's long and't may be

It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend, Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock

That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's survevor? Ha! Where's his examination?

 Secr. Here, so please you. Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your Grace. Wol. Well, we shall then know more, and

Buckingham Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and his Train. Buck. This butcher's cur is venommouth'd, and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book

Outworths a noble's blood.

What, are you chaf'd? Nor. Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only

Which your disease requires.

Buck.

Matter against me, and his eye revil'd 126 Me as his abject object. At this instant He bores me with some trick. He's gone to th' King;

I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord. And let your reason with your choler question 130

What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way, Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England

Can advise me like you; be to yourself 135 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King, And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim There's difference in no persons.

Be advis'd: Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140 That it do singe yourself. We may outrun By violent swiftness that which we run at, And lose by over-running. Know you not The fire that mounts the liquor till't run

In seeming to augment it wastes it? advis'd.

I say again there is no English soul More stronger to direct you than yourself. If with the sap of reason you would quench Or but allay the fire of passion.

Sir.

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along 150 By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow-

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but From sincere motions, by intelligence, And proofs as clear as founts in July when We see each grain of gravel—I do know 155 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Say not treasonous. Nor. Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend: this holy fox, Or wolf, or both—for he is equal rav'nous As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160 As able to perform't, his mind and place Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally-Only to show his pomp as well in France As here at home, suggests the King our master

To this last costly treaty, th' interview 165 That swallowed so much treasure and like a glass

Did break i' th' wrenching.

Faith, and so it aid. Nor. Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir: this cunning cardinal

The articles o' th' combination drew es. As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified I read in's looks As he cried 'Thus let be' to as much end As give a crutch to th' dead. But our O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well! Count-Cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy 175 To th' old dam treason: Charles the Emperor,

Under pretence to see the Queen his auni-For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came To whisper Wolsey-here makes visitation-

His fears were that the interview betwixt England and France might through their amity

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

Peep'd haims that menac'd him-privily Deals with our Cardinal; and, as I frow-Which I do well, for I am sure the Emperor Paid eie he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted

Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made.

And pav'd with gold, the Emperor thus desir'd.

That he would please to alter the King's course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the King kaow,

As soon he shall by me, that thus the Cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases. And for his own advantage.

I am sorry To hear this of him, and could wish he were Something mistaken in't.

No, not a syllable: 195 Buck. I do pronounce him in that very shape He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant-at-Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant: execute it My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign King. Buck. Lo you, my lord, The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish

Under device and practice. I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on 201 The business present; 'tis his Highness' pleasure

You shall to th' Tower.

It will help me nothing To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me

Which makes my whit'st part black. The Never name to us: you have half our will of heav'n

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.

[To Abergavenny] The King Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know

How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said. The will of heaven be done, and the King's pleasure

By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is warrant from The King t' attach Lord Montacute and the bodies

Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Car, One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor-

Buck.

These are the limbs o' th' plot; no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux. Buck. O. Nicholas Hopkins? Bran. He. Buck. My surveyor is false. The o'er-

great Cardinal Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already.

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, 224 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, [Exeunt. farewell.

Scene II. London. The Council Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the CARDINAL's shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL, with Others. Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart ot it,

Thanks you for this great care; I stood i' th' level

Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks

To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before

That gentleman of Buckingham's. person

I'll hear him his confessions justify; And point by point the treasons of his master

He shall again relate.

A roise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter the QUEEN, usher'd by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK; she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us. Half your suit

power. Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210 The other moiety ere you ask is given;

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

Repeat your will, and take it.

Thank your Majesty. Q. Kath. That you would love yourself, and in that love

Not unconsidered leave your honour nor The dignity of your office, is the point 16 Of my petition.

Lady mine, proceed. King. Q. Kath I am solicited, not by a few. And those of true condition, that your

subtects Are in great grievance: there have been commissions 20

Sent down among 'em which hath flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties; wherein, although, My good Lord Caidinal, they vent reproaches

21 Most bitterly on you as putter-on Of these exactions, yet the King our

Whose honour Heaven shield from soil !even he escapes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears In loud rebellion.

Not almost appears-Nor. It doth appear; for, upon these tavations, The clothiers all, not able to maintain The many to them 'longing, have put off The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,

Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger And lack of other means, in desperate manner

Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar.

And danger serves among them.

Taxation! Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal.

You that are blam'd for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir, I know but of a single part in aught Pertains to th' state, and front but in that

file Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord! You know no more than others! But you frame

Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome

To those which would not know them, and y, t must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are

Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say

They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer

Too hard an exclamation,

King. Still exaction! The nature of it? in what kind, let's know. Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous In tempting of your patience, but am bold'ned

Under you, promis'd pardon. The subjects' guet

Comes through commissions, which compels from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay; and the pretence for this Is nam'd your wats in France. This makes bold mouths;

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now I ive where their prayers did; and it's come to pass

This tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. I would your Highness

Would give it quick consideration, for There is no primer has ness.

King. By my life, This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me. I ha e no further gone in this than by A single voice; and that not pass'd me but By learned approbation of the judges. If I

am Itaduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know

My faculties nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doing, let me say 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

That virtue must go through. We must not stint

Our necessary actions in the tear To core malicious consurers, which ever As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, 85 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at.

We should take root here where we sit. or sit

State-statues only.

Things done well King. And with a care exempt themselves from

Things done without example, in their issue Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent Of this commission? I believe, not any. We must not rend our subjects from our laws,

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?

A trembling contribution! Why, we take: It would infect his speech—that if the King From every tree lop, bark, and part o' th' Should without issue die, be'll carry it so to make the scentre his. There yery words

And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd.

The air will drink the sap. To every county Where this is question'd send our letters with

Free pardon to each man that has denied The force of this commission. Pray, look to't:

I put it to your care.

Wol. [Aside to the Secretary] A word with you.

Let there be letters writ to every shire
Of the King's grace and paidon. The
grieved commons

Hardly conceive of me—let it be nois'd 105 That through our intercession this revokement

And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham

Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many. The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;

To nature none more bound; his training such

That he may furnish and instruct great teachers

And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,

When these so noble beneats shall prove us. Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly

Than ever they were fair. This man so complete.

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,

Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find

His hour of speech a minute—he, my lady, Hath into monstrous habits put the graces That once were his, and is become as black As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him 127. Things to stuke honour sad. Bid him recount

The fore-recited practices, whereof We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely ... Surv. First, it was usual with him—every

It would infect his speech—that if the King Should without issue die, he'll carry it so To make the sceptre his. There very words I've heard him utter to his son-in-law, 12th Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd

Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note This dangerous conception in this point: Not friended by his wish, to your high person 140

His will is most malignant, and it stretches Beyond you to your friends.

Q. Kaih. My learn'd Lord Cardinal, Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on. How grounded he his title to the crown

Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him

At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was

Surv. He was brought to this By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Herton. King. What was that Henton?

Sin v. Sir, a Chartreux triar, His contessor, who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long betore your Highness sped to France, 151 The Duke being at the Rose, within the

parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me

What was the speech among the Londoners Concerning the French journey. I replied Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious.

To the King's danger. Presently the Duke Said 'twas the fear indeed and that he doubted

'Twould prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk 'that oft' says he 'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit ror John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour

To hear from him a matter of some moment; Whom after under the confession's seal. He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke My chaplain to no creature living but 116 To me should utter, with denure confidence This pausingly ensu'd: "Neither the King nor's heirs.

Tell you the Duke, shall prosper; bid him strive

To gain the love o' th' commonalty; the Dike

Shall govern England "'.

Q. Kath.

If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost

your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants. Take good
-heed

You charge not in your spleen a noble person

And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take Call him to present trial. If he may heed;

The find mercy in the law, 'tis his: 'Find mercy in the law, 'tis his: 'Find mercy in the law,' the his is the may heed;

Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on. Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth:
I told my lord the Duke, by th' devil'
illusions

The monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until

It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,

It was much like to do. He answer'd 'Tush,

It can do me no damage': adding further That, had the King in his last sicknes fail'd,

The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads

Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha! There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich, After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke About Sir William Bulmer—

King. I remember 190
Of such a time: being my sworn servant
The Duke retain'd him his. But on: what
hence?

Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed—

As to the Tower I thought—I would have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon 195 Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in's presence, which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his Highness live

in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out

of thee: what say'st?

Surv. After 'the Duke his father' with the 'knife',

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour

Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo His father by as much as a performance Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period, To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;

Call him to present trial. If he may are find mercy in the law, 'tis his: 'none, Let him not seek't of us. By day and night! He's traitor to th' height.

[Exeumt.

Scene III. London. The pulace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sandys.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

Sandys. New customs, Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, vet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our

English

Have got by the late voyage is but merely A fit or two o' th' tace; but they are shrewd ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counsellors 9
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sandys. They have all new legs, and lame
ones. One would take it.

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord, Their clothes are after such a pagan cut to't, That sure th' have worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now? 15

What news, Sir Tnomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation

That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and

tailors. 20 Cham. I am glad 'tis there. Now I would

pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,

And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,

For so run the conditions, leave those remnants

Of fool and feather that they got in France, With all their honourable points of ignorance

Pertaining thereunto—as fights and fireworks;

Abusing better men than they can be, Out of a foreign wisdom—ienouncing clean The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,

Short blist'red breeches, and those types of travel,

And understand again like honest men, Or pack to their old playfellows. There, I take it, They may, cum privilegio, wear away The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

'Tis time to give 'em physic, Sandys. their diseases

Are grown so catching.

What a loss our ladies Cham. Will have of these trim vanities!

T.OV. Av. marry. There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies.

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow. Sandys. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,

For sure there's no converting of 'em. Now An honest country lord, as I am, beaten A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r Lady.

Held current music too.

Well said, Lord Sandys; Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

No, my lord, Sandvs.Nor shall not while I have a stump.

Sir Thomas, Whither were you a-going?

To the Cardinal's: 50 Your lordship is a guest too.

O, 'tis true; This night he makes a supper, and a great

To many lords and ladies: there will be The beauty of this kingdom. I'll assure you. Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed.

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us; His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble: He had a black mouth that said other of him. Sandys. He may, my lord; has where- Place you that side; I'll take the charge of withal. In him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:

Men of his way should be most liberal, They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so; But few now give so great ones. My barge

stays; Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir

Thomas, We shall be late else; which I would not be, For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry

Guildford, This night to be comptrollers.

Sandys. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. The Presence Chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

Then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace

Salutes ve all; this night he dedicates To fair content and you. None here, he

In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad; he would have all as

merry As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,

Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDYS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

O. my lord, v'are tardy, The very thought of this fair company

Clapp'd wings to me. Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guild-

ford. Sandys. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the

Cardinal But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these

Should find a running banquet ere they rested

I think would better please 'em. By my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these!

Sandvs. I would I were:

They should find easy penance.

Faith, how easy? Lov. Sandys. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry

this. His Grace is ent'ring. Nay, you must not

freeze: Two women plac'd together makes cold

weather. My Lord Sandys, you are one will keep 'em

waking:

Pray sit between these ladies.

Sandvs. By my faith.

And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies. [Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me; I had it from my father.

Was he mad, sir? Anne. Sandys. O, very mad, exceeding mad. in love too.

But he would bite none: just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her. Cham. Well said, my lord.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

So, now y'are fairly seated. Gentlemen, 31 The penance hes on you if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sandys. For my little cure. Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended: and takes his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests. That noble lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry This, to confirm my Is not my friend. welcome-

And to you all, good health! [Drinks. Your Grace is noble. Sandys. Let me have such a bowl may hold my

thanks And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Loid Sandys. 10 I am beholding to you. Cheer your neighbours.

Ladies, you are not merry. Gentlemen, Whose fault is this?

The red wine first must ris Sandys. In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'ein

Talk us to stlence. You are a merry gamester,

My Lord Sandys. Yes, if I make my play. Sandys. Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it,

madain. For 'tis to such a thing-

You cannot show me. Sandys. I told your Grace they would talk anon. [Drum and trumpet. Chambers

discharg'd. What's that? Wol. Cham. Look out there, some of ve.

[Exit a Servant. What warlike voice.

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear By all the laws of war y'are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't? Serv. A noble troop of strangers-For so they seem. Th' have left their barge and landed,

And hither make, as great ambassadors 55 By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here From foreign princes.

Good Lord Chamberlain, My royal choice. Wol. Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;

And pray receive 'em nobly and conduct You hold a fair assembly; you do well, 'em

Into our presence, where this heaven of You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you,

Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend I should judge now unhappily.

60 [Exit Chamberlain attended. All rise, and tables remov'd.

You have now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and once more I show'r a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and Others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English. thus they pray'd To tell your Grace, that, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly This night to meet here, they could do no

less, Out of the great respect they bear to beauty. But leave their flocks and, under your fair

conduct, Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat

An hour of revels with 'em. Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain.

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures. [They choose ladies. The King chooses Anne Bullen. King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd!

O beauty, Till now I never knew thee! [Music. Dance.

Wol. My lord! Your Grace? Chain.

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me: There should be one amongst 'em, by his person.

More worthy this place than myself; to whom.

If I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it. Cham. I will, my lord.

[He whispers to the Maskers. Wol. What say they? Cham. Such a one, they all confess,

There is indeed; which they would have your Grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then. [Comes from his state.

I'll make

King. [Unmasking] Ye have found him. Cardinal.

lord.

Cardinal,

Wol.

I am glad Your Grace is grown so pleasant. King. My Lord Chamberlain, 90

Prithee come hither: what fair lady's that? Cham. An't please your Grace, Thomas Bullen's daughter-

Viscount Rochford-one of her The Highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,

I were unmannerly to take you out And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen! Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet

ready

I' th' privy chamber?

Yes, my lord. Lov.Your Grace. Wol. I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

King. I fear, too much. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, ev'ry one.

Sweet partner, I must not vet forsake you. Let's be merry: Good my Loid Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream

best in favour. Let the music Who's knock it. [Exeunt, with trumpets.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, at several doors.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?

O. God save ye! 2 Gent. Ev'n to the Hall, to hear what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

I'll save you 1 Gent. That labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

Were you there? 5 2 Gent.

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Pray, speak what has happen'd. 2 Gent. 1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Is he found guilty? 2 Gent.

1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 Gent. I am sorry for't.

So are a number more. 2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged Many sharp reasons to defeat the law. The King's attorney, on the contrary, Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions,

Of divers witnesses; which the Duke desir'd To have brought, viva voce, to his face; At which appear'd against him his surveyor, |

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Car,

Confessor to him, with that devil-mont. Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he That fed him with his prophecies?

The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he

Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not;

And so his peers, upon this evidence, Have found him guilty of high treason.

He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten. 2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gent. When he was brought again to th' bar to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd

With such an agony he sweat extremely. And something spoke in choler, ill and

hasty; But he fell to himself again, and sweetly 35 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gent. I do not think he fears death. 1 Gent. Sure, he does not:

He never was so womanish: the cause He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. Certainly The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gent. Tis likely, 40 By all conjectures: first, Kıldare's

attainder. Then deputy of Ireland, who remov'd,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too.

Lest he should help his father. 2 Gent. That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

1 Gent. At his return 45 No doubt he will requite it. This is noted. And generally: whoever the King favours The Cardinal instantly will find employment.

And far enough from court too.

2 Gent. All the commons Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,

Wish him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much

They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy-

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; Tip-staves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM Sandys, and common people, etc.

1 Gent. Stay there, sir,

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of. 2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him. Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me, 56 Hear what I say, and then go home and The greatness of his person. lose me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment.

And by that name must die; yet, heaven bear witness.

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me 60 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful! The law I bear no malice for my death: 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice. But those that sought it I could wish more Christians.

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em; Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief Nor build their evils on the graves of great men.

For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies 70

More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, His noble friends and fellows, whom to

Is only bitter to him, only dying,

Go with me like good angels to my end; 75 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, Lead on, a And lift my soul to heaven.

God's name. Lov. I do beseech your Grace, for charity, If ever any malice in your heart Were hid against me, now to forgive me

frankly. Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you

As I would be forgiven. I forgive all. There cannot be those numberless offences 'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with. No black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace:

And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him

You met him half in heaven. My vows and Be sure you be not loose; for those you prayers

Yet are the King's, and, till my soul forsake.

Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live Longer than I have time to tell his years; Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be; And when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas

Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there: The Duke is coming; see the baige be ready:

And fit it with such furniture as suits

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.

When I came hither I was Lord High Constable

And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun.

Yet I am nicher than my base accusers That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it;

And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham. Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard.

Flying for succour to his servant Banister. Being distress'd, was by that wietch betray'd

And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying

My father's loss, like a most royal prince. Restor'd me to my honours, and out of

Made my name once more noble. Now his son. Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and

That made me happy, at one stroke has

taken For ever from the world. I had my trial.

And must needs say a noble one; which makes me A little happier than my wretched father:

Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both

Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most-

A most unnatural and faithless service. Heaven has an end in all. Yet, you that hear me.

This from a dying man receive as certain: Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,

make friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, never found again 30 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell;

And when you would say something that

Speak how ! fell. I have done and God in the north. When they were ready to set forgive me: out for London, a man of my Lord Car-

[Exeunt Buckingham and Train. 1 Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls, I fear, too many curses on their heads. That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the Duke be guiltiess, 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 111 Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my
faith, sir?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require

A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it; 145

I do not talk much.

2 Gent.

I am confident.

You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear A buzzing of a separation

Between the King and Katharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not; For when the King once heard it, out of anger

He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight

To stop the rumour and allay those tongues That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir, Is found a truth now; for it grows again Fresher than e'er it was, and held for

certain
The King will venture at it. Either the

Or some about him near have, out of malice To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple

That will undo her. To confirm this too, Cardinal Campeius is aniv'd and lately; As all think, for this business.

1 Gent.

'Tis the Cardinal; And merely to revenge him on the Emperor For not bestowing on him at his asking. The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gent. I think you have hit the mark; but is't not cruel

That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardmal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woeful.

We are too open here to argue this; Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

Scene II. London. The palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain reading this letter.

Cham. 'My lord,

The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed

in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me, with this leason: his master would be serv'd before a subject, it not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, sir.'

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them.

He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain. 19

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause? Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience 13 Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Is so;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal.

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune.

Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! He'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holdy he works in all his business!

And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league

Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great nephew.

He dives into the King's soul and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, 25

Fears, and despairs—and all these for his marriage;

And out of all these to restore the King, He counsels a divorce, a loss of her

That like a jewel has hung twenty years About his neck, yet never lost her lustre; Of her that loves him with that excellence That angels love good men with; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the King—and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true 35
These news are everywhere; every tongue

speaks 'em, And every true heart weeps for't. All that

Look into these affairs see this main end-

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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

The French King's sister. Heaven will one day open

The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon 40

This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for our deliverance:

Or this imperious man will work us all From princes into pages. All men's honours

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, I love him not, nor fear him—there's my creed:

As I am made without him, so I'll stand, If the King please; his curses and his blessings 50

Touch me alike; th'are breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him that made him proud—the Pope.

Nor.

Let's in;

And with some other business put the King

From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him.

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me, 56
The King has sent me otherwhere; besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships!

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the
King draws the curtain and sits

reading pensively.
Suf. How sad he looks; sure, he is much

afflicted. King. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare
you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I, ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences 65

Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King.
Ye are too bold.

King. Ye are too bold. Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business.

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha? 70 Enter Wolsey and CAMPEIUS with a

commission.

Who's there? My good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience, Thou art a cure fit for a King. [To Campeius] You're welcome, Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom.
Use us and it. [To Wolsey] My good loid,
have great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot. 76
I would your Grace would give us but an
hour

Of private conference.

King. [To Norfolk and Suffolk] We are busy; go.

Nor. [Aside to Suffolk] This priest has no pride in him!

Suf. [Aside to Norfolk] Not to speak of! I would not be so sick though for his place. But this cannot continue.

Nor. [Aside to Suffolk] If it do, I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [Aside to Norfolk] I another.

[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk. Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely 84 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom, Who can be angry now? What envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks, I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices. Rome the nurse of judgment.

Invited by your noble self, hath sent One general tongue unto us, this good man, This just and learned priest, Cardinal

Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your
Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves. They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your Highness' hand

You are so noble. To your Highness' hand I tender my commission; by whose virtue—

The court of Rome commanding—you, my Lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant

In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her

So dear in heart not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law— Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her. 120 and my favour

To him that does best. God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary: I find him a fit fellow. Exit Wolsev.

Re-enter WOLSEY with GARDINER.

Wol. [Aside to Gardiner] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you; You are the King's now.

Gard. [Aside to Wolsey] But to be commanded

For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King, Come hither, Gardiner.

[Walks and whispers. Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

In this man's place before him?

Yes, he was, 120 Cam. Was he not held a learned man? Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then,

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

How! Of me? Wol. Cam. They will not stick to say you envied

And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous. Kept him a foreign man still; which so

griev'd him

That he ran mad and died.

Heav'n's peace be with him! Wol. That's Christian care enough. For living murmurers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool. For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow.

If I command him, follows my appointment.

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons. King. Deliver this with modesty to th' [Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of For such receipt of learning is Blackfriars;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord, Would it not grieve an able man to leave So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!

O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

Scene III. London. The palace. Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

pang that pinches:

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; Had a Garatta having liv'd so long with her, Liel she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever Pronounce dishonour of her-by my life. She never knew harm-doing-O, now, after So many courses of the sun enthroned. Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which

To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than 'Tis sweet at first t' acquire-after this process.

To give her the avaunt, it is a pity

Would move a monster. Old L. Hearts of most hard temper

Melt and lament for her. O, God's will! much better Anne. She ne'er had known pomp; though't be

temporal, Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce 14 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging

As soul and body's severing. Old L. Alas, poor lady!

She's a stranger now again.

So much the more Anne. Must pity-drop upon her. Verily,

I swear 'tis better to be lowly born And range with humble livers in content 20 Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief

And wear a golden sorrow. Our contest Old L.

Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead. I would not be a queen. Old L. Beshrew me, I would,

And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you.

For all this spice of your hypocrisy. You that have so fair parts of woman on

Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty; Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts,

Saving your mincing, the capacity Of your soft cheveril conscience would

receive If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth. Old L. Yes, troth and troth. You would

not be a queen ! Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a threepence bow'd would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you, What think you of a duchess? Have you iimbs

To bear that load of title?

No, in truth. Anne. Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little :

I would not be a young count in your way Anne. Not for that neither. Here's the For more than blushing comes to. If your back

Connot vouchsafe this builden, 'tis too weak' Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again I would not be a queen For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England You'd venture an embelling. I myself Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd

No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord, Not your demand; it values not your asking.

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business and
becoming

54

The action of good women; there is hope All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and
heav'nly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair

Perceive I speak sincerely and high note's Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesry

Commends his good opinion of you to you, and

Does purpose honour to you no less flowing Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which

A thousand pound a year, annual support, Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know 65
What kind of my obedience I should
tender:

More than my all is nothing, nor my players Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his Highness;

Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady, I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit The King hath of you. [Aside] I have

perus'd her well:

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled 76

That they have caught the King: and who

That they have caught the King; and who knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the King And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord! 80 [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court—
Am yet a courtier beggarly—nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon %6
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth
fill'd up

Before you open it.

Anné. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter?
Forty pence, no.

89
There was a lady once—'tis an old story—

There was a lady once—'tis an old story— That would not be a queen, that would she not.

For all the mud in Egypt. Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme I could O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembioke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect! No other obligation! By my life, That promises moe thousands: honour's train

Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time I know your back will bear a duchess. Sav, Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver What here y' have heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [Exeunt.

Scene IV. London. A hall in Blackfriars.

Trumbets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canter-BURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman hearing the purse, with the great seal, and a Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeantat-Arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the KING and QUEEN and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read.

Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need? It hath already publicly been read, And on all sides th' authority allow'd;

You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so; proceed. 5 Scribe. Say 'Henry King of England, come into the court'.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say 'Katharine Queen of England.

come into the court '.

Crier. Kathaune Oueen of England, &c. [The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and

iustice.

And to bestow your pity on me; for I am a most poor woman and a stranger, 19 Born out of your dominions, having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of singular integrity and learning, Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas.

In what have I offended you? What cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure

That thus you should proceed to put me off

And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife. At all times to vour will conformable,

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance—glad or

sorry As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour I ever contradicted your desire

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He were mine enemy? What friend of mine

That had to him deriv'd your anger did I Continue in my liking? Nay, gave notice He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind

That I have been your wife in this obedi-

Upward of twenty years, and have been You are mine enemy, and make my blest

With many children by you. If, in the You shall not be my judge; for it is you

And process of this time, you can report,

The Bishops place themselves And prove it too against mine honoul, aught.

My bond to wedlock or my love and duty.

Against your sacred person, in God's name. Turn me away and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharp'st kind of justice. Piease you,

SIF, The King, your father, was reputed for 15 A prince most prudent, of an excellent

And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand,

My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many

A year before. It is not to be question'd 50 That they had gather'd a wise council to

them

Of every realm, that did dehate this business,

Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me till I may Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel

I will implore. If not, i' th' name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

You have here, lady, Wol. And of your choice, these reverend fathers-

Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are

assembled To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless

That longer you desire the court, as well For your own quiet as to rectify

What is unsettled in the King. Cam.

His Grace Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, madam.

It's fit this royal session do proceed And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal.

To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Sir, I am about to weep; but, thinking that 7. We are a queen, or long have dream'd so. certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of touts I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Be patient yet. Wol. Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble: nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe, Induc'd by potent circumstances, that challenge

Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me-

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again, 80

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once

I hold my most malicious foe and think not At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess 84
You speak not like yourself, who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd th'
effects

Of disposition gentle and of wisdom O'ertopping woman's pow'r. Madam, you

do me wrong:

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any; how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted or
By a commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You
charge me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The King is present; if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how ma he
wound,

And worthily, my falsehood! Yea, as much As you have done my truth. If he know That I am free of your report, he knows I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him It lies to cuie me, and the cure is to ror Remove these thoughts from you; the which before

His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking

And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord, 12 am a simple woman, much too weak T' oppose your cunning. Y'are meek and humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

With meekness and humility; but your heart

Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.

You have, by fortune and his Highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are

mounted Where pow'rs are your retainers, and your

words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
you
You tender more your person's honour

You tender more your person's honour than

Your high profession spiritual; that again I do refuse you for my judge and here, Before you all, appeal unto the Pope, 179 To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness And to be judg'd by him. IShe curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate, Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and

Disdainful to be tried by't; 'tis not well. She's going away.

King. Call her again. Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Usher. Madam, you are call'd back. Q. Kath. What need you note it? Pray you keep your way;

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!

They yex me past my patience. Provent

They vex me past my patience. Pray you pass on.

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. [Exeunt Queen and
her Allendants.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate.
That man i' th' world who shall report he

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted Forspeaking false in that. Thou art, alone—If the rare qualities, sweet gentleness, Thy meckness saint-like, wife-like government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out-

The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born;

And like her true nobility she has Carried heiself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir, In humblest manner I require your High-

That it shall please you to declare in hearing

of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,

There must I be unloos'd, although not there

At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I Did broach this business to your Highness, or

Laid any scruple in your way which might Induce you to the question on't, or ever Have to you, but with thanks to God for such

A royal lady, spake one the least word that might 153

Be to the projudice of her present state, Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal, I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour, I free you from't. You are not to be taught That you have many enemies that know not

Why they are so, but, like to village curs, Bark when their fellows do. By some of these

The Queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd. But will you be more justified? You ever

Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never desir'd

It to be stirr'd; but oft have hind'red, With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you oft.

The passages made toward it. On my honour. I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this

point. And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd

me to't. I will be bold with time and your attention.

Then mark th' inducement. Thus it camegive heed to't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness. Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

By th' Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador.

Who had been hither sent on the debating A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and Our daughter Mary. I' th' progress of this business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he-I mean the Bishop—did require a respite Wherein he might the King his lord advertise

Whether our daughter were legitimate, Respecting this our marriage with the

dowager. Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me, Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble

The region of my breast, which forc'd such

That many maz'd considerings did throng And press'd in with this caution. First, methought

I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had Commanded nature that my lady's womb, If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should Do no more offices of life to't than The grave does to the dead; for her male issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly after

This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought

This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom.

Well worthy the best heir o' th' world, should not

Be gladded in't by me. Then follows that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in

By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me Many a groaning three. Thus hulling in The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer Toward this remedy, whereupon we are 201 Now present here together; that's to say I meant to rectify my conscience, which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, By all the reverend fathers of the land 205 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in Sing and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave private

remember

How under my oppression I did reek, When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege. King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd

vourself to sav

How fai you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your Highness. The question did at first so stagger me-Bearing a state of mighty moment in't And consequence of dread-that I committed

The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt. And did entreat your Highness to this course

Which you are running here.

I then mov'd von. King. My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave To make this present summons. solicited

I left no reverend person in this court, 220 But by particular consent proceeded Under your hands and seals; therefore, go on.

For no dislike i' th' world against the

Of the good Queen, but the sharp tho " y points

Of my alleged reasons, drives this forward. Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life And kingly dignity, we are contented To wear our mortal state to come with her,

Katharine our queen, before the primest creature

That's paragon'd o' th' world. Cam. So please your Highness, The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness

That we adjourn this court till further day: Meanwhile must be an earnest motion Made to the Queen to call back her appeal She intends unto his Holiness.

King [Aside] I may perceive 235 These cardinals trifle with me. I abhor This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome. learn'd and well-beloved servant. My

Cranmer, With thy approach I know Prithee return. My comfort comes along.—Break up the

court: I say, set on.

[Exeunt in manner as they enter'd.

ACT THREE

Scene I. London. The Queen's apartments. Enter the QUEEN and her Women, as at work.

O. Kath. Take thy lute, wench. My soul grows sad with troubles; working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the mountain tops that freeze, Bow themselves when he did sing; To his music plants and flowers Ever sprung, as sun and showers There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play, Even the billows of the sea. Hung their heads and then lay by. In sweet music is such art, Killing care and grief of heart

Fall asleep or hearing die.

O. Kath. How now?

Enter a Gentleman. Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Would they speak with me? O. Kath. Gent. They will'd me say so, madam. Pray their Graces Q. Kath.

To come near. [Exit Gentleman] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour ?

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't, They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the tovo Cardinals, Wolsey and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your Highness! Q. Kath. Your Graces find me here part

of a housewife; I would be all, against the worst may

happen. What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming

Q. Katlı. Speak it here; There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner. Would all other women Could speak this with as free a soul as I do! My lords, I care not—so much I am happy Above a number—if my actions

Were tried by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw

Envy and base opinion set against 'em, I know my life so even. If your business Seek me out, and that way I am wife in, Out with it boldly; truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina screnissima-

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin! I am not such a truant since my coming, 766

As not to know the language I have liv'd in: A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:

Pray speak in English. Here are some will thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake :

Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal.

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 50 I am sorry my integrity should breed, And service to his Majesty and you, So deep suspicion, where all faith was

meant.

We come not by the way of accusation To taint that honour every good tongue blesses.

Nor to betray you any way to sorrow-You have too much, good lady; but to

How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the King and you, and to deliver, Like free and honest men, our just opinions And comforts to your cause.

Most honour'd madam, My Lord of York, out of his noble nature, Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace, Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both of his truth and him-which was too far-

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside] To betray me .--My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;

Ye speak like honest men-pray God ye prove so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,

More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit. And to such men of gravity and learning, In truth I know not. I was set at work Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking

Either for such men or such business. For her sake that I have been-for I feel The last fit of my greatness-good your Graces.

Let me have time and counsel for my cause. Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love

with these fears; Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England But little for my profit; can you think, lords.

That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness' pleasureThough he be grown so desperate to he

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends.

They that must weigh out my afflictions, They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence.

In mine own country, lords.

Would leave your griefs, and take my And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, counsel.

O. Kath. protection;

much

95 cause:

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ve You'll part away disgrac'd.

He tells you rightly. Wol.

O. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both-my ruin. Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon

ve!

Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge That no king can conjupt. Your rage mistakes us.

Cam. Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,

virtues:

But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear I am the most unhappy weman living.

Mend 'em, for shame, my loids. Is this your coinfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady-A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?

I will not wish ye half my miseries:

I have more charity; but say I wain'd ve. Take heed, for heaven's sake take heed, lest at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye. Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we ofter into envy. Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe

upon ye, And all such false professors! Would you have me-

If you have any justice, any pity,

If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits-Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

Alas! has banish'd me his bed already, His love too long ago! I am old, my lords, And all the fellowship I hold now with him Is only my obedience. What can happen To me above this wretchedness? All your studies

Make me a curse like this.

Cam.

O. Kath. Have I in d thus long-le me speak myseli, Since virtue finds no inend ,-- a wife, a che one?

A woman, I date say without vain-cler, is ever yet branded when sesticion?

Have I with all my fine adoctions Still met the King, load hun next hear in.

obev'd him. Been, out of fondress, superstitious to him. I would your Grace Almost forgot my prayers to content him, loids.

How, sir? Bung me a constant woman to her husband. Cam. Put your main cause into the King's One that ne'er dieam'd a joy beyond his pleasure,

He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be And to that woman, when she has done most.

Both for your honour better and your Yet will I add an honour—a great patience Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

O. Kath. My lord. I dare not make myself so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title Your master wed me to: nothing but death Shall e'er divoice inv dignities.

Pray hear me. Wol. O. Kaih. Would I had never trod this English earth,

Or felt the flattenes that grow upon it! Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal What will become of me now, wietched lady?

[To her Women] Alas, poor vienches, where

are now your fortunes? Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no

pity, No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for

me; Almost no grave allow'd nie. Like the lilv. That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,

I'll hang my head and perich.

If your Grace Wol. Could but be brought to know our ends are honest.

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady.

Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas, our places.

The way of our profession is against it: We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em. For goodness' sake, consider what you do; How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 100 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience, So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

They swell and grow as terrible as storms I know you have a gentle, noble temper, 103 Your fears are worse. A soul as even as a calm. Pray think us

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, His spell in that is out; the King hath and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble

As yours was put into you, ever casts Such doubts as false coin from it. The King loves you;

Beware you lose it not. For us, if you please To trust us in your business, we are ready To use our utmost studies in your service.

O. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords; and prav forgive me

If I have us'd myself unmannerly; You know I am a woman, lacking wit To make a seemly answer to such persons. Pray do my service to his Majesty; He has my heart yet, and shall have my

prayers While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers.

Bestow your counsels on me; she now begs That little thought, when she set footing

She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.

Scene II. London. The palace.

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints

And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal

Cannot stand under them: it you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces

With these you bear already.

I am joyful Sur. To meet the least occasion that may give me

Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke.

To be reveng'd on him.

Which of the peers Suf. Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? When did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your plea-

What he deserves of you and me I know; What we can do to him-though now the time

Gives way to us-I much fear. If you cannot

Bar his access to th' King, never attempt Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not! found

Matter against him that for ever mars The honey of his language. No, he's settled,

Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sw. I should be glad to hear such news as this Ome every hour.

Believe it, this is true: 25 Nor. In the divorce his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded; wherein he appears As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely

Sur. O, how, how? Suf. The Cardinal's letter, to the Pope miscarried.

And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read

How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness

To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive My king is tangled in affection to A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen'.

Sur. I as the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work? Chain. The King in this perceives him how he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic

After his patient's death: the King already Hath married the fair lady.

Would he had! Sur. Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!

For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's! 45 Suf. There's order given for her coronation;

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left

To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords. She is a gallant creature, and complete In mind and feature. I persuade me from her

Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall

In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King Digest this letter of the Cardinal's? The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no; There be moe wasps that buzz about his

will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal This candle burns not clear. 'Tis I must Campeius

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en ne leave:

Has left the cause o' th' King unhandled, and Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal. To second all his plot. I do assure you The King cried 'Ha!' at this.

Now, God incense him, And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!

But, my lord, Nor. When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which

Have satisfied the King for his divorce, 65 Together with all famous colleges Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe. His second marriage shall be publish'd, and Her coronation. Katharine no more Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager And widow to Prince Arthur.

This same Cranmer's A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain In the King's business.

He has: and we shall see him Suf. For it an archbishop.

So I hear. Nor.

'Tis so. Suf.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal!

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody. Wol. The packet, Cromwell, Gave't you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber. Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper? Presently

He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80 Was in his contenance. You he bade Attend him here this morning. Is he ready

Wol.To come abroad?

I think by this he is. Wol. Leave me awhile. [Exit Cromwell. [Aside] It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon,

The French King's sister; he shall marry her. Anne Bullen! No, I'll no Anne Bullens for

There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen! No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

26

May be he hears the King Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough, Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside] The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter, To be her mistress' mistress! The Queen's queen!

snuff it;

Then out it goes. What though I know her vii tuous

And well deserving? Yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome

Our cause that she should lie i' th' bosom of Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer: one Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King. And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something. Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and LOVELL.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart! Suf. The King, the King! King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion! And what expense by th' hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' th' name of thrift,

Does he rake this together ?-Now, my lords. Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have Stood here observing him. Some strange

commotion Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts. Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then lays his finger on his temple; straight Springs out into fast gait; then stops again, Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts His eye against the moon. In most strange

postures We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning Papers of state he sent me to peruse, As I requir'd; and wot you what I found

There—on my conscience, put unwittingly? Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing 124 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure, Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which

I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks Possession of a subject.

It's heaven's will; Some spirit put this paper in the packet

To bless your eye withal. King. If we did think 130 His contemplation were above the earth And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid

His thinkings are below the moon, not worth

His serious considering.

[The King takes his seat and whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.

Wol. Heaven forgive me! 135 Ever God bless your Highness!

King. Good, my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind: the which

You have You were now running o'er. scarce time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span To keep your earthly audit; sure, in that I deem you an ill husband, and am glad To have you therein my companion.

Wol. For holy offices I have a time: a time 144 To think upon the part of business which I bear i' th' state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which perforce I, her frail son, amongst my brethien mortal,

Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well. Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together.

As I will lend you cause, my doing well

As I will tend you with my well saying !
"Tis well said again;" And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well; And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd vou:

He said he did: and with his deed did crown

His word upon you. Since I had my office I have kept you next my heart; have not alone

Employ'd you where high profits might And stand unshaken yours. come home,

But par'd my present havings to bestow My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside] What should this mean? 160 Sur. [Aside] The Lord increase this business I

King. Have I not made you The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me

If what I now pronounce you have found true:

And, if you may confess it, say withal If you are bound to us or no. What say you? 165

graces.

could

Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours.

Have ever come too short of my desires. 170 Yet fil'd with my abilities; mine own ends Have been mine so that evermore they pointed

To th' good of your most sacred person and The profit of the state. For your great graces

Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but allegiant thanks: My pray'rs to heaven for you; my loyalty. Which ever has and ever shall be growing. Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd! A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein illustrated; the honour of it Does pay the act of it, as, i' th' contrary. The foulness is the punishment. I presume That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you. My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd

honour, more On you than any, so your hand and heart, Your brain, and every function of your power.

Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,

As 'twere in love's particular, be more To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess 100 That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd

More than mine own; that am, have, and will be-

Though all the world should crack their duty to you, And throw it from their soul; though

perils did

Abound-as thick as thought could make 'em, and Appear in forms more horrid-yet my duty,

As doth a rock against the chiding flood, Should the approach of this wild river break.

with

King. "Its nobly spoken. Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200 For you have seen him open 't. Read o'er this: [Ĝiving him papers. And after, this; and then to breakfast

What appetite you have. [Exit the King, frowning upon the Cardinal; the Nobles throng after him, smiling a.id whispering.

Wol. What should this mean? What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd it ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin 203 Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal Leap'd from his eyes; so looks the chafed lion

Show'r'd on me daily, have been more than Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him-

"My studied purposes requite; which went Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so; This paper has undone me. 'Tis th' account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the

popedom. And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Thy ambition.

Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil Made me put this main secret in the packet I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains? I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune, Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To th' Pope.'

The letter, as I live, with all the business I writ to's Holmess. Nay then, farewell! I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,

And from that full metidian of my glory I haste now to my setting. I shall fall 225 Like a bright exhalation in the evening, And no man see me more.

Re-enter to Wolsey the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands you

To render up the great seal presently Into our hands, and to confine yourself 230 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's. Till you hear further from his Highness. Stay:

Where's your commission, loids? Words cannot carry

Authority so weighty.

Who dare cross 'em, Suf. Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it-

I mean your malice—know, officious lords, I dare and must deny it. Now I feel Of what coarse metal ye are moulded--

envy; How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240 As if it fed ye; and how sleek and wanton Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice; You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal You ask with such a violence, the King-Mine and your master-with his own hand gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours.

During my life; and, to confirm his goodness.

Tied it by letters-patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then. Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest. Proud lord, thou liest. Wol.

Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law. The heads of all thy brother cardinals, 257 With thee and all thy best parts bound together.

Sur.

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !

You sent me deputy for Ireland; Far from his succour, from the King, from

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else 264 This talking lord can lay upon my credit, I answer is most false. The Duke by law Found his deserts; how innocent I was From any private malice in his end, His noble jury and foul cause can witness. If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell

You have as little honesty as honour, That in the way of loyalty and truth Toward the King, my ever royal master, Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can

he And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul, 27° Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel

My sword i' th' life-blood of thee else. My loids.

Can ve endure to hear this arrogance? And from this fellow? If we live thus

tamely, To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280 Farewell nobility! Let his Grace go forward

And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extor-

tion; The goodness of your intercepted packets You writ to th' Pope against the King;

your goodness, Since you provoke me, shall be most

notorious. My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble, As you respect the common good, the

state Of our despis'd nobility, our issues, Whom, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen-Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

Collected from his life. I'll startle you Within these forty hours Surrey durst Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

Wol. How much, methinks, I could Because all those things you have done of despise this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it! Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand;

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

So much fairer 300 Wol. And spotless shall mine innocence arise, When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you. I thank my memory I yet remember Some of these articles; and out they shall. Now, if you can blush and cry guilty, Cardinal,

You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir; I dare your worst objections. If I blush. It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!

First, that without the King's assent or 310 knowledge You wrought to be a legate; by which Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatpower

You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops. Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else

To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus' Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King

To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge Either of King or Council, when you went Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold

To carry into Flanders the great seal. Sur. Item, you sent a large commission To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude, Without the King's will or the state's allowance.

A league between his Highness and Ferrara. Suf. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the King's

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,

By what means got I leave to your own conscience,

To furnish Rome and to prepare the ways

You have for dignities, to the mere undoing Of all the kingdom. Many more there are, Which, since they are of you, and odious, I will not taint my mouth with.

O my lord, Cham. Press not a falling man too far! 'Tis virtue. His faults lie open to the laws; let them, Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him. Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure islate,

your power legatine within this Rv kingdom.

Fall into th' compass of a præmunire- 310 That therefore such a writ be sued against you:

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements. Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the King's protection. This is my charge. Nor. And so we'll leave you to your

meditations How to live better. For your stubborn answer

About the giving back the great seal to us. The King shall know it, and, no doubt. shall thank you.

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal. [Exeunt all but Wolsev. Wol. So farewell to the little good you

bear me. ness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts

The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost. And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root, And then he talls, as I do. I have ventur'd, Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

This many summers in a sea of glory: 360 But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride

At length broke under me, and now has left me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye; 365 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how

wretched Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to.

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin More pangs and fears than wars or women have:

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer. Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, standing amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell! Crom. I have no power to speak, sir. What, amaz'd At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder A great man should decline? Nay, an you What and how true thou art. weep, 375

I am fall'n indeed.

How does your Grace? Crom. Why, well: Wol. Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell. I know myself now, and I feel within me A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me, I humbly thank his Grace; and from these

shoulders, These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken A load would sink a navy-too much honour.

O. 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven! Crom. I am glad your Grace has made that right use of it. 386

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel.

To endure more miseries and greater far Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. What news abroad?

Crom. Is your displeasure with the King.

God bless him! Wol. Crom. The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place.

That's somewhat sudden. But he's a learned man. May he continue Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones.

blessings.

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome.

Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Wol. That's news indeed.

Last, that the Lady Anne, Whom the King hath in secrecy long

married. This day was view'd in open as his queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now 405 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me. All my glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever. No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, Or gild again the noble troops that waited Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, Cromwell:

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now To be thy lord and master. Seek the King; That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him 4x5

His will advance thee:

Some little memory of me will stir him-I know his noble nature—not to let Thy hopeful service perish too. Gacd Cromwell.

Neglect him nor; make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety. O my lord.

Must I then leave you? Must I needs forgo So good, so noble, and so true a master ? Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The King shall have my service: but my prayers

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me. Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell.

The heaviest and the worst And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee-

Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory And sounded all the depths and shoals of

honour, Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in-

When he has run his course and sleeps in A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: 440

By that sin fell the angels. How can man

The image of his Maker, hope to win by it? Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's.

Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

Serve the King, and-prithee lead me 450

There take an inventory of all I have To the last penny; 'tis the King's. 10be.

And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell! 415 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

So I have. Farewell Wol. The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Gent. Y'are well met once again.

So are you. 2 Gent. 1 Gent. You come to take your stand

here, and behold The Lady Anne pass from her coronation? 2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last

encounter The Duke of Buckingham came from his

trial. But that time 1 Gent. 'Tis very true.

offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

This well. The citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds-

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever

In celebration of this day with shows, 10 Pageants, and sights of honour.

Never greater.

Nor. I'll assure you, better taken, sir. 2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list Of those that claim their offices this day. 15 By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk.

He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The Princess Dowager? How goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other 25 Learned and reverend fathers of his order, Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off From Ampthill, where the Princess lay; to which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd

And, to be short, for not appearance and 30 Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel; The King's late scruple, by the main assent Our king has all the Indies in his arms, 45 Of all these learned men, she was divorc'd. And more and richer, when he strains that And the late marriage made of none effect;

Since which she was removed to Kimbolton. Where she remains now sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady! 35

[Trumpets. Stand close, the The trumpets sound. Queen is coming. [Hautboys.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of trumpels.

2. Then two Judges. 3. Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace

before him. 4. Choristers singing. [Music. 5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace.

Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.

6. MARQUIS DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's

coronet. Collars of Esses. 7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate. his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him, the DUKE OF NORFOLK. with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of

8. A canopy borne by four of the CINQUE-PORTS; under it the QUEEN in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

9. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers. bearing the Queen's train.

10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

[Exeunt, first passing over the stage in order and state, and then a great flourish of trumpets.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know.

Who's that that bears the sceptre? 1 Gent. Marquis Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod. 2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be

The Duke of Sufiolk?

1 Gent. 'Tis the same-High Steward. 41 2 Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent. Yes.

2 Gent. [Looking on the Queen] Heaven bless thee!

on.

lady:

Scene 11

I cannot blame his conscience.

They that bear 1 Gent. The cloth of honour over her are four Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and barons Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.

I take it she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk 1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.

And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gent. No more of that. 55 [Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumbets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gent. Among the crowd i' th' Abbey, where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

You saw 2 Gent.

The ceremony?

That I did. 3 Gent. How was it? 1 Gent.

3 Gent. Well worth the secing.

2 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us. 3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich

Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off A distance from her, while her Grace sai

To rest awhile, some half an hour or so, In a rich chair of state, opposing freely The beauty of her person to the people. Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman That ever lay by man; which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

As loud, and to as many tunes; hats, cloaks-

Doublets, I think-flew up, and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women. That had not half a week to go, like

In the old time of war, would shake the press,

And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living

Could say 'This is my wife 'there, all were woven

So strangely in one piece. But what follow'd? 2 Gent.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

3 Gent. At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces

saintlike

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people ;

When by the Archbishop of Canterbury She had all the royal makings of a queen:

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown, The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir. With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung 'Te Deum'. So she parted, And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York Place, where the feast is held. 1 Gent.

You must no more call it York Place:

that's past;
For since the Cardinal fell that title's lost. 'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall. 3 Gent. I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name Is fresh about me. 2 Gent. What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Cent. Stokesly and Cardiner the one of Winchester.

Newly preferr'd from the King's secretary; The other, London.

2 Gent. He of Winchester Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gent. All the land knows that; 105 However. vet there is no great breach When it comes,

Cranmer will find a triend will not shrink from him.

2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you? 3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell, A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly

A worthy friend. The King has made him Master O' th' Jewel House.

And one, already, of the Privy Council.

2 Gent. He will deserve more.

3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt. Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to th' court, and there ye shall be my guests:

Something I can command. As I walk thither, I'll tell ve more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt. SCENE II. Kumbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH, her Gentleman Usher, and PATIENCE, her woman.

Grif. How does your Grace?

O Griffith, sick to death! Kath. My legs like loaden branches bow to th' earth.

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.

So-now, methinks, I feel a little ease. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

Yes, madam: but I think your Grif. Grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, 10 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam; For after the stout Earl Northumberland Arrested him at York and brought him

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer, He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill He could not sit his mule.

Alas, poor man! Kath. Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester.

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot.

With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him:

Abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye; Give him a little earth for charity!' So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness Pursu'd him still. And three nights after

About the hour of eight—which he himself Foretold should be his last-full of repent-

Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows, He gave his honours to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to Patience, be near me still, and set me speak him,

And yet with charity. He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes; one that, suggestion.

Tied all the kingdom. Simony was fair play;

His own opinion was his law. I' th' presence He would say untruths, and be ever double Both in his words and meaning. He was never.

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful. His promises were, as he then was, mighty: But his performance, as he is now, nothing, Of his own body he was ill, and gave The clergy ill example.

Noble madam, Grif.

Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues We write in water. May it please your

Highness To hear me speak his good now?

Kath.Yes, good Griffith: I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal.

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one: Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuad-

Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not. But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting-Which was a sin-yet in bestowing, madam. He was most princely: ever witness for him Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,

Ipswich and Oxford! One of which fell with him.

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it: other, though unfinish'd, yet so tamous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising, To whom he gave these words: 'O father That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

> His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him: For then, and not till then, he felt himself, And found the blessedness of being little. 66 And, to add greater honours to his age Than man could give him, he died fearing

God. Kath. After my death I wish no other herald.

No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me.

With thy religious truth and modesty, Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!

lower: I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note 35 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Sad and solenn music. Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quet,

For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

THE VISION.

Enter, soleninly tripping one after another. six Personages clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden orzards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hards. They first congee unto her, then dance, and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head. as which the other jour make reverent cur s es. Then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye?

Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here. Kath. It is not

It is not you I call for.

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif.

None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness, 96 And brought me garlands, Guilith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear. I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath.

Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

Pat. [Music ceases. Do you note 95

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks,

And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat.

Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your Grace-

Kath. You are a saucy tellow. Deserve we no more reverence?

Git. You are to blame, not Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so muce behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' paraon;

My haste made me unmannedy. There is staying,
A gentleman sent from the King to the

A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith; but this fellow

Let me ne'er see again. [Exit Messenger.

Enter LORD CAPUCIUS.

You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same—your servant.
Kath.
O, my Lord,

The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,

The King's request that I would visit you,

Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations
And heartily entreats you take good
comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late.

'Tis like a pardon after execution: 121
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;

But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish
When I shall dwell with worms, and my

poor name Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that

letter
I caus'd you write yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[Giving it to Katharme.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, madam. 110 Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !-

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding-She is young, and of a noble modest nature; I hope she will deserve well-and a little To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd

him. Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor

petition Is that his noble Grace would have some

pity Upon my wretched women that so long 140 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully; Of which there is not one, I dare avow-And now I should not lie-but will deserve.

For virtue and true beauty of the soul, For honesty and decent carriage, A right good husband, let him be a noble; And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.

The last is for my men-they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw 'em from me-

That they may have their wages duly paid

And something over to remember me by. If heaven had pleas'd to have given me In them a wilder nature than the business longer life

And able means, we had not parted thus. These are the whole contents; and, good my lord.

By that you love the dearest in this world, As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King

To do me this last right.

By heaven, I will, Cap. Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me In all humility unto his Highness;

Say his long trouble now is passing Out of this world. Tell him in death I

bless'd him, For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Fare-

well, My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience, You must not leave me vet. I must to

bed: Call in more women. When I am dead. good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm

Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, Beside that of the Jewel House, is made yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me. I can no more. [Excunt, leading Katharine.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. London. A gallery in the palace.

Enter GARDINER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. a Page with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Bov. It hath struck. Gar. These should be hours for necessities. Not for delights; times to repair our nature With comforting repose, and not for us To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas I

Whither so late?

Low. Came you from the King, my lord? 6 Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

I must to him too. Lov. Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave. Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's

the matter? It seems you are in haste. An if there be No great offence belongs to't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk-

As they say spirits do—at midnight, have That seeks despatch by day.

My lord, I love you: And durst commend a secret to your ear 17 Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,

They say in great extremity, and fear'd She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with 20 I pray for heartily, that it may find Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir

Thomas, I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could Cry thee amen: and yet my conscience savs

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does Deserve our better wishes.

But, sir, sir-Gar. Hear me, Sir Thomas. Y'are a gentleman Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious:

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well-Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of

me-Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,

Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two The most remark'd i' th' kingdom. As for Cromwell.

Master

Rolls, and the King's secretary; O' th' further, sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of moe prefer- With gentle travail, to the gladding of ments.

With which the time will load him. Archbishop

Is the King's hand and tongue, and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, Gar. There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd

To speak my mind of him; and indeed this day,

Sir-I may tell it you-I think I have Incens'd the lords o' th' Council, that he is

For so I know he is, they know he is-A most arch heretic, a pestilence That does infect the land; with which they moved

Have broken with the King, who hath so As you commanded me. far

Given ear to our complaint-of his great grace

And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs

Our reasons laid before him-hath commanded

To-morrow morning to the Council board He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir I am happily come hither. Thomas.

And we must root him out. From your affairs

I hinder you too long-good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[Exeunt Gardiner and Page.

Enter the KING and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK. King, Charles, I will play no more tonight:

My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before. King. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her What you commanded me, but by her woman

I sent your message; who return'd her

thanks In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your Highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

What say'st thou, ha? 66 To pray for her? What, is she crying out? Lov. So said her woman; and that her suff'rance made

Almost each pang a death.

Alas, good lady! Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and

Your Highness with an heir !

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles: Prithee to bed; and in thy pray'rs remember

Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone.

For I must think of that which company 75 Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness A quiet night, and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. IEx.t Suffolk.

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord. King. 'Tis true. Where is he, Denny? Den. He attends your Highness' pleasure. King. Bring him to us.

Exit Denny. Lov. [Aside] This is about that which the bishop spake.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery.

Lovell seems to stay. Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! Exeunt Lovell and Denny. Cran. [Aside] I am fearful—wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cr.in. [Kneeling] It is my duty 90 T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

Kmg. Pray you, arise, My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. Come, you and I must walk a turn together; I have news to tell you; come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak, And am right sorry to repeat what follows. I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous-I do say, my lord, Grievous—complaints of you; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our Council that you shall

This morning come before us; where I know

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself

But that, till further trial in those charges Which will require your answer, you must Your patience to you and be well contented

85

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

To make your house our Tow'r. brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness Would come against you.

I humbly thank your Highness, And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most throughly to be winnowed where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder; for I know There's none stands under more calamnious tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

Stand up. good Canterbury; Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand

Prithee let's walk. Now, by my holidame, What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd

You would have given me your petition He has strangled his language in his tears. that

I should have ta'en some pains to bring together

Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you

Without indurance further.

Most dread liege. The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:

If they shall fail, I with mine enemies Will triumph o'er my person: which I

weigh not, Being of those virtues vacant. I fear

nothing What can be said against me.

Know you not How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not AVAT

The justice and the truth o' th' question carries

The due o' th' verdict with it; at what ease Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

To swear against you? Such things have been done.

You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice

Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,

Whose minister you are, whiles here He liv'd

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to; You take a precipice for no leap of danger, And woo your own destruction.

God and your Majesty Protect mine innocence, or I fall into 141 The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer:

You a They shall no more prevail than we give way to.

Keep comfort to you, and this morning see You do appear before them; if they shall chance.

In charging you with matters, to commit you.

The best persuasions to the contrary Fail not to use, and with what vehemency Th' occasion shall instruct you.

treaties Will render you no remedy, this ring Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them. Look, the good man weeps! He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest

Mother ! I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul 154 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone, And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer.

Enter Old Lady.

Gent. [Within] Come back; what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring

Will make my boldness manners. good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person

Under their blessed wings! King. Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the Queen de-

liver'd? Say ay, and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege ; And of a lovely boy. The God of Heaven Both now and ever bless her! 'Tis a girl, Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen Desires your visitation, and to be Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell 1

Enter LOVELL.

Sir? King. Give her an hundred marks. 1'11 to the Queen. [Exit.

Old L. An hundred marks? By this light, I'll ha' more!

An ordinary groom is for such payment. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this the girl was like to him? I'll Have more, or else unsay't; and now, while 'tis hot,

I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Lobby before the Council Chamber. Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canter-

BURY. Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman

Scene 21

That was sent to me from the Council Let 'em mone, and draw the curtain close: pray'd me To make great haste. All fast? What means this? Ho!

Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enia Keeper.

Yes, my lord . Keep. But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'u for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

So. Cran. Butts. [Aside] This is a piece of malice. I am glad

I came this way so happily; the King Shall anderstand it presently. 1Exit Tis Butts, Cran [Aside]

The King's physician; as he pass'd along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me--

God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice-

To quench mine honour; they would shame to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow councillor, 'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But then pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience. Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your Grace the strangest sight-

King. What's that, Butts? Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body a me, where is it?

Butts. There my lord: The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,

Pages, and footboys.

Ha, 'tis he indeed. 23 King. Is this the honour they do one another? 'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em-

At least good manners-as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures. And at the door too, like a post with

packets. By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery! We shall hear more anon.

SCENE III. The Council Chamber.

A Council lable prought m, with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord Concept a, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand, a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF MORFOLK, SURRLY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side; CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours. The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it? Crom.

Nor. Who waits there? Keep. Without, my noble loids?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My Loid Archbishop; And has done half an hour, to know your pleasure ..

Chan. Let him come in.

Keeb. Your Grace may enter now. CRANMER approaches the Council table.

Chan, My good Lord Archbishop, I ain very somy

To sit here at this present, and behold That chair stand empty; but we all are

In our own natures frail and capable Of our flesh; few are angels; out of which tradity

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm by your teaching and

your chaplains-

For so we are into in'd-with new opinions, Divers and dangerous; which are heresies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious. Gar. Which reformation must be sudden

tou. My noble lords; for those that tame wild

horses Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle.

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, Out of our easiness and childish pity To one man's honour, this contagious sickness.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

Farewell all physic; and what follows then?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours.

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto in all the

progress Both of my life and office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching And the strong course of my authority 35 Might go one way, and safely; and the end Was ever to do well. Nor is there living-I speak it with a single heart, my lords-A man that more detests, more stirs against, Both in his private conscience and his place.

Defacers of a public peace than I do. Pray heaven the King may never find a

heart

With less allegiance in it! Men that make Envy and crooked malice nourishment Dare bite the best. I do beseech your

lordships That, in this case of justice, my accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to

face And freely urge against me.

Nay, my lord, That cannot be; you are a councillor, 49 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you. Gar. My lord, because we have business

of more moment, We will be short with you. 'Tis his High-

ness' pleasure

And our consent, for better trial of you, From hence you be committed to the

Tower: Where, being but a private man again, 55 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly.

More than, I fear, you are provided for. Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester,

I thank you; You are always my good friend; if your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful. I see your end-'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord, Become a churchman better than ambition; Win straying souls with modesty again, Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, Lay all the weight ve can upon my patience, I make as little doubt as you do conscience In doing daily wrongs. I could say more, But reverence to your calling makes me

modest. Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary; That's the plain truth. Your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, v' little.

By your good favour, too sharp; me'n so noble.

However faulty, yet should find respect 23 For what they have been; 'tis a cruelt'y To load a falling man.

Good Master Secretary, Gar. your honour mercy; you may, I cry worst

Of all this table, say so.

Why, my lord? Crom. Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer 80 Of this new sect? Ye are not sound. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest! 40 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

> Gar. I shall remember this bold language. Crom.

Remember your bold life too. This is too much; 85 Chan.

Forbear, for shame, my lords. Gar. I have done.

Crom. Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed.

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner: There to remain till the King's further

pleasure Be known unto us. Are you all agreed. tords?

All. We are.

Is there no other way of mercy, Cran. But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords? Gar. What other Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.

Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me? 95 Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him, And see him safe i' th' Tower.

Cran.

Stay, good my lords, I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords :

By virtue of that ring I take my cause 99 Out of the gripes of cruel men and give it To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King's ring. 'Tis no counterfeit. Sur. Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heav'n. I told

ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone a-

rolling,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Do you think, my lords, 105 The King will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd? 'Tis now too certain;' How much more is his life in value with My most dread sovereign, may it like your hım!

Would I were fairly out on't!

My mind gave me. Crom. In seeking tales and informations Against this man—whose honesty the devil And his disciples only envy at-Ye blow the fire that burns ye. Now have And fair purgation to the world, than at ve!

Enter the KING frowning on them: he takes his ceat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince : Not only good and wise but most religious; One that in all obedience makes the church The chief aim of his honour and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know I come

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence

They are too thin and bare to hide offences. To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:

But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody. [To Cranmer] Good man, sit down. Now let

me see the proudest He that dares most but wag his finger at

By all that's holy, he had better starve Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace-

thee.

No, sir, it does not please me. I had thought I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my Council; but I find

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man-few of you deserve that title-

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber door? and one as great as you are? 140

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power as he was a courcillor to try him, Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have while I live. Chan.

Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd Concerning his imprisonment was rather-

If there be faith in men-meant for his trial

malice. I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him; Take him, and use him well, he's worthy

of it. I will say thus much for him: if a prince 153

May be beholding to a subject. I Am for his love and service so to him,

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him: Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me: That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism:

You must be godfather, and answer for her. Cran. The greatest monaich now alive may glory

In such an honour; how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons. You shall have
Two noble partners with you: the old

Duchess of Norfolk

And Lady Marques Dorset. Will these please you? Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I

charge you, 170 Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart

And brother-love I do it. Cran. And let heaven

Witness how dear I hold this confirmation. King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn and he's your friend for ever '.

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long To have this young one made a Christian. As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. Exeunt.

Scene IV. The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the court for Paris garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping. [Within: Good master porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to th' gallows, and be Thus far, hang'd, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads. You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much

impossible.

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons.

To scatter 'em as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd? 15 Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the

tide in ?

As much as one sound cudgel of four footpoor remainder-could You see the distribute.

I made no spare, sir.

You did nothing, sir. Port. Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any

That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; And that I would not for a cow, God save

[Within: Do you hear, master porter? Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, surah.

Man. What would you have me do? 29 Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by th' dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? Or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father,

godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' th' Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place. At length they came to th' broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still;

when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em. loose shot, deliver'd such a show'r of pebbles that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em. I think surely. 56

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples: that no audience but the tribulation of Tower-hill or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days: besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !

They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these

porters, These lazy knaves? Y'have made a fine

hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: are all these Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies.

When they pass back from the christening. Port. An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do,

Not being torn a pieces, we have done. An army cannot rule 'em.

As I live.

It the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all 75 By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your

Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy

And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;

Th'are come already from the christening. Go break among the press and find a way

To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess. Man. You great fellow,

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache. Port. You i' th' camiet, get up o' th' rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.

Scene V. The palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts: then four Noblemen

bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness. send prosperous life, long and ever-happy to the high and mighty Princess of England Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling] And to your roval Grace and the good Queen! My noble partners and myself thus pray: 5

All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop. What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Stand up, lord. King. The King Risses the child. With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Amen. King. My noble gossips, y'have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily. So shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Let me speak, sir, For heaven now bids me: and the words

I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em To all the plains about him; our children's

truth. This royal infant—heaven still move about Shall see this and bless heaven.

her !-Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand

blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness. She

shall be-But few now living can behold that goodness-

A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed. Saba was never More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue Than this pure soul shall be. All princely

graces That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,

With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her.

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;

She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn. 31 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good And you, good brethren, I am much begrows with her;

In her days every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine what he plants, and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours. God shall be truly known; and those

about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,

Her ashes new create another heir As great in admiration as herself.

So shall she leave her blessedness to one-When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness-

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour 45 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she

And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth. terror.

That were the servants to this chosen infant,

Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine.

His honour and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish.

And like a mountain cedar reach his branches

children

King. Thou speakest wonders. Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it. Would I had known no more! But she must die-

She must, the saints must have her-yet a virgin ;

A most unspotted lily shall she pass To th' ground, and all the world shall

mourn her. King. O Lord Archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man; never before

This happy child did I get anything. This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me That when I am in heaven I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor.

holding:

I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the

And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;

Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye, She will be sick else. This day, no man think

Has business at his house; for all shall stay. 75
This little one shall make it holiday.

(Exeunt.

THE EPILOGUE

"Tis ten to one this play can never please All that are here. Some come to take their ease

And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, W'have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,

They'll say 'tis nought; others to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry 'That's

Abus'd extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that,

I fear,
All the expected good ware like to hear
For this play at this time is only in

The merciful construction of good women; For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile

And say 'twill do, I know within a while All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, King of Troy. HECTOR. TROILUS. his sons. PARIS. DEIPHOBUS. HELENUS, MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam. ÆNEAS. Trojan commanders. ANTENOR, CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks. PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida. AGAMEMNON, the Greek general. MENELAUS, his brother. ACHILLES, Greek commanders. AJAX.

ULYSSES. NESTOR. 2 Greek commanders. DIOMEDES. PATROCLUS. THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Greek. ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida. Servant to Troilus. Servant to Paris. Servant to Diomides. HELEN, wife to Menelaus. ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector. CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess. CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas. Tiojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: Troy and the Greek camp before it.

PROLOGUE

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd.

Have to the port of Athens sent their ships Fraught with the ministers and instruments Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore 5 Their crownels regal from th' Athenian bay Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made

To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen, With wanton Paris sleeps-and that's the

quarrel. To Tenedos they come,

And the deep drawing barks do there disgorge

Their war-like fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch

Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,

Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,

And Antenorides, with massy staples And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts, Sperr up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits 20 On one and other side, Troyan and Greek, Sets all on hazard—and hither am I come A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence no farther. He that will have a cake out of In like conditions as our argument, 25

To tell you, fair beholders, that our play Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils.

Beginning in the middle; starting thence away

To what may be digested in a play. Like or find fault; do as your pleasures Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT ONE

SCLNE I. Troy. Before Priam's palace. Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet: I'll unaim again.

Why should I war without the walls of Trov That find such cruel battle here within?

Each Troyan that is master of his heart, Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath nonel

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended? 6 Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant:

But I am weaker than a woman's tear, Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, Less valuant than the virgin in the night, And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited the wheat must needs tarry the grinding. 16

Tro. Have I not tarried?

tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tairied.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn vour lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er

Doth lesser blench at suff'rance than I do. At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts-

So, traitor, then she comes when she is thence.

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman

Tro. I was about to tell thee: when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, Lest Hector or my father should perceive

I have, as when the sun doth light a storm, Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile. But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming

gladness Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's-well, go to-there were no more comparison between the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her, but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but-

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee. Pandarus-

When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st 'She is fair '-

Pourest in the open ulcer of my heart-Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,

Handlest in thy discourse. O, that her nand, In whose comparison all whites are ink 55 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft Ourself the merchant, and this sailing seizure

sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me.

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, 60 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me

The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much. Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in it. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail, ill thought on of her and ill thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus?

What, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen. An she were not kin to me, she would be as fair a Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a blackamoor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father. Let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter. 82

Tro. Pandarus!

Pan. Not I. Tro. Sweet Pandarus!

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [Exit. Sound alarum.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! Peace, rude sounds! Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be

fair. When with your blood you daily paint her

I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword. But Pandarus-O gods, how do you plague

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar: And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl; Between our Ilium and where she resides Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood; TOT

Pandar

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now. Prince Troilus! Wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's many hands and no use, or publind Argus. answer sorts.

For womanish it is to be from thence. What news, Æneas, from the field to-day? Æne. That Paris is returned home, and

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Troilus, by Menelaus. Æne. Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to

scorn: Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn.

[Alarum. Æne. Hark what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may'.

But to the sport abroad. Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Come, go we then together. Tro. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Trov. A street.

Enter CRESSIDA and her man ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by? Queen Hecuba and Helen. Alex.Cres. And whither go they?

Up to the eastern tower, Alex. Whose height commands as subject all the vale.

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd. He chid Andromache, and struck his

armourer: And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harness'd light, And to the field goes he; where every

flower Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw 10 In Hector's wrath.

What was his cause of anger? Cres. Alex. The noise goes, this: there is

among the Greeks A lord of Troyan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him Ajax. Good: and what of him? Alex. They say he is a very man per se 15

And stands alone. Cres. So do all men, unless they are

drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the hon, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant—a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it; he is melancholy without cause and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of every thing; but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briarcus,

all eyes and no sight.

Cies. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex They say he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

35

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady. Pan. What's that? What's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus. Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of?-Good morrow. Alexander.-How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was

Pan. E'en so. Hector was stirring early. Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that. And there's Troilus will not come far behind him: let them take heed of Troilus. I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too? Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better

man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison. Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see

Cres. Av. if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say, for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

'Tis just to each of them: he is Cres. himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! would he were!

Cres. So he is. Pan. Condition I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself. Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must triend or end. Well, Troilus, well! I would my heart were in her body! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty. Cres. 'Twould not become him: his

own's-better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day that Troilus, for a brown favour, for so 'tis, I must confess-not brown neither-

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true. Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough. 95

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much. If she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as hef Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you I think Helen loves

him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed. Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass'd window—and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin-

Cres. Indeed a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin-

Cres. Juno have mercy! How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly!

Pan. Boes he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn! Pan. Why, go to, then! But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus-

you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin. Indeed, she has a marvell's white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack. Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a

white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! Many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Oueen Hecuba laugh'd that her eyes ran

Cres. With millstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes. Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer? Pan. Quoth she 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white'.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he 'and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she 'which of these hairs is Par's my husband?' 'The forked one;' quoth he 'pluck't out and give it him.' there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd; and all the rest so laugh'd that it pass'd. Cres. So let it now; for it has been a

great while going by. Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing

yesterday; think on't. Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May

[Sound a retreat. Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here and see them as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas. Is not that a bravman? He's one of the flowers of Troy, can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR basses.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough; he's one o' th' soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a prope man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon. If he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod? Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more

HECTOR passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, Go thy way, that; there's a fellow! Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks. There's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there. There's no jesting; there's laving on; take't off who will, as they say. There be hacks.

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one. By God's lid. it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, vonder comes Paris.

PARIS passes.

Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? He's not hurt. Why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troius now! You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS passes.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle? Pan. Helenus! no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is.

Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest. What sneaking fellow Cres. comes vonder? 218

TROILUS passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? That's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus. There's a man, niece. Hem! Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave

Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodled, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way. Had I a sister were a grace or a daughter a goddess. he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I wairant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Cres. Here comes more.

Common Soldiers bass.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran. chaff and bran! porridge after meat! could live and die in the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone. Crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is amongst the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus. 240 Pan. Achilles? A drayman, a porter, a

very camel!

Cres. Well, well. Pan. Well, well! Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a

Cres. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, for then the

man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! A man knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie at, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not have hit. I can watch you for telling how I took the blow: unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come.

[Exit Bov. I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I will be with you, niece, by and by. 271 Cres. To bring, uncle.

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a [Exit Pandarus. bawd. Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full

sacrifice.

He offers in another's enterprise; But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be, Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing: Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.

That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this:

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

That she was never yet that ever knew Love got so sweet as when desire did sue; Therefore this maxim out of love I teach: command; ungain'd, Achievement is beseech.

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes fExit.appear.

Scene III. The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYS-SES. DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, and Others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set these jaundies o'er your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes In all designs begun on earth below Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd, As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap, Infects the sound pine, and diverts his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us That we come short of our suppose so far That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the aim, 15 And that unbodied figure of the thought That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works

And call them shames, which are, indeed, nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove 20 To find persistive constancy in men; The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune's love? For then the bold and On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish coward.

The wise and fool, the artist and unread, 24 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin. But in the wind and tempest of her frown Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan. Puffing at all, winnows the light away : And what hath mass or matter by itself Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat.

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth.

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Thetis, and anon behold The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour

Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so 45 Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide

In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breese

Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, so And flies fled under shade—why, then the thing of courage,

rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,

And with an accent tun'd in self-same key Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon, Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit In whom the tempers and the minds of all Should be shut up-hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation The which, [To Agamemnon] most mighty, for thy place and sway,

[To Nestor] And, thou most reverend, for thy stretch'd-out life.

I give to both your speeches-which were

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in brass; and such again

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, 63 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree

ears

To his experienc'd tongue—yet let it please Strength should be lord of imbecility. both.

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulvsses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden, Divide thy lips than we are confident, When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws, We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down.

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master.

But for these instances:

The specialty of rule hath been neglected; And look how many Grecian tents do stand Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive, To whom the foragers shall all repair, What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded.

Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask. The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre.

Observe degree, priority, and place, Insisture, course, proportion, season, form, Office, and custom, in all line of order; And therefore is the glorious planet Sol In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd 90 Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, And posts, like the commandment of a king.

Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander. What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth, Commotion in the winds! Frights, changes, horrors.

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate, The unity and married calm of states Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak'd.

Which is the ladder of all high designs, The enterprise is sick! How could communities,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores. The primogenity and due of birth, Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres.

laurels, But by degree, stand in authentic place?

Take but degree away, untune that string, And hark what discord follows! Each thing melts . TIC

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe:

And the rude son should strike his father dead:

Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong-

Between whose endless jar justice resides--Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

Then everything includes itself in power. Power into will, will into appetite; And appetite, an universal wolf. So doubly seconded with will and power, Must make perforce an universal prey,

And last eat up himself. Great Agamem-

This chaos, when degree is suffocate, 125 Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree it is That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose

It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd By him one step below, he by the next, 130 That next by him beneath; so every step, Exampl'd by the first pace that is sick Of his superior, grows to an envious fever

Of pale and bloodless emulation. And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not her own sinews. To end a tale of

length. 136 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her

strength. Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd

The fever whereof all our power is sick. Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulvsses.

What is the remedy? Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns

The sinew and the forehand of our host, Having his ear full of his airy fame, Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent Lies mocking our designs; with him

Patroclus Upon a lazy bed the livelong day Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action— Which, slanderer, he imitation calls— 150 Sometime, great Aga-He pageants us. memnon.

Thy topless deputation he puts on; And like a strutting player whose conceit Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 155 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage-

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks

'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd. Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,

From his deep chest laughs out a loud

applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy
beard.

165

As he being drest to some oration'.
That's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me,

Patroclus, 170
Arming to answer in a night alarm'.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth: to cough and
spit

And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget, Snake in and out the rivet. And at this sport

Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough,
Patroclus;

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all In pleasure of my spleen'. And in this fashion

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, 180 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions, Excitements to the field or speech for fruce, Success or loss, what is or is not, serves As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—

Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place 189
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of
war

Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a
mint.

To match us in comparisons with dirt, To weaken and discredit our exposure, 195 How rank soever rounded in with danger. Ulyss. They tax our policy and call it

cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand. The still and mental
parts

That do contrive how many hands shall strike

When fitness calls them on, and know, by
measure
Of their observant toll the commiss

Of their observant toil, the enemies weight—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closetwar;

So that the ram that batters down the wall, For the great swinge and rudeness of his poise,

hey place before his hand that made the engine,

Or those that with the fineness of their souls By reason guide his execution. 210 Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles'

horse
Makes many Thetis' sons.

Trucket

lakes many Thetis' sons. [Tucket. Agam. What trumpet? Look, Menelaus. Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you fore our tent? Ene. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Ene. May one that is a herald and a prince

Do a fair message to his kingly eyes?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
arm

Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Ene. Fair leave and large security. How

may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam.

Eine. Ay; 1
22t 1 ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as Morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Troyan scorns us, or the men
of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Ane. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,

As bending angels; that's their fame in peace.

But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,

Good arms, strong Joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord, 238 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas, Peace, Troyan; lay thy finger on thy lips. The worthiness of praise distains his worth, If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;

But what the repining enemy commends, That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Ene. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Ene. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Enc. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper with him; I bring a trumpet to awake his ear, To set his sense on the attentive bent.

And then to speak.

Speak frankly as the wind: Agam. It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour. 254 That thou shalt know, Troyan, he is awake, He tells thee so himself.

Trumpet, blow loud. Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents:

And every Greek of mettle, let him know What Trov means fairly shall be spoke [Sound trumbet aloud. We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy

A prince called Hector-Priam is his

Who in this dull and long-continue I truce Is resty grown; he bade me take a trumpet And to this purpose speak : Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece That holds his honour higher than his ease, That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril.

That knows his valour and knows not his

That loves his mistress more than in con-

With truant vows to her own lips he loves. And date avow her beauty and her worth In other arms than hers-to him this

challenge. Hector, in view of Tiovans and of Greeks, Shall make it good or do his heat to do it: He hath a lady wiser, faiter, uner, Tann ever Greek did couple in his arms; And will to-morrow with his trumpet call Mid-way between your tents and walls of

Trov To rouse a Grecian that is true in love. If any come, Hector shall honour him: 200 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires, The Grecian dames are sunbuint and not

worth The splinter of a lance. Even so much. Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas.

If none of them have soul in such a kind. We left them all at home. But we are soldiers:

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove That means not, hath not, or is not in

If then one is, or hath, or means to be, That one meets Hector; if none else, I am

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a

When Hector's grandsire suck'd. He is old now:

But if there be not in our Grecian mould One noble man that hath one spark of fire To answer for his love, tell him from me 295 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,

And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,

And, receting him, will tell him that my ladv

Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste As may be in the world. His youth in flood, I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ene. Now heavens forfend such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Asam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand:

To our payilion shall I lead you, first. Achilles shall have word of this intent: So shall each load of Greece, from tent to tent.

Yourself shall feast with us before you go, And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor. Ulyss. Nestor! 310

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain:

Be you my time to bring it to some shape. Nest. What is't?

Ulvss. This 'tis: Blunt wedges rive hard knots. The seeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd Oi, shedding, breed a nuisery of like evil To overbulk us all.

Well, and how? Nest. Ulyss This challenge that the gallant Hector sends.

However it is spread in general name, Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. True. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance

Whose grossness little characters sum up; And, in the publication, make no strain But that Achilles, were his brain as barren As banks of Libya—though, Apollo knows, 'Tis div enough-will with great speed of

judement. Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330 Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Why, 'tis most meet. Who may vou else oppose

That can from Hector bring those honours

It not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat.

Yet in this trial much opinion dwells; For here the Troyans taste our dear'st repute

With their fin'st palate; and trust to me, Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd In this vile action; for the success, Although particular, shall give a scantling Of good or bad unto the general: And in such indexes, although small pricks To their subsequent volumes, there is seen The baby figure of the giant mass Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd He that meets Hector issues from our choice:

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls.

Makes merit her election, and doth boil As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, 351 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves? Which entertain'd, limbs are his instru-

In no less working than are swords and bows

Directive by the limbs.

Give pardon to my speech. Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.

Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares

And think perchance they'll sell; if not, the lustre

Of the better yet to show shall show the better,

By showing the worst first. Do not consent That ever Hector and Achilles meet; For both our honour and our shame in this Are dogg'd with two strange followers. 365

Nast. I see them not with my old eyes. What are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should wear with thou strikest me thus? him;

But he already is too insolent;

And it were better parch in Afric sun Than in the pride and salt scorn of his

eyes, Should he scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd.

Why, then we do our main opinion crush In taint of our best man. No. make a lott'ry;

And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw 375 The sort to fight with Hector. Among ourselves

Give him allowance for the better man; For that will physic the great Myrmidon, Who broils in loud applause, and make him

His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends. If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 381 We'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still That we have better men. But, hit or miss. Our project's life this shape of sense

assumes-385 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice:

And I will give a taste thereof forthwith To Agamemnon. Go we to lum straight, 300 Two curs shall tame each other: pride

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. The Grecian camb.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Aiax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon-how if he had boils full, all over, generally?

Aiax. Thersites !

Ther. And those boils did run—say so. Did not the general run then? Were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [Strikes him. Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee,

thou mongrel beef-witted lord! Ajax. Speak, then, thou whinid'st leaven.

speak. I will beat thee into handsomeness. Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer Thou canst strike, canst without book. thou? A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclama-

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense.

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think. Alax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation. Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Prosperpina's beauty—ay, that thou bark'st

at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites I

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Aiax. You whoreson cur! [Strikes him. Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico may tutor

thee. You scurvy valiant ass! Thou art here but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Alax. You cur! IStrikes him. Ther. Mars his idiot! Do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! Wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites! What's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?
Ther. Nay, look upon him.
Achil. So I do. What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for who some ever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! His evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is

not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax—who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head-I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say this Ajax-

[Ajax offers to strike him. Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit-

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not—he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall— Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's? Ther. No. I warrant you; the fool's will

shame it.

Patr. Good words. Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not. Ajax. Well, go to, go to. Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was suff'rance: 'twas not voluntary. No man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary. and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch an he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites? 100 Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestorwhose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes-yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the

wars. Achil. What, what?

55

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To Achilles, to Alax, to-

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace! Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus. Ther. I will see you hang'd like clotpoles ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave

the faction of fools. Exit. Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host.

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the

Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Trov.

To-morrow morning, call some knight to arms That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare

Maintain I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him? Achil. I know not; 'tis put to lott'ry. Otherwise

He knew his man. Ajax. O, meaning you! I will go learn Exeunt. more of it.

Scene II. Troy. Priam's palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches, spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

' Deliver Helen, and all damage else-As honour, loss of time, travail, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

90 In hot digestion of this cormorant war— Shall be struck off'. Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the The keeping. Greeks than I, As far as toucheth my particular, Yet, dread Priam, There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows? The wound of peace is Than Hector is. surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To th' bottom of the worst. Let Helen go. Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe soul 'mongst many thousand Of will and judgment: how may I avoid. 65 dismes Hath been as dear as Helen-I mean, of OHES. If we have lost so many tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten. What merit's in that reason which denies The yielding of her up? Fie, fie, my brother! 25 Tro. Weigh you the worth and honour of a king, So great as our dread father's, in a scale Of common ounces? counters sum The past-proportion of his infinite, And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30 With spans and inches so diminutive As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame! Hel. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons. You are so empty of them. Should not our father Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons. Because your speech hath none that tells him so Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers. brother priest; You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons: You know an enemy intends you harm; You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40 And reason flies the object of all harm. Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds A Grecian and his sword, if he do set The very wings of reason to his heels And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, 45 Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason, Let's shut our gates and sleep. Manhood and honour Should have hare hearts, would they but fat

What's aught but as 'tis valued ? Tro. Hect. But value dwells not in particular will: It holds his estimate and dignity As well wherein 'tis precious of itself As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry To make the service greater than the god: And the will dotes that is attributive To what infectiously itself affects, Without some image of th' affected merit. 60 Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my will: My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears. Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores Although my will distaste what it elected, The wife I chose? There can be no evasion To blench from this and to stand firm by honour. We turn not back the silks upon the merchant When we have soil'd them; nor the remaınder viands We do not throw in unrespective sieve. Because we now are full. It was thought meet Will you with Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks: Your breath with full consent bellied his sails: The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a And did him service. He touch'd the ports desir'd; And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and treshness Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning. Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt. Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships, And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants. If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went-As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go '-If you'll confess he brought home worthy prize-As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands, And cried 'Inestimable!'-why do you The issue of your proper wisdoms rate. And do a deed that never fortune did— 90 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd Richer than sea and land? O theft most base, That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

their thoughts

Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she

Reason and

With this cramm'd reason.

respect

doth cost

But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n That in their country did them that disgrace 95

We fear to warrant in our native place! Cas. [Within] Cry, Troyans, cry.

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Pro. 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within] Cry, Troyans. Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Troyans, ciy. Lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears. Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld.

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, Add to my clamours. Let us pay betimes A moiety of that mass of mean to come. Cry, Troyans, cry. Practise your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly Hion stand; Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. Cry, Troyans, cry, A Helen and a woe! It Cry, cry. Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse, or is your blood So madly hot that no discourse of reason, Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause, 127 Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector, We may not think the justness of each act Such and no other than event doth form it, Nor once deject the courage of oai minds Because Cassandra's mad. Her brain-sick

raptures 122
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Pilam's sons;
And Jove forbid there should be done
amongst us 127

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of

levity

As well my undertakings as your counsels; But I attest the gods, your full consent Gave wings to my propension, and cut off All fears attending on so dire a project. For what, alas, can these my single arms? What propugnation is in one man's valour To stand the push and enmity of those This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest, Were I alone to pass the difficulties, And lada as ample power as I have will, 140 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath

Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pit. Paris, you speak Like one besoited on your sweet delights. You have the honey still, but these the galists to be valiant is no praise at all. 145 Par. Sic, I propose not merely to myself The pleasures such a beauty brings with it; But I would have the soil of her fair rape Wip'd off in honourable keeping her. What treason were it to the iansack'd

queen, 150
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me.

Now to deliver her possession up

On terms of base compulsion! Can it be That so degenerate a strain as this Should once set footing in your generous

bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party Without a heart to dare or sword to draw When Hulen is defended; nor none so

Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd

Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say, 160
Well may we fight for her whom we know
well

The world's large spaces cannot parallel. Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought Unit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege do more conduce To the hot passion of distemp'red blood Than to make up a free determination 170 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenue

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice

Of any true decision. Nature craves All dues be rend'red to their owners. Now, What nearer debt in all humanity 175 Than wife is to the huband? If this law Of nature be corrupted through affection; And that great minds, of partial indulgence To their benumbed wills, resist the same; There is a law in each well-order'd nation To curb those raging appetites that are 187 Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king—As it is known she is—these moral laws of nature and of nations speak aloud 185 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist In doing wrong extenuates not wrong, But makes it much more heavy. Hector's

But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion

Is this, in way of truth. Yet, ne'er the less, My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190 In resolution to keep Helen still; For 'tis a cause that hath no mean depend-

Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design.

Were it not glory that we more affected 195 Than the performance of our heaving spleens.

I would not wish a drop of Troyan blood Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,

She is a theme of honour and renown, A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, Whose present courage may beat down our

And fame in time to come canonize us; For I presume brave Hector would not in prayer?

So rich advantage of a promis'd glory 204 As smiles upon the foreliead of this action For the wide world's revenue.

I am yours. Hect. You valiant offspring of great Priamus. I have a roisting challenge sent amongst The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks Will strike amazement to their drowsy

spirits. I was advertis'd their great general slept, Whilst emulation in the army crept. This, I presume, will wake him.

Scene III. The Grecian camp. Before the I pray thee, what's Thersites? tent of Achilles.

Enter THERSITES, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! What, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy satisfaction! Would it were otherwise: that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me! 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, ye take not that little little less-thanlittle wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver а fly from a spider without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse depending on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil Envy say 'Amen'. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could 'a rememb'red a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death. Then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where s Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? Wast thou

Ther. Ay, the heavens hear me! Patr. Amen.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord. Achil. Where, where? O, where? thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

t. Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then [Exeunt. tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me,

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou must tell that knowest. Achil. O, tell, tell!

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agememnon commands Achilles: Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal! Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done. Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed.

Thersites. Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and this Patroclus is a fool positive. Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the Creator. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Come, Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.

Ther. Here is such patchery, juggling, and such knavery. All the argument is a whore and a cuckold—a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now the dry serpigo on the Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good subject, and war and lechery confound all! Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR. DIOMEDES, AJAX, and CALCAS.

Agam. Where is Achilles? Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd. my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by 75 Our appertainings, visiting of him. Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he

think We dare not move the question of our place

Or know not what we are.

I shall say so to him. [Exit. Illuss. We saw him at the opening of his tent.

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, hon-sick, sick of proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride. But why, why? Let him show us a cause. A word, my lord.

[Takes Agamemnon aside. Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulvss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument

that has his argument-Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction. But it was a strong composure a fool could disunite!

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry

If any thing more than your sport and pleasure

Did move your greatness and this noble state

To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake.

An after-dinner's breath.

Hear you, Patroclus. We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,

Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason

Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his virtues,

Not virtuously on his own part beheld, 114 Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss: Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish. Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin

If you do say we think him over-proud under-honest, in And self-assumption

greater 120 Than in the note of judgment: and

worthier than himself Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on.

Disguise the holy strength of their command.

And underwrite in an observing kind 124 His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add That if he overhold his price so much We'll none of him, but let him, like an

engine

Not portable, lie under this report: Bring action hither; this cannot go to war. A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.
Patr. I shall, and bring his answer

presently. [Exit.

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied:

We come to speak with him. Ulvsses. enter you. [Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another? Agam. No more than what he thinks he is. Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question. 142 Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought and

say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 146

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise.

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man as I do hate the engend'ring of toads. Nest. [Aside] And yet he loves himself:

is't not strange?

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-DIGEROUS.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely or none; But carries on the stream of his dispose. Without observance or respect of any. 160 In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair

request.

Untent his person and share the air with us?
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only.

He makes important; possess'd he is with greatness.

And speaks not to himself but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swol'n and hot discourse

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, 170 And batters down himself. What should I say?

He is so plaguy proud that the death tokens of it

Cry 'No recovery'.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent. 'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led At your request a little from himself. 176 Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own

And never suffers matter of the world Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve

And ruminate himself-shall he be wor-

shipp'd Of that we hold an idol more than he? No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord

Shall not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd, Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is.

By going to Achilles.

That were to enlard his fat-already pride, And add more coals to Cancer when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion. This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him'. Nest. [Aside] O, this is well! He rubs the To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy vein of him.

Dio. [Aside] And how his silence drinks up this applause! 106

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me I'll pheeze his pride. Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hanks upon our quar.el.

And . A palery, resolent ichow! Nest. [Aside] How he describes himself! Alax. Can he not be sociable? Ulyss. [Aside] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll ler his humours blood. Agam. [Aside] He will be the physician

that should be the patient. Ajax. An all men were a my mind-Ulyss. [Aside] Wit would be out of

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat's words first. Shall pride carry it?

fashion.

Nest. [Aside] An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. [Aside] 'A would have ten shares. Aiax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

Nest. [Aside] He's not yet through warm. Force him with praises; pour in, pour in: his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [To Agamemnon] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so. Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man-but 'tis before his face: I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so? He is not emulous, as Achilles is. Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter with us thus! Would he were a Troyan! Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now-

Ulyss. If he were proud. Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulyss. Ay, or surly horne. Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure:

Praise him that gat thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition: But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight-Let Mars divide eternity in twain

And give him half; and, for thy vigour, 240 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

wisdom.

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times-He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; 200 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd.

You should not have the eminence of him. But be as Ajax. Shall I call you tather?

Ajax. Nest. Ay, my good son.

Be sul'd by him, Lord Ajax. Dio. Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the

hait Achilles Keeps thicket. Please it our great general To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy. To-morrow We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord-come knights from east to west

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep.

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Troy. Priam's palace.

Music sounds within. Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you-pray you, a word. Do you not follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sii, when he goes before me. Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord. Pan. You depend upon a notable gentle-

man; I must needs praise him.

Szrv. The lord be praised! Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better: I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honous better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! Not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. What music is this? Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend. Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is very sweet queen?

there in person; with him the moital Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul-

Pan. Who, my cousin, Cressida?

Serv. No, su. Helen. Could not you find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Tioilu-. I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes. Serv. Sodden business! There's a stew'd

phiase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! Fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them-especially to you, fair queen! Fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair

words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.

Helen. He is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O. sir-Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very

Par. Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out. We'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my loid: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus-

Helen. My Loid Pandarus, honey-sweet Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to-com-

mends himself most affectionately to you-Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody. It you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence. Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn;

that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay L care not for such words; no, no. - And, my lord, he desires you that, if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus! Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very

Par. What exploit's in hand? Where tenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord-

Pan. What says my sweet queen ?-My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make's excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? No, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy Pan. You spy! What do you spy?-Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet

Helen. Why, this is kindly done. Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a

thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris. Pan. He! No. she'll none of him; they

two are twain. Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may

make them three.

Pan. Come, come. I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now. Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my

troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead. Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love. This love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! Pan. Love! Ay, that it shall, i' faith. 105

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [Sings] Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more!

TTO

For, oh, love's bow Shoots buck and doe: The sh-ft confounds

Not that it wounds, But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry, O ho, they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill Doth turn O ho! to ha! ha! he! So dving love lives still.

O ho! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

O ho! groans out for ha! ha! ha!—hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love. 124

Pan. Is this the generation of love: hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers. Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field today? Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, An- her straight.

would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something. You know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair. Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece. 139 Pan. I will, sweet queen.

Sound a retreat. Par. They're come from the field. Let us to Priam's hall

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector. His stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel 145 Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do

Than all the island kings-disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant. Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have.

Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Troy. Pandarus' orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and Troilus' Boy, meeting. Pan. How now! Where's thy master?

At my cousin Cressida's? Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes. How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Boy. Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus. I stalk about her door

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transportance to these fields

Where I may wallow in the lily beds Propos'd for the deserver!

Pandar, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid! Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard, I'll bring [Exit. Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

Th' imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense; what will

When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed Love's thrice-repured nectar? Death, I fear me;

Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine.

Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers. I fear it much; and I do fear besides That I shall lose distinction in my joys: As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite. It is the prettiest villain; I'll fetch her. she fetches her breath as short as a newta'en sparrow. Exit.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace

mv bosom.

My heart beats thicker than a feverous

And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encount'ling The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby.—Here she is now; swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.-What, are you gone again? You must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' th' fills.--Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath vou are to offend daylight! An 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! Build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river. Go to, go to. 5

Tro. You have bereft me of all words,

lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' th' deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'. Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. Cres. Will you walk in, my lord? [Exit.

Tro. O Cressid, how often have I wish'd

me thus !

Cres. Wish'd, my lord! The gods grant-O my loid!

Tro. What should they grant? What makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the tountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eves.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear! In all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither? Tio. Nothing, but our undertakings when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our

mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all lovers swear more per-formance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? Such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till ment crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present. We will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest not truer than Tioilus. 95

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages: your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won; they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

brings me heart. TIO

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day

For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord.

With the first glance that ever-pardon

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but till now not so much But I might master it. In faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true

to us. When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man.

Or that we women had men's privilege 125 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue.

For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence.

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness

My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth. Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon

'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss. I am asham'd. O heavens! what have I done?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord. Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! An you take leave till to-

morrow morning-Cres. Pray you, content you. Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company. Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you; But an unkind self, that it self will leave 145 To be another's fool. I would be gone.

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak. Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love:

And fell so roundly to a large confession 150 To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise-

Or else you love not; for to be wise and love

Cres. Boldness comes to me now and Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman-

As, if it can, I will presume in you-To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love : To keep her constancy in plight and youth. Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind That doth renew swifter than blood decays! Or that persuasion could but thus convince îne

That my integrity and truth to you Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnowed purity in love. How were I then uplifted! but, alas, I am as true as truth's simplicity. 165 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you. Tro.

O virtuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall in the world to come

Approve their truth by Troilus, when their rhymes. Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration-As true as steel, as plantage to the moon. As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, as earth to th' centre Yet, after all comparisons of truth.

As truth's authentic author to be cited, As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse

And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be! If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, 180 When time is old and hath forgot itself, When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, And mighty states characterless are grated To dusty nothing—yet let memory From false to false, among false maids in love.

Upbraid my falsehood when th' have said
'As false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth, As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf, Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son '-Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood.

'As false as Cressid'.

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Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name-call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers between Pandars. Say 'Amen'.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Tro. Amen. Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death. Away And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens

here.

Bed, chamber, pander, to provide this gear! [Exeunt.

Scene III. The Greek camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES. DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the service I have done.

Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind

That, through the sight I bear in things to come.

Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myselt From certain and possess'd conveniences To doubtful fortunes, sequest'ring from me all

That time, acquaintance, custom, and con- A form of strangeness as we pass along. dition,

Made tame and most familiar to my nature; And here, to do you service, am become As new into the world, strange, unacquainted-

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,

To give me now a little benefit Out of those many regist'red in promise, 15 Which you say live to come in my behalf. Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Troyan?

Make demand. Cal. You have a Troyan prisoner call'd

Antenor, Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you-often have you thanks therefore-

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor.

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs That their negotiations all must slack Wanting his manage; and they will almost Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam, In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,

And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done

In most accepted pain. Let Diomedes bear him, 30 And bring us Cressid hither. Calchas shall

What he requests of us. Good Diomed, Furnish you fairly for this interchange; Withal, bring word if Hector will morrow

Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready. Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a buiden

Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas. ACHILLES and PATROCLUS stand in their

tent. Ulyss. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of

his tent.

Please it our general pass strangely by him, As if he were forgot; and, Princes all, 40 Lay neglicent and loose regard upon him. I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him?

If so, I have derision med'cinable

To use between your strangeness and his mile.

Which his own will shall have desire to drink.

It may do good. Pakle with no other glass I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, sale along itself but paids; for supple knees Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself | Feed arrogance and are the proud man's tous.

> Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and but on

So do each lord: and either greet him not. Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way. Achil. What comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? Would he augnt with us?

Nest. Would you, my loid, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord. Agam. The better.

(Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day. Men. How do you? How do you? [Exit. Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus? Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit. Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely. They were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles, To come as humbly as they us'd to creep To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late? 'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too. declin'd is.

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies.

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer:

And not a man for being simply man Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and

favour. Prizes of accident, as oft as merit;

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery

Doth one pluck down another, and together Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me: Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy At ample point all that I did possess

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses. I'll interrupt his reading.

How now, Ulysses!

Now, great Thetis' son! Ulyss. Achil. What are you reading?

A strange fellow here Writes me that man-how dearly ever parted.

How much in having, or without or in-Cannot make boast to have that which he hath.

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;

As when his virtues shining upon others 100 Heat them, and they retort that heat again To the first giver.

This is not strange, Ulysses. The beauty that is borne here in the face The bearer knows not, but commends itself To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself-That most pure spirit of sense-behold itself,

Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed

Salutes each other with each other's form: For speculation turns not to itself

Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position-It is familiar-but at the author's drift; Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves That no man is the lord of anything, Though in and of him there be much consisting,

Till he communicate his parts to others; Nor doth he of himself know them for Though less than yours in past, must

Till he behold them formed in th' applause For Time is like a fashionable host, 808

What the Where th' are extended; who, like an arch. reverb'rate

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel Fronting the sun, receives and renders back His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately

Th' unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there!

A very horse that has he knows not what I Nature, what things there are Most abject in regard and dear in use!

What things again most dear in the esteem And poor in worth! Now shall we see tomorrow-

An act that very chance doth throw upon him-

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do.

While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall. Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes! 135

How one man eats into another's pride. While pride is fasting in his wantonness! To see these Grecian lords !--why, even already

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder. As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, And great Troy shrinking. Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by

As misers do by beggars-neither gave to

Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes.

Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon As done. Perseverance, dear my tord, 138 Keeps honour bright. To have done is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mill In monumental mock'ry. Take the instant way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path,

For emulation hath a thousand sons That one by one pursue; if you give way, Or hedge aside from the direct forthright, Like to an ent'red tide they all rush by And leave you hindmost: Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,

Lie there for pavement to the abject rear. O'er-run and frampled on. Then what they do in present,

o'ertop yours; 165

That slightly shakes his posting guest by And all the Greekish girls shall tripping th' hand:

And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,

Grasps in the comer. The welcome ever smiles.

And farewell goes out siving. O, let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was: For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating Time. One touch of nature makes the whole world

kin-That all with one consent praise new-born

gawds, Though they are made and moulded of

things past, And give to dust that is a little gilt

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. 179 The present eye praises the present object. Then marvel not, thou great and complete

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax. Since things in motion sooner catch the eye Than what stirs not. The cry went once on

And still it might, and yet it may again, 185 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive And case thy reputation in thy tent,

Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves.

And drave great Mars to faction.

Of this my privacy 190 Achıl. I have strong reasons.

Ulvss. But 'gainst your privacy The reasons are more potent and heroical. 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known! Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold; To talk with him, and to Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive Even to my full of view. deeps;

Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods.

Do thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. There is a mystery—with whom relation Durst never meddle-in the soul of state, Which hath an operation more divine Than breath or pen can give expressure to. All the commerce that you have had with Troy

As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord; And better would it fit Achilles much To throw down Hector than Polyxena. But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at

When fame shall in our island, sound her trump,

sing

'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win; But our great Ajax bravely beat down hun'.

Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak. The fool slides o'e. the see that you should break.

Path. To this etweet. Achilles, have I mov'd you.

A woman impudent and mannish grown Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man

In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;

They think my little stomach to the war 220 And your great love to me restrains you thus.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane, Be shook to airy air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector? Patr. Ay, and pethaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake; My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then, beware: Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:

Omission to do what is necessary Seals a commission to a blank of danger: And danger, like an ague, subtly taints Even then when they sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him invite the Troyan loids, after the combat.

To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal, To see great Hector in his weeds of peace; To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

Enter THERSITES.

A labour sav'd!

Ther. A wonder ! Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself. Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be? Ther. Why, 'a stalks up and down like a peacock—a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning, bites

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his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out'; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-I said 'Good glory. He knows not me. I said 'Good morrow, Ajax'; and he replies 'Thanks, Aganiemnon'. What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. Achil. Theu must be my ambassador to

him, Thersites. Ther. Who, 1? Why, he'll auswer nobody; he professes not answering. Speaking is for beggais: he wears his tengue in's arms. I will but on his presente. Let Patroclus make his demands to hie, you 259

shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Tell him I Achil. To lum. Patroclus. humbly desire the valiant 4 ax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarni'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person at the magnantmous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-hopour'd Captain General of the Grecian army. et cetera, Agamemnon. Do this.

Pair. Jove bless great Ajax! Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles—

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to As heart can think or courage execute. 15 invite Hector to his tent-

Ther. Hum!

Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Pair. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Pair. What say you to't?

Ther. God buy you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven of the clock it will go one way or other. Howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains I know not: but. I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make cathings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse: for that's the more capable creature.

fountain stirr'd:

And I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Troy. A street.

Enter, at one sule, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS. ANTENOR, DIOMEDES the Grecian, and Others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! Who is that there? Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

.Lue. Is the Prince there in person? Ifad I so good occasion to lie long As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly

DUSINCSS Should rob my bed-male of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow. Lord Ænens.

Par A validad Greek, Æneas-take his James :

Wirness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,

Did haunt you in the field.

Health to you, valiant sir. During all question of the gentle truce; But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance

Dio. The one and other Diomed em-

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Our bloods are now in calm; and so long health I

> But when contention and occasion meet, 285 By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life With all my force, pursuit, and policy. 20

Ane. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

With his face backward. In humane gentleness,

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome indeed! By Venus' hand I swear No man alive can love in such a sort The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise. Jove let Æneas live.

If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But in mine emulous honour let him die 30 With every joint a wound, and that to-

morrow! Ene. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful'st gentle greeting,

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

What business, lord, so early?

Ene. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him, For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid. Let's have your company; or, if you please, Haste there before us. I constantly helieve-

Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge-

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night. Rouse him and give him note of our approach.

With the whole quality wherefore; I fear We shall be much unwelcome.

That I assure you: Æne. Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece

Than Cressid borne from Troy.

There is no help: Par. The bitter disposition of the time Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you. Æne. Good morrow, all.

Exit with servant. Par. And tell me, noble Diomed-faith,

tell me true, Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship-Who in your thoughts deserves fair Helen best,

Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek

Not making any scruple of her soilure With such a hell of pain and world of charge;

And you as well to keep her that defend

Not palating the taste of her dishonour, With such a costly loss of wealth and And then you would have tarried. Hark! friends.

He like a puling cuckold would drink up The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins 65 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors. Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore. Par. You are too bitter to your country-

woman. Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear

me, Paris: For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk: for every

scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight

A Troyan hath been slain; since she could speak.

She hath not given so many good words breath

As for her Greeks and Troyans suff'red Nor suffer others. death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do. Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy: But we in silence hold this virtue well: 79 We'll not commend what we intend to sell. Here lies our way.

Scene II. Troy. The court of Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down:

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not: To bed, to bed! Sleep kill those pretty eves.

And give as soft attachment to thy senses 5 As infants' empty of all thought!

Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed. Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day. Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,

I would not from thee.

Night hath been too brief. Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stavs

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Prithee tarry. 15 You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off.

there's one up.

Pan. [Within] What's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! Now will he be mocking.

shall have such a life!

Pan. How now, how now! maidenheads? Here, you maid! Where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle.

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? Let her say what. What have I brought you to do? Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart!

You'll ne'er be good.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor

capocchia! hast not slept to-night? Would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? bugbear take him!

Cres. Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' th' head! [One knocks. Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and

My lord, come you again into my chamber You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha! ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. [Knock. How earnestly they knock! Pray you come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here. [Exeunt Troilus and Cressida. Pan. Who's there? What's the matter?

Will you beat down the door? How now? What's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Ene. Good morrow, lord, good morrow. Pan. Who's there? My lord Æneas? By my troth,

I knew you not. What news with you so early?

Ene. Is not Prince Troilus here? Pan. Here! What should he do here? Ene. Come, he is here, my lord; do not

deny him.

It doth import him much to speak with me. Pan. Is he here, say you? It's more than I know, I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here? 53

Ene. Who !--nay, then. Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware; you'll be so true to him to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! What's the matter? Ene. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash. There is at hand 60 Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded? Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy.

They are at hand and ready to effect it. Tro. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them; and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Enc. Good, good, my lord, the secrets of neighbour Pandar

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

Pan. Is't possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! The young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! What's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord? Gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the

earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! What's the matter? Pan. Pray thee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death! O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, v hat's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, 'hou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor; thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus. 'Twill be his deat 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it. 'Twill be his death;

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not

go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father:

I know no touch of consanguinity, No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near

As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine, Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood.

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death. Do to this body what extremes you can,

But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and

weep-Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart,

With sounding 'Troilus'. I will not go from Troy. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Troy. A street before Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus. ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd

For her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do, [Exeunt Troilus and Eneas. And haste her to the purpose.

Walk into her house Tro. I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilu-A priest, there off'ring to it his own heart

[Exi Par. I know what 'tis to love, And would, as I shall pity, I could help! Please you walk in, my lords. [Exeunt

Scene IV. Trov. Pandarus' house.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate. Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste And violenteth in a sense as strong -As that which causeth it. How can moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affections Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief. My love admits no qualifying dross; No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!

[Embracing him. Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here 'O heart,' as the When shall we see again? Let me embrace too. goodly saying is,

O heart, heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking? where he answers again

Because thou canst not ease thy smart By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it. How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid. I love thee in so strain'd a purity

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,

More bright in zeal than the devotion which

Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case. Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too? 30 Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Is't possible? Cres. Tro. And suddenly; where injury of

chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now with a robber's haste Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how.

As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them.

He fumbles up into a loose adieu, And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [Within] My lord, is the lady ready? Tro. Hark! you are call'd. Some say the Genius so

Cries 'Come' to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by th' root? Exit.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians? Tro.

No remedy. Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart-

Cres. I true! how now! What wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us. I speak not 'Be thou true 'as fearing thee, For I will throw my glove to Death himself That there's no maculation in thy heart; But 'Be thou true' say I to fashion in

My sequent protestation: be thou true, 65 And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers

As infinite as imminent! But I'll be true. Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see vou?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true. O heavens! 'Be true' again! Cres.

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love. The Grecian youths are full of quality; 75 They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,

And flowing o'er with arts and exercise. How novelties may move, and parts with person.

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,

[Exeunt.

Which I beseech you call a virtuous sin, Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing, 84

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk. Nor play at subile games—fair virtues all To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant;

But I can tell that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil

That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted. 90

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.

*Ene. [Within] Nay, good my lord!

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you. Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault!

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity; Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns.

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEI-PHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit Is 'plain and true'; there's all the reach of it.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady Which for Antenor we deliver you; when the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand, And by the way possess thee what she is. Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek.

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid, 115 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously 120 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee 814

In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece, She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant. I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;

For, by the dicactful Pluto, if thou dost not, Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard.

I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Ó, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus. Let me be privileg'd by my place and message

To be a speaker free: when I am hence 130 I'll answer to my lust. And know you, lord, I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth

She shall be priz'd. But that you say 'Be't so',

I speak it in my spirit and honour, 'No'.
Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee.

Diomed, 135
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.

Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk, To our own selves bend we our needful talk. [Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes. [Sound trumpet.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet. Æne. How have we spent this morning! The Prince must think me tardy and remiss, That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh

alacrity
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels. 145
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivairy.

Scene V. The Grecian Camp. Lists set out. Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor. and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage. Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy, Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant,

And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse. Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe;

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:

Thou blowest for Hector. [Trumpet sounds. Ulyss. No trumpet answers. Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA. Agam. Is not youd Diomed, with Calchas daughter? Hivss. 'Tis he, I hen the manner of his gait: He rises on the toe. That spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth. Agam. Is this the lady Cressid? Even she. Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady. Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; 'Twere better she were kiss'd in general. 21 Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment. And parted thus you and your argument. Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, [Kisses her again. mine-

Patroclus kisses you.

O, this is trim! Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him. Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive? Patr. Both take and give.

I'll make my match to live, The kiss you take is better than you give; Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You are an odd man; give even or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? Every man is odd. Cres. No. Paris is not: for you know 'tis

true That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head. No. I'll be sworn. 45 Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you? Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it. Cres. Why, beg then. Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake give me a kiss

When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50

s aid fort de clas-When lis din.

. Mever's L. TIT ol you.

Lady, a non. A Ling you to your But with Const' waner. A MARKET OF C ich sense.

Wirst. Fle, fie upou ker k There's language in her eye, her cheek, her Nay, her foot speaks: her wanton spirits

look out At every joint and motive of her body.

O these encounterers so glib of tongue That give a coasting welcome ere it comes, And wide unclasp the tables of their

thoughts To every ticklish reader! Set them down For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [Trumbet within.

All. The Troyans' trumpet.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, PARIS, HELENUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop. .Ene. Hail, all the state of Greece! What

shall be done To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose

A victor shall be known? Will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other, or shall they be divided By any voice or order of the field? Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it? Æne. He cares not: he'll obey conditions. 'Tis done like Hector;

securely done, A little proudly, and great deal misprizing The knight oppos'd.

If not Achilles, sir, 75 Æne. What is your name?

If not Achilles, nothing. Achil.Ane. Therefore Achilles. But whate'er, know this:

In the extremity of great and little Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;

The one almost as infinite as all, The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well.

And that which looks like pride is courtesy. This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood; In love whereof half Hector stays at

home: Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to

seek This blended knight, half Troyan and half Greek.

Achil, A maiden battle then? perceive you!

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Æneas Consent upon the order of their fight, 90 So be it; either to the uttermost, Or else a breath. The combatants being kin

Or else a breath. The combatants being kin Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists. Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Troyan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;

Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both

free; For what he has he gives, what thinks he

shows,
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous: For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes To tender objects, but he in heat of action Is more vindicative than jealous love. 107 They call him Troilus, and on him erect A second hope as fairly built as Hector. Thus says Æneas, one that knows the

youth 110 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee.

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd. There,

Ajax! [Trumpets cease. Dio. You must no more.

Ene. Princes, enough, so please you. Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more. Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed; The obligation of our blood forbids A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Troyan so That thou could'st say 'This hand is

Grecian all, 125 And this is Troyan; the sinews of this leg All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister Bounds in my father's'; by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud; but the just gods gainsay That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax. 135 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms:

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector. Thou art too gentle and too free a man. I came to kill thee, cousin, and hear hence

A great addition earned in thy death. 141

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes

Cries 'This is he 'could promise to himself A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Enc. There is expectance here from both the sides

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it: The issue is embracement. Ajax, farewell. Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success, As seld I have the chance, I would desire My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,

And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Troyan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my

cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name; 160

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size. Agam. Worthy all arms! as welcome as

to one That would be rid of such an enemy. But that's no welcome. Understand more

clear, 165 What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow biasdrawing.

Bids thee with most divine integrity. From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [To Troilus] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting.

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

The noble Menelaus. Hect. O you, my lord? By Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mock not that I affect the untraded oath: Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove.

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Troyan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, Despising many fortests and subduements, When thou hast hung thy advanced sword

i' th' air. Not letting it decline on the declined: That I have said to some my standers-by 'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!' 191 And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath.

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in.

Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen:

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel. I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him. He was a soldier good,

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all, Never like thee. O, let an old man embrace As I would buy thee, view thee limb by thee:

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. Ene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle.

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time. Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city

stands. When we have here her base and pillar

by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses. well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Troyan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed In Ilion on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you tren what would ensue.

My prophecy is but half his journey yet. For vonder walls, that pertly front your town,

Youd towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you. There they stand yet; and modestly I think

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Grecian blood, 'the end crowns all:

And that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.

So to him we leave it Ulvss. Most gentle and most valiant Hecker welcome.

After the General, I beseech you next To feast with me and see me at my tent Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Utymes. thou!

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee; I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,

And quoted joint by joint.

Is this Achilles? Hect. Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill. Nay, I have done already. Hect. Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the

second time.

limb. Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read

me o'er; But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine

eye? Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which

part of his body
Whether there, or Shall I destroy him? there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name.

And make distinct the very breach whereout 245

Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens.

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man.

To answer such a question. Stand again. Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250 Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hact. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard
thee well:

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

1'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these

words, Or may I never-

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin; 260 And you, Achilles, let these threats alone Till accident or purpose bring you to't. You may have every day enough of Hector, If you have stomach. The general state, I fear.

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you let us see you in the field:

We have had pelting wars since you refus'd The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death; To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match. 270

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive we; afterwards, As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall concur together, severally entreat him. Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets

blow. 275
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[Excunt all but Trollus and Ulysses.
Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech
you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus.

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night, Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth.

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent, 285 To bring me thither? Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover
there

That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:

But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. The surgeon's box or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said Adversity! and what needs these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk; thou art said to be Achilles' male variet.

Pair. Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the gutsgriping ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel in the back, lethangies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' th' palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! Why art thou, then, exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleid slik, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse.

thou? Ah, how the poor world is pest'ret with such water-flies—diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall! Ther, Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted That go or tarry.

Quite Agam. Good n

From my great purpose in to-morrow' battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my fair love, Both taxing me and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break

Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go o stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my

tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent Away, Patroclus! [Exit with Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg-to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox. To an ox, were nothing: he is both cx and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! sprites and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you. 05

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome

Princes all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night;

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night to the
Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus. Ther. Sweet draught! 'Sweet 'quoth 'a? Sweet sink, sweet sewer!

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.
[Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too,
Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important

business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great
Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [Aside to Troilus] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent;

I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me. Hect. And so, good night. [Ext Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following. Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. 55

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers toretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him. They say he keeps a Troyan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets!

[Exit.

SCEND II. The Grecian camp. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? Speak. Cal. [Within] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?
Cal. [Within] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

bu. Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he
can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA Cres. Remember? Yes. Dio. Nav. but do, then; And let your mind be coupled with your words. Tro. What shall she remember? Ulyss. List! Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly. Ther. Roguery! Dio. Nay, then-Cres. I'll tell you what-Dio. Fo, fo! come, tell a pin; you are a forsworn-Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you I will not be myself, nor have cognition have me do? Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open. Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me? Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath: Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek. Dio. Good night. Tro. Hold, patience! Ulyss. How now, Troyan! 30 Cres. Diomed! Dio. No. no, good night; I'll be your fool no more. Tro. Thy better must. Cres. Hark! a word in your ear. Tro. O plague and madness! 35 Ulyss. You are moved, Prince; let us depart, I pray, Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms. This place is danger-The time right deadly; I beseech you, go. Tro. Behold, I pray you. Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off; You flow to great distraction; come, my lord. Tro. I prithee stay. Ulyss. You have not patience; come. Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments. I will not speak a word. Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger. Tro. Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth! Ulyss. How now, my lord? Tro. By Jove, I will be patient. 40 Cres. Guardian! Why, Greek! Dio. Fo, fo! adieu! you palter. Cres. In faith, I do not. Come hither once again. Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go? You will break out. She strokes his cheek. Tro. Ulvss. Come, come.

There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience. Stay a little while. 54 Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry! Dio. But will you, then?

Cres. In faith, I will, lo; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it. [Exit.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience. Fear me not, my lord: Of what I feel. I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now! Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. 65 Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith? Ulyss. My lord! Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will. Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He lov'd me-O false wench !- Give't me

again. Dio. Whose was't? Cres. It is no matter, now I ha't again. I will not meet with you to-morrow night. I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more. Ther. Now she sharpens.

whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it. What, this? Cres.

Dio. Av. that. Cres. O all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking on his bed Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove.

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it. As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;

I'll give you something else. Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cres. It is no matter. Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

challenge it.

Dio. Whose was it? Cres. By all Diana's waiting women youd, And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my heim, Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak And grieve his spirit that dares not

a word:

Tro. Wert thou the devil and wor'st it on thy horn. It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and own eyes?' vet it is not:

I will not keep my word.

Why, then farewell Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go. One cannot speak a word

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling, 100 Ther. Nor I, by Pluto; but that that likes not you

Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? The hour-Cres. Ay, come—O Jove! Do come. I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I prithee come. [Exit Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! One eye yet looks on thee: But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find, The error of our eye directs our mind. What error leads must err; O, then con-

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more. Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd

whore'. Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

It 15

Ulvss. Tro. To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke. 115 But if I tell how these two did coact, Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? Sith yet there is a credence in my heart. An esperance so obstinately strong, That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears; As if those organs had deceptious functions Created only to calumniate. Was Cressid here?

Ulvss.

I cannot conjure, Troyan. Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was. Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood.

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,

For depravation, to square the general sex By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not In his descent than shall my prompted Cressid. 131

Ulyss. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will 'a swagger himself out on's

Tro. This she? No; this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she; If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies, If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O madness of discourse, That cause sets up with and against itself! Bifold authority! where reason can revolt Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid. Within my soul there doth conduce a fight Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth; And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no oritex for a point as subtle As Ariachne's broken woof to enter. Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates:

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself:

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd:

And with another knot, five-finger-tied, 155 The fractions of her faith, oits of her love. The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics

Why stay we, then? Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss, May worthy Troilus be halfattach'd

With that which here his passion doth express? Tro. Av. Greek; and that shall be

divulged well In characters as red as Mars his heart Inflam'd with Venus. Never did young man

fancy With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love, So much by weight hate I her Diomed. That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm:

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill

My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout Which shipmen do the hurricano call, 170

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun, Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

sword Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy. 175

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, And they'll seem glorious. O, contain yourself; Ulvss.

Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord. Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

home.

Tro. Have with you, Prince. Mv courteous lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair !- and, Diomed. Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head. Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates. Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Eneas, and Ulysses. Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this

whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery! Still wars and lechery! Nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [Exit.

Scene III. Troy. Before Priam's balace. Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day. Hect. You train me to offend you; get vou in.

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day. Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector? And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition, Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true!

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound. Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother!

Hect. Be gone, I say. The gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:

They are polluted off'rings, more abhorr'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded! Do not count it

To hurt by being just. It is as lawful, 20 For we would give much, to use violent thefts

And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow:

But vows to every purpose . ist not hold. Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hold you still, I say. 25 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man

Holds honour far more precious dear than lıfe.

Enter TROULUS.

How now, young man! Mean'st thou to fight to-day?

Cassandra, call my father to And. persuade. [Exit Cassandra. Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy

harness, youth; I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry.

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong.

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war. Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy.

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy. Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you

Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? Chide me for it.

When many times the captive Tro. Grecian falls, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword.

You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play!

Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now ! how now !

Tro. For th' love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;

And when we have our armours buckled on. The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

ruth I

Hect. Fie, savage, sie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars. Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees. Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears: Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way. But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

Come. Hector, come, go back. Pri. Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt To tell thee that this day is ominous. Therefore, come back.

Æneas is a-field: Hect. And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Ay, but thou shalt not go. 70 Pri. Hect. I must not break my faith. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect; but give me

To take that course by your consent and

Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam, Cas. O Priam, yield not to hun!

Do not, dear father. And. Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in. Exit Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements.

O, farewell, dear Hector ! 80 Cas. Look how thou diest. Look how thy eye turns pale.

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents.

Hark how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;

How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth;

Behold distraction, frenzy, and amaze-

Like witless antics, one another meet, And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away, away!

Hector I Cas. Farewell!-yet, soft! take my leave.

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.

Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight, Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at

night.

Pri. Farewell. The gods with safety stand about thee! [Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.

They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe.

I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from youd poor girl.

she there?

Tro. Let me read. Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the toolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' th's days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that unless a man were curs'd I cannot tell what to think on't. What says

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no

matter from the heart; Th' effect doth operate another way.

[Tearing the letter. Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds,

But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why but heare you.

Tro. Hence broker-lackey. Ignominy and shame

Pursue thy life and live aye with thy name!] [Exeunt severally.

Scene IV. The plain between Troy and the Grecian camb.

Enter THERSITES. Excursions.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable variet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm. I would fain see them meet, that that same young Troyan ass that loves the whore there might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain with the sleeve back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeve-less errand. A th' t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses-is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following,

Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Stvx

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire. I do not fly: but advantageous care Withdrew me from the odds of multitude. Have at thee.

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian; now for thy whore, Troyan-now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes fighting.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou. Greek? Art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No. no-I am a rascal: a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee. Live. Exit. Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. Exit.

SCENE V. Another part of the plain.

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse:

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid. Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Troyan,

And am her knight by proof. Serv.

I go, my lord. Exit.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Poly-

Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon

Hath Doreus prisoner,

And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corses of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius. Polixenes is slain; Amphimacus and Thoas deadly hurt: Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruis'd, The dreadful Sagittary

Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed. 15 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

bear Patroclus' Nest. Go. body to Achilles. And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.

There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, 20 And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot.

And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,

And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,

Fall down before him like the mower's swath. Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and

takes: Dexterity so obeying appetite

That what he will he does, and does so much

That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, Princes! **Great Achilles** Ĭς arming. weeping. cursing, vowing vengeance.

believe me; but a plague break thy neck Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy for frighting me! What's become of the blood.

Together with his mangled Myrmidons. That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd. come to him.

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it.

Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution. Engaging and redeeming of himself

With such a careless force and forceless care As if that luck, in very spite of cunning. Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit. Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exit.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face: Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. Another part of the plain. Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! Where's Troilus? Ajax. What wouldst thou? Dio I would correct him. Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Fre that correction. Troilus, I say! What, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone. Stand. Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize. I will not look upon. Tro. Come, both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [Exeunt fighting

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my voungest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha! Have at thee, Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Troyan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use; My rest and negligence betriends thee now, But thou anon shalt hear of me again; Hxit. Till when, go seek thy fortune. Fare thee well.

Hect. I would have been much more a fresher man.

Had I expected thee.

Re-enter TROILUS.

How now, my brother! Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas. Shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too, Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say : I reck not though thou end my life to-day. IExit.

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well:

I'll frush it and uplock the rivets all But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on: I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Another part of the plain.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons:

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel; Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In tellest manner execute your arms. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye. It is decreed Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckoldmaker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hern'd Spartan! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the gaine. Ware horns, ho! [Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight, Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's. Ther. I am a bastard too: I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard. Exit.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

[Exit.

SCENE VIII. Another part of the plain. Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death! Disaims.

Enter ACHILLES and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look. Hector, how the sun begins to set:

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vall and dark'ning of the sun,

To close the day up, Hector's life is done. Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,

Greek. Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. Hector falls.

So. Ilion, fall thou next! Come, Troy, sink down;

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.

On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain'. [A retreat sounded.

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part. 15 Myr. The Troyan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

spreads the earth

And, stickler-like, the armies separates. My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to Sheathes his sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; Along the field I will the Troyan trail. [Exeunt.

Scene IX. Another part of the plain.

Sound retreat. Shout. Enter AGAMEMNON AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES and the rest, marching.

Again. Hark! hark! what shout is this? Nest. Peace. drums! Soldiers. [Within] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain. Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was as good a man as he. Agam. March patiently along. Let one be Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent. If in his death the gods have us befriended;

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are [Exeunt. ended. SCENE X. Another part of the plain.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, and DEIPHOBUS.

Ene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of Never go home; here starve we out the

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

night.

AlL. Hector! The gods forbid! Tro. He's dead, and at the murderer's

horse's tail. In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shame-

ful field. Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage

with speed. Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy.

I say at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on. Ane. My lord, you do discomfort all the

Tro. You understand me not that tell me

I do not speak of flight, of fear of death.

But dare all imminence that gods and men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone. Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'er- Let him that will a screech-owl ave be call'd

Go in to Troy, and say there 'Hector's dead '

There is a word will Priam turn to stone: Make wells and Niobes of the maids and WIVES

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word. Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away; Hector is dead; there is no more to sav.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents, Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian

plains, Let Titan rise as early as he dare.

I'll through and through you. And, thou great-siz'd coward.

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still.

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy. With comfort go;

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey. Ignominy and shame

Pursue thy life and live age with thy name! [Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd! O traitors and bawds. how earnestly are you set a work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loathed? What verse for it? What instance for it? Let me see-

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing Till he hath lost his honey and his sting; And being once subdu'd in armed tail. Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall, Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade, Some two months hence my will shall here be made.

It should be now, but that my fear is this, Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss. Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases, And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS ADRIAN, a Volscian. CORIOLANUS.

TITUS LARTIUS, Generals against the COMINIUS. Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus. Tribunes of the SICINIUS VELUTUS, IUNIUS BRUTUS. Peoble.

Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus,

A Roman Herald. NICANOR. a Roman.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians. Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

THE SCENE: Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict? All. No more talking on't; let it be

done. Away, away!

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes ere we become rakes; for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge. 2 Cit. Would you proceed especially

against Caius Marcius? 1 Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog

to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well, and could be content to Will you undo yourselves?

A Citizen of Antium. Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus. VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus. VALERIA, friend to Vingilia.

Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

give him good report for't but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him. You must in no

way say he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within] What shouts are these? The other side o' th' city is risen. Why stay we prating here? To th' Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak. I pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to th' Senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends,

mine honest neighbours,

CORIOLANUS [Act 1

already.

Have the patricians of you. wants.

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course

will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand

curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it, and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack.

You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' th' state, who care for you like fathers.

When you curse them as enemies.

1 Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale. It may be you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To stale't a little more.

1 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale. But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: That only like a gulf it did remain I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk,

feel, And, mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answer'd-

1 Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even And you the mutinous members;

1 Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone For look you, I may make the belly smile As well as speak-it tauntingly replied

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable To th' discontented members, the mutinous parts

> For your That envied his receipt; even so most fitle As you malign our senators for that They are not such as you.

Your belly's answer-What? 1 Cit. The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter. With other muniments and petty helps 116 Is this our fabric, if that they-

What then? Men. Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then?

What then? 1 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be

restrain'd.

Who is the sink o' th' body-

Men. Well, what then? 120 1 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

I will tell you; Men. If you'll bestow a small-of what you have little-

Patience awhile, you'st hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. Y'are long about it.

Note me this, good friend: Your most grave belly was deliberate, 126 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered.

True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth

'That I receive the general food at first Which you do live upon; and fit it is, 130 Because I am the storehouse and the shop Of the whole body. But, if you do remem-

I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain: 134

And, through the cranks and offices of man, The strongest nerves and small inferior veins

From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live. And though that all at once

You, my good friends'—this says the belly; mark me.

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well. Men. Though all at once cannot See what I do deliver out to each, Yet I can make my audit up, that all From me do back receive the flour of all, And seave me but the bran.' What say vou to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer. How apply you

this? Men. The senators of Rome are this good

belly. for, examine

150

Their counsels and their cares, digest things Would feed on one another? What's their rightly

Touching the weal o' th' common, you shall find

No public benefit which you receive But it proceeds or comes from them to you. And no way from yourselves. What do you think.

You, the great toe of this assembly?

1 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great Who thrives and who declines; toe?

Men. For that, being one o' th' lowest, Conjectural marriages, making parties basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest And feebling such as stand not in their foremost.

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run. Lead'st first to win some vantage. But make you ready your stiff bats and

clubs. Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:

The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius! Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion. Make yourselves scabs?

We have ever your good word. Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs.

That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you.

to vou.

Where he should find you lions, finds you They vented their complainings; which

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness

Deserves your hate; and your affections

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favours swims with fins of lead. And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ve?

With every minute you do change a mind And call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter

That in these several places of the city You cry against the noble Senate, who, Under the gods, keep you in awe, which secking?

Men. For coin at their own rates, whereof they say

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say! They'll sit by th' fire and presume to know What's done i' th' Capitol, who's like to nse.

factions, and give out

strong,

liking

Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth 195 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high

As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion.

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,

What says the other troop?

They are dissolv'd. Hang 'em! Mar. They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs-

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat.

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not

The other makes you proud. He that trusts Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds

being answer'd,

And a petition granted them—a strange one,

To break the heart of generosity And make bold power look pale-they threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon.

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them? Five tribunes, to defend their Mar. vulgar wisdoms,

Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus-Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. 'Sdeath! The rabble should have first unroof'd the citv

Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time Win upon power and throw forth greater themes

For insurrection's arguing.

This is strange. Men. Mar. Go get you home, you fragments.

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What's the matter? Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall ha' means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders. Enier Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us:

The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't. I sin in envying his nobility;

And were I anything but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together? 230 Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make Only my wars with him. He is a lion That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius, Attend upon Cominius to these wars. 235 Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is; And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What, art thou stiff? Stand'st out?

Lart. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with

t'other Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to th' Capitol;
where, I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Last [To Cominius] Lead you

Lari. [To Cominius] Lead you on.
[To Marcius] Follow Cominius; we must
follow you;

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius! 245

1 Sen. [To the Citizens] Hence to your homes; be gone.

Mar. Nay, let them follow. The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,

Your valour puts well forth; pray follow.

[Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but
Sicinius and Brutus

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his tau

Sic. Nay, but his taunts!

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Trckled with good success, disdains the

Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Commius. 261

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims—
In whom already he is well grac'd—cannot
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he
perform

To th' utmost of a man, and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he Had borne the business!'

Sic. Besides, if things go well, Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall

Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Come. 270

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius.

Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence and hear How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.
[Exeunt.

Scene II. Corioli. The Senate House.

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are ent'red in our counsels And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours? What ever have been thought on in this

That could be brought to bodily act ere
Rome

Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone

Since I heard thence; these are the words
—I think

I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
[Reads] 'They have press'd a power, but it
is not known

Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;

The people nutinous; and it is rumour'd, Cominius, Marcius your old enemy, Who is of Rome worse hated than of you, And Titius Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three lead on this preparation

Scene 21 CORIOLANUS

Whither 'tis bent. Most likely 'tis for you; was a man-child than now in first seeing Consider of it'.

Our army's in the field: 1 Sen. We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready

To answer us.

Nor did you think it folly Auf. To keep your great pretences veil'd till

They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery

We shall be short'ned in our aim, which

To take in many towns ere almost Rome Should know we were afoot.

Noble Aufidius, 25 Take your commission; hie you to your bands;

Let us alone to guard Corioli.

If they set down before's, for the remove Bring up your army; but I think you'll find

Th'have not prepar'd for us.

O, doubt not that! 30 I speak from certainties. Nay more, Some parcels of their power are forth already.

And only hitherward. I leave your honours. If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet, 'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike Till one can do no more.

The gods assist you! Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell. Farewell. 2 Sen. All. Farewell.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. Rome. Marcius' house. Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and

wife to Marcius; they set them down on two low stools and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person—that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not stir-was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he does your little son?

he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Maicius. I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum: See him pluck Aufidius down by th'

hair; As children from a bear, the Volsces shun-

ning him. Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call

Come on, you cowards! You were got in fear.

Though you were born in Rome'. His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes. Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow

Or all or lose his hire. Vir. His bloody brow? O Jupiter, no

blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! It more becomes a man Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of

Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

Grecian sword, contemning, Tell Valeria

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gentlewoman. Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee

And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and an Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam!

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship. 50 Val. How do you both? You are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How Vir. I thank your ladyship: well, good

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his school

master. Val. O' my word, the father's sen! I'l swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth I look'd upon him a Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirm'd countenance! I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it. O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One on's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors! Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably; come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I

want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 90 Vir. O, good madam, there can be none

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces against whom have an army forth: Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam: I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now. she will but disease our better muth. 105 Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out of door and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth. Val. Well then, farewell. Exeunt.

Scene IV. Before Corioli.

Enter MARCIUS, TITUS LARTILS, with drum and colours, with Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news; a wagerthey have met.

Lart. My horse to yours-no.

Mar. 'Tis done. Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as vet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you. Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Within this nule and half. Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march

from hence To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with Others, on the walls of Corioli.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls? 1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he:

That's lesser than a little. [Drum afar off] Hark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls

Rather than they shall pound us up; our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. [Alarum far off] Hark you far off!

There is Aufidius. List what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it! Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho !

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forti their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts

and fight

With hearts more proof than shields. Ad vance, brave Titus.

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come

on, my fellows. He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce

And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd Farther than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run 35

From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind! Backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe And make my wars on you. Look to't.

Come on;

If you'll stand fast we'll beat them to their wives.

As they us to our trenches. Follow me.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good seconds;

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.
[Marcius enters the gates.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Not I. [Marcius is shut in. 1 Sol. See, they have shut him in. All. To th' pot. I warrant him.

To th' pot, I warrant him.
[Alarum continues.

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd to their gates. He is himself alone, To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,

And when it hows stand'st up. Thou art left, Marcius;

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou ait, 56 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes, but with thy grim looks and

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world

Were teverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Last. O, 'tis Marcius!

Let's tetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.

Scene V. Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A muriain on't! I took this for silver. [Alarum continues still afar off.

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a trumpetor.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,

Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would

Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them! [Exeunt pillagers. And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufulius, 10 Piercing our Romans; then, valuant Titus,

take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;

Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st; Thy exercise hath been too violent 15 For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not; My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare

you well;
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus

I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great

charms 21
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,

CORIOLANUS [Act 1

Prosperity be thy page!

Thy friend no less Mar. Than those she placeth highest ! So farewell. Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [Exit Marcius

Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call thither all the officers o' th' town, Where they shall know our mind. Away! IExeunt.

Scene VI. Near the camp of Cominius. Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought; we are come off Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, sirs, We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have

struck. By interims and conveying gusts we have Where is he? Call him hither. heard

The charges of our friends. gods.

Lead their successes as we wish our own, That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

May give you thankful sacrifice !

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news? Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle; I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.

Though thou speak'st truth. Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums.

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,

And bring thy news so late?

Spies of the Volsces Mess. Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder That does appear as he were flay'd? gods !

He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late? Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue

From every meaner man.

Come I too late? Com. Av. if you come not in the blood of others.

But mantled in your own.

O! let me clip ye Mar. In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart As merry as when our nuptial day was done.

And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors. How is't with Titus Larius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:

Condemning some to death and some to exile;

Ransoming him or pitying, threat'ning th' other:

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash. To let him slip at will.

Where is that slave Com. Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?

Mar. Let him alone: The Roman He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen.

The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge

From rascals worse than they.

But how prevail'd you? Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' th' field?

If not, why cease you till you are so ? Com.

Marcins. We have at disadvantage fought, and did Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side

They have plac'd their men of trust? Com. As I guess, Marcius,

Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates. Of their best trust; o'er them Autidius. Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, 55 By all the battles wherein we have fought. By th' blood we have shed together, by th' vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates; And that you not delay the present, but, 6. Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts.

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle bath And balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking: take your choice of those

That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they That most are willing. If any such be hereScene 6] CORIOLANTIS

As it were sin to doubt-that love this painting

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear Lesser his person than an ill report; If any think brave death outweighs bad

And that his country's dearer than himself Let him alone, or so many so minded. Wave thus to express his disposition, And follow Marcius.

They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their aims and cast up their cabs. O. me alone! Make you a sword of me? If these shows be not outward, which of you But is four Volsces? None of you but is Able to bear against the great Autidius A shield as hard as his. A certain number, Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight, As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march:

And four shall quickly draw out my command.

Which men are best inclin'd.

March on, my fellows; 86 Make good this ostentation, and you shall Divide in all with us. [Excunt.

Scene VII. The gates of Corroli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep vour duties

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve

For a short holding. If we lose the field We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, sir. 5 Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's. Our guider, come; to th' Roman camp conduct us. I Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

Alarum, as in battle. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS at several doors.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

We hate alike: Not Airic owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,

And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I tly, Marcius, Halloa me like a hare.

Within these three hours. Tulius, Mar. Alone I fought in your Corioli walls, And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd. For thy

revenge Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector That was the whip of your biagg'd progeny, Thou shoulds' not scape me here.

[Here they fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless. Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd

me In your condemned seconds. Exeunt.

SCENE IX. The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scart.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work, Thou't not believe thy deeds; but I'll

report it Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug.

I' th' end admire; where ladies shall be trighted

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,

That with the fusty pleberans hate thine honours, Shall say against their hearts 'We thank

the gods Our Rome hath such a soldier'.

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this teast, 10 Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,

Here is the steed, we the caparison. Hadst thou beheld-

Mar. Pray now, no more; my mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood. When she does praise me grieves me.

have done As you have done-that's what I can; induc'd

As you have been—that's for my country. He that has but effected his good will Hath overta'en mine act.

You shall not be

The grave of your deserving; Rome must lanew

The value of her own. "Twere a conceatment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement.

To hide your doings and to silence that Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,

In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army
hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves rememb'red.

Com. Should they not, 29
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses—

Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store—of all

The treasure in this field achiev'd and city, We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth Before the common distribution at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General,
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with
those

That have beheld the doing.

[A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius, Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances. Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

May these same instruments which you profane

Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall

I' th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing. When steel grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made An overture for th' wars. No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled.

Or foil'd some debile wretch, which without note

Here's many else have done, you shout me forth

In acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted

In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com.

Too modest are you;

More cruel to your good report than

grateful 54
To us that give you truly. By your patience, If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll

If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you—
Like one that means his proper harm—in

manacles, Then reason safely with you. Therefore be

it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius
Marcius

Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give

him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this

time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him
With all th' appliause and clamour of the

host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Bear th' addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums. All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash; And when my face is fair you shall perceive

Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you;

I mean to stride your steed, and at all times To undercrest your good addition To th' fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent; Where, ere we do repose us, we will write To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,

Must to Corioli back. Send us to Rome The best, with whom we may articulate For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that

now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to
beg 80

Of my Lord General.

Com. Take't—'tis yours; what is't? Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly. He cried to me; I saw him prisoner; But then Aufidius was within my view, 83 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, he should Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus, Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot! 90 I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your visage dries; 'fis

It should be look'd to. Come. [Exeunt.

Scene X. The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en.

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot, Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition? 3 What good condition can a treaty find Scene 10] CORIOLANUS

I' th' part that is at mercy? Five times, a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one Marcius.

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;

encounter

As often as we eat. By th' elements, If e'er again I meet him beard to beard. He's mine or I am his. Mine emulation Hath not that honour in't it had; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force. True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way,

Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil. Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd

With only suff'ring stain by him; for him Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanciuary,

Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20 The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice, Embarquements all of tury, shall lift up Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there.

Against the hospitable canon, would I Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city:

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must

Be hostages for Rome.

Will not you go? 1 Sol. Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove; I pray you-

'Tis south the city mills-bring me word thither

How the world goes, that to the pace of it I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS, with the two Tribunes of the people. Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love? Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like

thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor And wouldst do so, I think, should we in that you two have not in abundance? 15 Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boast-

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city -I mean of us o' th' right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censur'd? Men. Because you talk of pride nowwill you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures-at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride. O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Both. What then, sir?

Med. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates-alias tools-as any in Rome. Sic. Menenius, you are known well

enough too. Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaving Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in tavouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are-I cannot call you Lycurguses-it the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, vet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known ike well enough too? What harm can your to bisson conspectuities glean out of this Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like character, if I be known well enough too? 60

enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fossetseller, and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol. 77

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships. More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius go aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria. How now, my as fair as noble ladies-and the moon, were she earthly, no noblerwhither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno

let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home? Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with

most prosperous approbation. Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Vol., Vir. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night. A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you;

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician. The 838

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? He was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it he not too much. Brings 'a victory in his pocket? The wounds become him. Vol. On's brows, Menenius, he comes the

third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly? Vol. Titus Laitius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possess'd of this? 125

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General. wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war; he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things

spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! Ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, waw. Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded ? [To the Tribunes] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be

proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' th' shoulder and i' th' left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck and two i' th'

thigh—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had before this last expedition twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. [A shout and flourish]

Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius. Before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie.

Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the General, and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Scene 17 CORIOLANUS

within Corlol gates, where he hath won-With fame, a name to Cams Murcius; these In honour follows Coriolanus. 256 Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

I Flourish. Welcome to Rome, renowned AIL. Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart.

Pray now, no more.

Look, sir, your mother ! Com. O. 160

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods [Kneels. For my prosperity!

Nay, my good soldier, up; Vol.My gentle Marcius, worthy Cams, and By deed-achieving honour newly nani'd-What is it? Corrolanus must I call thee?

But, O, thy wife! Cor.

My gracious silence, hail! Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home.

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the god's crown thee! Cor. And live you yet ? [To Valeria] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O. welcome home! And welcome, General.

And y'are welcome all. Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I

could weep And I could laugh; I am light and heavy.

Welcome! A curse begin at very root on's heart 176

That is not glad to see thee! You are three That Rome should dote on; yet, by the

faith of men, We have some old crab trees here at home

that will not Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome,

warriors. We call a nettle but a nettle, and

The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right. Cor. Menenius ever. ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. [To his wife and mother] Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head, The good patricians must be visited; From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy; only 190 There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but

Our Rome will cast upon thee. Cor.

Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servent in my way Than sway with them in the re-

Co.a. On, to the Capitol. IFlourish. Corneis. Excunt in state, as before. Britis and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him and the bleared sights

Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling murse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry

While she chats him; the kitchen malkin Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,

Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows. Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges

hors'd

With variable complexions, all agreeing In earnestness to see him. Seld-shown flamens

Do press among the popular throngs and puit

To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask in Their nicely gawded cheeks to th' wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses. Such a pother, As if that whatsoever god who leads him Were stily crept into his human powers, 210 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden I warrant him consul.

Then our office may

During his power go sleep. Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his

honours From where he should begin and end, but will

Lose those he hath won. Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not The commoners, for whom we stand, but they

Upon their ancient malice will forget With the least cause these his new honours; which

That he will give them make I as little question

As he is proud to do't.

I heard him swear. Bru. Were he to stand for consul, never would he Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put The napless vesture of humility; Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

'Tis right. Sic. Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him

And the desire of the nobles.

I wish no better Than have him hold that purpose, and to 230

In execution.
'Tis most like he will. Sic. It shall be to him then as our good wills:

A sure destruction.

So it must fall out Bru. To him or our authorities. For an end, We must suggest the people in what hatred He still hath held them; that to's power he would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and

Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them

In human action and capacity

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world 240 Than camels in their war, who have their provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows For sinking under them.

This, as you say, suggested Sic. At some time when his soaring insolence Shall touch the people—which time shall not want.

If he be put upon't, and that's as easy As to set dogs on sheep-will be his fire To kindle their dry stubble; and their

Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

What's the matter? Bru. Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought

That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen the dumb men throng to see

him and The blind to hear him speak: matrons

flung gloves, Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,

Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended As to Jove's statue, and the commons

A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol, And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time.

But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Rome. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions, as it were in the Capitol.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's Rather our state's defective for requital

people.

2 Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why. they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, ne waved indifferently twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes-to flatter

them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all, into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. 32

1 Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Com-INIUS the Consul. Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces.

To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting. To gratify his noble service that Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore

please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire 40 The present consul and last general In our well-tound successes to report A little of that worthy work perform'd

By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We met here both to thank and to remember

With honours like himself. [Coriolanus sits. 1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius.

vengeance proud and loves not the common Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' th' people,

We do request your kindest ears; and, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him after,

Your loving motion toward the common body.

To yield what passes here.

We are convented Sic. Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts Inclinable to honour and advance The theme of our assembly.

Which the rather 4. Bru. We shall be bless'd to do, it he remember A kinder value of the people than

He hath hereto priz'd them at.

That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been alent. Please you

To hear Cominius speak?

Most willingly, 60 But yet my caution was more pertinent Than the rebuke you give it.

He loves your people; Men. But tie him not to be their bedtellow.

Worthy Cominius, speak.

[Corrolanus rises, and offers to go away. Nay, keep your place. 1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus, never shame to hear

What you have nobly done.

Your Honours' pardon. I had rather have my wounds to heal again Than hear say how I got them.

Sir, I hope

My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir; yet oft, When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

your people,

I love them as they weigh-

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' th' sun

When the alarum were struck than idly sit To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit. Men. Masters of the people, 75 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter-

That's thousand to one good one—when Which we devise him.

you now see honour

Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus

Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held That valour is the chiefest virtue and Most dignifies the haver. If it be.

The man I speak of cannot in the world 84 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought

Beyond the mark of others; our then Dictator,

fient

When with his Amazonian chin he drove The bristled lips before him; he bestrid 90 An o'espress'd Roman and i' th' consul's

Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met. And struck him on his knee. In that day's

When he might act the woman in the scene, tie prov'd best man i' th' field, and for his meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-ent'red thus, he waxed like a sea. And in the brunt of seventeen battles since He luich'd all swords of the garland. For this last.

Before and in Corioli, let me say I cannot speak him home. He stopp'd the

And by his raie example made the coward Turn terror into sport; as weeds before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd And fell below his stem. His sword, death's stamp,

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he ent'red

The mortal gate of th' city, which he painted

With shunless destiny; aidless came off, And with a sudden re-enforcement struck Corioli like a planet. Now all's his.

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce You cooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit

> Re-quick'ned what in flesh was fatigate. 115 And to the battle came he; where he did Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd Both field and city ours he never stood To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man! 120 1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours

Our spoils he kick'd at, Com. He had rather venture all his limbs for And look'd upon things precious as they were

The common muck of the world. He covets 1ess

Than misery itself would give, rewards 125 His deeds with doing them, and is content To spend the time to end it.

He's right none; Men. Let him be call'd for.

Call Coriolanus. 1 Sen.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd 130

To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still

My life and services.

Men. It then remains

That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseeth you Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them

For my wounds' sake to give their suffrage.
Please you

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people Must have their voices; neither will they bate

One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't.
Pray you go fit you to the custom, and 140
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part That I shall blush in acting, and might well Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them 'Thus I did,
and thus!'

Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire

Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon't.
We recommend to you, Tribunes of the
People,

Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul

Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Corolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Cornets. Then exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the

people.

Sic May they perceive's intent! He will

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them

As if he did contemn what he requested 155 Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them Of our proceedings here. On th' marketplace

I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Rome. The Forum. Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them.

lagratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 Cit. We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some abram, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd; and truly I think if all our wits were to issue o t of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' th' compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wif will not so soon out as another man's will—'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head; but it it were at liberty 'twould sure southward.

2 Cd. Why that way?

3 Cit. To lose itself in a tog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks; you may, you may.

3 Cd. Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, it he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus, in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility. Mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [Exeunt Citizens.

Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known

The worthest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?
'I pray, sir'—Plague upon't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds! 50

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and

From th' noise of our own drums.'

Men. You must not speak of that. You must desire them
To think upon you.

Think upon me? Hang'em! Cor. I would they would torget me, like the virtués

Which our divines lose by 'em.

You'll mar all Men. I'll leave you. Pray you speak to 'em, I pray you,-

In wholesome manner.

[Exit.

Re-enter three of the Citizens.

Bid them wash their faces Cor. And keep their teeth clean. So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing

here.

3 Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't. Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

3 Cit. How, not your own desire? Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

3 Cit. You must think, it we give you anything, we hope to gain by you. 71 Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' th' consulship?

1 Cit. The price is to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, sir, I pray let me ha't. have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?
2 Cit. You shall ha' it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There's in all two

worthy voices begg'd. I have your alms.

3 Ct. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again -but 'tis no matter. [Exeunt the three Citizens.

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

4 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

4 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends. You have not indeed loved the

common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than Endue my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly. That is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

5 Cit. We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily. 4 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, artily! [Exeunt Citizens. heartily !

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve. Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this wolvish toge should I stand

here To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't.

What custom wills, in all things should we do't.

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For truth to o'erpeer. Rather than fool it so.

Let the high office and the honour go To one that would do thus. I am half through:

The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe voices. Your voices. For your voices I have fought:

Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear

Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice I have seen and heard of; for your voices

have

Done many things, some less, some more. Your voices?

Indeed, I would be consul.

6 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

7 Cit. Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul l [Exeunt Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation, and the tribunes

you with the people's voice. Remains

That, in th' official marks invested, you Anon do meet the Senate.

Is this done? Cor. Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd.

CORIOLANUS 「Act 2

mon'd

To meet anon, upon your approbation. Cor. Where? At the Senate House? There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir. Cor. That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,

Repair to th' Senate House. Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius. He has it now; and by his looks methinks 'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! Have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice.

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices. Certainly: 155 3 Cit.

He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech-he did not mock us.

but savs

He us'd us scornfully. He should have When he hath power to crush? Why, had show'd us

His marks of ment, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure. All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show in private,

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn, 'I would be consul;' says he 'aged custom

But by your voices will not so permit me; Your voices therefore '. When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices. Thank you.

Your most sweet voices. Now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you'. Was not this

mockery? Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see't,

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness To yield your voices?

Could you not have told him-As you were lesson'd-when he had no power

But was a petty servant to the state, 175 844

The people do admit you, and are sum- He was your enemy; ever spake against 140 Your liberties and the charters that you bear

I' th' body of the weal; and now, arriving A place of potency and sway o' th' state. If he should still malignantly remain Fast foe to th' pleben, your voices might Be curses to yourselves? You should have said

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less Than what he stood for, so his gracious

Would think upon you for your voices, and Translate his malice towards you into love. Standing your friendly lord.

Thus to have said. As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature. Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught. So, putting him to

You should have ta'en th' advantage of his . choler

And pass'd him unelected.

Did you perceive He did solicit you in free contempt When he did need your loves; and do you think

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, That his contempt shall not be bruising to you

your bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues to cry

Against the rectorship of judgment? Have you Ere now denied the asker, and now again. Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow

Your su'd-for tongues? 3 Cit. He's not confirm'd: we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him;

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound. 1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends

They have chose a consul that will from them take

Their liberties, make them of no more voice Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking

As therefore kept to do su.

Sic. Let them assemble; And, on a safer judgment, all revoke 215 Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride And his old hate unto you; besides, forget

Scene 31 CORTOLANTIS

With what contempt he wore the humble We will be there before the stream o' th'

How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves. Thinking upon his services, took from Which we have goaded onward.

you

Th' apprehension of his present portance. Which, most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you. Bru.

A fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd.

No impediment between, but that you must

Cast your election on him.

Say you chose him Sic. More after our commandment than as guided

By your own true affections; and that your minds.

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do Than what you should, made you against the grain

To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us. Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you.

How youngly he began to serve his country, How long continued: and what stock he springs of-

The noble house o' th' Marcians; from whence came

That Ancus Marcius, Numi's daughter's

Who, after great Hostilius, here was king : Of the same house Publius and Quintus were.

That our best water brought by conduits hither:

And Censorinus, nobly named so,

Twice being by the people chosen censor, Was his great ancestor.

One thus descended, That hath beside well in his person wrought To be set high in place, we did commend To your remembrances; but you have found.

Scaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke Your sudden approbation.

Say you ne'er had done't-Harp on that still—but by our putting on: And presently, when you have drawn your number.

Repair to th' Capitol.

Ĉitirens. We will so; almost all Repent in their election. [Exeunt Plebeians. Let them go on;

This mutiny were better put in hazard Than stay, past doubt, for greater.

If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refusal, both observe and answer The vantage of his anger.

Sic. 'To th' Capitol, come. people:

And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

SCLNI. I. Rome. A street.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cornets. all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Larrius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

Last. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first.

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon's again. Com. They are worn, Lord Consul, so That we shall hardly in our ages see

Then banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius? Last. On safeguard he came to me, and did curse

Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town. He is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me? Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? What? Last. How often he had met you, sword

to sword; That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he? Last, At Antium. Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him

there. To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and BRUIUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people. The tongues o' th' common mouth. I do despise them.

For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble suiterance.

Pass no further. Stc.

Cor. Ha! What is that? Bru. It will be dangerous to go on--no turther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices? 30

CORIOLANUS TAct 3

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to th' In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him Sic. Stop.

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd? Must these have voices, that can yield them now

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Be calm, be calm. Men. Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule Nor ever will be rul'd. Call't not a plot.

The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,

When corn was given them gratis, vou repin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness. Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all. Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence? How? I inform them! Com. You are like to do such business. Bru. Not unlike

Each way to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By vond clouds.

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

You show too much of that For which the people stir; if you will pass To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, Or never be so noble as a consul, Nor voke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm. Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This

palt'ring Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely

I' th' plain way of his merit.

Tell me of corn ! This was my speech, and I will speak't again---

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Cor. Now, as I hve, I will.

them Regard me as I do not flatter, and Therein behold themselves. I say again,

Senate The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition.

Which we ourselves have plough'd for. sow'd, and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more. 1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you. Cor. How? no more! As for my country I have shed my blood, 76 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay against those measles

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' th' people 80 As if you were a god, to punish; not As it you were infirmity.

A man of their infirmity.

Twere well

We let the people know't. Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler! Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, 85

By Jove, 'twould he my mind It is a mind That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further. Cur. Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you

His absolute 'shall'?

Com. 'Twas from the canon. Cor. Shall'! oo

O good but most unwise patricians! Why, You grave but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer That with his peremptory 'shall', being but The horn and noise o' th' monster's, wants not spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch, And make your channel his? If he have power.

Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd. Be not as common tools; if you are not, roo Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,

If they be senators; and they are no less, When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste

Not in this heat, sir, now. Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate: My nobler friends, I crave their par- And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall'

dons.
63 His popular 'shall', against a graver bench
For the mutable, rank-scented meiny, let Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself.

> It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches

Scene 1] CORIGLANUS

To know, when two authorities are up, Neither supreme, how soon confusion to May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take The one by th' other.

Com. Well, on to th' market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give
forth

The coin o' th' storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd

Sometime in Greece-

Men. Well, well, no more of that. 118
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute pow'r—

I say they nourish'd disobedience, ted The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They
know the corn 120

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd

They ne'er did service for't; being press'd to th' war

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd.

They would not thread the gates. This kind of service

Did not deserve coin gratis. Being i' th' war,

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd

Most valour, spoke not for them. Th

accusation
Which they have often made against the

Which they have often made against the Senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the native 1 of our so trank clonation. Well, what then?

How shall this bosom multiplied digest The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express What's like to be their words: 'We did request it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear They gave us our demands'. Thus we debase

The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares fears; which will in time Break ope the locks o' th' Senate and bring in

The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough. Bru. Enough, with over n-casure.

What may be sworn by, both divice and human.

Seal what I end withal! This double worship,

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other

Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no 145

Of general ignoration—it must out the Real necessities, and give way the while To unstable slightness. Purpose so bur'd, it follows:

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you—

You that will be less tourful than discreet; That love the fundamental part of state More than you doubt the change on't; that niefer

A noble life before a long, and with To jump a body with a dangerous physic That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out

The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick

The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state

Of that integrity which should become't, Not having the power to do the good it would,

For th' ill which doth control't.

Bru. Ifas sa

Bru. Has spoken like a traitor and shall answer

As traitors do.

Co Then wietch, despite o'erwhelm thee!

What should the people do with these bald tribunes,
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench? In a rebellion,

When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,

Then were they chosen; in a better hour Let what is meet be said it must be meet, And throw their power i' th' dust. 170 Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? No. Bru. The addles, ho!

unter an Aidile.

Let him be apprehended. Sic. Go call the people, [Exit Ædile] in whose name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,

A foe to th' public weal. Obey, I charge thee, 175
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Patricians. We'll smety him.
Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, estiep thing! or I shall shake

the lience.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Piebeians, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect. 180 Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, rediles.

Plebeians. Down with him! down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus. All. Tribunes! patricians! citizens! What, ho! Sicinius! Brutus! Coriolanus! Citizens! Patricians. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath:

Confusion's near: I cannot speak. You Tribunes

To th' people-Coriolanus, patience! Speak, good Sicinius.

Hear me, people; peace Plebeians. Let's hear our tribune. Peace Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your

liberties. Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul. Fie, fie, fie! This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all

Sic. What is the city but the people? Plebeians. True.

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

You so remain. Plebeians. Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat. To bring the roof to the foundation, And bury all which yet distinctly ranges In heaps and piles of ruin.

This deserves death. Eru. Or let us stand to our authority Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce, Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power We were elected theirs: Marcius is worthy Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him: Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

Ædiles, seize him. Bru. Plebeians. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; beseech you, Tribunes. 215

Hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace! Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,

And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redress.

Sir, those cold ways, 220 That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

upon him

And bear him to the rock.

[Coriolanus draws his sword.

Cor. No: I'll die here. There's some among you have beheld me fighting;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes. withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help, You that be noble; help him, young and old.

Plebeians. Down with him, down with him! [In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the Peop'e are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away.

All will be nought else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast . We have as many ir ends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ? The gods forbid ! I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house:

Leave us to cure this cause. For 'tis a sore upon us 235 You cannot tent yourself; be gone. beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us,

Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd not alcreens, as they are not, Though ca'ved i' th' porch o' th' Capitol.

Be gone. 'u. not your worthy rage into cour tongue; One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground

could beat forty of them. Men. I could myself Take up a brace o' th' best of them; yea,

the two tribunes. Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arith-

metic, And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands

Against a falling fabric. Will you hence, Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear

What they are us'd to bear. Pray you be gone. 250 Men. 'll try whether my old wit be in request With those that have but little; this must

be patch'd With cloth of any colour.

Nay, come away. [Exeunt Coriolanus and Commins, with others.

Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune. Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death.

[A noise within

Here's goodly work!

Pat. I would they were a bed.

Men. I would they were in Tiber.

What the vengeance, could be not speal 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the Rabble again.

Sic. Where is this v per

That would depopulate the city and Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes— Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock

With figorous hands; he hath resisted law And therefore law shall scorn him further

Than the severity of the public power,

Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know The noble tribunes are 'he people's moutis, And we their hands.

Plebeians. He shall, sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes't that you Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak. As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults.

Sic. Consul! What consul? Men. The consul Corrolanus.

Bru. He consul! 280

Plebeians. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tubune's leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;

The which shad turn you to no further

The which shad turn you to no further harm

Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then, so For we are peremptory to dispatch This viperous fraitor; to eject him hence Were but one danger, and to keep him here Our certain death; therefore it is decreed He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid 2000 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserved children is enroll'd In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease—

Mortal, to cat if on: to care it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy
death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath

Which I date vouch is more than that he hath

By many an ounce—he dropt it for his country;

And what is left, to lose it by his country. Were to us all that do't and suffer it

A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Stc. This is cican kam Bru. Merely awiy. When he did love his country,

It honour'd him.

Sic. The service of the foot, Being once gangien'd, is not then respected For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more. Pursue him to his house and pluck him

thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching
nature,

Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word! This tiget-footed rage, when it shall find the harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,

Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,

Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out, And sack great Rome with Romans. 310 Bru. It it were 50—

Six. What do ye talk? Have we not had a taste of his obedience—Our addles smote, ourselves resisted?

Come!

Men. Consider this: he has been bred

1' th' wars
Since 'a could draw a sword, and is ill
school'd
n bolted language; meal and bran

together

le throws without distinction. Give me leave.

'll go to him and undertake to bring him

Where he shall answer by a lawful form, 3.5 n peace, to his utmost peril.

I Sen. Noble Tribune, t is the humane way; the other course Will prove too bloody, and the end of it Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius, 3e you then as the people's officer. 330

Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll

where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed

In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.

To the Senators Let me desire your com- For the whole state, I would put mine pany; he must come, 335 Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you let's to him. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rome. The house of Coriolanus. Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears. present me

Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels; Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock, That the precipitation might down stretch Below the beam of sight; yet will I still 5 Be thus to them.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont

To call them woollen vassals, things created To buy and sell with groats; to show bare

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder.

When one but of my ordinance stood up To speak of peace or war.

En'er Volumnia.

I talk of you: Why did you wish me milder? Would you

have me False to my nature? Rather say I play 15 The man I am.

O, sir, sir, sir, Vol.

I would have had you put your power well

Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are With striving less to be so; lesser had been The thwartings of your dispositions, if You had not show'd them how ye were

dispos'd, Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Let them hang. Vol. Av. and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough; You must return and mend it.

 Sen. There's no remedy, Unless, by not so doing, our good city Cleave in the midst and perish.

Pray be counsell'd; I have a heart as little apt as yours, 20 To better vantage

Men. Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that

The violent fit o' th' time craves it as physic Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand; 850

armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do? Men. Return to th' tribunes.

Well, what then, what then? Cor. Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods:

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Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute: Though therein you can never be too noble But when extremities speak. I have heard you say

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends. I' th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me

In peace what each of them by th' other lose

That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush! Men.

A good demand. Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem The same you are not, which for your best ends

You adopt your policy, how is it less or WORSE

That it shall hold companionship in peace With honour as in war; since that to both It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this? Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak

To th' people, not by your own instruction. Nor by th' matter which your heart prompts you,

But with such words that are but roted in Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables

Of no allowance to your borom's truth. Now, this no more dishonours you at all Than to take in a town with gentle words. Which else would put you to your fortune and

The haza. I of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature where My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd

I should do so in honour. I am in this Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles:

And you will rather show our general louts How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em

For the inheritance of their loves and safe-

guard Of what that want might ruin.

Men.

Noble lady! But yet a brain that leads my use of anger Come, go with us, speak fair; you may salve so, Well said, noble woman! Not what is dangerous present, but the loss Of what is past.

Vol. I prithet now, my son, And thus far having stretch'd it—here be Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be with the n-

Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business Action is cloquence, and the eyes of th'

ignorant

head.

Which often thus correcting thy stout heart, Now humble as the ripest mulberry That will not hold the handling. Or say to

Thou art their soldier and, being bred in broils.

Hast not the soft way which, thou dose confess.

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim. In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame

Thyself, fors oth, hereafter theirs, so far 85 As thou hast power and person.

This but done Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were

yours; For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free As words to little purpose.

Prithee now, Vol. Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather

Follow thin, enemy in a nery gulf Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius. Com. I have been i' th' market-place; and, sir, 'tıs fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself By calmness or by absence; all's in anger. Men. Only fair speech.

I think 'twill serve, if he Can thereto frame his spirit.

He must and will. Prithee now, say you will, and go about it. Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd

sconce? Must I With my base tongue give to my noble heart

A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't; Yet, were there but this single plot to lose, This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it.

And throw't against the wind. To th' market-place!

You have put me now to such a part which never

I shall discharge to th' life. Come, come, we'll prompt you. Com. Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so, To have my praise for this, perform a part Thou hast not done before.

Well, I must do't. 110 Away, my disposition, and possess me

turn'd.

Which quier'd with my dium, into a pipe Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves

More learned than the ears-waving thy Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knces.

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do't. Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth, And by my body's action teach my mind A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then. To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour Than thou of them. Come a" to ruin. Let Thy mother rather feel thy pude than fear Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death

With as hig heart as thou. Do as thou list. Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:

But owe thy pride thyself.

Pray be content. 130 Mother, I am going to the market-place; Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves.

Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.

Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul.

Or never trust to what my tongue can do I' th' way of flattery further,

Vol. Do your will. [Exit. Com. Away! The tribunes do attend you. Arm yourselt

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd With accusations as I hear, more strong Than are upon you yet. Cor. The word is 'mildly'. Pray you let

us go. Let them a cuse me by invention: I

Will answer in mine honour. Ay, but mildly, 144 Men. Cor. Well, mildly be it then-mildly.

The Forum. Scene III. Rome. Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects

Tyrannical power. If he evade us there, Enforce him with his envy to the people, And that the spoil got on the Antiates Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

[Exeuns.

CORIOLANUS IAct 3

Æd. He's coming

How accompanied? Bru. Æ1. Wirb old Menenius, and those senators

That always favour'd him.

Have you a catalogue Sic. Of all the voices that we have procur'd, Set down by th' poll?

I have; 'tis ready. 10 Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ? I have. Æd.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither; And when they hear me say 'It shall be so I' th' right and strength o' th commons' be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them

If I say one, cry 'Fine!'—it death, crv 'Death!'

Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' th' truth o' th' cause.

I shall inform them. Æd. Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence

Verv well. Æd. Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint.

When we shall hap to give't them.

Go about it. Bu [Exit Ædile.

Put him to choler straight. He hath been

Ever to conquer, and to have his worth Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance; then he

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks

With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Com-INIUS, with Others.

Well, here he comes. 30 Men. Calmly, I do beseech you. Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for th' poorest piece

Will bear the knave by th' volume. honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice

Supplied with worthy men! plant love him! among's!

Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,

And not our streets with war !

1 Sen. Amen, amen! Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

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Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace. I say t

Cor First, hear me speak.

Well, say. Peace, ho! Both Tri. Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand, If you submit you to the people's voices. Allow their officers, and are content To suffer lawful censure for such faults As shall be prov'd upon you.

Cor. I am content. Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content. The warlike service he has done, consider: think

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show

Like graves i' th' holy churchyard. Cor. Scratches with briers.

Scars to move laughter only. Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen, 53 You find him like a soldier do not take His rougher accents for malicious sounds, But, as I say, such as become a soldier Rather than envy you.

Com Well, well! No more. Cor. What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice. I am so dishonour'd that the very hour 60 You take it off again?

Answer to us. Cor. Say then; 'tis true, I ought so. Sic. We charge you that you have contriv'd to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind Yourself into a power tyrannical: For which you are a traitor to the people. Cor. How-traitor?

Men. Nav, temperately! Your promise. Cor. The fires i' th' lowest hell fold in the people 1

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would Sav

'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people? Plebeians. To th' rock, to th' rock, with

Sic. Peace 1

We need not put new matter to his charge. What you have seen him do and heard him speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves. Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try himeven this.

So criminal and in such capital kind, Deserves th' extremest death.

Bitt. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome--

What do you or to of service? Bru. I talk of that that know it. Cor. You!

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray (377 ---

I'll know no further. Cor. Let them pronounce the steep Tarperan death.

Vagabond exile, flaving, lent to imger 90 But with a grain a day, I would not buy Their mercy at the price of one fair word, Nor check my courage for what they can give.

To have't with saving 'Goo' morrow'. For that he has-Sic.

As much as in him nes - from time to time Envied against the people, seeking means To pluck away their power; as now at last Given hostile strokes, and that no in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers That do distribute it-in the nam. o' th' people.

And in the power of us the tribunes, we, Ev'n from this instant, banish him our city, In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Larpeian, never more To enter our Rome gates I' th' people's name

I say it hall be so.

Pieberans It shall be so, it shall be so! Let him away!

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. If at me, my masters and my common friends --

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing. Let me speak. I have been consul, and can show for Rome Her enemies' marks upon me. I do tove My country's good with a respect more

tender. More holy and protound, than more own lite.

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's mcrease And treasure of my toms. Then if I would

Speak that --

Sic. We know your shift. Speak what ? Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd.

As enemy to the people and his country. It shall be so.

Plebcians. It shall be so, it shall be so. Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate

As reek o' th' rotten tens, whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men That do corrupt my air-I banish you. 125 If you had been the wife of Hercules,

And here remain with your uncertainty! Let every feeble numour shake your hearts: Your encines, with nodding of their plumes, han you into desparc! Have the power still to banish your detenders till at length 130 Your ignorance-- which finds not till it teels.

Making but reservation of yourselves till your own toes-deliver you

As most abated captives to some nation 134 that won you without blows! Despising For you the city, thus I turn my back : There is a world elsewhere.

[Exeunt Cortolanus, Commus, Menentus, with the other Patricians.

.Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone! I I hey all shout and throw up their caps. Plebetans Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone! Hoo-oo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow

A he hath tollow'd you, with all despite; Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard Attend us through the city.

Plebeians Come, come, let's see him out at ates; come!

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Conie 1Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

SUFNE I. Rome Before a gate of the city. Inter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, MININIUS, COMINIUS, with the young Nobility of Rome

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief tarewell. The beast

With many heads buits me away. Nay, mother.

Where is your ancient comage? You were u.'d

To say extremities was the trier of spirits; That common chances common men could bear:

That when the sea was calm all boats alike Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,

When most struck home, being gentle wounded craves

A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me With precepts that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Nay, I prithee, woman-Cor. Vol. Now the red postulence strike all trades in Rome,

And occupations perish!

What, what, what! Cor. I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother. Resume that spirit w. en you were wont

to say.

CORIOLANUS Six of his labours you'd have done, and I'd with thee every toot. sav'd Your husband so much sweat. Cominius, Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother. I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius. Thy tears are salter than a younger man's And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime General, I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women 'Tis fong to wail inev table strokes, As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot My hazards still have been your solace; and Believe't not lightly—though i go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen-your son Will or exceed the common or be caught With cautelous baits and practice.

My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius With thee awhile; determine on some course

More than a wild exposture to each chance That starts i' th' way before thee. Vir. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

hear of us, And we of thee; so, if the time thrust

forth A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send O'er the vast world to seek a single man, And lose advantage, which doth ever cool

I' th' absence of the needer. Cor. Fare ve well: Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full

Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and

My friends of noble touch; when I am forth.

Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come.

While I remain above the ground you shall Hear from me still, and never of me aught But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily As any ear can hear. Come, let's not

If I could shake off but one seven years 55 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods.

Give me thy hand. Cor. Come. IExeunt.

SCENE II. Rome. A street near the gate.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and BRUTUS, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided In his behalf.

Now we have shown our power, Let us seem humbler after it is done Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home. 5 Say their great enemy is gone, and they Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. Exil Ædile.

Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her. Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad. Bru. They have ta'en note of us; keep on your way.

Vol. O, y'are well met; th' hoarded plague o' th' gods

Requite your love!

Peace, peace, be not so loud. Men. Vol If that I could for weeping, you should hear-

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst Nay, and you shall hear some, [To Brutus] Will you be gone?
Vir. [To Sicinius] You shall stay too. I

would I had the power

To say so to my husband. Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this, fool:

Was not a man my father 1 Hadst thou foxship

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome

Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens! 20 Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee whatvet go!

Nay, but thou shalt stay too. I would my

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then! 25 He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.

ood man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to hiccountry

As he began, and not unknit himself The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had'! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble—

Cats that can judge as fitly of his worth As I can of those mysteries which heaven 3 Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let's go

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone; You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in Rome, so far my

This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd does exceed you

Whom you have banish'd does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you. I would the gods had nothing else to do 4 But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em But once a day, it would unclog my heart Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home, And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll

cup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,

And so shall stary; with feeding. Come, let's go.

Leave this faint puling and lament as I do, In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come. [Exeunt Volumnia and Virgilia.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [Exit.

Scene III. A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir. Truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? No! Rom. The same, sir.

Vois. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! Is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come up.n them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent to eaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banish'd!

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fall'n out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate "hus accidentally to encounter you; you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shal between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one: the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in th' entertainment, and to be on toot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir. I have the most cause to be glad of yours. 47 Rom. Well, let us go together. [Excunt.

Scene IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City, 'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir

Of these fair edifices fore my wars Have I heard groan and drop. Then know

me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys
with stones,
s

In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,

40

Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium? Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the

At his house this night.

Which is his house, beseech you? Cit. This here before you.

Thank you, sir; farewell. Cor. [Exit Citizen. O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now

fast sworn. Whose double bosoms seems to wear one

heart. Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a dissension of a doit, break out

To hitterest enmity; so fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance, Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends

And interioin their issues. So with me: My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon This enemy town. I'll enter. If he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, 25 (Exit. I'll do his country service.

Scene V. Ant.um. Aufid us's house Music plays. Enter a Serv ngman.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. Exit.

Enter another Servingman.

2 Serv. Where's Cotus? My master calls for him. Cotus!

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well, but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Scivingman.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray go to the door. Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertain-

ment

In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away. Cor. Now th' art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets hin.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on. I cannot get h m out o' th' house. ' Prithee call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow?

Pray you avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand-I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marv'llous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am. 3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you avoid. Come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits. Pushes him away from him. 3 Serv. What, you will not? Prithee tell my master what a strange guest he has

here. Serv. And I shail. I Exit.

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy? Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that ?

Cor. I' th' city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' th' city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master. 3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my maste ?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou prat'st and prat'st; serve with thy !rencher; hence! Beats him away.

Enter AUFIDIUS with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Seri. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auſ. Whence com'st thou? wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man. What's thy name?

Cor. [Unmuffling] If, Tullus, Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me,

dost not Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myselt. Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears.

And harsh in sound to thine.

Say, what's thy name? Auf. Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy

torn.

Scene 51 CORIOLANUS

Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy! And ay "Tis true" I'd not believe them name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown-know'st! thou me vet

Auf. I know thee not. Thy name? Cor. My name is Caius Maicius, who hat is done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus. The painfu service,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood

Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname—a good memory

And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains:

The cruelty and envy of the people,

Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all torsook me, hath devour'd the rest And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if & I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th'

I would have 'voided thee; but in mere

To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight

And make my misery serve thy turn. So use it

That my revengeful services may prove As benefits to thee; for I will fight Against my cank'red country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But if so be Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Th'art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary, and present " My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice: Which not to cut would show thee but a

fool, Since I have ever followed thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast.

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless roo It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius! Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yond cloud speak divine things.

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Than thee, all noble Marcus. Let me twine Mare arms about that body, where against id, graned ash an hundred times hath broke

And scarr'd the moon with splinters; here i clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest 110 As hothy and as nobly with thy love As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour. Know thou first.

I lov'd the maid I married; never man Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee

here, Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mais, I tell thee

We have a power on toot, and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,

Or lose minearm for't. Thouhast beat meout Twelve several times, and I have nightly since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and

We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's

throat --And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcuis.

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome but

Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster

From twelve to seventy, and, pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome, Like a hold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in, And take our friendly senators by th' hands, Who now are here, taking their leaves of me Who am prepar'd against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

You bless me, gods! 135 Cor. Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take Th' one half of my commission, and set down-

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st

Thy country's strength and weaknessthine own ways.

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome.

Or rudely visit them in parts remote To fright them ere destroy. But come in; Let me commend thee first to those that shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes! And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

most welcome!

[Exeunt Cortolanus and Aufidius.

The two Servingmen come forward.

1 Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 Serv. What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as

one would set up a top.

- 2 Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him; he had, sir, a kind of face, methought-I cannot tell how to term it.
- 1 Serv. He had so, looking as it were-Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn. He is samply the rarest man i' th' world.

1 Serv. I think he is; but a greater soldier than he you wot one.

2 Serv. Who, my master?

1 Serv. Nav, it's no matter for that. 165

2 Serv. Worth six on him.

- 1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.
- 2 Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town our general is excellent.
 - 1 Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter the third Servingman.

3 Serv. O slaves, I can tell you newsnews, you rascals!

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake. 3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations: I had as lief be a condemn'd

man. Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general-Caius Marcius.

1 Serv. Why do you say 'thwack our general'?

3 Serv. I do not say 'thwack our general'. but he was always good enough for him.

- 2 Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends. He was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.
- 1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't; before Corioli he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.
- 2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But more of thy news!

3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' th' table; no question asked him by any of the senators but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself

Yet. Marcius, that was much. Your hand; with's hand, and turns up the white o' th' eve to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' th' middle and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by th' ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Serv. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Serv. Do't! He will do't; for look you, sir. he has as many triends as enemies: which friends, sir, as it were, durst notlook you, sir-show themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilest he's in directitude.

1 Serv. Directitude? What's that? 200 3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after

rain, and revel all with him.

1 Serv. But when goes this forward? 213 3 Serv. To-morrow, to-day, presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 'tis as it were a parcel of their teast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase failors, and breed ballad-

makers.

I Serv. Let me have war, say I; it ex-17: ceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 Serv. 'Tis so; and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of

cuckolds.

1 Sert. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Serv. Reason · because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in!

SCENE VI. Rome. A public place. Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and BRUIUS.

Exeunt.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him.

His remedies are tame. The present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry, here do make his friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,

Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold

vissentious numbers pest'ring streets than Reports the Volsces with two several

Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and Are ent'red in the Roman territories. going

About their functions friendly.

Enter MENUNIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind

Of late. Hail, sir!

Hail to you both! Men.Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd But with his friends. The commonwealth doth stand.

And so would do, were he more angry at it. Men. All's well, and might have been much better it

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you? Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both! God-den, our neighbours. Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees

Are bound to pray for you both.

Live and thrive! Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Now the gods keep you! 25 Citizens. Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Citizens. Sic. This is a happier and more comely time

Than when these fellows ran about the streets

Crying confusion.

Caius Marcius was Bru.

A worthy officer i' th' war, but insolent, 30 O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,

Self-loving-

And affecting one sole throne, Sic. Without assistance.

I think not so. Men.

We should by this, to all our Good Marcius home again. lamentation.

If he had gone forth consul, found it so. Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes. There is a slave, whom we have put in prison.

powers

And with the deepest malice of the war

Destroy what hes before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world, Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius? Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be

The Vo'sces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be ! We have -ecord that very well it can: 50 And three examples of the like hath been Within my age. But reason with the fellow Before you punish him, where he heard this,

Lest you shall chance to whip your information

And beat the messenger who bids beware 55 Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me. I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are

going Ail to the Senate House some news is come

That turns their countenances.

'Tis this slave-Go whip him fore the people's eyes—his raising,

Nothing but his report.

Yes, worthy sir, Mess. The slave's report is seconded, and more. More fearful, is deliver'd

Sic. What more fearful? Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths-

How probable I do not know—that Marcius, Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,

And yows revenge as spacious as between The young'st and oldest thing.

This is most likely! Sic Bru. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish

The very trick on't. Sic.

Men. This is unlikely. He and Aufidius can no more atone Than vio ent'st contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. You are sent for to the Senate. 75 'A fearful army, led by Calus Marcius Associated with Aufidius, rages Upon our territories, and have already

and took

What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work! What news? what news? Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters and

To melt the city leads upon your pates, To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses-

Men. What's the news? What's the news?

Your temples burned in their Com. cement, and

franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd

Into an auger's bore.

Pray now, your news? ASPIL. You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your news.

It M rrcrusshould be join'd wi'th' Volscians-If! 90 He is their god: he leads them like a thing Made by some other deity than Nature, That shapes man better: and they follow

Against us brats with no less confidence Than boys pursuing summer butterflies, or Or butchers killing flies.

You have made good work, You and your apron men; you that stood

so much Upon the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic-eaters!

He'll shake Your Rome about your ears.

As Hercules Men. Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work !

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Ay; and you'll look pale Before you find it other. All the regions Do smilingly revolt, and who resists

Are mock'd for valiant ignorance. And perish constant tools. Who is't can blame him?

him.

Men. We are all undone unless The noble man have mercy.

Coin. Who shall ask it? The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the

people Deserve such pity of him as the wolf Does of the shepherds; for his best friends.

if they say 'Be good to Rome'—they Should say

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,

And therein show'd like enemies. 'Tis true; xx5

O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire If he were putting to my house the brand That should consume it, I have not the face To say 'Beseech you, cease'. You have made fair hands,

You and your claits! You have crafted fair!

You have brought Com.

A trenching upon Rome, such as was never S' incapable of heip.

Both Tri. Say not we brought it. Men. How! Was't we? We lov'd him. but, like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters.

Who did hoot him out o' th' city.

They'll toar him in again. Tullus Aufidius. The second name of men, obeys his points As if he were his other. Desperation 127 Is all the policy, strength, and defence, That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Here comes the clusters. And is Autichus with him? You are they That made the air unwholesome when you cast

Your struking greasy caps in hooting at Coriolanus' evile. Now he's coming, And not a hair upon a soldier's head Which will not prove a whip; as many concombs

As you threw caps up will be tumble down. And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;

If he could burn us all into one coal, We have deserv'd it.

Pleberans. Faith, we hear fearful news. 1 Cit. For mine own part,

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity, 2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com Y'are goodly things, you voices! You have made Men. Your enemies and his find something in Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Capitol ?

Com. O, ay, what else?

Haeunt Commins and Menenius. Sic. Go masters, get you home; be not dismav'd:

These are a side that would be glad to have This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,

And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i th' wrong when we banish'd him. 2 Cit. So did we all. But come, home. [Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Pray let's go. [Exeunt

Scene VII. A camp at a short distance from Rome.

Enter Auridius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to th' Roman? Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore

meat.

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end: And you are dark'ned in this action, sir. Even by your own.

I cannot help it now. Auf. Unless by using means I lame the foot

He bears himself more Of our design. proudlier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would

When first I did embrace him; yet his nature

In that's no changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Yet I wish, sir-Lieu. I mean, for your particular-you had not Join'd in commission with him, but either Had borne the action of yourself, or else 15 To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows not

What I can urge against him. Although it seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20 To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as

As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone That which shall break his neck or hazard mine

Whene'er we come to our account. Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll

carry Rome? Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,

And the nobility of Rome are his; The senators and patricians love him too. 30 The tribunes are no soldiers, and their

people Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature. First he was 35 A noble servant to them, but he could not

Carry his honours even. Whether 'twas pride.

Which out of daily fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgment.

To fail in the disposing of those chances 40 Which he was loid of; or whether nature. Not to be other than one thing, not moving From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb As he controll'd the war, but one of these-

As he hath spices of them all-not all. For I dare so far free him-made him fear'd.

So hated, and so banish'd. But he has a merit

To choke it in the utt'rance. So our virtues Lie in th' interpretation of the time: And power, unto itself most commendable. Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair T' extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one

nail; Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine. Thou art poor'st of all: then shortly art

thou mine. IExeunt.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius and BRUIUS the two Tribunes, with Others.

Men. No, I'll not go. You hear what he hath said

Which was sometime his general, who lov'd him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:

But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him:

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home

Com. He would not seem to know me. Do you hear? Men.

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. 'Coriolanus He would not answer to; forbad all names; He was a kind of nothing, titleless.

Till he had forg'd himself a name i' th' fire Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ! You have made good work. A pair of tribunes that have wrack'd for

Rome To make coals cheap-a noble memory!

CORTOL ANTIS [Act 5

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to And then I'll set upon him. When it was less expected; he replied, It was a base petition of a state To one whom they had punish'd. Very well. Men. Could he say less? Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard For's private friends; his answer to me was. He could not stay to pick them in a pile 25 Of noisome musty chaff. He said 'twas folly. For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt And still to nose th' offence. For one poor grain or two! I am one of those. His mother, wife, his child. And this brave fellow too-we are the grains: You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt Above the moon. We must be burnt for von. Sic. Nay, pray be patient; if you refuse your aid In this so never-needed help, yet do not Upbraid's with our distress. But sure, if And with our fair entreaties haste them on. Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue, More than the instant army we can make, Might stop our countryman. No; I'll not meddle. Men. Sic. Pray you go to him. What should I do? Men. Bru. Only make trial what your love can do For Rome, towards Marcius. Well, and say that Marcius Return me, as Cominius is return'd, Unheard-what then? But as a discontented friend, grief-shot With his unkindness? Say't be so? Sic. Yet your good will 45 Must have that thanks from Rome atter the measure As you intended well. I'll undertake't; I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip And hum at good Cominius much unhearts rae. He was not taken well: he had not din'd; The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and We pout upon the morning, are unapt To give or to forgive; but when we have Is not here passable. stuff'd These pipes and these conveyances of our blood The book of his good acts whence men have With wine and feeding, we have suppler His fame unparallel'd haply amplified; Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore I'll For I have ever verified my friendswatch him Of whom he's chief—with all the size that 'lill he be dieted to my request,

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Bru. You know the very road into his kindness And cannot lose your way. Good faith, I'll prove him, 60 Men. Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge Of my success. [Exit. Com. He'll never hear him. Sic. Not? Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eve Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him: 'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise': dismiss'd me Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do. He sent in writing after me; what he would not. Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions: So that all hope is vain, Unless his noble mother and his wife. Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him For mercy to his country. Therefore let's hence, [Exeunt. Scene II. The Volscian camp before Rome. Enter MENENIUS to the Watch on guard. 1 Watch. Stay. Whence are you? 2 Watch. 2 Watch. Stand, and go back. Men. You guard like men, 'tis well; but, by your leave. I am an officer of state and come To speak with Coriolanus. 1 Watch. From whence? Men. From Rome. 1 Watch. You may not pass; you must return. Our general Will no more hear from thence. 2 Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before You'll speak with Coriolanus. Men. Good my friends, If you have heard your general talk of Rome And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius. 1 Watch. Be it so; go back. The virtue of your name Men. I tell thee, fellow. Thy general is my lover. I have been

verity

Would without lapsing suffer. Nay, sometimes, prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old tather Menenius does! O my son! my

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20 I have tumbled past the throw, and in his

Have almost stamp'd the leasing; therefore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

Watch. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as viituous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party

of your general.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? For I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a Roman, are you? 35

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate Rome, a. he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them. and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore back to Rome and prepare for your execution. You are condemn'd; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation. 50

1 Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy general.

1 Watch. My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood. Back—that's the utmost of your having.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow-

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus. Guess but by my entertainment with him if thou stand'st not i' th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular

piosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old tather Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art piepaing fire toi us; loof thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs, and conjuie thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this vailet here; this, w! o, like a block, hath denied my access to thee. 73 Cor. Away!

CORIOLANUS

Men. How! away i

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not.
My affairs

Are servanted to others. Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies so In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,

Ingrate torgetfulness shall poison rather Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone.

Mine ears against your suits are stronger than

Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake
[Gives a letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word,
Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,

Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st.

Auf. You keep a constant temper. 90 [Excunt Corolonus and Aufidius. 1 Watch. Now, sir, is our name Menenius?

2 Watch. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power! You know the way home again.

1 Watch. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 Watch. What cause, do you think, I

have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for th' world nor your general; for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to: Away! [Exit.

I Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our general; he's the rock, the oak not to be windshaken. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The tent of Coriolanus. Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host. My partner in this action.

You must report to th' Volscian lords how plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against

The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper-no, not with such friends

That thought them sure of you.

This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,

Lov'd me above the measure of a father; 10 Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge

Was to send him; for whose old love I have-

Though I show'd sourly to him-once more offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse And cannot now accept. To grace him only,

That thought he could do more, a very little

I have yielded to; fresh embassies and suits.

Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter

shout is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20 In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

in mourning habits. VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, young MARCIUS, with Attendants.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

The grandchild to her blood. But out. affection !

All bond and privilege of nature, break! 25 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate. What is that curtsy worth? or those doves'

eyes, Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows,

As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod; and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession which Great nature cries 'Deny not'. Let the Volsces

Plough Rome and harrow Italy; I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but

As if a man were author of himself And knew no other kin.

Vir.

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd

Makes you think <o.

Like a dull actor now 40 Cor. I have forgot my part and I am out. Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh.

Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,

For that, 'Forgive our Romans'. O. a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! 45 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss

I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,

And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' th' earth; [Kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression show sa Than that of common sons.

(), stand up blest! Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint I kneel before thee, and unproperly

Show duty, as mistaken all this while Between the child and parent. [Kneels. What's this? Cor.

Your knees to me, to your corrected son? Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous phniw

Will I lend ear to. [Shout within] Ha! what Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun.

Murd'ring impossibility, to make

What cannot be slight work. Vol. Thou art my warrior:

I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady? Cor. The noble sister of Publicula,

The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle 65 That's curdied by the trost from purest snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple—dear Valeria! Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours, Which by th' interpretation of full time

May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers, 70 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou

mayst prove To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' th' wars

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah. 75

Cor. That's my brave boy. Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,

Are suitors to you.

I beseech you, peace! Cor. Or, if you'd ask, remember this before: The thing I have forsworn to grant may never

My lord and husband! Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's mechanics. Tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not T'allay my rages and revenges with Your colder reasons.

Yol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us
any thing—

For we have nothing else to ask but that Which you deny already; yet we will ask, That, if you fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll

Hear nough, from Rome in private. Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment of And state of bodies would bewray what lite

And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself

How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither: since that the sight

Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance

with comforts, Constrains them weep and shake with fear

and sorrow,
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tear-

His country's bowels out. And to poor we Thine enmity's most capital: thou bar'st

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy. For how can we, Alas, how can we for our country pray, Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,

Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we must lose

The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find

An evident calamity, though we had

Our wish, which side should win; for either
thou

Must as a foreign recreant be led
With manacles through our streets, or
else

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin, And bear the palm for having bravely shed Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune till

These wars determine; if I can not persuade thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts

Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner

March to assault thy country than to

Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine, 125 That brought you forth this boy to keep your name

Living to time.

Boy. 'A shall not tread on me! I'll run away tili I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be Requires not child nor woman's face to see. I have sat too long. [Rising. Vol. Nav. go not from us thus

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus. It it were so that our request did tend To save the Romans, thereby to destroy

The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us

As poisonous of your honour. No, our suit is that you reconcile them: while the Volsces

May say 'This mercy we have show'd', the Romans

'This we receiv'd', and each in either side Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest

For making up this peace! 'Thou know'st,
great son,
The and of war's upportains but the

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,

That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name

Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;

Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out, Destroy'd his country, and his name remains

To th' ensuing age abhorr'd'. Speak to me, son.

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,

To imitate the graces of the gods, 13' To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air.

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man Still to remember wrongs? Daughter,

speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou,
boy:

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more

Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world

More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate

Like one i' th' stocks. Thou hast never in thy life 160 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,

CORIOLANUS [Act 5

When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood.

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home

Loaden with honour. Say my request's uniust.

And spurn me back; but if it be not so, 165 Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which

To a mother's part belongs. He turns away. Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride Than pity to our prayers. Down. An end; This is the last. So we will home to Rome,

And die among our neighbours. behold's!

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have

But kneels and holds up hands for fellow-

Does reason our petition with more strength Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go. This fellow had a Volscian to his mother; His wife is in Corioli, and his child

Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch.

I am hush'd until our city be afire,

And then I'll speak a little.

[He holds her by the hand, silent. O mother, mother! What have you done? Behold, the heavens

do ope. The gods look down, and this unnatural

They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O! You have won a happy victory to Rome; But for your son—believe it, O, believe it!— Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd.

If not most mortal to him. But let it come. Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard

A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius? Auf. I was mov'd withal.

I dare be sworn you were! And, sir, it is no little thing to make 195 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good

What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you

Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife! Auf. [Aside] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee. Out of that I'll work

Myself a former fortune.

Co. [To the ladies] Ay, by and by : But we will drink together; and you shall bear

A better witness back than words, which W.

On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd. Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve To have a temple built you. All the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms. Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Rome. A public blace.

Enter MENENIUS and Sicinius.

Men. See you youd coign o' th' Capitol. yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother. may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd. and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly. Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now than an eightvear-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes; when he walks, he moves like an engine and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but

eternity, and a heaven to throne in.
Sic. Yes—mercy, if you report him

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find. And all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us! Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.

The plebeians have got your fellow tribune And hale him up and down; all swearing if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home They'll give him death by inches.

Scene 4] CORIOLANUS

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

2 Mess. Good news, good news! The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

Art thou certain this is true? Is't most certain?

2 Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire.

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? 45 Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown

tide
As the recomforted through th' gates.

Why, hark you! [Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and

fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting
Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you!

IA shout within.

Men. This is good news. 50
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes such as you,

A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:

This morning for ten thousand of your

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! [Sound still with the shouls. Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,

Accept my thankfulness.

2 Mess. Sir, we have all Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city? Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, to And help the joy.

SCENE V. Rome. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Vir-Gilia, Valeria, passing over the stage, with other Lords.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them.

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius, Repeal him with the welcome of his mother; Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

All. Welcome, ladies, Welcome! [A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.

Scene VI. Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' th' city I am here:

Deliver them this paper; having read it, Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I.

Even in thems and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse 5 The city ports by this hath enter'd and Intends t' appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

[Exeunt Altendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf.

Even so ro

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd, And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell; 15
We must proceed as we do find the people.
3 Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits and A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,

He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,

Seducing so my friends; and to this end He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, unswayable, and free. 6 3 Con. Sir, his stoutness

When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of. Being banish'd for't, he came unto my

hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat. I took

him; Made him joint-servant with me; gave

him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files his projects to accomplish

Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments

In mine own person; holp to reap the fame Which he did end all his, and took some pride

To do myself this wrong. Till, at the last, I seem'd his follower, not partner; and

867

I had been mercenary.

So he did, my lord. 1 Con. The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last, When he had carried Rome and that we look'd

For no less spoil than glory-

There was it; Auf. For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are

As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour

Of our great action; therefore shall he die, And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark! 10 [Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,

And had no welcomes home; but he returns

Splitting the air with noise.

And patient tools, 2 Con. Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear

With giving him glory.

Therefore, at your vantage, 3 Con. Ere he express himself or move the people With what he would say, let him feel your sword.

Which we will second. When he lies along, After your way his tale pronounc'd shall

His reasons with his body.

Say no more: Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home. I have not deserv'd it. Auf. But, worthy lords, have you with heed perúsed

What I have written to you? Lords. We have.

 Lord. And grieve to hear't. What faults he made before the last, I think Might have found easy fines; but there to end

Where he was to begin, and give away The benefit of our levies, answering us With our own charge, making a treaty where

There was a yielding-this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours; the Commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier:

No more infected with my country's love 868

He wag'd me with his countenance as if 40 Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting

Under your great command. You are to know That prosperously I have attempted, and With bloody passage led your wars even to

The gates of Rome Our spoils we have brought home Doth more than counterpoise a full third

part The charges of the action. We have made peace

With no less honour to the Antiates Than shame to th' Romans; and we here deliver.

Subscrib'd by th' consuls and patricians. Together with the seal o' th' Senate, what We have compounded on.

Read it not, noble lords: Auf. But tell the traitor in the highest degree 85 He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius, Cor. Marcins 1 Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius! Dost

thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name

Coriolanus, in Corioli? You lords and heads o' th' state, perfidiously

He has betray'd your business and given up. For certain drops of salt, your city Rome-I say your city—to his wife and mother: Breaking his oath and resolution like A twist of rotten silk; never admitting Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears

He whin'd and roar'd away your victory, That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Hear'st thou, Mars? 100 Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears— Cor. Ha! Auf.

-no more. Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart

Too great for what contains it. 'Boy'! O slave! Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that

ever I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my

grave lords. Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion-

Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that

Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join

To thrust the lie unto him. .1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak. Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads.

Scene 61

Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy'! False hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I 115 Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli Alone I did it. 'Boy'!

Why, noble lords, Auf. Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune.

Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,

Fore your own eyes and ears?

Conspirators. Let him die for't. 121 All the people. Tear him to pieces. Do it presently. He kill'd my son. My daughter. He kill'd my cousin Marcus. He kill'd my father.

2 Lord. Peace, ho! No outrage -peace! The man is noble, and his fame folds in 1% This orb o' th' earth. His last offences to us Shall have judicious hearing. Stand. Aufidius.

And trouble not the peace.

O that I had him, With six Aufidiuses, or more-- his tribe. To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain! 179 Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him! The Conspirators draw and kill Coriolanus, who falls. Aulidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold! Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak. O Tullus! 1 Lord.

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriovalour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all. be quiet:

Put up your swords. Auf. My lords, when you shall know-as in this rage.

Provok'd by him, you cannot-the great danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll reforce

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To call me to your Senate. I'll deliver 110 Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body. And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded

As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience ris Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up. Help, three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully; Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city

he Hath widowed and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory.

larus. A dead march sounded.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Æmilius, a noble Roman. Rome, afterwards Emperor. BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus. TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman. MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People, AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora. and brother to Titus. Lucius. OUINTUS, sons to Titus Andronicus. MARTIUS. MUTIUS. Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus Andronicus. SEMPRONIUS,) kinsmen to Titus. CAIUS, VALENTINE.

ALARBUS.

DEMETRIUS. sons to Tamora. CHIRON.

A Captain.

A Messenger.

A Clown.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus. A Nurse, and a black Child.

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius For many good and great deserts to Rome.

Romans and Goths, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: Rome and the neighbourhood.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft: and then enter below SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drums and trumpets.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my

right. Defend the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successive title with your swords. I am his first-born son that was the last 5 That ware the imperial diadem of Rome; Then let my father's honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers

of my right, If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not dishonour to approach The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, continence, and nobility; 15 But let desert in pure election shine; And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and Plead your deserts in peace and humbleby friends Ambitiously for rule and empery. Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have by common voice

In election for the Roman empery

870

A nobler man, a braver warrior, Lives not this day within the city walls. He by the Senate is accited home. From weary wars against the barbarous Goths. That with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms. Ten years are spent since first he undertook This cause of Rome, and chastised with

Our enemies' pride; five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In coffins from the field; and at this day To the monument of that Andronici Done sacrifice of expiation,

And slain the noblest prisoner of the Goths. And now at last, laden with honour's spoils, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome. Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us entreat, by honour of his name Whom worthily you would have now succeed,

And in the Capitol and Senate's right. Whom you pretend to honour and adore, That you withdraw you and abate your strength.

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,

ness. Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks to calm

my thoughts! Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy

In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine. Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, And her to whom my thoughts are humbled

all.

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament. That I will here dismiss my loving friends, And to my fortunes and the people's favour Commit may cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the soldiers of Bassianus. Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward

in my right,

I thank you all and here dismiss you all. And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

Exeunt the soldiers of Saturninus. Rome, he as just and gracious unto me to As I am confident and kind to thee. Open the gates and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor. [Flourish. They go up into the Senate House.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way. Andronicus.

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, or Successful in the battles that he fights, With honour and with fortune is return'd From where he circumscribed with his sword

And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS, two of Titus' sons: and then two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then I ucius and Quintus. two other sons: then TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA the Queen of Goths, with her three sons, ALARBUS, DEMITRIUS and CHIRON, with AARON the Moor, and Others, as many as can be. Then set down the coffin and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds I

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught

Returns with precious lading to the bay From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage.

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,

To re-salute his country with his tears, 75 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. Thou great defender of this Capitol. Stand gracious to the rites that we intend! Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons, Half of the number that King Priam had, Behold the poor remains, alive and dead! These that survive let Rome reward with love;

These that I bring unto their latest home, With burial amongst their ancestors.

my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own. Why sufter'st thou thy sons, unburied yet, To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? Make way to lay them by their biethien.

They open the tomb. There greet in silence, as the dead are wont. And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wais.

O sacred receptacle of my joys, Sweet cell of virtue and nobility.

How many sons hast thou of mine in store

That thou wilt never render to me more! 95 Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths.

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile Ad manes tratrum sacrifice his flesh Before this earthy prison of their bones. That so the shadows be not unappeas'd, 100 Nor we disturb'd wirh prodigies on earth.

Tu. I give him you-the noblest that survives,

The good The eldest son of this distressed queen. Tum. Stav. Roman brethien! Gracious conqueror,

> Victorious Titus, rue ine tears I shed. 105 A mother's tears in passion for her son; And if thy sons were ever dear to thee. O, think my son to be as dear to me! Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome To beautify thy triamphs, and return 110 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke; But must my sons be slaughtered in the

> For valiant doings in their country's cause? O, if to fight for king and commonweal Were piety in thine, it is in these. Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood. Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods? Draw near them then in being merciful. Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

> Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon

These are their brethren, whom your Goths beheld

Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain

Religiously they ask a sacrifice. To this your son is mark'd, and die he must T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood, Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[Exeunt Titus' sons, with Alarbus. Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety! Chi. Was never Scythia half so barbarous! Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive 85 To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look. Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal

The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent May favour Tamora. the queen of Goths-When Goths were Goths and Tamora was

queen-To guit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and MUTIUS, the sons of Andronicus, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd.

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire, Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren, And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

Sound trumpets and lay the coffin in the tomb.

In peace and honour rest you here, my 150

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest.

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms.

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep. 155 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame! Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears I render for my brethren's obsequies; And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy Shed on this earth for thy return to Rome.

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand. Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd 165

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days, And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, above, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus, Bassi-ANUS, and Attendants.

brother.

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus. nephews, from Marc. And welcome, successful wars.

You that survive and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all That in your country's service drew your swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp That liath aspir'd to Solon's happiness And triumphs over chance in honour's bed. Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome. Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been.

78a Send thee by me, their Tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue: And name thee in election for the empire With these our late-deceased Emperor's

Be candidatus then, and put it on. And help to set a head on headless Rome. Tit. A better head her glorious body fits Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.

What should I don this robe and trouble vou ?

Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life, And set abroad new business for you all? Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years, And led my country's strength successfully, And buried one and twenty valiant sons. Knighted 'n field, slain manfully in arms. In right and service of their noble country. Give me a staff of honour for mine age. But not a sceptre to control the world.

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell ?

Tit. Patience. Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right. Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not

Till Saturninus be Rome's Emperor. Andronicus, would thou were shipp'd to hell

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts ! Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee! Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to thee

The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, But honour thee, and will do till I die. My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved I will most thankful be; and thanks to 215

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People of Rome, and people's Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Tribunes here.

I ask your voices and your suffrages: Will ye bestow them friendly on Androni cus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus, 200 And gratulate his safe return to Rome. The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,

That you create our Emperor's eldest son, Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope, Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth, And ripen justice in this commonweal.

Then, if you will elect by my advice, Crown him, and say 'Long live our Emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort.

Patricians and plebeians, we create Lord Saturninus Rome's great Emperor; And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!' [A long flourish till they come down.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done

To us in our election this day I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts, And will with deeds requite thy gentleness; And for an onset, Titus, to advance Thy name and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my emperess, Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart, And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse. Tell me. Andronicus, doth this motion

please thee? Tit. It doth, my worthy lord, and in this

I hold me highly honoured of your Grace, And here in sight of Rome, to Saturnine. King and commander of our commonweal, The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners, Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord;

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe, Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet. Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my

life. How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts Rome shall record; and when I do forget The least of these unspeakable deserts, 25th

Romans, forget your fealty to me. Tit. [To Tamora] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

To him that for your honour and your state Will use you nobly and your followers. 240 Sat. [Aside] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose anew.-

Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;

Though chance of war hath wrought this That is another's lawful promis'd love. change of cheer,

Rome-

Princely shall be thy usage every way. Rest on my word, and let not discontent Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts vou

Can make you greater than the Queen of Coths.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this? Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility

Warrants these words in princely courtesy. Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go.

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free. Proclaim our honours, loids, with trump

and drum. IFlow ish. Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [Seizing Lavinia.

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. Suum cuique is our Roman justice: This prince in justice seizeth but his own. Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emperor's guard?

Treason, my lord—Lavinia is surpris'd! Sai. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may 285 Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe. [Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius. Tit Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

What, villain boy! 290 Tit. Bar'st me my way in Rome?

Help, Lucius, help! Mut. [Titus kills him. During the fray, exeunt Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius. Chiron, and Aaron.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so:

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son. Tit. Nor thou nor he are any sons of

mine: My sons would never so dishonour me. 295

Re-enter aloft the EMPEROR with TAMORA and her two Sons, and AARON the Moor.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor. Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,

Exit.

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Sat. No. Titus, no; the Emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock. 300 I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus, 305 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine

That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! What reproachful words are these?

changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his 310 sword.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy; One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons. To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Coths.

That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome.

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice.

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride

And will create thee Emperess of Rome, 320 Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods— To pardon Mutius and to bury him. Sith priest and holy water are so near, And tapers burn so bright, and every-

thing In readiness for Hymenæus stand-I will not re-salute the streets of Rome, Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me. Tam. And here in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, She will a handmaid be to his desires.

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany

Your noble Emperor and his lovely bride, Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine. Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt all but Titus Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone Dishonoured thus, and challenged wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, and Titus' sons, Lucius. QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done I

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tubune, no; no son of mine-

deed That hath dishonoured all our family; 345

Unworthy brother and unworthy sons! Luc. But let us give him burial, as

becomes: Give Mutius burial with our bretheren.

Tit. Traitors, away! He rests not in this tomb.

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that This monument five hundred years hath atood.

Wirkly I have sumptionally re-edified; Har mone but soldiers and Rome's servitors.

Rerese on tame. none basely slain in brawls.

Tit. These words are razors to my Body han where you can, he comes not here.

Vaic My lord, this is namety in you. 355 if the blew Mutius' deeds do plead for him; He must be buried with his bretheren.

thun. And shall, or him we will accom-

Mart. f pany. Tit. 'And Shall'! What villain was it spake that word ?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded. My foes I do repute you every one:

So trouble me no more, but get you gone. Mart. He is not with himself; let us

withdraw. Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

The brother and the sons kneel. Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead --

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak --

Til. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul --

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all-Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest, That died in honour and Lavinia's cause. Thou art a Roman-be not barbarous.

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax, That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son Did graciously plead for his funerals. Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy iov.

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Rise, Marcus, rise: Tit. The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw. To be dishonoused by my sons in Rome! Well, bury him, and bury me the next. 386

They put Mutius in the tomb. Luc. There he thy bones, sweet Mutius,

with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adoin thy tomb. All. [Kneeling] No man shed tears for

noble Mutius ;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause. Marc. My lord-to step out of these dreary dumps-3.11

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome? Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it 15---

Whether by device or no, the heavens can

Is she not, then, beholding to the man That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Marc. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA and her two Sons, with the Moor, at one door; at the other door, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA. with Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more.

Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave. Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape. Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own.

My true betrothed love, and now my wife? But let the laws of Rome determine all; Meanwhile am I possess'd of that is mine. Sat. 'Tis good, sir. You are very short with us;

But if we live we'll be as sharp with you. 410 Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life. Only thus much I give your Grace to know: By all the duties that I owe to Rome, This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here, 415 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd, That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave. 400 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine, That hath express'd himself in all his deeds A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds

'Tis thou and those that have dishonoured

Rome and the righteous heavens be my nudge

How I have lov'd and honoured Saturnine! Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine.

Then hear me speak indifferently for all; And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past. What, madam! be dishonoured

openly, And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome torfend

I should be author to dishonour you! 435 But on mine honour dare I undertake For good Lord Titus' innocence in all. Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs. Then at my suit look graciously on him: Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart. [Aside to Sat.] My lord, be rul'd by me, be

won at last; Dissemble all your griefs and discontents. You are but newly planted in your throne: Lest, then, the people, and patricians too. Upon a just survey take Titus' part. And so supplant you for ingratitude. Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin. Yield at entreats, and then let me alone: I'll find a day to massacre them all, And raze their faction and their family, The cruel father and his traitorous sons. To whom I sued for my dear son's life: And make them know what 'tis to let a queen

Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.-455 come, sweet Emperor:

Come, come. Andronicus.

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown. Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty and her, my lord: These words, these looks, infuse new life in

me. Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily, And must advise the Emperor for his good. This day all quarrels die, Andronicus; 465 And let it be mine honour, good my lord, That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath My word and promise to the Emperor 469

That you will be more mild and tractable. Hast prisoner held, fett'red in amorous And fear not, lords-and you, Lavinia. By my advice, all humbled on your knees, You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his Highness

That what we did was mildly as we might, Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here do I protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.

The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace.

I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Marcus, for thy sake, and thy Sat. brother's here.

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats, I do remit these young men's heinous

faults. Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl, I found a friend; and sure as death I swore I would not part a bachelor from the priest. Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me, With horn and hound we'll give your Grace bonjour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exeunt. Sound trumpets.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Rome. Before the valace. Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,

Safe out of Fortune's shot, and sits aloft, Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash. Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn, 5 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams, Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach And overlooks the highest-peering hills, So Tamora.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy Nor would your noble mother for much thoughts

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress, And mount her pitch whom thou in triumph For shame, put up.

chains.

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus. Away with slavish weeds and servile

thoughts!

I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold. To wait upon this new-made emperess. 20 To wait, said I? To wanton with this queen,

This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph. will charm Rome's This siren that Saturnine.

And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.

Hullo! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years wants wit. thy

wits wants edge And manners, to intrude where I am

grac'd, And may, for aught thou knowest, affected

be. Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween

in all; And so in this, to bear me down with

braves. 'Tis not the difference of a year or two Makes me less gracious or thee more tortunate:

I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve and to deserve my mistress' grace; And that my sword upon thee shall approve, And plead my passions for Lavinia's love. Aar. [Aside] Clubs, clubs! These lovers

will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side, Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it. Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have.

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I

Dem. Ay, hoy, grow ye so brave?

They draw. Aar. [Coming forward] Why, how now, Iords I

So near the Emperor's palace dare ye draw And maintain such a quarrel openly? Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge: I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns:

more

Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome. Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd My rapier in his bosom, and withal Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat

That he hath breath'd in my dishonou. here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and ful resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with

thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore
This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how

dangerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose, 60 Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be

broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware; an should the Empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please. 70

Chi. I care not. I. knew she and all the

world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad, or know ye not

in Rome How furious and impatient they be, 76 And cannot brook competitors in love? I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

Chi. Aar in, a thousand deaths

Would I propose to achieve her whom I

love.

Aar. To achieve her-How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange? She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore may be won; She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd. What, man! more water glideth by the mill Than wots the miller of; and easy it is 86 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know. Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother.

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [Aside] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served. 96 Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such
fools

To square for this? Would it offend you,

That both should speed?

Chr. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jai.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do That you affect; and so must you resolve That what you cannot as you would achieve.

You must perforce accomplish as you may. Take this of me: Lucrece was not more

chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love. A speedier course than ling'ring languish-

Must we pursue, and I have found the path. My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand; There will the lovely Roman ladies troop; The forest walks are wide and spacious, And many unfrequented plots there are 115 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy. Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force if not by words.

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope. Come, come, our Empress, with her sacred wit

To villainy and vengeance consecrate, Will we acquaint with all what we intend; And she shall file our engines with advice That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The Emperor's court is like the house of Fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears; The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull.

There speak and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;

There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no

cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nesas, till I find the

stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these

fits, 134
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.

Scene II. A forest near Rome.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, and his three sons, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, making a noise with hounds and horns; and MARCUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are When

green.

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay, And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride.

And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,

That all the court may echo with the noise. Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours, To attend the Emperor's person carefully. I have been troubled in my sleep this night, But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal. Then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Many good morrows to your Majesty!
Madam, to you as many and as good!
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my
lords—

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav.

I say no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,

And to our sport. [To Tamora] Madam, now shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord, 20 Will rouse the proudest panther in the

And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where
the game

the game Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the

plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound.

nor hound, 25
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[Exeunt.

Scene III. A lonely part of the forest.

Enter AARON alone, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none.

To bury so much gold under a tree
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget 6
A very excellent piece of villainy.

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest [Hides the gold.

That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA alone, to the Moor.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad ro When everything doth make a gleeful

boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snakes lie rolled in the cheerful sun:

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind

And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground;

Index their sweet shade. Aaron let us sit

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds.

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns, As if a double hunt were heard at once, Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise;

And—after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoyed,

When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—

We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,

Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet

melodious birds Be unto us as is a nurse's song

Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine. What signifies my deadly-standing eye, My silence and my cloudy melancholy, My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls Even as an adder when she doth unroll 35 To do some fatal execution? No, madam, these are no venereal signs.

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee—

This is the day of doom for Bassianus; His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day, Thy sons make pillage of her chastity, And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood. Seest thou this letter? Take it up, I pray thee.

And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll. Now question me no more; we are espled.

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty, Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress: Bassianus comies.

Be cross with hart; and I'll go fetch thy sons

To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. | Enit.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal Emperess,

Unfurnish'd of her well beseeming troop? Or is it Dian, habited like her, Who hath abandoned her holy groves

To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private

steps! 60
Had I the pow'r that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently

Thy temples should be planted presently With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds

Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art! 65
Lav. Under your patience, gentle
Emperess,

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,

And to be doubted that your Moor and you Are singled forth to try thy experiments.

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth
Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue, Spotted, detested, and abominable. Why are you sequest'red from all your

train, 75
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly

And wand'red hither to an obscure plot, Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor, If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,

Great reason that my noble lord be rated For sauciness. I pray you let us hence, And let her joy her raven-coloured love; This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.

Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why, I have patience to endure all this.

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!

Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'ticed me hither to this place.

A barren detested vole you see it is:

The trees, though sommarr, yet forfern and lean,

Overcome with most and baleful must setoe; Here never shines the sun; here no hing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or latel rayen. And when they show'd me this abhorred pit, They told me, here, at dead time of the

night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many

urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing it

As any mortal body hearing it Should straight fall mad or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale 105 But straight they told me they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew, And leave me to this miserable death. And then they call'd me foul adulteress, Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms That ever ear did hear to such effect; 112 And had you not by wondrous fortune

come, This vengeance on me had they executed. Revenge it, as you love your mother's

life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.
Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [Also stabs.

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis—nay, barbarous Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me the poniard; you shall
know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your

mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs

to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity, Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty, x25 And with that painted hope braves your

mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if she do, I would I were an

eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole.

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey we desire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting. Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy That nice-preserved honesty of yours. 135

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Lav. O Tamora! thou bearest a woman's Do this, and be a charitable murderer. face-

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory

To see her tears; but be your heart to them As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

thee:

The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble, Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike: [To Chiron] Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch

Yet have I heard—O, could I find it now !-The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure To have his princely paws par'd all away. Some say that ravens foster forlorn children, The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no, Nothing so kind, but something pitiful! Tam. I know not what it means; away

with her! Lav. O. let me teach thee! For my

father's sake. That gave thee life when well he might Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

have slain thee, Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160 Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended

me. Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in

To save your brother from the sacrifice; But fierce Andronicus would not relent. 165 Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;

The worse to her the better lov'd of me. Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen, And with thine own hands kill me in this

place! For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long; Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What beg'st thou, then? Fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell: O, keep me from their worse than killing lust. 175

And tumble me into some loathsome pit, Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180 Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah. beastly creature.

The blot and enemy to our general name! Confusion fall-

Chi. Nay, then I'l' stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband. O, do not learn her wrath—she taught it This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide

Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure. Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed

Till all the Andronici be made away. Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor. And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [Exit.

Re-enter AARON, with two of Titus' sons. QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome

Where I espied the panther fast asleen. Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it

bodes. Mart. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,

[Falls into the pit.

Quin. What, art thou fallen? subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed

blood As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt

That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [Aside] Now will I fetch the King to find them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess How these were they that made away his brother.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole? Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear :

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling Upon the north side of this pleasant chase: ioints:

My heart suspects more than mine eye can

Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining heart.

Aaron and thou look down into this den, And see a fearful sight of blood and death. Quin. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold The thing whereat it trembles by surmise; O, tell me who it is, for ne'er till now Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies beray'd in blood.

All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb, In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit. Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear A precious ring that lightens all this hole, Which, like a taper in some monument, Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks.

And shows the ragged entrails of this pit: So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand-

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath-

Out of this fell devouring receptacle, -235 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 40 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me-I come to [Falls in.

Enter the EMPEROR and AARON the Moor. Sat. Along with me! I'll see what hole

is here, And what he is that now is leapt into it.

Say, who art thou that lately didst descend Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy sons of old An-

dronicus, Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Bassianus dead. Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge 254 For, by my fatilers' reverend tomb, I vow

'Tis not an hour since I lest them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive :

But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the King? Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus? Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.

The complet of this timeless tragedy; 265 And wonder greatly that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny. [She giveth Saturnine a letter.

Sat. [Reads] 'An if we miss to meet him handsomely,

Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis we mean— Do thou so much as dig the grave for him. Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree Which overshades the mouth of that same

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus. Do this, and purchase us thy lasting

friends. O Tamora! was ever heard the like? I'his is the pit and this the elder-tree.

Look, sits, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murdered Bassianus here. Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. [To Titus] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind.

Have here berett my brother of his life. Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison: There let them bide until we have devis'd Some never-heard-of torturing pain for 285 them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed, That this fell fault of my accursed sons— Accursed if the fault be prov'd in them-

Sat. If it be prov'd! You see it is apparent.

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up. Tit. I did my lord, yet let me be their bail:

To answer their suspicion with their lives. Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow me.

Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers;

Let them not speak a word—the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death.

That end upon them should be executed. Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King. Fear not thy sons; they shall do well

enough. Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [Exeunt.

Another part of the forest. SCENE IV.

Enter the Empress' sons, DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravish'd.

speak.

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so.

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

can scrowl.

thy hands.

hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks. Chi. An 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.

Wind horns. Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Marc. Who is this ?-my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word: where is your husband? If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down, That I may slumber an eternal sleep! Speak, gentle niece. What stern ungentle hands

Hath lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches-those sweet ornaments

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in.

And might not gain so great a happiness 20 As half thy love? Why dost not speak to

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood.

They shall be ready at your Highness' Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind.

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips. Coming and going with thy honey breath. But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee, And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And notwithstanding all this loss of blood-As from a conduit with three issuing spouts-

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face Blushing to be encount'red with a cloud. Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say 'tis so? O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd. Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is. Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue.

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind: Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from

A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met. And he hath cut those pretty fingers off That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute Dem. See how with signs and tokens she And make the silken strings delight to kiss

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash He would not then have touch'd them for his life!

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor Or had he heard the heavenly harmony Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep, As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind.

For such a sight will blind a father's eve: One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads.

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes? Do not draw back, for we will mourn with

thee; O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

SCHNE I. Rome. A street.

Enter the Judges, Tribunes, and Senators, with Titus' two sons Marrius and QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and TITUS going before, pleading.

Hear me, grave fathers; noble Tribunes, stay I For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent

In dangerous wars whilst you securely Receive my tears, and seem to weep with slept:

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed.

For all the trosty nights that I have watch'd, And for these bitter tears, which now you

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks, Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.

For two and twenty sons I never wept. 10 Because they died in honour's lofty bed. [Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges

pass by him with the prisoners, and exeunt.

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

and blush.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain That shall distil from these two ancient urns.

Than youthful April shall with all his show'rs.

In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;

In winter with warm tears I'll melt the

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face, So thou refuse to drink my dear sons'

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn.

O reverend Tribunes! O gentle aged men! Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,

And let me say, that never wept before, 25 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain; The Tribune: near you not, no man is by, And you recount your sorrows to a stone. Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead !

Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you. Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears

you speak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter,"man: if they did hear,

They would not mark me; if they did mark,

They would not pity me; yet plead I must, And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones; Who though they cannot answer my distress,

Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale. 40 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

me;

And were they but attired in grave weeds, Rome could afford no tribunes like to these. A stone is soft as wax: tribunes more hard than stones.

A stone is silent and offendeth not.

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. [Rises. But wherefore stand'st thou with thy

weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers? Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame But me and mine; how happy art thou then

From these devourers to be banished! But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS with LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,

Or if not so, thy noble heart to break. I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter. Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me! this object kills me. Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look

upon her. Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea, Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy? My grief was at the height before thou cam'st

And now like Nilus it disdaineth bounds. Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;

And they have nurs'd this woe in feeding life ;

In bootless prayer have they been held up, And they have serv'd me to effectless use. Now all the service I require of them Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands; For hands to do Rome service is but vaiu.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts

That blabb'd them with such pleasing And in the fountain shall we gaze so long. eloquence

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage, Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear! Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done

this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her straying in the park.

Seeking to hide herself as doth the deer 89 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound. Tit. It was my dear, and he that wounded

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me

For now I stand as one upon a rock, Environ'd with a wilderness of sea. Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by

Expecting ever when some envious surge Will in his brinish bowels swallow him. This way to death my wretched sons are gone:

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man, And here my brother, weeping at my woes. But that which gives my soul the greatest

spurn Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. Had I but seen thy picture in this plight, It would have madded me; what shall I do Now I behold thy lively body so? Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears, Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:

Thy husband he is dead, and for his death Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look, Marcus! Ah, son Lucius, look on her!

When I did name her brothers, then fresh

Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew Upon a gath'red lily almost withered Marc. Perchance she weeps because they

kill'd her husband:

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No. no, they would not do so foul a deed; Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips, Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle and thy brother Lucius

And thou and I sit round about some fountain.

Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not

dry

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness.

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears? Or shall we cut away our hands like thine? Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days? What shall we do? Let us that have our tongues

Plot some device of further misery

To make us wonder'd at in time to come. Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears: for at your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps. Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus. dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! Brother, well I wot

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say That to her brother which I said to thee: His napkin, with his true tears all bewet. Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this-As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON the Moor.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus, Or any one of you, chop off your hand And send it to the King: he for the same Will send thee hither both thy sons alive. And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious Emperor! O gentle Aaron I

Did ever raven sing so like a lark That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise? With all my heart I'll send the Emperor my hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off? Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine.

That hath thrown down so many enemies. Shall not be sent. My hand will serve the turn,

My youth can better spare my blood than you,

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, With miry slime left on them by a flood? Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? O. none of both but are of high desert! 171 Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear My hand hath been but idle; let it serve To ransom my two nephews from their Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welking death:

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along.

For fear they die before their pardon come Marc. My hand shall go. Luc. By heaven, it shall not go ! Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such with'ied

herbs as these Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, Let me redeem my brothers both from

death. Marc. And for our father's sake and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ave.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[Exeunt Lucius and Marcus. Tit. Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both;

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [Aside] If that be call'd decelt, I will be honest.

And never whilst I live deceive men so; 190 But I'll deceive you in another sort, And that you'll say ere half an hour pass [He cuts off Titus' hand,

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife. What shall be is dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand; Tell him it was a hand that warded him 105 From thousand dangers; bid him bury it. More hath it merited—that let it have. As for my sons, say I account of them As jewels purchas'd at an easy price; And yet dear too, because I bought mine

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand Look by and by to have thy sons with thee. [Aside] Their heads I mean. O, how this villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

IExit. Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to

heaven. And bow this feeble ruin to the earth; If any power pities wretched tears, To that I call ! [To Lavinia] What, would'st That ever death should let life bear his thou kneel with me?

our players,

dım And stain the sun with fog, as sometime

clouds When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibility. And do not break into these deep extremes Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no

bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them. Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries.

Then into limits could I bind my woes. When heaven doth weep, doth not the

earth o'erflow? It the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad.

Threat'ning the welkih with his big-swol'n

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? I am the sea; hark how her sighs do blow.

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth; Then must my sea be moved with her sight; Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd; For why my bowels cannot hide her woes, But like a drunkard must I vomit them. Then give me leave; for losers will have

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid 235

For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons; And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent hack-

Thy griet their sports, thy resolution mock'd.

That woe is me to think upon thy woes, 240 More than remembrance of my father's (Exit. death.

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily, And be my heart an ever-burning hell! I hese miseries are more than may be borne. To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal.

But sorrow flouted at is double death. Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so

deep a wound,

And yet defested life not shrink thereat! name,

Where life hath no more interest but to Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister: breathe ! Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end? farewell, flatt'ry; Marc. Now

Andronicus. Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons'

heads. Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here:

Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb. Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs. Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this

dismal sight The closing up of our most wretched eyes. Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha! Marc. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy, And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes

And make them blind with tributary tears. Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me, And threat me I shall never come to bliss Till all these mischiefs be return'd again Even in their throats that have committed

Come, let me see what task I have to do. You heavy people, circle me about, That I may turn me to each one of you And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head.

And in this hand the other will I bear. And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this:

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay. Hie to the Goths and raise an army there: And if ye love me, as I think you do, Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[Exeunt all but Lucius. Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father.

The woefull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.

Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again, He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.

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[Lavinia kisses Titus. O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!

But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs And make proud Saturnine and his emperess Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen. Now will I to the Goths, and raise a pow'r To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

> SCENE II. Rome. Titus' house.

banquet. Enter TITUS. MARCUS. LAVINIA, and the boy Young Lucius.

Tit. So so, now sit; and look you eat no more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours. Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot: Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands.

And cannot passionate our tenfold grief With folded arms. This poor right hand of

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast; Who, when my heart, all mad with misery. Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, ro Then thus I thump it down.

[To Lavinia] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans:

Or get some little knife between thy teeth And just against thy heart make thou a

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall May run into that sink and, soaking in. Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! Teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life. Tit. How now! Has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I. What violent hands can she lay on her life? Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ?

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands. Lest we remember still that we have none. Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk, As if we should forget we had no hands, If Marcus did not name the word of hands! Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat

this :

Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor. savs-

I can interpret all her mactyr'd signs: She says she drinks no other drink but He takes false shadows for true substances. tears.

Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought:

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40 As begging hermits in their holy prayers. Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven.

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I of these will wrest an alphabet, And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd.

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness. Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears.

And tears will quickly melt thy life away. [Marcus strikes the dish with a knife. What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord-a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer, thou kill'st my heart!

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny: A deed of death done on the innocent Becomes not Titus' brother. gone:

I see thou art not for my company.

and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings And buzz lamenting doings in the air! Poor harmless fly,

That with his pretty buzzing melody Came here to make us merry! And thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the Empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O. O. O! Then pardon me for reprehending thee, For thou hast done a charitable deed. Give me thy knife, I will insult on him, Flattering myself as if it were the Moor Come hither purposely to poison me. There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low But that between us we can kill a fly

Marc. Alas, poor man i gnef has so wrought on him.

Tit. Come, take away. Lavima, go with me:

I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee Sad stones chanced in the times of old. Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is

young, And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Rome. Titus' garden.

Enter Young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her with his books under his arm. Enter TITUS and MARCUS.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why. Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she

comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee. Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a Somewhither would she have thee go with

her. Tit. 'But'! How if that fly had a father Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons than she hath read to thee Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator. Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she

plies thee thus? Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her; For I have heard my grandsire say full oft Extremity of griefs would make men mad: And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 24 Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear:

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly-Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet

aunt; And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship. This after me. I have writ my name Marc. Lucius, I will. [Lavinia turns Without the help of any hand at all. which Lucius has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see. Which is it, girl, of these ?-Open them,

bov.-But thou art deeper read and better skill'd; Come and take choice of all my library, 34 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were more than one Confederate in the fact; ay, more there

was, Or else to heaven she heaves them for

revenge. Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth

so? Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorpho-

ses;

My mother gave it me.

For love of her that's gone, Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest. Tit. Soft! So busily she turns the leaves! Help her.

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape; And rape, I fear, was root of thy annoy. 50 Marc. See, brother, see! Note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl.

Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was, Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt-

O, had we never, never hunted there !-Pattern'd by that the poet here describes. By nature made for murders and for rapes. Marc. O, why should nature build so toul

a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

none but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed. You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst, That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find! My lord, look here! Look here, Lavinia!

guides it with feet and mouth. This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst. 70

over with her stumps the books Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!

> Write thou, good niece, and here display at last

> What God will have discovered for revenge. Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

> That we may know the traitors and the truth! [She takes the staff in her mouth and guides it with her stumps. and writes.

Tit. O. do ve read, my lord, what she hath writ?

'Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius."

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of

Performers of this heinous bloody deed? Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus

vides? Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although

I know There is enough written upon this earth 85 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts.

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims. My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia. kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me-as, with the woeful And father of that chaste dishonoured

dame, Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece Lord

rape-

That we will prosecute, by good advice. Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

And see their blood or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how; But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:

The dam will wake; and if she wind ye once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league. And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are And when he sleeps will she do what she list.

alone:

And come, I will go get a leaf of brass, And with a gad of steel will write these words,

And lay it by. The angry northern wind 105 Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad.

[He writes his name with his staff, and And where's our lesson, then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man

Their mother's bedchamber should not be And so I leave you both-[Aside] like

For these base bondmen to the voke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! Thy father hath full oft

For his ungrateful country done the like. Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury.

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy 115 Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons Presents that I intend to send them both Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt

thou not? Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house. Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court; Ay, marry, will we, sir! and we'll be waited

on. [Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius.

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan

And not relent, or not compassion him? 125 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy, That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart Than foemen's marks upon his batt'red shield.

But yet so just that he will not revenge. Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [Extl.

Scene II. Rome. The palace.

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, at one door; and at the other door, Young Lucius and another with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius; He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus— 5 [Aside] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Boy. [Aside] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape .- May it please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me The goodliest weapons of his armoury To gratify your honourable youth, The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present Your lordships, that, whenever you have

You may be armed and appointed well.

bloody villains. [Exeunt Young Lucius and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll, and written round about.

Let's see: [Reads] 'Integer vitae, scelerisque purus, 20 Non eget Mauri iaculis, nec arcu.' Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just-a verse in Horace. Right, vou have it.

[Aside] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! Here's no sound jest! The old man hath found their guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty Empress well afoot. She would applaud Andronicus' conceit. 30 But let her rest in her unrest awhile-And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than

Captives, to be advanced to this height? It did me good before the palace gate To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius ?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly? Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust. Chi. A charitable wish and full of love. Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to

say amen. And that would she for twenty

thousand more. Dem. Come, let us go and pray to all the gods

For our beloved mother in her pains. Aar. [Aside] Pray to the devils; the gods

have given us over. [Trumpets sound. Dem. Why do the Emperor's trumpets

flourish thus? Chi. Belike, for joy the Emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords.

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor? Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now? Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone! keep !

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted arms?

heaven's eye:

Our Empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!

She is delivered, lords; she is delivered. Aar. To whom?

I mean she is brought a-bed. Nur. Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Why, then she is the devil's Aar. dam:

A joyful issue.

and Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, sorrowful issue!

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad Amongst the fair-fac'd breeders of our clime:

The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal.

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds, ye whore! Is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done? Aar. That which thou canst not undo. Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother. Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend! Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point. Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon

dispatch it. Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy

[Takes the Child from bowels up. the Nurse, and draws. Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your

brother! Now, by the burning tapers of the sky

That shone so brightly when this boy was

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point That touches this my first-born son and heir. I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus, With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's

brood.

Now help, or wee betide thee evermore! 56 Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war, 95 Agr. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

boys !

Nur. O, that which I would hide from Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alchouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue In that it scorns to bear another hue: 100 For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white.

Although she lave them hourly in the flood. Tell the Empress from me I am of age

To keep mine own-excuse it how she can. Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress: this my self.

The vigour and the picture of my youth. This before all the world do I prefer; This maugre all the world will I keep safe.

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome. Dem. By this our mother is for ever

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy. Aar. Why, there's the privilege your

beauty bears: Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of thy heart! Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer. Look how the black slave smiles upon the father.

As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own'.

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed Of that self-blood that first gave life to you: And from your womb where you imprisoned were

He is enfranchised and come to light. Nay, he is your brother by the surer side, Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice. 130 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe. Aar. Then sit we down and let us all

consult. My son and I will have the wind of you: Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety. They sit.

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! When we join in league

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor, The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. But say, again, how many saw the child? 140 Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself; And no one else but the delivered Empress.

Aar. The Emperess, the midwife, and yourself.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away:

Go to the Empress, tell her this I said. 145 [He kills her

Weeke weeke! So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron?
Wherefore didst thou this?

Agr. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours—
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? No, lords,
no. 15,1

And now be it known to you my full intent: Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman— His wife but yesternight was brought to

His child is like to her, fair as you are. 155 Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all, And how by this their child shall be advanc'd.

And be received for the Emperor's heir And substituted in the place of mine, Tocalm this tempest whirling in the court; And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords. You see I have given her physic, [Pointing to the Nurse. And you must needs bestow her funeral; The fields are near, and you are gallant

grooms.

This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the
air

With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[Exeunt Demetrus and Chiron,
bearing off the dead Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the Empress' friends. Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence:

For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the
goat,

And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 180
To be a warrior and command a camp.

[Exit with the child.]

Scene III. Rome. A public place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters on
the ends of them; with him Marcus,
Young Livers and other gradewing

Young Lucius, and other gentlemen, Publius, Sempronius, and Caius, with hours.

Tu. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.

Sir boy, let me see your archery; Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there

straight.
Terras Astraea reliquit,

Be you rememb'red, Marcus; she's gone, she's fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean and cast your nets; Happily you may caich her in the sea; Yet there's as little justice as at land. No; Publius and Sempronius, you must

do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade.

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth; Then, when you come to Pluto's region, I pray you deliver him this petition.

Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well, I made thee
miserable

What time I threw the people's suffrages On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20 Go get you gone; and pray be careful all, And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd.

This wicked Emperor may have shipp'd her hence:

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case, To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us conceins

By day and night t'attend him carefully, And feed his humour kindly as we may Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude, And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? How now, my masters?

What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends
you word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.

Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd, He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else, So that perforce you must needs stay atime. the man must not be hang'd till the next Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we, 45 No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size:

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back, Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear;

And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell.

We will solicit heaven, and move the gods To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus. [He gives them the arrows. 'Ad Jovem' that's for you; here 'Ad Apollinem '

'Ad Martem' that's for myself.

'To Pallas'; 'To Here, boy. here Mercury'.

'To Saturn' Caius-not to Saturnine: You were as good to shoot against the wind. To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid. Of my word, I have written to effect; There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap! Give it Pallas. Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon:

Your letter is with Jupiter by this. Tit. Ha! ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done? See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court ;

And who should find them but the Empress' villain? She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should

not choose But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes! God give his lordship joy!

Enter the Clown, with a basket and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter? Clo. Ho, the gibbet-maker? He says that he hath taken them down again, for 892

week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter: T never drank with him in all my life. Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else. Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! Alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperal's men. 93

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sırrah, come hither. Make no more

But give your pigeons to the Emperor; By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold! Meanwhile here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver up a supplication? Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot: then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand. sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone. Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come. let

me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;

For thou hast made it like an humble

suppliant. And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. I Exeunt.

Scene IV. Rome. Before the balace.

Enter the EMPEROR, and the EMPRESS and her two sons, DEMETRIUS and CHIRON; Lords and Others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent

Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt? My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods.

However these disturbers of our peace Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath Have by my means been butchered wrongpass'd

But even with law against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks, in His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness? And now he writes to heaven for his jedress. See, here's 'To Jove' and this 'To Mercury'

This 'To Apollo'; this 'To the God of War'-Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of

Rome!

What's this but libelling against the Senate, And blazoning our unjustice every where? A goodly humour, is it not, my lords? As who would say in Rome no justice were. But if I live, his feigned ecstasies Shall be no shelter to these outrages; But he and his shall know that justice lives In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep, He'll so awake as he in fury shall Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine.

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age. Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 3. Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his ĥeart ;

And rather comfort his distressed plight Than prosecute the meanest or the best For these contempts. [Aside] Why, thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all. But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise, Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! Wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistriship be Emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

'Tis he .-- God and Saint Stephen give you godden. I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[Saturninus reads the letter. Sat. Go take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have? Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd Clo. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I hav brought up a neck to a fair end.

[Exit guarded Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs Shall I endure this monstrous villainy? 5

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne—as if his traitorous sons That died by law for murder of our brother fully?

o drag the villain hither by the hair: Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege. For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman.

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and

Enter Nuntius ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius? Æmil. Arm, my lords! Rome never had

more cause. The Goths have gathered head; and with

a power Of high resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus: Who threats in course of this revenge to do As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the

Goths?

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach. 'Tis he the common people love so much; Myself hath often heard them say-

When I have walked like a private man— That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius, And will revolt from me to succour him. 80 Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious

like thy name! Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it? The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby. Knowing that with the shadow of his wings He can at pleasure stint their melody; 86 Even so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit; for know thou, Emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep, When as the one is wounded with the bait, The other rotted with delicious feed. Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will; For I can smooth and fill his aged ears 6 With golden promises, that, were his heart Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

[To Æmilius] Go thou before to be our ambassador;

Say that the Emperor requests a parley Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;

And if he stand on hostage for his safety, Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus, And temper him with all the art I have, To pluck proud Lucius from the warle Goths.

And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again, And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius with an army of Goths with drums and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors and my faithful friends,

I have received letters from great Rome Which signifies what hate they bear their Emperor

And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,

5

Imperious and impatient of your wrongs; And wherein Rome hath done you any scath.

Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus.

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt.

Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day, Led by their master to the flow'red fields, And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his Child
in his arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd 20

To gaze upon a runous monastery; And as I earnestly did fix mine eye Upon the wasted building, suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall.

I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this
discourse:

'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look, Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor;

But where the bull and cow are both milkwhite,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace! '—even thus he rates
the babe—

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth, Who, when he knows thou art the Empress'

babe,
35
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake'.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him.

Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand; This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye;

And here's the base fruit of her burning lust.

Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face? Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a word?

A halter, soldiers! Hang him on this tree, And by his side his fruit of bastardy. Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it
sprawl—

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Get me a ladder. [A ladder brought, which
Aaron is made to climb.

Aar. Lucius, save the child, And bear it from me to the Emperess. If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things

That highly may advantage thee to hear; If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you
all!'

Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! Why, assure thee, Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd speak:

For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres.

Acts of black night, abominable deeds, Complots of mischief, treason, villainies, 65 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd; And this shall all be buried in my death, Unless thou swear to me my child shall

live. Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Agr. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Who should I swear by? Thou believest no god; That granted, how canst thou believe an

oath? Aar. What if I do not?—as indeed I do

not: Yet, for I know thou art religious

And hast a thing within thee called con-

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies Which I have seen thee careful to observe, Therefore I urge thy oath. For that I know An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,

To that I'll urge him. Therefore thou shalt vow

By that same god—what god soe'er it be That thou adorest and hast in reverence-To save my boy, to nourish and bring him Even now I curse the day—and yet, I up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee. Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I

Agr. First know thou. I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. "Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

Luc. O detestable villain! Call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd, and 'twas Trim sport for them which had the doing

of it. Luc. O barbarous beastly villains like

thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct

That codding spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set:

of me.

As true a dog as ever fought at head. Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay; I wrote the letter that thy father found. And hid the gold within that letter men-

tion'd, Confederate with the queen and her two sons:

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue. Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand. And, when I had it, drew myself apart And almost broke my heart with extreme

laughter.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall, When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads:

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily That both mine eyes were rainy like to his: And when I told the Empress of this sport. She swooned almost at my pleasing tale.

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. Goth. What, canst thou say all this and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is. Luc. Art thou not sorry for these hemous deeds?

Agr. Av. that I had not done a thousand more.

think,

Few come within the compass of my curse-Wherein I did not some notorious ill: As kill a man, or else devise his death; Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it: Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself: Set deadly enmity between two friends; Make poor men's cattle break their necks; Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the

night, And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' door

Even when their sorrows almost was forgot. And on their skins, as on the bark of trees, Have with my knife carved in Roman letters

'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead '.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things

As willingly as one would kill a fly; And nothing grieves me heartily indeed

But that I cannot do ten thousand more. Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must

not die 100 So sweet a death as hanging presently. devil.

To live and burn in everlasting fire, So I might have your company in hell But to torment you with my bitter tongue! Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him

speak no more.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence. Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius. What's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Goths.

The Roman Emperor greets you all by me; And, for he understands you are in arms, He craves a parley at your father's house, Willing you to demand your hostages, 160 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus. x(4 And we will come. March away. [Excunt.

Scene II. Rome. Before situs' house.

Enter TAMORA, and her two sons, DE-METRIUS and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment

I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say I am Revenge, sent from below To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.

Knock at his study, where they say he

To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge; Tell him Revenge is come to join with him.

And work confusion on his enemies.

They knock, and TITUS opens his study door, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation? Is it your trick to make me ope the door, 10 That so my sad decrees may fly away

And all my study be to no effect? You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do See here in bloody lines I have set down; And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee. Tit. No, not a word. How can I grace mv talk.

Wanting a hand to give it that accord? Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough:

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines:

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night: Witness all sorrow that I know thee well 25 For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora. Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not

Tamora:

She is thy enemy and I thy friend.

I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes. Come down and welcome me to this world's light:

Confer with me of murder and of death: There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place. No vast obscurity or misty vale, Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch for fear but I will find them out : And in their ears tell them my dreadful name-

Revenge, which makes the toul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands:

Now give some surance that thou art Revenge-

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;

And then I'll come and be thy waggoner And whirl along with thee about the globes. Provide thee two proper paltreys, black as jet,

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away. And find out murderers in their guilty caves;

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel Trot, like a servile footman, all day long, 55 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task, So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there. Tam. These are my ministers, and come

with me. Tit. Are they thy ministers? What are

they call'd? Tam. Rape and Murder; therefore called

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress' sons they are l

And you the Empress! But we worldly men 65

Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content
thee

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy. 70

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick humours,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge; And, being credulous in this mad thought, I'll make him send for Lucius his son, 75 And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure, I'll find some cunning practice out of hand To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths, Or, at the least, make them his enemies. See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.

Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house. Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too. How like the Empress and her sons you are! Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor. 85 Could not all hell afford you such a devil? For well I wot the Empress never wags But in her company there is a Moor; And, would you represent our queen aright.

It were convenient you had such a devil. 90 But welcome as you are. What shall we do? Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him. 95

Tam. Show me a thousand that hath
done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap To find another that is like to thee, Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher. Go thou with them; and in the Emperor.

Go thou with them; and in the Emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor; 205
Well shalt thou know her by thine own
proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee. I pray thee, do on them some violent death; They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus, To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son, Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike

Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy
house:

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast, I will bring in the Empress and her sons, The Emperor himself, and all thy foes; And at thy mercy shall they stoop and

kneel, And on them shalt thou ease thy angry

heart.
What says Andronicus to this device? 120

Tu. Marcus, my brother! 'Tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius; Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths; Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are. Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him, As he regards his aged father's life. 130

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy

business, And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me.

Or else I'll call my brother back again, 135 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [Aside to her sons] What say you, boys? Will you abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor How I have govern'd our determin'd jest? Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair.

And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [Aside] I knew them all, though they suppos'd me mad,

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices.

A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes

To lay a complet to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [Exit Tamora. Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter Publius, Caius, and Valentine.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons, I take them: Chiron, Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd.

The one is Murder, and Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius—Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

[Exit. They lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound? Look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! 170
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;

his goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault

I'wo of her brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off and made a merry jest; 275 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity, Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. 180

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you. This one hand yet is left to cut your throats, Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood. You know your mother means to feast with me, 185

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.

Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;

Pub. The Empress' sons, I take them: And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase. This is the feast that I have bid her to, And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,

And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.

And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.

And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,

Receive the blood; and when that they are

dead, Let me go grind their bones to powder

small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it: 200

And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may
prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast. [He cuts their throats.

Now bring them in, for I will play the cook, And see them ready against their mother comes. 206

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

Scene III. The court of Titus' house.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Goths, with Aaron prisoner, and his Child in the arms of an Attendant.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind

That I repair to Rome, I am content. e 1 Goth. And ours with thine, befall what

fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor.

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil; 5 Let him receive no sust'nance, fetter him, Till he be brought unto the Empress' face For testimony of her foul proceedings.

And see the ambush of our friends be strong;

I fear the Emperor means no good to us. 10

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter
forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallowed slave!

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. 15
[Exeunt Goths with Aaron. Flourish within.

The trumpets show the Emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, and Others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament moe suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun ?

Marc. Rome's Emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20 The feast is ready which the careful Titus Hath ordain'd to an honourable end, For peace, for love, for league, and good to

Rome. Please you, therefore, draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [A table brought in. The company sit down.

Trumpets sounding, enter TITUS like a cook, placing the dishes, and LAVINIA with a veil over her face; also Young Lucius, and Others.

Tit. Welcome, my lord; welcome, dread Oueen:

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; Lucius:

And welcome all. Although the cheer be

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Why art thou thus attır'd, An-Sat. dronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all

To entertain your Highness and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your Highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the Emperor, resolve me this: 35 Was it well done of rash Virginius To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord.

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows. Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual:

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant For me, most wretched, to perform the like. Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee; [He kills her.

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die! Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and And break my utt'rance, even in the unkind ?

made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was. And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage; and it now is done. Sat. What, was she ravish'd? Tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? Will't please your Highness feed?

Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius. They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently. Tit. Why, there they are, both baked in this pie,

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed, Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred. 'Tis true, 'tis true: witness my knife's

sharp point. [He stabs the Empress. Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [He stabs Titus.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

welcome, There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed. [He stabs Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and their friends go up into the balcony.

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again 70 This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf, These broken limbs again into one body: Lest Rome heiself be bane unto herself, And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to, Like a forlorn and desperate castaway, 75 Do shameful execution on herself. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age, Grave witnesses of true experience, Cannot induce you to attend my words, [To Lucius] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as

erst our ancestor, with his solemn tongue he did When discourse

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear The story of that baleful burning night, When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's

Troy. Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears, Or who hath brought the fatal engine in That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel; Nor can I utter all our bitter grief, But floods of tears will drown my oratory 90

wound.

time Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have When it should move ye to attend me most And force you to commiseration.

800

Here's Rome's young Captain, let him tell Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall. the tale:

While I stand by and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, gracious auditory, be it known Lucius our Emperor; for well I know to vou

That Chiron and the damn'd Demetrius Were they that murd'red our Emperor's brother:

And they it were that ravished our sister. For their fell faults our brothers were TOO beheaded.

Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out

And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished, The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping

To beg relief among Rome's enemies ; Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears, And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.

I am the turned forth, be it known to vou,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body. Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I; My scars can witness, dumb although they

are. That my report is just and full of truth. 115 But, soft! methinks I do digiess too much, Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me! For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child. [Pointing to the child in an Attendant's arms.

Of this was Tamora delivered, T 1/ The issue of an irreligious Moor, Chief architect and plotter of these woes. The villain is alive in Titus' house, Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true. Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge These wrongs unspeakable, past patience, Or more than any living man could bear. Now have you heard the truth: what say you, Romans?

Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein.

And, from the place where you behold us pleading,

The poor remainder of Andronici Will hand in hand all headlong hurl ourselves.

And on the ragged stones beat forth our souls.

And make a mutual closure of our house. Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome.

And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand. The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Emperor!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor To be adjudg'd some direful slaught'ring death,

As punishment for his most wicked life. 145 [Exeunt some Attendants. Lucius.

Marcus, and the others descend. All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so

To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile, For nature puts me to a heavy task. Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk. O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, Kisses Titus.

These sorrowful drops upon thy bloodstain'd face,

The last true duties of thy noble son! 155 Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips. O, were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come luther, boy; come, come, and learn of us To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee. Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

Many a story hath he told to thee,

And bid thee bear his pretty tales in mind And talk of them when he was dead and gone.

Marcus. How many thousand times hath these poor lips,

When they were living, warm'd themselves on thine!

O, now, sweet boy, give them their latest kiss!

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;

Do them that kindness, and take leave of them.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! ev'n with all my heart Would I were dead, so you did live again!

O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping; 135 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth. Re-enter Attendants with AARON.

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;

Give sentence on this execrable wretch That hath been breeder of these dire events. Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:

There let him stand and rave and cry for food.

If any one relieves or pities him, For the offence he dies. This is our doom. Some stay to see him fast'ned in the earth.

ome stay to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aar. Ah, why should wrath be mute and
fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers 185 I should repent the evils I have done;

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did Would I perform, if I might have my will. If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the

Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora, 195
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weed,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds

to prey.

Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,

And being dead, let birds on her take pity.

[Excunt.

ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHORUS.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.

MONTAGUE, \ heads of two houses at vari-CAPULET, \} ance with each other. An Old Man, of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, son to Montague. MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend

to Romeo.

Benvolio, nepliew to Montague, and friend

to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, Franciscans.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, GREGORY, servants to Capulet. PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse. ABRAHAM, servant to Montague. An Apothecary. Three Musicians. An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague. LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet. JULIET, daughter to Capulet. Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of both houses; Maskers, Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen, Servants, and Attendants,

THE SCENE: Verona and Maniua.

THE PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity, In fair Verona, where we lay our scene, From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean,

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life:

Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

And the continuance of their parents' rage, Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage; The which if you with patient ears attend, What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. [Exit.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers on.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one; I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids—I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

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Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Il Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-John. Draw k thy tool; here comes two of the house of 5 Montagues.

Enter two other Servingmen, ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back and run? Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? Sam. I do bite my thumb. sir. Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [Aside to Gregory] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. [Aside to Sampson] No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir? Abr. Quarrel, sir! No, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you. I

serve as good a man as you. Abr. No better?

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Gre. [Aside to Sampson] Say 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen. Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [They fight. Ben. Part, fools ! [Beats down their swords. Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio: look upon thy death. Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword.

Or manage it to part these men with me. Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward! [They fight,

Enter an Officer, and three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.

Officer. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike; beat them down. the Capulets!

Citizens. Down with Down with the Montagues!

Enter Old CAPULET in his gown, and his Wife.

long sword, ho!

Lady C. A crutch, a crutch! Why call vou for a sword? Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is

come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old MONTAGUE and his Wife.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet !- Hold me not, let me go.

Lady M. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE Escalus, with his Train. Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel-Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins!

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, 55 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets

And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Cank'red with peace, to part your cank'red

If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away. You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our farther pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgmentplace. Once more, on pain of death, all men Exeunt all but Montague, depart. his Wife, and Benvolio.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?

Speak, nephew; were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach. I drew to part them; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd; Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears.

He swung about his head and cut the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my Came more and more, and fought on part and part,

Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Lady M. O, where is Romeo? Saw you To hear true shrift him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray. 115 Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from this city side, So early walking did I see your son. Towards him I made; but he was ware of

And stole into the covert of the wood. I, measuring his affections by my own, Which then most sought where most might not be found,

Being one too many by my weary self, Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew.

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the farthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, 134 Away from light steals home my heavy

And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight

And makes himself an artificial night. Black and portentous must this humour

Unless good counsel may the cause remove. Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends.

But he, his own affections' counsellor, Is to himself—I will not say how true; But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm, Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air. 150

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his

sorrows grow, We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes./ So please you step aside : I'll know his grievance or be much denied. This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by the stav

Come, madam, let's awav.

Exeunt Montague and his Wife. Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Is the day so young? Ben. But new struck nine.

Ay me! sad hours seem long. Rom. Was that my father that went hence so fast?

What sadness lengthens Ben. It was. Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that which having makes them short.

Ben. In love? Rom. Out-

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in

Ben. Alas that love, so gentle in his view. Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes see pathways to his

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hatel O anything, of nothing first create! O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! This love feel I, that feel no love in this. 180 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep. Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression. Rom. Why, such is love's transgression. Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears.

What is it else? A madness most discreet. A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz.

Soft! I will go along; Ben.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong. Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not

Ben. Tell me in sadness who is that you For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee? Groan! Why, no: Ben. But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good markman! And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit, And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd. From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. O, she is rich in beauty; only poor That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all posterity. She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me despair. 220 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me: forget to think of her. Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think!

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes. Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way 426 To call hers, exquisite, in question more. These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.

He that is strucken blind cannot forget 230 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What doth her beauty serve but as a note Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget. Ben. I'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt. IExeunt.

Scene II. A street.

Enter CAPULET. COUNTY PARIS, and the Clown, his servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I, In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think, Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both.

And pity 'tis you hy'd at odds so long. But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? Cap. But saying o'er what I have said

before: My child is yet a stranger in the world, She hath not seen the change of fourteen

years; Let two more summers wither in their

pride Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. Younger than she are happy Par.

mothers made. Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so

early made. Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she; She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart: My will to her consent is but a part.

And, she agreed, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice. This night I hold an old accustom'd feast. Whereto I have invited many a guest. Such as I love; and you among the store. One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night. Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel When well-apparell'd April on the heel Ot limping winter treads, even such delight Among fresh temale buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see, 30 And like her most whose merit most shall

Which on more view of many, mine, being one.

May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.

Come, go with me. [To Servant, giving him a paper] Go, sirrah, trudge about Through fair Verona; find those persons

out Whose names are written there, and to them say

My house and welcome on their pleasure [Exeunt Capulet and Paris. stay.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time!

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is less'ned by another's anguish; And these, who, often drown'd, could never Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning:

languish.

And the rank poison of the old will die. 50 Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

For your broken shin. Rom. Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipt and tormented, and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' go'den. I pray, sir, can you But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book. But I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. 63
[He reads the list] 'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline and Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.' 70 A fair assembly. [Gives back the paper] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up. Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper. To our house.

Rom. Whose house? Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you

that before. Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I

pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

[Exit. Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves, With all the admired beauties of Verona. Go thither, and with unattainted eye

Compare her face with some that I shall Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be show,

Rom. When the devout religion of mine Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears On Lammas Eve at night shall she be to fires:

die.

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! One desperate grief cures with another's One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun

Take thou some new infection to thy Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye; qu But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you shining at this feast. And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady C. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

Nunce. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will? Lady C. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again;

I have rememb'red me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady C. 's not fourteen.

Nurse. a il lay fourteen of my teeth-And yet, to my teen he it spoken, I have but four-

She's not fourteen. How long is it now 15 To Lammas-tide?

Lady C. A fortnight and odd days. Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,

fourteen.

And I will make thee think thy swan a Susan and she-God rest all Christian souls !-

She was too good for me. But, as I said, fourteen:

That shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years: And she was wean'd-I never shall forget

Of all the days of the year, upon that day; For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua. Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said, When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool. To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!

Shake, quoth the dove-house. 'Twas no need. I trow.

To bid me trudge. 35 And since that time it is eleven years: For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by th' rood,

She could have run and waddled all about: For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband-God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man—took up the child. 'Yea,' quoth he 'dost thou fall upon thy face?

more wit,

Wilt thou not, Jule?' And, by my holidam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said Ay To see, now, how a jest shall come about! I warrant, an I should live a thousand

years, I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not,

Jule?' quoth he; And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay'. Lady C. Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh

To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay'.

And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone-A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly. 55 'Yea,' quoth my husband 'fall'st upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' It stinted, and said

'Ay'. Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I

An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

nurs'd :

Lady C. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your dispositions to be married? Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of. Nurse. An honour! Were not I thine

only nurse.

I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom

from thy teat.

Lady C. Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you.

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem. Are made already mothers. By my count, I was your mother much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in

brief: The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. 75 Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a

As all the world—why, he's a man of

wax. Lady C. Verona's summer hath noc such

a flower. Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a

very flower. Lady C. What say you? Can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our

feast; Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight writ there with beauty's

> Examine every married lineament, And see how one another lends content: 85 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies Find written in the margent of his eyes. This precious book of love, this unbound

lover. To beautify him, only lacks a cover.

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide. That book in many's eyes doth share the glory

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess. By having him making yourself no less. 95 Nurse. No less! Nay, bigger; women

grow by men. Lady C. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eve Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady C. We follow thee. [Exit Servant] Juliet, the County stays. 105

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to Exeunt. happy days.

Scene IV. A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers: Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity. We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf.

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; Nor no without-book prologue, faintly

spoke After the prompter, for our entrance; But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. Rom. Give me a torch; I am not for this

ambling; Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead 15 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his

To soar with his light feathers; and so I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.

Under love's heavy burden do I sink. Mer. And to sink in it should you burden

love: Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,

Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Give me a case to put my visage in.

[Putting on a mask. A visor for a visor! What care I What curious eve doth quote deformities? Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me. Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no Which off the angry Mab with blisters sooner in

But every man betake him to his legs. Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels; And then dreams he of smelling out a suit; 800

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase: I'll be a candle-holder and look on :

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done. Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stickest

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho! Rom. Nay, that's not so.

I mean, sir, in delay We waste our lights in vain—like lights by day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment

Five times in that ere once in our five wits. Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask:

But 'tis no wit to go.

Why, may one ask? Mer. Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did 1. Rom. Well, what was yours?

That dreamers often lie. Mer. Rom. In hed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes In shape no bigger than an agate stone 55 On the fore-finger of an alderman. Drawn with a team of little atomies Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs: The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; 60 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web:

Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat. Not half so hig as a round little worm Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid. Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairles' coachmakers. And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

plagues, Because their breaths with sweetmeats

tainted are. 35. Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's thou, save me a piece of marchpane: and tail.

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep, 8 Then dreams he of another benefice.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck. And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats.

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two.

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab That plats the manes of horses in the night: And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs. Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs.

That presses them and learns them first to bear.

Making them women of good carriage. This is she-

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Rom. Thou talk'st of nothing.

True. I talk of dreams. Which are the children of an idle brain, Begot of nothing but vain fantasy; Which is as thin of substance as the air, And more inconstant than the wind, who

woos Even now the frozen bosom of the north, And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence, Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves:

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars, Shall bitterly begin his tearful date With this night's revels and expire the term Of a despised life clos'd in my breast, By some vile forfeit of untimely death. But He that hath the steerage of my course Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

They march about the stage. Exeunt.

Scene V. Capulet's house.

Enter the Maskers. Servingmen come forth with napkins.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

the court-cubbert, look to the plate. Good

as thou loves me let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

1 Serv. You are look'd for and call'd for. ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber.

3 Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys! Be busk a while, and the longer liver take all! IServants retire.

Enter CAPULET, with all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with vou.

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

She I'll swear hath corns; am I come near ve now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor and could tell 20 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone,

'tis gone!

You are welcome, gentlemen. musicians, play.

A hall, a hall! give room; and foot it, girls. [Music plays, and they dance. More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet, For you and I are past our dancing days. How long is't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r Lady, thirty years. Cap. What, man? 'tis not so much, 'tis

not so much. 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentia,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty Will you tell me that? Cap.

His son was but a ward two years ago. Rom. [To a servant] What lady's that

which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's car-

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! 1 Serv. Away with the join-stools, remove So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand.

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it,

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a
Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To ffeer and scorn at our solemnity? Solemnity ? Solemnity is stock and honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain, that is hither come in spite 60 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo, is it?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him

'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him 65
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will; the which if thou respect, 70
Show a fair presence and put off these
frowns.

An ill-besceming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd. 74
What, goodman boy! I say he shall. Go to;
Am I the master here or you? Go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my
soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the
man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame. Cap. Go to, s

Cap. Go to, go to; 80 You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed? This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what:

You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time.— Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go.

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What!—Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler I'll to my rest.
meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

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I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall. [Exit. Rom. [To Juliet] If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this:

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in pray'r.

Rom. O. then, dear saint, let lips do what

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do!
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to

despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant

for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayer's

effect I take.

Thus from my lips by thine my sin is

purg'd. [Kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they

have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass

sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again. [Kissing her.
Jul. You kiss by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a

word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor, Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd
withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her 114 Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone:

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all; I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! [Exeunt Maskers] Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse. Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is youd gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.Ju!. What's he that now is going out of door?

Petruckio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name.—If he be married. My grave is like to be my wedding bed. Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague:

The only son of your great enemy. Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me. That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? What's this? A rhyme I learnt even now Jul. Of one I danc'd withal.

[One calls within 'Juliet'.

Anon, anon! 141 Nurse. Come, let's away; the strangers all are Exeunt.

ACT TWO PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie. And young affection gapes to be his heir; That fair for which love groan'd for and would die.

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair. Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again, 5 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks; But to his foe suppos'd he must complain, And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.

Being held a foe, he may not have access To breathe such vows as lovers use to

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new beloved any where. But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. Exit.

Scene I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Remeo! my cousin, Romeo! Ben. Romeo! Mer. He is wise,

Nurse. Marry, that I think be young And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio. Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

humours! madman! passion! Romeo! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh; Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied: Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word. One nickname for her purblind son and heir.

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim When King Cophetua lov'd the beggarmaid!

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes. By her high forehead and her scarlet lip. By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie. That in thy likeness thou appear to us. Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down; That were some spite. My invocation Is fair and honest: in his mistress' name.

I conjure only but to raise up him. Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees

To be consorted with the humorous night: Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. if love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit

As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.

O Romeo, that she were, O that she were An open et cetera, thou a pop'rin pear! Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle bed: This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. 40 Come, shall we go?

Go, then; for 'tis in vain Ben. To seek him here that means not to be found. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Enter JULIET above at a window.

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief 5 That thou her maid art far more fair than

Be not her maid, since she is envious; Her vestal livery is but sick and green, And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. It is my lady; O, it is my love! 10 O that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks;
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her
head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O that I were a glove upon that hand, as That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks.

speak again, bright angel, for thou art

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven Unto the white-upturned wond ring eyes Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him, w When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name; 31 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a

By any other name would smell as sweet; So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, 45

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name; And for thy name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

5x
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus be-

screen'd in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a r

Rom. By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee; 56 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60 Rom. Neither, tair maid, if either thee dislike.

J.J. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out; And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me

from their eyes; 75
And but thou love me, let them find me

here.
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest

I should adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou knowest the mask of night is
on my face,

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Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st.

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' periuries

They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully. Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the I hear some noise within. world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond: And therefore thou mayst think haviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange. I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,

My true love's passion. Therefore pardon

And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered. Rom. Lady, by vonder blessed moon I vow.

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay. tops-

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon.

That monthly changes in her circled orb. Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all; Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee. If my heart's dear love- 115 Rom. Jul. Well, do not swea. Although I joy in thee.

I have no joy of this contract to-night: It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden: Too like the lightning, which doth cease to

Ere one can say 'It lightens'. Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summer's ripening

breath, May prove a beauteous flow'r when next

we meet. Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast! Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? what purpose, love? Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have. My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep: the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within. Dear love. adieu !-

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit. Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.

Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable. Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow.

By one that I'll procure to come to thee. Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite:

And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within] Madam!

Jul. I come anon.—But if thou meanest not well. 150

I do beseech thee-Nurse. [Within] Madam!

By and by, I come-Jul. To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief. To-morrow will I send.

So thrive my soul-Rom. Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit. Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Hist! Romeo, hist!-O for a Jul. falc'ner's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again! Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud:

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies, And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name. Romeo!

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How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending cars I Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

At what o'clock to-morrow Jul.

Shall I send to thee?

By the hour of nine. Rom. Jul. I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till

then. I have forgot why I did call thee back. Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company. Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this. Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have

thee gone;

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird, That lets it hop a little from her hand, And with a silk thread plucks it back again, So loving-jealous of his liberty. Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Sweet, so would L. Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow 185

That I shall say good night till it be [Exit. morrow.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest l Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,

His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [Exit. SCENE III. Friar Lawrence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with a basket.

Fri. L. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

And fleckel'd darkness like a drunkard reels From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eve The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours With baleful weeds and precious-juiced

flowers. The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;

What is her burying grave, that is her

And from her womb children of divers kind My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my We sucking on her natural bosom find: Many for many virtues excellent. None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that hes 15 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

But to the earth some special good doth give:

Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied. And vice samatime's by action dignified. Within the infant rind of this weal; flower Poison hath residence, and medicine power: For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. Two such opposed kings encamp them still In man as well as herbs-grace and rude will;

And where the worser is predominant. Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father I

Benedicite! Fri. L. What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? Young son, it argues a distempered head So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed. Care keeps his watch in every old man's

And where care lodges sleep will never lie: But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure 39 Thou art uprous'd with some distemp'rature :

Or if not so, then here I hit it right-Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night,

Rom. That last is true: the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin: wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son; but where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy: Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me so That's by me wounded; both our remedies Within thy help and holy physic lies. I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drut; Riddling confession finds but riddling shuft.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear

love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet. As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; And all combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow.

I'll tell thee as we pass: but this I pray. That thou consent to marry us to-day. Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis! What a

change is here! Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear.

So soon forsaken? Young men's love, then, lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

line! How much salt water thrown away in waste.

To season love, that of it doth not taste! The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven

Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient he's the courageous captain of com-

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet. If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline. And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this

sentence, then: Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not; her I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow:

The other did not so.

O, she knew well Fri. L. Thy love did read by rote that could not

But come, young waverer, come, go with

In one respect I'll thy assistant be; For this alliance may so happy prove To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fil. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run tast. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet. Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life. Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosadead: stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a lovesong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt? Mer. More than Prince of Cats. O, He fights as you sing prickpliments. song: keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah. the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay !-

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accent!—'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon me's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in; Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wenchmarry, she had a better love to berhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to

IOO

the purpose—Sigmor Romeo, bon jour! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What

counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio; my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in

the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition. 55 Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well

flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit! Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular

for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Bervolio; my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs;

or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the

goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that iest.

jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;

it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not then well serv'd in to

Rom. And is it not then well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad', which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale ropery? against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd: I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and her man, PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock. Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for

her fan's the fairer lace.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen, Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! What a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said. 'For himself to mar' quoth 'a! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?"

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse. Nurse, You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? Very well

took, i' taith; wisely, wisely.

Nuise. It you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

224

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho! Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

He walks by them and sings.

An old hare hoar, 130 And an old hare hoar.

Is very good meat in Lent;
But a hare that is hoar

Is too much for a score, When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [Sings] lady, lady, lady.

is [Execut Mercutio and Benvolio.
Nurse, I pray you, sir, what saucy
on merchant was this that was so full of his
le ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to

hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were laster than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurry knave! I am none of his fiirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suiter every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 156

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should dead double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be off'red to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee-

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' taith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny. Rom. Go to: I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she

shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse—behind the abbey wall

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy dust be my convoy in the secret night. 185 Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee !— Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is' your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say

I wo may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I want thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sie. My mistress 's the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing! O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her so netimes, and tell har that Paris is the properer man; but. I'll warrant you, when I say so she looks as pale as any clout in the veisal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? Both

with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—no, I know it begins with some other letter. And she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. [Handing him her fan] Before and apace. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—that's not

O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams 5
Driving back shadows over louring hills;

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till
twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood.

She would be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love.

And his to me.

But old folks—many feign as they were dead:

Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

20

[Exit Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; f good, thou shamest the music of sweet

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a

while; 25
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30 Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance. Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad? 37

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no. But all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? What of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back a t' other side—ah, my back, my back!

50

Beshrew your heart for sending me about To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! Why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

repliest!

And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly co

Your love says like an honest gentleman, 60 Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward, do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! Come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife. Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight; But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse,
farewell.

[Execut.

SCLNE VI. Priar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! But come what
sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight.

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare:

It is enough I may but call her mine. Fri. L. These violent delights have violent

ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder, 10
Which, as thy kiss, consume. The sweetest

honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately: long love doth
so:

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. A lover may bestride the gossamer That idles in the wanton summer air

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,
for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath This neighbour air, and let rich music's my life for an hour and a quarter. tongue

Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both Receive in either by this dear encounter. Jul. Concert, more rich in matter than in

words, Brags of his substance, not of ornament.

They are but beggars that can count their worth:

But my true love is grown to such excess I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth. Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will

make short work: For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone

Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. A public place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad, And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl; For now, these hot days, is the mad blood

stirring. Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee! and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when, indeed

there is no need. Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, w should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wil quarrel with a man that hath a hair moror a hair less in his beard than thou hast Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but suc! an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Th head is as full of quarrels as an egg is ful of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for cough ing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter With another for tying his new shoes with old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me rom quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of

Mer. The fee simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and Others

Ben. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to

sentlemen, good den; a word with one of

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Louple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to .hat, sir, an you will give me occasion. 41 Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

Mer. Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I. Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery. Marry, go before to field, he'll be your

follower: Your worship in that sense may call him

man. Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can

afford No better term than this: thou art a

villain. Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to

love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting. Villain am I none; Therefore, farewell; I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise Till thou shalt know the reason of my love; And so, good Capulet—which name I tender

As dearly as mine own —be satisfied. 70

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me? Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

7.

Tyb. I am for you. [Draws. Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! Tybalt! Mercutio! the Prince expressly

hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in, and flies with his friends.

Mer. I am hurt. A plague a both your houses! I am sped. Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt? Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry,

'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Ext Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough. 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague a both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a ral, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best. Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio.

or I shall faint.

A plague a both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me. 104
I have it, and soundly too—Your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio. Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet, 110 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel! Re-enter DENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untincely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black rate on moe days

This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-encer Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive in triumph and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven respective lenity, 120 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company. 125 Either thou or ', or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wittched boy, that didst con-

Shalt with lore hence.

Rom. This shall determine flat. 11hey fight; Tybell falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone.
The citizens are up, and 'tybalt slain. 130
Stand not amaz'd. 'The Prince will doom
thee death

If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Why dost thou stay?

Enter Citizens.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutho? 144 Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me; I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended: Montague, Capu-Let, their Wives, and All.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady C. Tyhalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true, 145 For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody

fray 7

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's Bear hence this body, and attend our will: hand did slay; Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him

bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and ure'd withat Your high displeasure. All this, uttered With gentle Lreath, calm look, knees

humbly bow d.

Could not take truce with the unruly spicen Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast:

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand

Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dextenty Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud

friends! friends, part! and.

swifter than his tongue, His agile arm beats down then tatal points, 'twixt them rushes; underneath

whose arm An envious thrust from Tybalt bit the life Of stout Mercutio; and then Tybalt fled: But by and by comes back to Romeo,

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt

slain: And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die. Ludy C. He is a kinsman to the Mon-

tague, Affection makes him false, he speaks not

Some twenty of them fought in this black

stufe. And all those twenty could but kill one life. I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give:

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. Prin. Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio. Who now the price of his dear blood doth' owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's triend:

His fault concludes but what the law should end.

The life of Tybalt.

And for that offence, Prin. Immediately we do exile him hence. 184 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding, My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine That you shall all repent the loss of mine. I will be deaf to pleading and excuses, Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:

Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste.

Mercy but muiders, pardoning those that kill. Exeunt.

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner

As Phaethon would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately. Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,

That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen. Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauties; or if love be blind, It best agrees with night. Come, civil night. Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, ii And learn me how to lose a winning match, Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods; Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,

Wills thy black mantle, till strange love, grown bold,

Think time love acted simple modesty. And to't they go like lightning; for ear I Chair, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;

For thou wilt he upon the wings of night Winter than new snow on a raven's back. Come, gentle night, come, loving blackbrow'd night.

20 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die.

Take him and cut him out in little stars. And he will make the face of heaven so fine That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun. (). I have bought the mansion of a love, to the out possess'd it; and though I am : old.

Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day As it the night before some festival To an impatient child that hath new robes, And may not wear them. O, here comes my

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks

But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Ay, ay, the cords. 35 [Throws them down. Nurse.

Jul. Ay, me! what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands? Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead.

Else when he is found that hour is his last. We are undone, lady, we are undone.

dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Romeo can, 40 Nurse. O Romeo. heaven cannot. Though Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo! Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roat'd in dismal hell. Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but 'I',

And that bare vowel I shall poison more Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice. I am not I if there be such an 'I': Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer

If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, 'No'; Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe. Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes-

God save the mark !-here on his manly

breast. A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, 5% All in gore-blood. I swounded at the sight. Jul. O. break, my heart! poor bankrupt,

break at once ! To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty. Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion

here: And thou and Romco press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman! That ever I should live to see thee dead! Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaught'red, and is Tybalt dead? My dearest cousin and my dearer lord? Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;

For who is living if those two are gone? Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. Jul. O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! 75 Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show I Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damned saint, an honourable villain! O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 800 When thou didst bower the spirit of a

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

There's no trust, 85 Ninse. No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd, All forsworn, all naught, all dissembleis. Ah. where's my man? Give me some agua vitæ.

These guets, these woes, these sorrows. make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Blister'd he thy tongue 90 Jul. For such a wish! He was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit: For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him! os Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, When

three-hours wife, have mangled it? But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my

cousin ? That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe.

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain.

And Tybalt's dead that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort; wherefore ween I then ?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murd'red me; I would forget it fain, But, O, it presses to my memory Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished'. That 'banished', that one word 'banished' Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there: 115 Or if sour woe delights in fellowship And needly will be rank'd with other griefs, Why followed not, when she said 'Tybalt's

dead ' Thy father or thy mother, nay, or both, Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo is banished '-to speak that word In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, Was ever book containing such vile matter All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished'—

922

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, Hence banished is banish'd from the world. In that word's death; no words can that And world's exile is death. Then 'banished woe sound.

Where is my father and my mother, nurse? Nurse. Weeping and wailing over 'Ty- Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe. balt's corse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears! Mine shall be spent, When theirs are dry, for Romeo's bamsh-

ment. Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are

beguil'd, Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd; He made you for a highway to my bed, But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed:

And death, not Romeo, take my maiden-

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight. And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene III. Friar Lawrence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou tearful man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts, And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, hand

That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company; I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom. Rom. What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips-

Not body's death, but body's banishment. Rom. Ha, banishment! Be merciful, say death';

For exile hath more terror in his look, Much more than death. Do not say 'banishment'.

L. Here from Verona art thou banished.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. Rom. There is no world without Verona walls.

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Is death mis-term'd; calling death 'banished',

And smilest upon the stroke that murders 1777

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness !

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince.

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law. And turn'd that black word death to banishment.

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here

Where Juliet lives, and every cat, and dog, And little mouse, every unworthy thing, Live here in heaven and may look on her; But Romeo may not. More validity, More honourable state, more courtshin lives

In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, And steal immortal blessing from her lips; Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin:

But Romeo may not-he is banished. This may flies do, when I from this must fly: They are free men, but I am banished. And sayest thou yet that exile is not death? Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-

ground knife, No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so

mean, But 'banished' to kill me-'banished'? O friar, the damned use that word in hell; Rom. Father, what news? What is the Howling attends it; how hast thou the heart,

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50 To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak. Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banish-

ment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, To comfort thee, though thou art banished. Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up plulosophy:

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom, It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more. Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have

no ears. Rom. How should they, when that wise

men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of they estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou And Tybut calls; and then on Romes dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 65 And then down falls again. An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, Doting like me, and like me banished,

thou tear thy hair,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [Knocking within.

one knocks. Good Fri. L. Arise; Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,

Mist-like, enfold me from the search of eyes. [Knocking.

Who's Fri. L. Hark how they knock! there? Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken .- Stay awhile .- Stand [Knocking. up:

Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will. What simpleness is this !—I come, I come.

[Knocking. Who knocks so hard? Whence come you?

What's your will? Nurse. [Within] Let me come in and you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet. Welcome, then. 80 Fri. L.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, Where's my lady's lord, where's Romeo? Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O. he is even in my mistress' case. Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she. Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man ;

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand:

Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90 Rom. Nurse!

the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murderer, 91 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love? Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps

and weeps; happy.

And now falls on her bed, and then starts A pack of blessings lights upon thy back:

CITE S.

As if that name. Rom. Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Then mightst thou speak, then mightst Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand

And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 69 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, triar, tell me.

> In what vie part of this anatomy Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sack

> The hateful mansion [Drawing his sword. Hold thy desperate hand. Fri. L. Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art:

> Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable tury of a boost. Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

And ill-b, seeming beast in scenning both I Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,

I thought the disposition better temper'd. Hast thou stan Tybalt ? Wilt thou slay thy self 2

And slay the lady that in thy life lives, By doing damned hate upon thy eff?

Why railest thou on thy buth, the maten. and earth ?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet In thee at once; which thou at once

wouldst lose. Fie, fie I thou shamest thy shape, thy love. thy wit:

Which, like a warer, abound'st in all, And usest none in that true use indeed Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love,

thy wit. Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, Digressing from the valour of a man;

Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury. Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, Misshapen in the conduct of them both, Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,

Is set affre by thine own ignorance, Nurse. Ah, sir! ah, sir! Well, death's And thou dismembired with thine own defence.

What, rouse toee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:

There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slewest Tybalt; there art thou happy too.

The law, that threat'ned death, becomes thy friend,

And turns it to exile; there art thou

100 Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench. Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed. Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort

But look thou stay not till the watch be set For then thou canst not pass to Mantua. Where thou shalt live till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back With twenty hundred thousand times more

joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. Go before, nurse; commend me to thy ladv:

And bid her hasten all the house to bed. Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here

all the night

To hear good counsel; O, what learning is! My lord. I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give vou. sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. HExit.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set. Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.

Solourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time 170 Every good hap to you that chances here. Give me thy hand. "Tis late; farewell;

good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me.

It were a grief so brief to part with thee. Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris. Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so un-

luckilv That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt

dearly,

And so did I. Well, we were born to die. 'Tis very late; she'll not come down tonight.

I promise you, but for your company, I would have been abed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time

to woo. Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

Lady C. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness. Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd

In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to hed; 15 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love And hid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next-

But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord. Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.

A Thursday let it be; a Thursday, tell her.

She shall be married to this noble earl. Will you be ready? Do you like this haste? We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two; For, hark you, Tybalt being slam so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we revel much: 26 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends.

And there an end. But what say you to

Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: a Thursday be it then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to hed; Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day. Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me, it is so very very late That we may call it early by and by. (Exerent. Good night.

Scene V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yes near day;

It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on youd pomegranate tree.

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5 Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the

morn, No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east: Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Youd light is not daylight; I know For sweet discourses in our times to it. I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhalcs To be to thee this night a torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Mantua; 15 Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:

I am content, so thou wilt have it so. I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven so high above our heads. I have more care to stay than will to go. Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? Let's talk-it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away! It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division; This doth not so, for she divideth us. Some say the lark and loathed toad change

eves: O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone! More light and light it giows.

Rom. More light and light-more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam! Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

The day is broke: be wary, look about. 40 [Exit. Jul. Then, window, let day in and let life

Rom. Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. [He goeth down. Jul. Art thou gone so, love—lord, ay, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour.

For in a minute there are many days; 45 O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes Would none but I might venge my cousin's shall serve

come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see thee, now thou art below, 55 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb: pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you ;

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! Exit below. Jul. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call

thee fickle. If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle.

Fortune: For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him

long,

But send him back.

Lady C. [Within] Ho, daughter! are ven up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother. Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well. Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of love :

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady C. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for. Feeling so the loss, Jul.

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. Lady C. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

Lady C. That same villain, Romeo. Jul. [Aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder!-

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart; And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady C. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

death 1

Lady C. We will have vengcanc for it, fear thou not;

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua-

Where that same banish'd runagate dotte live-

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd diam That he shall soon keep Tybalt company; And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied With Romeo till I behold him-dead-Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd. 95

Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it. That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him.

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him! Lady C. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl. Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy

What are they, beseech your ladyship? Lady C. Well, well, thou hast a careful But thankful even for hate that is meant

father, child; One who, to put thee from thy heaviness.

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy That thou expects not, nor I look'd not ITO for.

Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no Thursday morn

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church Shall happily make thee there a joyfu TT'

bride. Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride I wonder at this haste, that I must wed Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you tell my lord and father, madam, 1 will not marry yet; and when I do, I

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate Rather than Paris. These are news indeed Lady C. Here comes your father; tel!

him so yourself, And see how he will take it at your hands

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son It rains downright.

tears?

Evermore show'ring? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind; for still thy eyes, which I may can the

Do ebb and flow with tears. The back thy pody is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs.

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them.

Without a sudden calm will overset Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife! Have you delivered to her our decree?

Lady C. Av, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave! Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest.

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,

love. Cap. How how, how how, chopt logic!

What is this? 'Proud'—and 'I thank you'—and 'I

thank you not '-Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is And yet 'not proud'? Mistress minion,

prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thuisday next.

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 155 Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage !

You tallow-face!

Fie, fie! what, are you mad? Lady C. Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees.

Hear me with patience but to speak a word. Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! dis-

obedient wretch! I tell thee what-get thee to church a Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest

That God had lent us but this only child; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her.

Out on her, hilding!

God in heaven bless her! Nurse. How now! a conduit, girl? What, still in You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. Cap. And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold 170 your tongue.

Good Prudence; smatter with your gossips,

Nurse. I speak no treason.

O, God-i-goden! Cab. Nurse. May not one speak?

Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, For here we need it not.

You are too hot. 175 Ladv C. Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play, Alone, in company, still my care hath been To have her match'd; and having now

provided A gentleman of noble parentage, Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd.

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts, Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a

And then to have a wretched puling fool, A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love, I am too young, I pray you pardon me 违 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you. Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

Look to 't, think on't; I do not use to jest. Thursday is near; lay hand on heart advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ; An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets.

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit. Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds That sees into the bottom of my grief? O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! Delay this marriage for a month, a week; Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed 201 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies. Lady C. Talk not to me, for I'll not

speak a word; Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit. Jul. O God !-O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven:

How shall that faith return again to earth, Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel

Alack, alack, that heaven should reactise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself! What say'st thou! Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nur se. Faith, here it is: Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you: Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth. Then, since the case so stands as now it

doth. I think it best you married with the County.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo 's a dishclout to him; an eagle. madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye As Paus hath. Beshrew my very heart, I think you are happy in this second match, For it excels your first; or, if it did not, Your fuse is dead, or 'twere as good he were

As Lying here and you no use of him. Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nanse. And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much. Go in; and fell my lady I am gone.

Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence'

To make confession, and to be absolv'd. Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely [Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend! Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn.

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. I'll to the friar to know his remedy; If all else fail, myself have power to die.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Fria Lawrence's cell.

Exit.

Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

Par. My tather Capulet will have it so, And I am nothing slow to slack his haste. Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:

Uneven is the course; I like it not. Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death.

And therefore have I little talk'd of love: For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous That she do give her sorrow so much sway,

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage, II To stop the inundation of her tears; Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [Aside] I would I knew not why

it should be slow'd.—

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a
wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Frt. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him Par. So will ye, I am suie, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears

with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast

sland'red it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye; Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit.

Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me—past hope, past cure,

past help.

Fri. L. O, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits.

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, firar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it. If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help, Do thou but call my resolution wise, And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands:

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd, Shall be the label to another deed, Or my true heart with treacherous sevolt Turn to another, this shall slav them both Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, Give me some present counsel; or, beheld, 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody

knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of temedy Fri. L. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution As that is desperate which we would pre-

If, rather than to marry County Paris, Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself.

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake A thing like death to chide away this shame, That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than many
Paris,

From off the battlements of any tower.
Or walk in thevish ways, or bid me luik
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
bears.

Or hide me nightly in a charnel house, O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With recky shanks and yellow chapless skulls:

Or bid me go into a new-made grave, And hide me with a dead man in his

shroud—
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble—

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry,

give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not the nurse he with thee in thy

chamber.

Take thou this vial, being then in bed.

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall

run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no puls:
Shall keep his native progress, but surceuse;

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest:

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, Like death when he shuts up the day of life; Each part, depriv'd of supple government, Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, And then awake as from a pleasant sleep. Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.

Then, as the manner of our country is, In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier, Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. In the meantime, against thou shalt awake, Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift, And hither shall he come; and he and I Will watch thy waking, and that very night Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua. And this shall free thee from this present shame.

If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear Abate thy valous in the acting it. Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord. Jul. Love give me strength! and strength

shall help afford. Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.

Scene II. Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are [Exit a Servingman. Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for

I'll try if they can lick their fingers. Cup. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

[Exit second Servingman. We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth. Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look. Cap. How now, my headstrong! Where

have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the SIL

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your benests; and am enjoin'd By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here, 20 To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you.

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you. Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of this.

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell.

And gave him what becomed love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is wellstand up--This is as't should be.

Let me see the County; Ay, marry, go, I say, and tetch him hither. Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him. Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet

To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? Lady C. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church to-morrow.

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse. Lady C. We shall be short in our provision;

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee. wite.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone. I'll play the huswife for this once. What, ho!

They are all forth; well, I will walk myself To County Paris, to prepare up him Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Juliet's chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,

For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state.

Which well thou knowest is cross and ful of sin-

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What, are you busy, ho? Need O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught. you my help?

Jul. No. madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow So please you, let me now be left alone. And let the nurse this night sit up with And, in this rage, with some great kinsyou;

For I am sure you have your hands full all In this so sudden business. Good night.

Lady C. Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life: I'll call them back again to comfort me. Nurse !- What should she do here ? My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all? Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?

No, no; this shall forbid it. Lie thou there. [Laying down her dagger.

What if it be a poison which the friar Subtly hath minist'red to have me dead, 25 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd.

Because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man. How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air But I will watch you from such watching breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place-As in a vault, an ancient receptacle Where for this many hundred years the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd; Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they

At some hours in the night spirits resort-Alack, alack, is it not like that I, 45 So early waking-what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth.

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad-

Environed with all these hideous fears, 50

And madly play with my forefathers' joints.

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud.

man's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay. Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee.

[She drinks and falls upon her bed within the curtains.

Scene IV. Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady C. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock. Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica: 5 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go. Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick tomorrow

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; what! I have watch'd ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady C. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

now. [Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen with spits and logs and baskets.

Now, fellow,

What is there? 1 Fellow. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. 1 Fellow] Sirrah, fetch drier logs; Call Peter; he will show thee where they are. 2 Fellow. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. [Exit 2 Fellow] Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff. Good faith, 'tis day;

The County will be here with music straight, For so he said he would, [Play music] I hear him near.

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-uter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up; 25 I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make

haste, aste. The bridegroom he is come Make haste. already. [Exeunt.

Make haste, I say.

Scene V. Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!

Fast, I warrant her, she. Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-abed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! Why, bride!

What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now.

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant.

The County Paris hath set up his rest That you shall rest but little. God forgive

Marry, and amen. How sound is she asleep! I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the County take you in your bed; He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be? [Draws the curtains.

What, dress'd, and in your clothes, and down again!

I must needs wake you. Lady ! lady ! lady ! Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady 's dead! O well-a-day that ever I was born! Some aqua-vitæ, ho! My lord! My lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What noise is here? O lamentable day! Lady C. What is the matter

Look, look! O heavy day! Nurse. Lady C. O me, O me! My child, my only

life, Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 20 Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her Dead art thou; alack, my child is dead, lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

dead, she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's cold;

Life and these lips have long been separated.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady C. O woeful time! 10 Cab. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail.

Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and COUNTY PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return. O son, the night before thy wedding day 35 Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies.

Flower as she was, deflowered by him. Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir: My daughter he hath wedded; I will die. And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this? Lady C. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! But one, poor one, one poor and loving child.

But one thing to rejoice and solace in. And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day 50 That ever, ever, I did yet behold! O day! O day! O day! O hateful day! Never was seen so black a day as this.

O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd. By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd !-Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity? O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!

And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not

Lady C. Alack the day, she's dead, she's In these confusions. Heaven and yourself Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all.

25 And all the better is it for the maid.

Your part in her you could not keep from crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you: do you death.

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70 The most you sought was her promotion, For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself? O, in this love, you love your child so ill 75 That you run mad, seeing that she is

well.

She's not well married that lives married long,

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary On this fair corse, and, as the custom is, 80 In all her best array bear her to church; For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment. Cab. All things that we ordained festival Turn from their office to black funeral: 85 Our instruments to melancholy bells,

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast. Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change; Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse; And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir. go you in; and, madam, go with hım ;

And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare To follow this fair corse unto her grave. The heavens do lour upon you for some ill; Move them no more by crossing their high

Exeunt all but Nurse and Musicians. 1 Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up,

put up; For well you know this is a pitiful case.

[Exit. 1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease', 'Heart's ease'! O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease'

1 Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe'. O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

1 Mus. Not a dump we! 'Tis no time to

play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

1 Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly. 1 Mus. What will you give us?

*** Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the servingcreature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!

note me?

1 Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men.

When griping grief the heart doth wound And doleful dumps the mind oppress, Then music with her silver sound '- 125

Why 'silver sound'? Why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a

sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you. Hugh Rebeck? 2 Mus. I say 'silver sound' because

musicians sound for silver. Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James

Soundpost? 3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the singer; I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound' because musicians have no gold for sounding.

'Then music with her silver sound With speedy help doth lend redress.'

Exit.

I Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Mantua. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne. And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead-

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think !-

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips

That I reviv'd, and was an emperor. Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, Romeo's man.

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well? How fares my Juliet? That I ask again, 15 For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be

ill. Her body sleeps in Capels' monument, And her immortal part with angels lives. I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, -0 And presently took post to tell it you. O. pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars.

Thou knowest my lodging: get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence tonight. Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience;

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import

Some misadventure.

Tush, thou art deceiv'd; Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ? Bal. No, my good loid.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone, And hire those horses; I'll be with thee [Exit Balthasar. straight.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night. Let's see for means. O mischief, thou ait Of twenty men, it would dispatch you

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! I do remember an apothecary, And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted

tatt'red weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples. Meagre were his looks; Sharp misery had worn him to the bones; And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses.

Were thinly scattered, to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said An if a man did need a poison now. Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it hım '.

O, this same thought did but forerun my need;

And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house. 55 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear As will disperse itself through all the veins That the life-weary taker may fall dead. And that the trunk may be discharg'd of

breath

As violently as hasty powder fir'd Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. Ab. Such mortal drugs I have: but Mantua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Art thou so bare and full of Rom wretchedness

And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks. Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,

Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:

The world affords no law to make thee rich: Then be not poor, but break it and take

Ap. My poverty but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will. Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will And drink it off; and if you had the strength

straight.

Rom. There is thy gold-worse poison to men's souls.

Doing more murder in this loathsome world Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

I sell thee poison: thou hast sold me none. Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me To Juliet's grave; for there must I use

SCLNI. II. Friar Lawrence's cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fig. J. Holy Franciscan triar! Brother,

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John. Welcome from Mantua! What says

Romeo?

Or, it his mind be writ, give me his letter. Fri. J. Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Ap.

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us What cursed foot wanders this way toforth.

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo ?

Fri. J. I could not send it-here it is again-

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee. So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! my brotherhood.

The letter was not nice, but full of charge Of dear import; and the neglecting it May do much danger. Friar John, go

hence: Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight

Unto my cell. Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. Exit.

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone.

Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:

She will beshrew me much that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents. But I will write again to Mantua, And keep her at my cell till Romeo come-

Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's [Exit. tomb!

Scene III. Verona. A churchyard; in it the tomb of the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

stand aloof:

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. Under youd yew trees lay thee all along, Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground; So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread-

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves-

But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me, As signal that thou hearest something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go. Page. [Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [Retires.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew-

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones !--Which with sweet water nightly I will dew; Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep, Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and [The Page whistles.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

night

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? What, with a toich! Muffle me, night,

Enter Romeo and Balthasan, with a torch. - mattock, and a crow of from.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee.

Whate'er thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof

And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death Is partly to behold my lady's face,

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring—a ring that I must use In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone.

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry In what I farther shall intend to do. By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint, And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild, More fierce and more mexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea. Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and Live and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death.

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

Breaking open the tomb. And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague

That murd'red my love's cousin-with which grief

It is supposed the fair creature died-And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him. Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague. Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee. Obey, and go with me; for thou must die. Rom. I must indeed: and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'iate And never from this palace of dim night man:

Fly hence, and leave me. Think upon these gone;

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee.

youth, Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury; O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself. For I come hither arm'd against myself. 65 Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration,

And apprehend thee for a felon here. Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have

at thee, boy ! [They fight. Page. O loid, they fight! I will go call the watch. [Exit. Paris falls.

Par. O. I am slain! If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies. Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! What said my man, when my betossed soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me Paris should have married

Juliet. Said he not so, or did I dream it so? Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80 To think it was so? O, give me thy hand, One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave. A grave? O no! A lantern, slaught'red youth:

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the tomb. How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! Which their keepers call

A lightning before death. O, how may I 90 Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife! Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty. Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 95 And death's pale flag is not advanced there. Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100 Forgive me, cousin. Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe That unsubstantial Death is amorous, And that the lean abhorred monster keeps Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 105 For fear of that I still will stay with thee,

Depart again. Here, here will I remain With worms that are thy chambermaids. O. here

Will I set up my everlasting rest, And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.

Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips. O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death! 115 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide.

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark. Here's to my love! [Dimks] O true apothecarv!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [Falls.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, with lantern, crow. and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! How oft to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a triend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,

What torch is youd that vainly lends his

To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern, It burneth in the Capels' monument. Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my

master. One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo. Fri. L. How long hath he been there? Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir. My master knows not but I am gone hence,

And fearfully did menace me with death. If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing. Bal. As I did sleep under this yew tree here.

I dreamt my master and another fought,

And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo! Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre? What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? [Enters the tomb. Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too ?

And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance! The lady stirs. [Juliet wakes.

Jul. O comfortable friar! Where is vny lord?

I do remember well where I should be, And there I am. Where is my Romeo? 150 [Noise within.

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest

A greater power than we can contradict Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come awav:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

coming;

Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. [Exit Friar Lawrence. A cup, clos'd in my true What's here? love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end. O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips: Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, To make me die with a restorative. 706 [Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm.

1 Watch. [Within] Lead, boy. Which wav?

Jul. Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Snatching Romeo's dagger. This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.

[She stabs herself and falls on Romeo's bodv.

Enter Watch, with Paris's Page.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach. [Exeunt some of the Watch. Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain; And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain this two days buried. Go, tell the Prince; run to the Capulets; Raise up the Montagues; some others

search. [Exeunt others of the Watch. We see the ground whereon these woes do lie:

But the true ground of all these piteous We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

Watch. Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and another Watchman.

3 Watch. Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps;

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep; As he was coming from this churchyard's sıde.

1 Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up. Stay not to question, for the watch is That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Others.

Cab. What should it be that is so shriek'd abroad?

Lady C. The people in the street cry 'Romeo', 190 Some 'Juliet' and some 'Paris'; and all

With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears? 1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County

Paris slain: TOA. And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before.

Warm and new kill'd. Prince. Search, seek, and know how this

foul murder comes. 1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man.

With instruments upon them fit to open These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house Is empty on the back of Montague,

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Lady C. O me! this sight of death is as a bell

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

Prince. Come. Montague, for thou art early up

To see thy son and heir more early down. Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath. What further woe conspires against mine

age? Prince. Look, and thou shalt see. Mon. O thou untaught! what manners Of her awakening, here untimely lay is in this.

To press before thy father to a grave? Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while.

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes, And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear.

And let mischance be slave to patience. 220 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder:

And here I stand, both to impeach and puige

Myself condemned and myself excus'd. Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale. Romeo, there dead, was husband to that

Juliet:

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.

I married them; and their stol'n marriageday

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegiooni from this city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd. You, to remove that siege of grief from

Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,

To County Paris. Then comes she to me, And with wild looks bid me devise some mean

To rid her from this second marriage, Or in my cell there would she kill heiself. Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art, A sleeping potion; which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death. Meantime I writ to

Romeo That he should hither come as this dire night

To help to take her from her borrowed grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John, Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight Return'd my letter back. Then all alone At the prefixed hour of her waking Came I to take her from her kindred's vault: Meaning to keep her closely at my cell Till I conveniently could send to Romeo. But when I came, some minute ere the time As that of true and faithful Juliet.

The noble Paris and true Romeo dead. She wakes; and I entreated her come forth. And bear this work of heaven with patience. But then a noise did scare me from the tomb.

And know their spring, their head, their And she, too despetate, would not go with me.

But, as it seems, did violence on herself. All this I know, and to the marriage Her nurse is privy; and if ought in this 265 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time. Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince We still have known thee for a holy man.

Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,

And then in post he came from Mantua To this same place, to this same monument, This letter he early bid me give his father; And threat'ned me with death, going in the vault.

Ii I departed not and left him there. Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on

Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,

And bid me stand aloot, and so I did. Anon comes one with light to ope the

And by and by my master drew on him: And then I ran away to call the watch

Proace. This letter doth make good the man's words, 285 Their course or love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes that he did buy a poison Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal Came to this vault to die, and he with

Juliet. Where be these enemies? Capulet.

Montague, See what a scourge is laid upon your hate. That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too. Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more: For I will raise her statue in pure gold, That whiles Verona by that name is known. There shall no figure at such rate be set 300

Scene 3]

ROMEO AND JULIET

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Poor sacrifices of our enmity! Some shall be pardon'd and some punished, For never was a story of more wee with it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd and some punished, For never was a story of more wee Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON of Athens. Lucius. flattering lords. LUCULLUS. SEMPRONIUS. VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends. ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain. APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher. FLAVIUS, steward to Timon. FLAMINIUS, Lucilius. Timon's servants. SERVILIUS. CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, servants to Timon's creditors. TITUS. HORTENSIUS. Poet.

Painter. Jeweller. Merchant. Mercer. An Old Athenian. Three Strangers. A Page. A Fool. PHRYNIA. mistresses to Alcibiades. TIMANDRA. Cupin. in the Mask. AMAZONS.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Servants, Thieves, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: Athens and the neighbouring woods,

ACT ONE

Scene I. Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Meicer, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well. Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Ay, that's well known. But what particular rarity? What strange. Which manifold record not matches? See. Magic of bounty, all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend! I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Nay, that's most fix'd. Jew. A most incomparable man; b.eath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continuate goodness. 11 He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here-

Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate. But One might interpret. for that-

Poet. When we for recompense have Here is a touch; is't good? prais'd the vile, Poet. It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good. Mer. [Looking at the jewel] 'Tis a good

Jew. And rich. Here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work. some dedication To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourish'd. The fire i' th' flint

Shows not till it be struck: our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and like the current flies Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment. sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece. Poet. So 'tis; this comes off well and

excellent. Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. How this grace Speaks his own standing! What a mental power

This eye shoots forth! How big imagination

Mer. O, pray let's see't. For the Lord Moves in this lip! To th' dumbness of the gesture

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

I will say of it 17 It tutors nature. Artificial strife Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The senators of Athens—happy Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with man!

Pain. Look, moe!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have in this rough work shap'd out a Drink the free air. man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment. My free drift Halts not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of tax. No levell'd malice 50 Infects one comma in the course I hold, But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you? I will unbolt to you. Poet.

You see how all conditions, how all minds-As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures as

Of grave and austere quality, tender down Their services to Lord Timon. His large fortune.

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glassfac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better Than to abhor himself; even he drops down

The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together. 65 Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hıll

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o' th' mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures

That labour on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states. Amongst them

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame, Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope. 75 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest

Bowing his head against the steepy mount To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on. 80 All those which were his fellows but of late-

Some better than his value-on the moment

tendance.

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear. Make sacred even his stirrup, and through

hım

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these? Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood

Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants.

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down. Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common. A thousand moral paintings I can show That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have

The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor, a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him: Lucilius and other Servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord. Five talents is his debt:

His means most short, his creditors most strait.

Your honourable letter he desires To those have shut him up; which failing, Periods his comfort.

Noble Ventidius! Well. I am not of that feather to shake off My friend when he must need me.

know him A gentleman that well deserves a help, 105 Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and

free him. Mess. Your lordship ever binds him. Tim. Commend me to him; I will send his ransom:

And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, 110 But to support him after. Fare you well. Mess. All happiness to your honour! Exit.

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak. Freely, good father. Tim. Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him? Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius! Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

110 By night frequents my house. I am a man That from my first have been inclin'd to For since dishonour traffics with man's thrift,

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd He is but outside; these pencill'd figures

Than one which holds a trencher. Well; what further? Tim.

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else.

On whom I may confer what I have got. 125 The maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a

bride. And I have bred her at my dearest cost In qualities of the best. This man of thine Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord, Join with me to forbid him her resort; 130 Myself have spoke in vain.

The man is honest. Tim. Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.

His honesty rewards him in itself; It must not bear my daughter.

Does she love him? Tim.

Old Ath. She is young and apt: Our own precedent passions do instruct us What levity's in youth.

Love you the maid? Tim. Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness I will choose Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world.

And dispossess her all.

How shall she be endow'd. Tim. If she be mated with an equal husband? Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in

future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;

To build his fortune I will strain a little, 146 For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise, And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord, Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. 150 Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on

my promise. Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship.

Never may That state or fortune fall into my keeping by thy name.

Which is not owed to you! [Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.

Poet. [Presenting his poem] Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon;

Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech

Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome. The painting is almost the natural man; 160 nature,

are

Even such as they give out. I like your work.

And you shall find I like it; wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye! 165 Tim. Well fare you, gentleman. Give me your hand:

We must needs dine together. Sir, your iewel

Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! Dispraise? Tim. A mere satiety of commendations: If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd, 170 It would unclew me quite.

My lord, 'tis rated As those which sell would give; but you well know

Things of like value, differing in the owners, Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it. 175 Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter APEMANTUS.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue.

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here; will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship. Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I he gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians? 185 Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus? Apent. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus. Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou't die for. Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Ape- You must needs dine with me. Go not you mantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it? Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus? Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension. Apem. So thou apprehend'st it take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel,

Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth? Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one? Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest. Look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign 1-he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus? Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now: hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it. Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse.

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them That ever govern'd man. guide to us.

[Exeunt some Attendants.

hence Till I have thank'd you. When dinner's

done

Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest

Most welcome, sir! [They salute.

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple ioints! That there should be small love amongst

these sweet knaves, And all this courtesy! The strain of man's

bred out Into baboon and monkey.

Alcıb. Sır, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungerly on your sight.

Tım. Right welcome, sir! 255 Ere we depart we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Piav you, let us in. [Exeunt all but Apemanius

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Abem. Time to be honest.

220

1 Lord. That time serves still. Apem. The more accursed thou that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timen's teast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves and

wine hea' fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself. Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend. 2 Lord. A vay, unpeaceable dog, or I'll

spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' ass. IExit.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in

And taste Loid Timon's bounty? He out-

The very heart of kindness.
2 Lord. He pours it out: Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward; no meed but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him and But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in? 284

1 Lord, I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A room of state in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. banquet serv'd in; FLAVIUS and Others attending; and then enter LORD TIMON, the States, the Athenian Lords, VENTID-1US, which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes, dropping after all, APE-MANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honoured Timon,

It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my fathei's age,

And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich. Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means, Honest Ventidius! You mistake my love; I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10 Can truly say he gives, if he receives. If our betters play at that game, we must lord.

not dare

Ven. A noble spirit! Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes.

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown : But where there is true friendship there Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

Than my fortunes to me. [They sit. 20 1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome. Apem. No;

You shall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. Tim. Fie, th'art a churl; ye have got a

humour there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.

They say, my lords, Ira furor brevis est; but youd man is ever angry. Go, let hun have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company nor is he fit for't ındeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon.

on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee. Th'art an I myself Athenian, therefore welcome. would have no power; prithee let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eats Timon. and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood : and all the madness is, he cheers them un too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Methinks they should invite them without knives:

Good for their meat and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him. 'T has been proved. If I were a huge man I should fear to drink at meals.

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart! and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair. He keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' th' mire.

This and my food are equals; there's no odds.

gods.

Apemantus' Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf; 60 I pray for no man but myself. Grant I may never prove so fond To trust man on his oath or bond. Or a harlot for her weeping, Or a dog that seems a-sleeping, 65 Or a keeper with my freedom, Or my friends, if I should need 'em. Amen. So fall to't. Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks. Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my I come to observe; I give thee warning lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apens. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happi-

ness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves

for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you. How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands. did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods. think I, what need we have any friends if we should ne'er have need of 'em? They were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers commanding one another's fortunes! O, joy's e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink,

Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eves.

And at that instant like a babe sprung up. Abem. Ho. ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

[Sound tucket. Apem. Much! Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance. Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all

That of his bounties taste! The five best Senses

Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kınd admıttance.

Music, make their welcome. Exit Cubid. 1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample v'are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance? They are mad women. Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves.

And spend our flatteries to drink those men Upon whose age we void it up again

With poisonous spite and envy. Who I'ves that's not deprayed or deprayes?

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me. 'T has been done:

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies.

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, Which was not half so beautiful and kind: You have added worth unto't and lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for't.

1 Lady. My loid, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you;

Please you to dispose yourselves. All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?
Tim. The little casket bring me hither. Flav. Yes, my lord. [Aside] More jewels vet!

There is no crossing him in's humour, 155 Else I should tell him—well i' faith, I should-

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind, That man might ne'er be wretched for his IExit. ¥60

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness. 2 Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket,

Tim. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,

I must entreat you honour me so much 16 As to advance this jewel; accept it and lik'd it.

wear it.

Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the Senate newly alighted and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

[Exit Servant. Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Why then, another time Tim. Near! I'll hear thee. I prithee let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [Aside] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly. Let the presents

Be worthily entertain'd. [Exit Servant.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! What news? 3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Luculius, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,

Not without fair reward. [Exit Servant. Flav. [Aside] What will this come to? He commands us to provide and give great

gifts, And all out of an empty coffer; Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good. His promises fly so beyond his state That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For ev'ry word. He is so kind that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their

books. Well, would I were gently put out of office Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed 200 Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong:

You bate too much of your own ments,

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty! Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours because you

3 Lord. O, I beseech you pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man

Can justly praise but what he does affect. I weigh my friend's affection with mine

I'll tell you true; I'll call to you. All Lords. O, none so welcome!

Tim. I take all and your several visita-

So kind to heart 'tis not enough to give: Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends

And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades, Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich. It comes in charity to thee; for all thy hring

Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field. 225

Alcib. Ay, deni'd land my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd— Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights! 230

1 Lord. The best of happiness, honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon! Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon. Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of

dregs: Methinks false hearts should never have

sound legs. Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtsies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not

sullen I would be good to thre.

Apem. No. I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in What needs these feasts, paper shortly. pomps, and vainglories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music.

[Exit.

Apem. So. Thou wilt not hear me now : thou shalt not then. I'll lock thy heaven from thee. O that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

ACT TWO

Scene I. A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand. To Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former

Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not. If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold. If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,

And able horses. No porter at his gate, 10 But rather one that smiles and still invites All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Here, sir; what is your pleasure? Cap. Sen. Get on your cloak and haste you to Lord Timon:

ceas'd

With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when 'Commend me to your master' and the cap Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates Have smit my credit. I love and honour

But must not break my back to heal his finger.

Immediate are my needs, and my relief -5 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words.

But find supply immediate. Get you gone; Put on a most importunate aspect. A visage of demand; for I do fear,

When every feather sticks in his own wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir. Take the bonds along prays your speedy payment-Sen.

with you, And have the dates in compt.

I will, sir, Cabh. Sen.

Go. 35 [Exeunt.

Scene II. Before Timon's house.

250 Enter FLAVIUS, Timon's steward, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! So senseless of expense

That he will neither know how to maintain it

Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account How things go from him, nor resumes no

care Of what is to continue. Never mind Was to be so unwise to be so kind.

What shall be done? He will not hear till feel.

I must be round with him. Now he comes from hunting. Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What, you come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too? Caph. It is. And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so. Cath. Would we were all discharg'd! 14 Var. Serv. 1 tear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON and his Train, with ALCIBIADES.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done we'll forth

Importune him for my moneys; be not My Akibiades.—With me? What is your will?

> Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you? Capli. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward. Caple. Please it your lordship, he hath put

me off To the succession of new days this month.

My master is awak'd by great occasion To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right. Mine honest friend.

Tim. I prithee but repair to me next morning. Caph. Nay, good my lord-

Contain thyself, good friend. Tim. Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good

lord-Isid. Serv. From Isidore: he humbly

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants-

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past. Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I am sent expressly to your superscription of these letters; I know not lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on; I'll wait upon you instantly.

[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords. [To Flavius] Come hither. Pray you. 40 How goes the world that I am thus encount'red

bonds

And the detention of long-since-due debts, Against my honour?

Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreeable to this business. 45 Your importunacy cease till after dinner, That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Do so, my friends. Tım. IExit. See them well entertain'd. Pray draw near. IExit. Flav.

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus. Let's ha' some sport with

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us! Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog! Var. Serv. How dost, fool? Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [To the Fool] Come away

Isid Serv. [To Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Abem. No. thou stand'st single: th'art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues and usurers' men! Bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em,

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress'

page. 75

Page [To the Fool] Why, how now,
Captain? What do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably !

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the As I had leave of means.

which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou't die a bawd, 87

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou With clamorous demands of date-broke shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not: I am gone. [Exit Page.

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace, Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's, or Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they serv'd us! 95 Apem. So would I-as good a trick as

ever hangman serv'd thief. Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her tool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly. reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one. Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less

esteemed. Var. Serv. what is a whoremaster, fool? Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit. Sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stone; moe than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool. Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

Var. Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon. 120

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher. [Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.

Flav Pray you walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [Exeunt Servants. Tim. You make me marvel wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense

Flav. At many leisures I propos'd.

Go to: When my indisposition put you back. And that unaptness made your minister

Thus to excuse yourself. O my good lord, Flav-At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off

And say you found them in m.ne honestv. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close. I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have

Prompted you in the ebb of your estate And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord.

Though you hear now-too late !--vet now's a time:

The greatest of your having lacks a half 145 To pay your present debts.

Let all my land be sold. Tim. Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues. The future comes apace; What shall defend the interim? And at length

How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend. Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:

Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true. 155 Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood.

Call me before th' exactest auditors

And set me on the proof. So the gods bless

When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every room

Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy.

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock And set mine eyes at flow.

Prithee no more. Flav. 'Heavens,' have I said 'the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants This night englutted! Who is not Lord That now they are at fall, want treasure, Timon's ?

You would not hear me What heart, head, sword, force, means, but 18 Lord Timon's?

129 Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!' perchance some single vantages you took Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter show'rs.

These flies are couch'd.

Tım. Come, sermon me no further. No villa nous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given. Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart:

If I would broach the vessels of my love, And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use As I can bid thee speak.

Assurance bless your thoughts! Flav. Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd

That I account them blessings; for by these Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and another Servant.

Seriants. My lord! my lord!

Tim. I will dispatch you severally—you to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you; í hunted with his honour to-day. You to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money. Let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my loid. [Exeunt Servants.

Flav. [Aside] Lord Lucius and Luculius? Humh! 195 Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators,

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserv'd this hearing. Bid 'em send o' th' instant

A thousand talents to me.

I have been bold. For that I knew it the most general way, 200 To them to use your signet and your name; But they do shake their heads, and I am here

No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be? They answer, in a joint and Flav. corporate voice,

cannot

Do what they would, are sorry—you are wine. [Exit Servant] And how does that honourable—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature

May catch a wrench—would all were well!—
'tis pity—

And so, intending other serious matters, 210
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods,

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows:

'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind:

And nature, as it grows again toward earth, no counsel, take Is fashion'd for the journey dull and heavy. Every man ha Go to Ventidius. Prithee be not said, and his. I ha' told Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I get him from't.

No blame belongs to thee. Ventidus litely Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd

Into a great estate. When he was poor, Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends, I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me.

Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belones to

With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Nev'i speak or think

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it That thought is bounty's foe; Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Execut.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Lucullus' house.

FLAMINIUS waiting to speak with Lucullus.

Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.
Lucul. [Aside] One of Lord Timon's men?
A gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some

wine. [Exit Servant] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sit, which in my lord's behalf I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'Nothing doubting' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him and told him on't; and come again to supper to him of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming Every man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul Flammus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee. [To Servant] Get you gone, sirrah. [Exi Servant] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three solidares for thee. Good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,

To him that worships thee.

[Throwing the money back.
Lucul. Ha! Now I see thou art a fool,
and fit for thy master. [Exit.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,

Thou disease of a friend and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart It turns in less than two nights? O you gods.

I feel my master's passion! This slave 55 Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him;

Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't!

And when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid to be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!
[Exit.

Scene II. A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend, and an honourable

gentleman.

I Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no: do not believe it; he

cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and showed what necessity belong'd to't, and vet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord. 15
Luc. What a strange case was that!
Now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't.
Denied that honourable man! There was
very little honour show'd in't. For my own
part, I must needs confess I have received
some small kindnesses from him, as money,
plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing
comparing to his; yet, had he mistook
him and sent to me, I should ne'er have
denied his occasion so many talents. 23

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord!

Luc. Servilius? You are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord

hath sent-

Luc. Ha! What has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;

He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents. For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous

I should not urge it half so faithfully. 40 Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius? Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happ'ned that I should purchase the day before for a little part and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to dothe more beast, I say! I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me: I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. [Exit Servilius. True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius? 2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stren. Why, this is the world's soul;

and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
his friend

That dips in the same dish? For, in my knowing, 65

Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse; Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er

drinks

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; 100

And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man When he looks out man ungrateful shape!—

He does deny him, in respect of his, What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran. For mine own part, I never tasted Timon in my life, 76 Nor came any of his bounties over me To mark me for his friend; yet I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, And honourable carriage, 80

Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, And the best half should have return'd to

him,
So much I love his heart. But I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;

95 X

Scene III. Sempronius' house.

Enter SEMPRONIUS and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum! 'Bove all others? He might have tried Lord Lucius or

Lucullus:

And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these Owe their estates unto him. My lord.

Serv. They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for

They have all denied him.

How! Have they denied him? Sem. Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? And does he send to me? Three? Humh! It shows but little love or judgment in him. Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice give him over. Must I take th' cure

upon me?

Has much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him.

That might have known my place. I see no sense for't.

But his occasions might have woo'd me

For, in my conscience, I was the first man That e'er received gift from him.

And does he think so backwardly of me now That I'll requite it last? No;

So it may prove an argument of laughter 20 To th' rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:

I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return.

And with their faint reply this answer join: Who bates mine honour shall not know my [Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic-he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! Takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead.

Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their crowns; what's yours? wards

Many a bounteous year must be employ'd Now to guard sure their master.

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

Scene IV. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two of Varro's Men, meeting Lucius' Servant, and Others, all being servants of Timon's creditors, to wait for his coming out. Then enter TITUS and HORTENSIUS.

1 Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow. Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius! What, do we meet together? Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think one business does command us all; for mine is money. Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once. Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother, what 11 do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him;

You must consider that a prodigal course Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable.

I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse: That is, one may reach deep enough and vet Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that. Tit. I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does. Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark how strange it shows Timon in this should pay more than he owes;

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich **jewels**

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness;

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. 1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep; and it should seem by th' sum

And this is all a liberal course allows: 40 Your master's confidence was above mine,

85

106

Fise surely his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not. Tit. We attend his lordship; pray signify

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows

you are too diligent. IExit. 40

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! Is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud. Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir.

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend? Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir. Ay, Flav.

If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts.

And take down th' int'rest into their glutt'nous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly. Believe't, my lord and I have made an end: I have no more to reckon, he to spend. 56 Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not

serve. Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base

as you, For you serve knaves.

Exit. 1 Var. Serv. How! What does his cashier'd

worship mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O. here's Servilius; now we shall

know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him: he's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers

are not sick;

And if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his

And make a clear way to the gods.

Good gods! Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord !

Enter Timon, in a rage, Flaminius following,

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house 80 Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an non heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus. Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em; cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord-

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood. Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? and yours?

1 Var. Serv. My lord-2 Var. Serv. My lord—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money. debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.

Creditors? Devils!

Flav. My dear lord-

Tim. What it it should be so? Flam. My lord-

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord. Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends

again:

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius-all. I'll once more feast the rascals.

O my lord. Flav. You only speak from your distracted soul;

There is not so much left to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care. Go, I charge thee, invite them all; let in the tide

Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide. [Exeunt.

Scene V. The Senate House.

Enter three Senators at one door, ALCIBIADES meeting them, with Attendants.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to't: the fault's bloody.

'Tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise

Alcıb. Honour, health, and compassion, to the Sanate!

1 Sen. Now, Captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues:

For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy to
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past
depth

To those that without heed do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues;

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice— An honour in him which buys out his fault—

But with a noble fury and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death, He did oppose his foe;

And with such sober and unnoted passion He did behove his anger ere 'twas spent, As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair; 25 Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set Quarrelling upon the head of valour; which, indeed,

Is valour misbegot, and came into the

When sects and factions were newly born. He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe, And make his wrongs his outsides, To wear them like his raiment, carelessly, And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill, What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord—
1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look

clear:

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour,
pardon me

If I speak like a captain:

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't, And let the foes quietly cut their throats, Without repugnancy? If there be 45 Such valour in the bearing, what make we Abroad? Why, then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it; And the ass more captain than the lion; the fellow

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords, As you are great, be pitifully good. Who cannot condemn rashness in cold

blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust; But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. 55 To be in anger is impiety; But who is man that is not angry? Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! His service done

At Lacedaemon and Byzantium

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies; How full of valour did he bear himself In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em.

He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin that often Drowns him and takes his valour prisoner. If there were no foes, that were enough To overcome him. In that beastly fury 70 He has been known to commit outrages And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! He might have died

in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him— 75

Though his right arm might purchase his own time.

And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both; And, for I know your reverend ages love Security, I'll pawn my victories, all 80 My honours to you, upon his good returns. If by this crime he owes the law his life, Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore; For law is strict, and war is nothing more. 1 Sen. We are for law: he dies. Urge it

no more 85 On height of our displeasure. Friend or

brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? It must not be. My lords,

I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How! Alcib. Call me to your remembrances. 3 Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;

It could not else be I should prove so base To sue, and be denied such common grace. My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger? 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect: 97

We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me! Banish your dotage! Banish usury

That makes the Senate ugly. 1000 1 Sen. If after two days' shine Athens

contain thee, Attend our weightier judgment. And, not

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[Exeunt Senators.

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough that you may live 104

Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I'm worse than mad; I have kept back
their foes.

While they have told their money and let

Their coin upon large interest, I myself 108 Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment! It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd; It is a cause worthy my spleen and furv, That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up My discontented troops, and lay for hearts. 'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds; Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.

Scene VI. A banqueting hall in Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out; Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, friends of Timon, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir. 2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encount'red. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the per-

suasion of his new feasting.

I Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to horrow of me that my provision was out

to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces! 1 Lord. What of you?

2 Lord. He sent to me, sir—here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both! And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship. 30

Tim. [Aside] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay; feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o'th' trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I return'd you an

empty messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord—
Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [The banquet brought in. Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All cover'd dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news? 3 Lord. Alcibiades is banish'd. Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.
3 Lord. Will't hold? Will't hold?

2 Lord. It does; but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks:

You great benefactors, sprinkie our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves prais'd; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake

TIMON OF ATHENS

the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be-as they are. The rest of your foes, O gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen

to be full of warm water. Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold.

You knot of mouth-friends! Smoke and lukewarm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; 90 Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries.

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces [Throwing the water in their faces.

Your reeking villamy. Live loath'd and

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites. Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time's flies.

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minutejacks!

Of man and beast the infinite malady Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go? Soft, take thy physic first; thou too, and

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. Burn house! Sink Athens! Henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords.

1 Lord. How now, my lords!

Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Push! Did you see my cap? 4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

1 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humours sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel? 3 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lo.d. I feel't upon my bones. 4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds. next day stones. Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Without the walls of Athens. Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall

That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn in-

continent. Obedience, fail in children! Slaves and fools.

Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench

And minister in their steads. To general filths

Convert, o' th' instant, green virginity. Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast:

Rather than render back, out with your knives

And cut your trusters' throats. Bound servants, steal: Large-handed robbers your grave masters

And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed: Thy mistress is o' th' brothel. Son of

sixteen, Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire.

With it beat out his brains. Piety and fear. Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood.

Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries 20 And let confusion live. Plagues incident to men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke. Thou cold sciatica.

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty, 2 Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Creep in the minds and marrows of our

youth, That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive

And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains.

Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and their crop Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, That their society, as their friendship, may 215 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee

But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying bans. Timon will to the woods, where he shall find

Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all-

The Athenians both within and out that wall!

And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow

To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen. (Exit.

Scene II. Athens. Timon's house.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, Master Steward, where's our master?

Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining? Who then dares to be half so kind again? say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods. My I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. So noble a master fall'n! All gone, and not One friend to take his fortune by the arm Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind And go along with him?

2 Šerv. grave,

So his familiars to his buried fortunes Slink all away; leave their false vows with

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self.

A dedicated beggar to the air,

With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty, Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;

That see I by our faces. We are fellows still, Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark; And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,

Hearing the surges threat. We must all part

Into this sea of air.

Good fellows all, Flav. The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake, Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads and say,

As 'twere a knell unto out master's fortune, 'We have seen better days'. Let each take some.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more!

Thus part we rich in soriow, parting poor Embrace, and part several ways O the fierce wretchedness that glory himes us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt.

Since riches point to misery and contenipt ' Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live

But in a dream of friendship,

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds. But only painted, like his varnish'd friends'

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart.

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood.

When man's worst sin is he does too much good!

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

> dearest lord-blest to be most accurst.

Such a house broke! 5 Rich only to be wretched-thy great fortunes

lord!

As we do turn our backs. He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat From our companion, thrown into his Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to

Supply his life, or that which can command it.

I'll follow and enquire him out. I'll ever serve his mind with my best will:

Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

13 Scene III. The woods near the sea-shore. Before Timon's cave.

Enter TIMON in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one Intect the air! womb-

Whose procreation, residence, and birth. Scarce is dividant—touch them with

several fortunes: The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature. To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar and deny't that lord: The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides, The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

[Giving them money. In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say 'This man's a flatterer'? If one That art thyself a man? be, 15

So are they all; for every grise of fortune Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool. All's oblique; There's nothing level in our cursed natures But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd All feasts, societies, and throngs of men! 21 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains. Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield [Digging. me roots.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison. What is here? Gold?

No. gods. I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear For all her cherubin look.

heavens ! Thus much of this will make black white,

foul fair. Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward To thase own lips again.

valiant. Ha, you gods! why this? What, this, you gods? Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides.

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads-

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions, bless th' accurs'd.

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves And give them title, knee, and approbation, With senators on the bench. This is it That makes the wappen'd widow wed again-

She whom the spital-house and ulcerous a man! sores

Would cast the gorge at this embalms and spices

To th' April day again. Come, damn'd earth.

Thou common whore of mankind, that puts odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee nature. [March afar off. Ha! a drum? Th'art quick, Do thy right nature.

But yet I'll bury thee. Thou't go, strong thief.

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand. Nay, slay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; and PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak. Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart

For showing me again the eyes of man! Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog. That I might love thee something.

Alcıb. I know thee well: But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and

strange. Tim. I know thee too; and more than

that I know thee I not desire to know. Follow thy drum: With man's blood paint the ground, gules.

gules. Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel:

Then what should war be? This fell whore

of thine Yellow, glittering, precious gold? Hath in her more destruction than thy sword

Pluy.

Thy lips rot off! Tim. i will not kiss thee; then the rot returns

Math. How came the noble Timon to this change?

I im. As the moon does, by wanting light to give.

But then renew I could not, like the moon: There were no suns to borrow of. Alcıb. Noble Timon.

What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to Maintain my opinion.

What is it, Timon ?71 Alcib. Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra? 81 Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still; they love thee not that use thee.

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours. Season the slaves

For tubs and haths; bring down rosecheek'd youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster! Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard, and
griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I prithee beat thy drum and get

thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well;

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it: I cannot eat it. 1000
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens or a heap—
Tim. War'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Akib. Ay, Timon, and have cause. Tim. The gods confound them all in thy

conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains 105 Thou wast born to conquer my country. Put up thy gold. Go on. Here's gold. Go

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his
poison

In the sick air; let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard:
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit
matron:

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herselt's a bawd. Let not the virgin's check
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those
milk paps

That through the window bars bore at men's eyes

Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat
shall cut.

And mince it sans remorse. Swear against abjects:

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes, Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding. 125

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent, Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade.

And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant; you are not oathable,

Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues, Th' immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths;

I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains six months

Be quite contrary! And thatch your poor thin roofs

With burdens of the dead—some that were hang'd,

No matter. Wear them, betray with them. Whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face. A pox of winkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold. What then?

Believe't that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow 150
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp

shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's

voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly. Hoar the
flamen.

That scolds against the quality of flesh 155 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,

Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away

Of him that, his particular to foresee,

Smells from the general weal. Make curl'dpate ruffians bald, 159 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you. Plague all, That your activity may defeat and que!! The source of all erection. There's more gold.

5 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,

And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I From change of fortune. Why this spade have given you earnest.

Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon; Alcib. If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have more.

Alcib. I never did thee haim.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm? Tim. Men gaily find it. Get thee away.

and take Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. Drum beats. Exeunt all but Timon.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness.

Should yet be hungry! Common mother, Digging. thou.

Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast Teems and feeds all: whose self-same

mettle.

Whereof they proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,

Engenders the black toad and adder blue. The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm, With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven

Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine-

Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate.

From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!

Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb, Let it no more bring out ingrateful man! Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears:

Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above 190 Never presented!—O, a root! Dear thanks !-

Dry up thy marrows, vines, and ploughtorn leas,

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind.

That from it all consideration slips-295

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague, plague! Apem. I was directed hither. Men report Thou dost affect my manners and dost use

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,

Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee! 200

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected. A poor unmanly melancholy sprung

this place?

This slave-like habit and these looks of care? Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, he soft,

forgot That ever Tumon was. Shame not these

woods

By putting on the cunning of a carper. Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive By that which has undone thee: hinge thy

knee, We but offend him. Strike. And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe

Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain.

And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus: Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome.

To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most iust

That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again

Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness. Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away

myself. Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being

like thyself: A madman so long, now a fool.

think'st That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees.

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook.

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste To cure thy o'ernight's surfeit? Call the creatures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks.

To the conflicting elements expos'd, Answer mere nature—bid them flatter thee. O, thou shalt find— Tim.

A fool of thee. Depart. Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse. Abem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery. Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a

caitiff. Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee. 235 Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's. Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Tim. What, a knave too? Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

960

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but Thus would I eat it.

Dost it enforcedly. Thou'dst courtier be again

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before. The one is filling still, never complete; The other, at high wish. Best state, contentless.

Hath a distracted and most wretched being, Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog. Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it Freely command, thou wouldst have or rather, where I eat it. plung'd thyself

In general riot, melted down thy youth 255 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd The icy precepts of respect, but followed The sug'red game before thee. But myself, Who had the world as my confectionary; The mouths, the tongues the eyes, and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment:

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open,

For every storm that blows—I to bear this, That never knew but better, is some burden. Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she-beggar and compounded thee Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone. If thou hadst not been born the worst of men.

Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet? Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was 276 No prodigal.

I, that I am one now. Tim.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee, I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee

[Eating a root. Here! I will mend thy feast. Apem. [Offering him food.

Tim. First mend my company: take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so; it is but botch'd.

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt.

Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold. Tim.

The best and truest: For here it sleeps and does no hired harm. Apem. Where liest a nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou a days, Apemantus? Apem. Where my stomach finds meat;

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

305 Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th'hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better What man didst thou ever know now. unthrift that was beloved after his means? Tim. Who, without those means thou

ta k'st of, didst thou ever know belov'd? Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? 316

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if That the whole life of Athens were in this! thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect

when, peradventure, thou wer accus'd by the ass. If thou wert the ass thy dulness wou'd torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. West thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest Wert thou a bear, thou of thy fury. wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? And what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit The commonwealth of upon it here. Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall.

that thou ait out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee—but I should infect my hands Apem. I would my tongue could not them off !

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me that thou art alive; I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst! Tim. Away. Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall

Iose A stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him. Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave! Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon't. 374 Why should you want? Behold, the earth

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy gravestone daily; make thine epitaph. That death in me at others' lives may laugh. [Looks at the gold] O thou sweet king-killer. and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars! Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's Iap! thou visible god.

That sold'rest close impossibilities, And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! Think thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Would 'twere so! 390 Abem. But not till I am dead. I'll say th' hast gold. Thou wilt be thiong'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to? Abem.Av.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee. Live, and love thy misery! Apem. Tim. Long live so, and so die! [Exit Ape-

manitus] I am quit. Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter the Banditti.

I Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold and the falling-from of his friends drove him into this melancholy.

2 Ban. It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: it he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Ban. True: for he bears it not about him. 'I is hid.

1 Ban. Is not this he? 405 Banditti. Where? 2 Ban. "I'm his description.

ITO

3 Ban. He; I know fim. Banditti. Save thee. Timon!

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Tim. Now, thieves? Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim.Both too, and women's sons. Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips The bounteous housewife Nature on each

Lays her full mess before you. Want! Why want?

1 Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not

In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o th' grape

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,

And so scape hanging. physician';

His antidotes are poison, and he slays Moe than you rob. Take wealth and lives together:

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't, Like workmen. thievery :

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun; The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief.

That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n

From gen'ral excrement-each thing's a

thief. The laws, your curb and whip, in their

rough power Has uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go.

Break open shops: nothing can you steal But thieves do lose it. Steal not less for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!

Amen.

3 Ban. Has almost charm'd me from my profession by persuading me to it.

1 Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens. There is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [Exeunt Thieves.

Enter FLAVIUS, to Timon.

Flav. O you gods!

Is youd despis'd and ruinous man my lord? Full of decay and failing? O monument And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd! What an alteration of honour Has desp'rate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth than friends.

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise.

When man was wish'd to love his enemies! Grant I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me than those that do!

Has caught me in his eye; I will present My honest grief unto him, and as my lord Trust not the Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

> Tim. Away! What art thou? Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? Tun. Why dost ask that? I have forgot

all men: I'll example you with Then, if thou grant'st th'art a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours. Tim. Then I know thee not. I never had honest man about me, I. All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat

to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness, Nev'r did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord than mine eyes for you. Tim. What, dost thou weep? nearer. Then I love thee

Because thou art a woman and disclaim'st Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping.

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

T' accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward So true, so just, and now so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature mild. Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim One honest man-mistake me not, but one; No more, I pray—and he's a steward. How fain would I have hated all mankind!

And thou redeem'st thyself. But all, save 500 I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise:

For by oppressing and betraying me Thou mightst have sooner got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me

For I must ever doubt though ne'er so sure, Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness, and as rich men deal gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one? 510

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late!

You should have fear'd false times when you did feast: Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind.

Care of your food and living; and believe of an intent that's coming toward him. 27 ıt,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope or present, I'd exchange 520 For this one wish, that you had power and

To requite me by making rich yourself. Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,

Here, take. The gods, out of my misery, Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,

But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none, But let the famish'd flesh slide from the hone

Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em.

Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods! And so, farewell and thrive.

O, let me stay Flav.

And comfort you, my master. If thou hat'st curses. Tim.

Stay not; fly whilst thou art blest and Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see

thee. [Exeunt severally.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. The woods. Before Timon's cave. Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides. Poet. What's to be thought of him?

Does the rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it: Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him. He likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pam. Nothing else. You shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this suppos'd distress of his; it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present

unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes

Enter TIMON from his cave.

Tim. [Aside] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.30 Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself; a satue against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [Aside] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I

have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him;

Then do we sin against our own estate When we may profit meet and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before blackcorner'd night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Come.

Tim. [Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rig'st the bark and plough'st the foam.

Scene 11

Settlest admired reverence in a slave. To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obev!

Fit I meet them. [Advancing from his cave. Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Our late noble master! Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet, Sir.

Having often of your open bounty tasted. Hearing you were retir'd, your friends Know his gross patchery, love him, feed fall'n off.

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !-

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough-

What! to you. Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked: men may see't the I'll give you gold enough. better.

You that are honest, by being what you are, Make them best seen and known.

He and myself Have travali'd in the great show'r of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

ly, you are honest men. Pain. We are hither come to offer you our

I requite you?

service.

that I have gold; I am sure you have. Speak truth; y'are Out, rascal dogs! honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore

Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens. Th'art indeed the best; Thou counterfeit'st most lively. So, so, my lord. 80 Pain.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. [To the Poet] And for thy fiction.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art. But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends, I must needs say you have a little fault. 85 Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

49 To make it known to us.

You'll take it ill. Tim.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord. Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord. Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord? Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble.

him,

Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd 95 That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know not such, my lord.

Poet.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give vou gold.

Rid me these villains from your companies. Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know

Tim. You that way, and you this-but two in company;

Each man apart, all single and alone, 105 Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

[To the Painter] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be, Come not near him. [To the Poet] If thou

wouldst not reside Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall But where one villain is, then him abandon.-

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water— Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you [To the Painter] You have work for me; there's payment; hence!

Tim. Y'are honest men. Y'have heard [To the Poet] You are an alchemist; make gold of that .-

Beats and drives them out.

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself That nothing but himself which looks like man

Is friendly with him. Bring us to his cave. 1 Sen. It is our part and promise to th' Athenians

To speak with Timon. 2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs

That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days, The former man may make him. Bring us to him.

TIMON OF ATHENS

And chance it as it may.

Here is his cave. Flan. Peace and content be here! Lord Timon Timon! 121

Look out, and speak to friends. Athenians

By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee.

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his cave.

Tim. Thou sun that comforts, burn Speak and be hang'd! For each true word a blister, and each false Be as a cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue, Consuming it with speaking!

Worthy Timon— 1 Sen. Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

1 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

O. forget What we are sorry for ourselves in thee. The senators with one consent of love

Entreat thee back to Athens, who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie 140 For thy best use and wearing.

They confess 2 Sen. Toward thee forgetfulness too general,

Which now the public body, which doth seldom

Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 115 Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon, And send forth us to make their sorrowed

render. Together with a recompense more fruitful Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs

And write in thee the figures of their love, Ever to read them thine.

You witch me in it: Tim. Surprise me to the very brink of tears. 154 Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

with us,

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good

Live with authority. So soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild. Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword Against the walls of Athens.

Th

 Sen. Therefore, Timon-Tim. Well, sir, I will. Therefore I will. sir, thus:

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon.

That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by th' beards. Giving our holy virgins to the stain

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war. Then let him know-and tell him Timon speaks it

In pity of our aged and our youth-I cannot choose but tell him that I care

And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not.

While you have throats to answer. myself.

There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp But I do prize it at my love before The reverend'st throat in Athens, So I leave you 180

To the protection of the prosperous gods, As thieves to keepers.

Stay not, all's in vain. Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph: It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness Of health and living now begins to mend. And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still:

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his, And last so long enough!

We speak in vain. 1 Sen. Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not

One that rejoices in the common wreck, 190 As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke. Tim. Commend me to my loving country-

men-1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers

n their applauding gates.

Commend me to them, 195 Tim. nd tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,

1 Sen. Therefore so please thee to return Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,

heir pangs of love, with other incident throes

hat nature's tragile vessel doth sustain n lite's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them-

'Il teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

1 Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close.

That mine own use invites me to cut down, and shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends, Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree and high to low throughout, that whose please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste, Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe, And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion Upon the beached verge of the salt flood, Who once a day with his embossed froth 215 The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come.

And let my gravestone be your oracle. Lips, let sour words go by and language

What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their
gain!

Sun, hide thy beams. Timon hath done his reign. [Exit Timon into his care.

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably

Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead. Let us return

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And strain what other means is left unto us

In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before the walls of Athens. Enter two other Senators with a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files

As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least. Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were

whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force.

Yet our old love had a particular force, And made us speak like friends. This man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave with letters of entreaty, which imported His fellowship i' th' cause against your city, In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators, from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouling

Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare.

Outs is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

Scene III. The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier in the woods, seeking Timon.

Sold. By al' description this should be the place.

Who's here? Speak, ho! No answer? What is this? Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his

span.
Some beast rear'd this; here does not live

a man.

Dead, suic; and this his grave. What's on

this tomb
I cannot lead; the character I'll take with
wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill, An ag'd interpreter, though young in days; Before proud Athens he's set down by this, Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. 10 [Exit.]

Scene IV. Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town

Our termble approach.

Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time

With all licentious measure, making your wills

The scope of justice, till now, myself, and such

As slept within the shadow of your power, Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush.

When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong, ries of itself 'No more!' Now breathless

ries of itself 'No more!' Now breathless wrong 10 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of

ease, And pursy insolence shall break his wind

With tear and horrid flight.

1 Sen.
Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere

conceit.

Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, 15

TIMON OF ATHENS

We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm, To wipe out our ingratitude with loves Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city's love By humble message and by promis'd means.

We were not all unkind, nor all deserve The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours Were not erected by their hands from whom You have receiv'd your gliefs; nor ale they such

That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools, should fall

For private faults in them.

Nor are they living 26 2 Sen. Who were the motives that you first went out :

Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord, Into our city with thy banners spread. By decimation and a tithed death-If thy revenges hunger for that food

destin'd tenth, And by the hazard of the spotted die

Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended; 35 For those that were, it is not square to

lands.

Are not inherited. Then, dear countivman, Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;

Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin ;o Which, in the bluster of thy "rath, mast tall

With those that have offended. Like a shepherd

forth.

But kill not all together.

What thou wilt, Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile Than hew to't with thy sword.

Set but thy foot 1 Sen. Against our rampir'd gates and they shall

ope. So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before To say thou't enter friendly.

Throw thy glove, 2 Scn. Or any token of thine honour else,

That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress And not as our confusion, all thy powers Shall make their harbour in our town till we Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcth. Then there's my glove: Descend, and open your uncharged ports. 55 Those enemies of Timon's and mine own, Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof.

Fall, and no more. And, to atone your fears With my more noble meaning, not a man Shall pass his quarter or offend the stream Of regular justice in your city's bounds, 61 But shall be render'd to your public laws At heaviest answer.

'Tis most nobly spoken. Both. Alcib. Descend, and keep your words. [The Senators descend and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier as a Messenger.

Sol. My noble General, Timon is dead: Entomb'd upon the very hem o' th' sea; 66 And on his grave-stone this insculpture. which

Which nature loathes-take thou the With wax I brought away, whose soft impression

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft;

On those that are, revenge; crimes, like Seek not my name. A plague consume vou wicked caitiffs left! Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men

did hate. Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits. Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human

griefs, Approach the fold and cull th' infected Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for ave

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead Is noble Timon, of whose memory Hereafter more. Bring me into your city. And I will use the olive, with my sword; Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech. Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.

JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TULIUS CÆSAR CINNA, a poet. Triumvirs after the Another Poet. OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, death of Julius LUCILIUS, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, Cæsar. TITINIUS. MESSALA, CICERO. senators. YOUNG CATO. PUBLIUS. POPILIUS LENA. Volumnius. MARCUS BRUTUS, VARRO, CLITUS. CASSIUS. CLAUDIUS. CASCA. conspirators against STRATO, TREBONIUS. Julius Cæsar. Lucius. LIGARIUS. DECIUS BRUTUS. DARDANIUS. METELLUS CIMBER. CINNA. FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes. ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos. A Soothsayer.

friends Brutus to and Cassius. servants to Brutus. PINDARUS, servant to Cassius. CALPHURNIA, wife to Cæsar. PORTIA, wife to Brutus. Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE: Rome; near Sardis; near Philippi.

20

ACT ONE

Scene I. Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners over the stage.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures,

get you home. Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you? 2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

with a safe conscience, which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes. When they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot

wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than

senseless things! 2 Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and

> oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battle-

> ments, To tow'rs and windows, yea, to chimney-

Your infants in your arms, and there have

The livelong day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

And when you saw his chariot but appear Have you not made an universal shout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey' blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for

this fault Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream 60 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners. See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol; This way will I. Disrobe the images If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter: let no images (9) Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about, And drive away the vulgar from the streets; So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

growing feathers pluck'd from These Čæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, Who else would soar above the view of men.

And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Rome. A public place.

Music. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer; after them, MARULLUS and FLAVIUS.

Cæs. Calphurnia.

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [Music ceases.

Cæs. Calphurnia.

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way

When he doth run his course. Antonius! Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.

I shall remember. Ant.

When Cæsar says 'Do this', it is perform'd. Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [Music.

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again. [Music ceases. Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on

me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, Cry 'Cæsar!' Speak. Cæsar is turn'd te

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that? Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of Maich.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass. [Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I. Cas. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. 29 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires: I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of

I have not from your eyes that gentleness And show of love as I was wont to have. You bear too stubborn and too strange a

hand Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius, Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, 40 Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;

Buc let not therefore my good friends be griev'd-

Among which number, Cassius, be you one-

Nor construe any further my neglect Than that poor Brutus, with himself at

Forgets the shows of love to other men. Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook

your passion, By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogita-

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores. face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself

But by reflection, by some other things. Cas. 'Tis just;

And it is very much lamented, Brutus. That you have no such mirrors as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard.

Where many of the best respect in Romeimmortal Cæsar—speaking Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's voke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes. Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear: And since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know

not of. And be not realous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laughter, or did use To stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new protester; if you know That I do fawn on men and hug them hard, And after scandal them; or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [Flourish and shout.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Ay, do you fear it? 80 Cas. Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good, 85 Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other.

And I will look on both indifferently; For let the gods so speed me as I love The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you. Brutus.

As well as I do know your outward favour. Well, honour is the subject of my story. I cannot tell what you and other men Think of this life; but, for my single self, I had as lief not be as live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself. I was born free as Cæsar; so were you. We both have fed as well, and we can both Endure the winter's cold as well as he. For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

Cæsar said to me ' Dar'st thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word.

Accourred as I was, I plunged in And bade him follow. So indeed he did. The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it With lusty sinews, throwing it aside And stemming it with hearts of controversy:

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, Cæsar cried ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink! I, as Æneas, our great ancestor, Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsai. And this man Is now become a god; and Cassius is A wretched creature, and must bend his body

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him. He had a fever when he was in Spain, And when the fit was on him I did mark 120 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did

His coward Lps did from their colour fly, And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world.

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan. Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books.

it cried 'Give me some drink, Alas! Titinius'

As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start of the majestic world, And bear the palm alone. Shout. Flourish

Bru. Another general shout! I do believe that these applauses are For some new honours that are heap'd on

Cæsar. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men Walk under his huge legs, and peep about To find ourselves dishonourable graves Men at some time are masters of their fates: The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus ' and ' Cæsar'. What should be in that 'Cæsar'?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together: yours is as fair a name.

Sound them: it doth become the mouth as Weigh them: it is as heavy. Conjure with

Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as ' Cæsar '

Now, in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, That he is grown so great? Age, thou ait

sham'd! Rome, thou has lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood.

But it was fam'd with more than with one

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome.

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough, When there is in it but one only man. O! you and I have heard our fathers say There was a Brutus once that would have

brook'd The etcend devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king. Pod. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;

How I have thought of this, and of these times.

I shall recount hereafter. For this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat

Be any further mov'd: What you have said I will consider; what you have to say I will with patience hear; and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: Brutus had rather be a villager

Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lav upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words Have struck but thus much show of fire from Biutus.

Re-enter CASAR and his Train.

Biu. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow, And all the rest look like a chidden train; Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is. Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat:

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

Youd Cassius has a lean and hungty look: He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous:

He is a noble Roman, and well given. Cæs. Would he were tatter! But I fear him not

Yet if my name were liable to fear.

I do not know the man I should avoid 200 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,

He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays.

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music. Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at anything. Such men as he be never at heart's ease Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous. 210 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deat. And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. [Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak. Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.

That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for? Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice? Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other: and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why. Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown- yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets-and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that,

to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up the r sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you. What, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless. Bru. 'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,

And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto 260

himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done of said anything amiss, he desir'd then worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all then hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away? 275

Casca, Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything? Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect? Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put Have 11v'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen to silence. Fare you well. There was more I'h' ambitious occan swell, and rage, and foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow? Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating, 291

Cas. Good: I will expect you. Casca. Do so Farewell, both. Exit. Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown

to be! He was quick mettle when he went to

school. 295 Cas. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you,

Cas. I will do so. Till then, think of the world. Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd. Therefore it is

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius, He should not humour me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, 316 Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscu.ely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at. And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure; 320 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. (Exit.

Scene III. Rome. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero. I have seen tempests when the scolding winds

touto,

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds; And when the cross blue lightning seem'd But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10 Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave-you know him well by sight-Held up his left hand, which did flame and

burn

Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand.

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides-I ha' not since put up my sword-Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by Without annoying me; and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day, upon the market-place, Hooting and shricking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say 'These are their reasons—they are natural', For I believe they are portentous things 31 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time; But men may construe things after their fashion.

Clean from the purpose of the things them-

selves. Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow? Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

Good night, then, Casca; this Cic. disturbed sky Is not to walk in.

Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero. Casca.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice. Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men. Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night, And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, Have bar'd my bosom to the thunderstone:

to open The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble When the most mighty gods by tokens send Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want. Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens;

But if you would consider the true cause-Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;

Why old men, fools, and children calculate: Why all these things change from their ordinance,

Their natures and preformed faculties. To monstrous quality-why, you shall find That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man Most like this dreadful night

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol: A man no mightier than thyself or me In personal action, yet prodigious grown, And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Casar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now Have thews and limbs like to their an-

cestors. But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;

Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish. Casca. Indeed they say the senators tomorrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king: And he shall wear his crown by sea and land.

In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass, Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; But life, being weary of these worldly bars, Never lacks power to dismiss itself. If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear, I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still. Casca. So can I; 100

So every bondman in his own hand bears The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf But that he sees the Romans are but sheep; He were no loon, were not Romans hinds. Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome.

What rubbish, and what offal, when it

For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak

this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand. Be factious for redress of all these griefs, And I will set this foot of mine as far As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans

To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me 125
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful
night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets, And the complexion of the element In favour's like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;

He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that?
Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca, one incorporate 135
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for,
Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me 139 Cin. Yes, you are. O Cassius, if you could But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it; and throw

In at his window; set this up with wax 145 Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's
gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me. Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's

theatre. [Exit Cinna. Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him Is ours already, and the man entire 155 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us His countenance, like richest alchemy, Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him

You have right well conceited. Let us go, For it is after mudnight; and ere day We will awake him and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. Rome.

Enter BRUTUS in his orchard.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho! I cannot by the progress of the stars Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say! I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What. Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius; When it is lighted, come and call me here. Luc. I will, my lord.

[Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death; and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for the general: he would be crown'd. How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,

And that craves wary walking. Crown him
—that!

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him

975

That as his will be may do danger with. Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power; and to speak truth Since Cassius first did whet me against of Cæsai,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost iound.

He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may. Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus-that what he is, augmented.

Would run to these and these extremities: And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous,

And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet.

Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure It did not lie there when I went to bed.

IGwang him a letter. Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day. Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? Luc. I know not, sn. Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me

word.

Luc. I will, sir. IExit. Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air, Give so much light that I may read by them. Opens the letter and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyselt. Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress'

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake.' Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up. 'Snail Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise.

If the redress will follow, thou receivest Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March 15 wasted fifteen days.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. Exit Lucius. Casar.

I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma or a hideous dream, The Genius and the mortal instituments

Are then in council; and the state of man. Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone? Luc. No, sir, there are more with him, Bru. Do you know them? Luc. No, sit; then hats are pluck'd

about their ears And half their faces buried in their cloaks. that by no mean. I may discover them 25 By any mark of favour

Let 'em enter.

[Exit Lucius. They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night. When evils are most tree? O, then by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none. conspiracy:

Hide it in smiles and affability! For if thou path, thy native semblance on, Not Ereous itself were dim enough so hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, DECILS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER. and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your

Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you? Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here

But honours you; and every one doth wish You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither. Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too. 95 Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

They are all welcome. Вти. What watchful cares do interpose themselves

[Knocking within. Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? 100 They whister. Dec. Here lies the east. Doth not the day

break here?

Casca. No. grev lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day. Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence up higher toward

the north He first presents his fire; and the high east Stands as the Capitol, directly here. Bru. Give me your hands all over, one

by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution. Bru. No, not an oath. If not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse.

If these be mctives weak, break off betimes.

And every man hence to his idle bed. So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women, then,

countrymen, What need we any spur but our own cause To prick us to redress? What other bond Than secret Romans that have spoke the

word And will not palter? And what other oath Than honesty to honesty engag'd

That this shall be or we will fall for it? priests and cowards and men Swear cautelous.

Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits, To think that or our cause or our performance

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears. Is guilty of a several bastardy.

If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us. Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means. Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion, And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.

It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands:

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon Our youths and wildness shall no what appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not! Let us not break with him:

For he will never follow any thing That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out. Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar. Should outlive Cæsar We shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius.

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs-

Like wrath in death and envy afterwards; For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar. Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. We all stand up against the spuit of Cæsar. And in the spirit of men there is no blood. O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit.

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas. 170 Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds; And let our hearts, as subtle masters do. 175 Stir up their servants to an act of rage, Such creatures as men doubt; but do not And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious; Which so appearing to the common eyes. We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do no more than Casar's arm When Cæsar's head is off.

Yet I fear him: Cas. For in the engrafted love he bears to

Cæsar-Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of hım!

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do Is to himself take thought and die for Cæsar ;

And that were much he should, for he is

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him. Le' him not die:

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. IClock strikes.

Bru. Peace! Count the clock. Cas. The clock hath stricken three. Treb. 'Tis time to part.

But it is doubtful yet Cas. Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or

For he is superstitious grown of late, Quite from the main opinion he held once Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies. It may be these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night, And the persuasion of his augurers, May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so 'esolv'd, I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear That unicorns may be betray'd with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers; But when I tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flattered. Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour. Is that the

uttermost? then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard.

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey.

I wonder none of you have thought of him. Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him.

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. Cas. The morning comes upon's. We'll leave you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes, 225 But bear it as our Roman actors do. With untir'd spirits and formal constancy. And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus. Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber. 230 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies Which busy care draws in the brains of men:

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my bid!

Brn. Poitia, what hean you? Wherefore tice you nov

It is not for your health that to commit 235 Your wear condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently, Binius,

Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper

You suddenly arose and walk'd about, 239 Musing and sighing, with your arms across: And when I ask'd you what the matter was. You star'd upon me with ungentle looks. I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd

your head

And too impariently stamp'd with your foot.

Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not, 245 But with an angry wasture of your hand Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did, Fearing to strengthen that impatience Which seem d too much enkindled; and withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250 Which sometime hath his hour with every

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep: And, could it work so much upon your

shape Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not As it hath much prevail'd on your condition.

I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord. Make me acquainted with your cause of

grief. Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it. Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical To walk unbraced and suck up the humours Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick.

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed, To dare the vile contagion of the night, 265 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which by the right and virtue of my place

I ought to know of: and upon my knees 270 I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,

By all your vows of love, and that great vow

Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, your self, your half,

978

[Exeunt.

Why you are heavy-and what men tonight

Have had resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.

Kneel not, gentle Portia. Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280

Is it excepted I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I your self But, as it were, in sort or limitation? To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed.

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife.

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart. 200

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife. I grant I am a woman; but withal A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter. 295 Think you I am no stronger than my sex. Being so father'd and so husbanded? Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.

I have made strong proof of my constancy. Giving myself a voluntary wound 300 Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience.

And not my husband's secrets?

O ve gods. Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knocking within.

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile.

And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305 The secrets of my heart. All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows. Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia. Lucius, who's that knocks?

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how? Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand. Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness. [Pulls off his

kerchief | Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins! Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, 324 And I will strive with things impossible; Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius.

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330 To whom it must be done.

Set on your foot, Lig. And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you To do I know not what: but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on. [Thunder. Bru. Follow me, then.

SCENE II. Rome. Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night. Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried

out 'Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of success. Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day. Cæs. Cæsar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak Ne'er look'd but on my back. When they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar. I never stood on ceremonies. Yet now they fright me. There is one within.

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets, And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, In ranks and squadions and right form of war.

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; The noise of battle huitled in the air; Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan, And ghosts did shirek and squeal about the streets.

O Cresar, these things are beyond all use, 25 And I do tear them!

Cies. What can be avoided. Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods? Yet Casar shall go forth; for the predictions

Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cul. When beggars die there are no comets seen:

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cas. Cowards die many times before their deaths:

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men
should fear,

Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serr. They would not have you to stir torth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cas. The gods do this in shame of cowardice.

Caesar should be a beast without a heart, It he should stay at home to-day for tear. No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well That Cæsar is more dangerous than he: 45 We are two hons litter'd in one day, And I the elder and more terrible; And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house, and not your
own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,

And he shall say you are not well to-day. Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. Cas. Mark Antony shall say I am not

And for thy humour I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow,
worthy Cæsar.

I come to tetch you to the Senate House.

Ces. And you are come in very happy
time.

60

To bear my greeting to the senators And tell them that I will not come to-day. Cannot, is take; and that I dare not, falser;

I will not come to day. Tell them so,

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cas. Shall Casar send a lie? 65 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be aleard to tell greybeards the truth? Decrus, go teil them Casar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Casar, let me know

some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70 Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come.

That is enough to satisfy the Senate. But for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know: Colphurnia here, my wife, stays me at

home. 75
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred

spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty
Romans

Came smiling and did bathe their hands

And these does she apply for warnings and portents

Ant. evils imminent, and on her knee Hath begg'd that I will stay at home today.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted; It was a vision fair and fortunate. 84 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath'd, Signifies that from you great Rome shall

Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. This by Calphurnia's dream is signified, 90 Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say-

And know it now: the Senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar. If you shall send them word you will not come.

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say 'Break up the Senate till another time, When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams'.

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper

Lo, Cæsar is afraid '?

suck

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this, And reas n to my love is liable.

Cas. I ow toolish do your fears seem If thou read this, O Casar, thou mayest 1 .w. Calphurnia!

I am ash med I did yield to them. τού Give me 1y 10be, for I will go.

Enter BRU JUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA TREBUNIUS, CINNA, and PUBLIUS.

And look where Publius is come to retch me. Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Welcome, Publius. Cæs. What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius, Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy As that same ague which hath made you

lean. What is't o'clock?

Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight. Bru. Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights, Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Bid them prepare within. Cos. I am to blame to be thus waited for. What. Now, Cinna. Now, Metellus.

Trebonius! I have an hour's talk in store for you. Remember that you call on me to-day; Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [Aside] And so near will I be.

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me:

And we like triends, will straightway go together. Bru. [Aside] That every like is not the

same, O Cæsar, The heart of Brutus earns to think upon! [Exeunt.

Scene III. Rome. A street near the Capitol. Enter ARTEMIDORUS reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one faind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments that virtue cannot live 10 Out of the teeth of emulation.

live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive,

SCENE IV. Rome. Before the house of Brueus.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. 1 prithee, boy, run to the Senate House.

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam. Por. I would have had thee there and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.

[Aside] O constancy, be strong upon my

side! Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel!-Art thou here vet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else? Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well.

For he went sickly forth: and take good

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him

Hark, boy! What noise is that? Luc. I hear none, madam.

Prithee listen well. I heard a bustling rumour, like a tray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol. Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow. 20 Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady. Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady. Por. Is Casar yet gone to the Capitol? Sooth. Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady. If it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him? Sooth. None that I know will be, much

that I fear may chance. Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

68E

The throng that follows Casar at the heels, Of senators, of prætors, common saltors, Will crowd a feeble man almost to death. 35 I'll get me to a place more void, and there Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in. [Aside] Ay me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus, The neavens speed thee in thine enterprise! Sure the boy heard me. - Brutus hath a suit That Cæsar will not grant .- O, I grow faint.-

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; Say I am merry. Come to me again, And bring me word what he doth say to [Exeunt severally. thee.

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. Rome. A street before the Capitol.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, LEPIDUS. ARTEMI-CINNA, ANTONY, and the Popilius, Publius, DORUS, Soothsayer.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone. Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule. Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-

At your best leisure, this his humble suit. Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a cont

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be

last serv'd. Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad? Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pob. Fare you well. [Advances to Cæsar.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena? Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar. Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we rear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done?

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant. Populius Lena speaks not of our purposes: For look, he smiles, and Casar doth not change.

Cas. Trebomus knows his time; for look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way. [Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. Bru. He is address'd; piess near and

second nim.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Casar and his Senate must redress? Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsai.

Metellus Cumber throws before thy seat An humble heart. [Kneeling. Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond To think that Casar bears such rebel blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools-I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished: If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear For the repealing of my banish'd brother? Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal. 54

Cæs. What, Brutus! Cas. Pardon, Cæsar! Cæsar, pardon! As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber. Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as

you:

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

But I am constant as the northern star. 60 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumb'red sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine; But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

Scene 11 So in the vorld: 'tis furnish'd well with And drawing days out, that men stand me e flesh and blood, and appreand men he ave: Yet in the umber I do know but one That unass slable holds on his rank. Unshak'd o' motion; and that I am he. 70 Let me a little show it, even in this-That I was constant Cunber should be banish'd. And constant do remain to keep him so. Cin. O Cæsar! Hence! Wilt thou lift up Cæs. Olympus? Dec. Great Cæsar! Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? Casca. Speak, hands, for me! [They stab Cæsar. Casca strikes the first, Brutus the last blow. Cæs. Et tu. Brute ?—Then fall, Cæsar!

Dies. Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets. Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and

cry out Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!' People and Senators, be not affrighted.

Fly not; stand still. Ambition's debt is

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's Should chance ---

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good

There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

payle,

Rushing on us, should do your age some nuschief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed

But we the doers.

Re-enter That NIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Fled to his house amaz'd. Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run.

As it were doomsday.

time.

upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death. Bru. Grant that, and then is death a

benefit. So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abride'd

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans. stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords. Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace.

And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom, : al liberty!' Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many

ages hence

85

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over In states unboin and accents yet unknown. Bru. How many times shall Cæsa: in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave helr country liberty. Dec. What, shan we torth?

Cas. Ay, every man away. 120 Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel: Thus did Mark Antony bid me tall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving. Say I love Brutus, and I honour him; Cos. And leave us, Publius, lest that the Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and

lov'd him. If Brutus a . vouchsate that Antony May sately come to him, and be resolv'd How Casar hath deserv'd to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead So well as Brutus live; but will follow 135 The fortunes and a trais of noble Brutus Thorough the haz. . . of this untrod state With all true faim. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:

I never thought him worse. Fates, we will know your Tell him, so please him come unto this

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the He shall be satisfied and, by my honour, 100 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit. Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may. But yet have I a mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee

well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.

If I must the text is no bour so fit

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument

155

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek

and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.

No place will please me so, no mean of

No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off, 163

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut on, 163
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel.

As by our hands and this our present act You see we do; yet see you but our hands, And this the bleeding business they have done.

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome, As fire drives out fire, so pity pity,— Hath done this deed on Casar. For your

part,
To you our swords have leaden points,

Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd

The multitude, beside themselves with fear, And then we will deliver you the cause Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck

Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; Low yours,
Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours.

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen ali—alas, what shall I say?

Gentlemen ali—alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery
ground

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true! 195 If then thy spirit look upon us now, Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death

To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, Most noble! in the presence of thy corse? Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, Weeping as tast as they stream forth thy blood.

It would become me better than to close In terms of friendship with thine enemies. Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,

brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

stand, 206
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart; And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee! How like a deer strucken by many princes Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony-

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius. The enemies of Cæsar shall say this; Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so; 215
But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but
was indeed

Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar. 220

Friends am I with you all, and love you all, Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard 225

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar, You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;

And am moreover suitor that I may

283 Produce his body to the market-place

And, in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, 230 That this foul deed shall smell above the Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony. Brutus, a word with you. [Aside to Brutus] You know not what you do. Do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd

By that which he will utter?

Bru. [Aside to Cassius] By your pardon-I will myself into the pulpit first, And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.

What Antony shall speak, I will protest He speaks by leave and by permission; 240 And that we are contented Cæsar shall Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies. It shall advantage more than do us wrong. Cas. I know not what may fall I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body. 2 1 5 You shall not in your funeral speech blame

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar :

And say you do't by our permission ; Else shall you not have any hand at all About his funeral. And you shall speak 250 In the same pulpit whereto I am going, After my speech is ended.

Be it so; Ant.

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow [Exeunt all but Antony. Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth.

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man That ever lived in the tide of times. Woe to the hand that shed this costly

blood! Over thy wounds now do I prophesy— Which like dumb mouths do ope their

ruby lips To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue-

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men; Domestic fury and fierce civil strife Shall cumber all the parts of Italy; Blood and destruction shall be so in use, And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile when they

behold Their infants quartered with the hands of war,

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds; And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, With Até by his side come hot from hell. Shall in these confines with a monarch's

earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius' Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not? Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming,

And bid me say to you by word of mouth-O Cæsar! [Seeing the body. Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes, Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 290 Hie hence and tell him so. Yet stay awhile; Thou shalt not back till I have borne this

Into the market-place. There shall I try, In my oration, how the people take The cruel issue of these bloody men; 295 According to the which thou shalt discourse To young Octavius of the state of things. Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.

Scene II. Rome. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with the Pleberans.

Citizens. We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And public reasons shall be rendered Of Cæsar's death.

1 Pleb. I will hear Brutus speak. 2 Pleb. I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons.

When severally we hear them rendered. 10 [Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians. Brutus goes into the pulpa.

3 Pleb. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romai , countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war, have respect to mine honour. that you may

believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than lus. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but—as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love: 10v for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Wno is here so base that would be a bondman? It any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I oftended. I have done no more to Casar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suitcred

Enter MARK ANTONY and Others with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I siew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 Pleb. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Pleb. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Pleb. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Pleb. Cæsar's better parts 50 Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Pleb. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen— 2 Pleb. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Pleb. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart

alone, 55
And for my sake stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his

speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark
Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart 6c
Save I alone, till antony have spoke, [Exit.

1 Pleb. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark

Antony.

3 Pleb. Let ham go up into the public chair. We'li hear him. Noble Antony, go up. Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.

to you.

4 Pleb. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Pleb. He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 Pleb. 'I were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Pleb. This Casar was a tyrant.

3 Pleb. Nay, that's certain. We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 70 2 Pleb. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans-

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him, Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me vour ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; 75 The good is oft interred with their bones; 30 let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious. If it were so, it was a grievous fault; 80 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—For Brutus is an honourable man; 80 are they all, all honourable men—Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to

But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to
Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill; Did this in Casar seem ambitious? 90 When that the poor have cried, Casar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this

ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without

cause:

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come back to me.

death.

1 Pleb. Methinks there is much reason in his savings.

matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Pleb. Has he, masters! 110 I fear there will a worse come in his place. 4 Pleb. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown:

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 Pleb. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 Pleb. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 Pleb. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 Pleb. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But vesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there.

And none so poor to do him reverence. 120 O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage.

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wiong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men. ill not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar :

I found it in his closet—'tis his will. Let but the commons hear this testament. Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood; Yea, beg a hair of him for memory And, dying, mention it within their wills, 135 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

4 Pleb. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! We will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:

And being men, hearing the will of Casar, It will inflame you, it will make you

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 Pleb. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony!

You shall read us the will—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

2 Pleb. If thou consider rightly of the I have o'ershot myself to teil you of it. 150 I fear I wrong the honourable men Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar fear it.

4 Pleb. They were traitors. Horomable men!

All. The will! the testament!
2 Pleb. They were viliains, murderers.
The will! Read the will. Ant. You will compel me, then, to read

the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar.

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down. 2 Pleb. Descend. [Antony comes down.

3 Pleb. You shall have leave.

4 Pleb. A ring! Stand round.

1 Pleb. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Pleb. Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back. Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now

You all do know this mantle. I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on : 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii. Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger

through; See what a rent the envious Casca made; Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no; 180 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all; For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart:

And in his mantle muffling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statua, Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.

245

Kind souls, what weep you when you but Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your behold 10. Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you

Here is himself, marr'd as you see with traitors.

1 Pleb. O piteous spectacle!

2 Pleb. O noble Cæsar!

3 Pleb. O woeful day!

4 Pleb. O traitors, villains!

1 Pleb. O most bloody sight!

2 Pleb. We will be reveng'd.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor Fire! live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 Pleb. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

we'll die with him.

not stir you up 210

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honour-

What private griefs they have, alas, I know

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on. I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths.

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus.

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 230 All. We'll mutiny.

1 Pleb. We'll burn the house of Brutus. 3 Pleb. Away, then! Come seek the

conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

loves?

Alas, you know not! I must tell you, then: You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Capar's scal:

200 To every Roman citizen he gives.

To every several man, seventy-five drach-

2 Pleb. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

3 Pleb. O royal Casar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks.

2 Pleb. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, His private arbours, and new-planted orchards.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me On this side Tiber; ne hath left them you. And to your heirs for ever-common pleasures.

To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. Here was a Casar! When comes such

another?

1 Pleb. Never, never! Come away, away! We'll burn his body in the holy place, 255 And with the brands are the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 Pleb. Go, fetch fire.

3 Pleb. Pluck down benches.

4 Pleb. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. [Exeunt Plebeians with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow! Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us any thing. Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Rome. A street.

Enter CINNA the Poet, and after him the Plebelans.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy. I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.

1 Pleb. What is your name?

2 Pleb. Whither are you going ?

3 Pleb. Where do you dwell?

4 Pleb. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 Pleb. Answer every man directly.

1 Pleb. Ay, and briefly.

4 Pleb. Ay, and wisely.

3 Pleb. Ay, and truly, you were best. Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married

man or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely, I say I am a bachelor.

2 Pleb. That's as much as to say they are

fools that marry. You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's

funeral.

1 Pleb. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 Pleb. That matter is answered directly. 4 Pleb. For your dwelling—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Pleb. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna. 1 Pleb. Tear him to pieces; he's a con-

spirator!
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the

4 Pleb. Tear him for his bad verses, tear

him for his bad verses! 3: Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 Pleb. It is no matter, his name's Cınna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and

turn him going.

3 Pleb. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'! Burn all! Some to Decius' hous, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away, go!

[Exeunt all the Plebeians with Cinna.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Rome. Antony's house.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. 5
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot
I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies. Lep. What, shall I find you here? zo Oct. Or here or at the Capitol.

[Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,

The threefold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him, 15
And took his voice who should be prick'd
to die

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days

than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that

I do appoint him store of provender. 30 It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go
forth;
35

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight
make head;

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd, Our best friends made, our means stretch'd; And let us presently go sit in council 45 How covert matters may be best disclos'd, And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake, And bay'd about with many enemies; And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear.

Millions of mischiefs.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Camp near Sardis. Before the tent of Brutus.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and the AIMY. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? Is Cassius Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away: near?

Lucil. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master. Bru. He greets me well. Your master,

Pindarus. In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done undone: but if he be at hand I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. Lucilius,

How he receiv'd you; let me be resolv'd. Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough.

But not with such familiar instances Nor with such free and friendly conference As he hath us'd of old.

Thou hast describ'd Bru. A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay, 20 It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :

But when they should endure the bloody

They fall their crests, and like deceitful iades

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd.

The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius. [Low march within. Hark! he is arriv'd: 30 Bru. March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Cas. Stand, ho! Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along. 1 Sold. Stand ! 2 Sold. Stand!

3 Sold. Stand! Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;

And when you do them-

Cassius, be content; Speak your griefs softly; I do know you

Before the eyes of both our armies here.

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs.

And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus. Bid our commanders lead their charges off A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

A word, Scene III. The Camp near Sardis. Within the tent of Brutus.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this: You have condemn'd and noted Lucius

Pella For taking bribes neie of the Sardians:

Wherein my letters, praying on his side. 4 Because I knew the man, were slighted off. Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in

such a case. Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet That every nice offence should bear his

comment. Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.

To sell and mart your offices for gold To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm! You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Remember March, the ides of March remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake? What villain touch'd his body, that did stab.

And not for justice? What, shall one of us. That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers, shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes. And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be grasped thus? I had rather be a dog and bay the moon Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bai+ not me! Which should perceive nothing but love I'll not endure it. You forget yourself, from us, To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,

30

Older in practice, abler than yourself To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not. Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget
my.elf;

35

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash
choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure
all this?

Bru. Ali this? Ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break.

Go show your slaves how cholene you are, And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen Though it do split you; for from this day forth

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50 Bru. You say you are a better soldier.

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; 55
I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say 'better'?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my

love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for. Bru. You have done that you should be

sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you

Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; 70

For I can raise no money by vile means. By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to

From the haid hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,

75

Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Casus Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his

friends, 80
Re ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not. He was but a fool That brought my answer back. Brutus hath 11v'd my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they

are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on

me. Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults. Cas. A triendly eye could never see such

faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come.

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother:

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd.

Set in a notebook, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richei than gold; If that thou be'st a Roman, take it foith. I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart. Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know, When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be
humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, That carries anger as the flint bears fire; 110 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth Bru. She is dead. Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd him? When I spoke that I was ill-Bru. vou so? O insupportable and touching loss! temper'd too. Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me Upon what sickness? your hand. Bru. Impatient of my absence, 150 And grief that young Octavius with Mark Bru. And my heart too. Cas. O Brutus! Antony Have made themselves so strong; for with What's the matter? Bru. Cas. Have not you love enough to bear her death with me, That tidings came. With this she fell When that rash humour which my mother distract. And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire. gave me Cas. And died so? Makes me forgetful? Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth, Bru. Even so. When you are over-earnest with your Cas. O ye immortal gods! 155 Brutus, Enter Lucius with wine and tapers. He'll think your mother chides, and leave Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a you so. bowl of wine. Enter a Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS. [Drinks. Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble Poet. Let me go in to see the generals. There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not pledge. Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup: meet They be alone. I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. 160 Lucil. You shall not come to them. 125 [Drinks. Exit Lucius. Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me. Cas. How now! What's the matter? Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA. Bru. Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean? Messala! Love, and be friends, as two such men Now sit we close about this taper here. should be: And call in question our necessities. For I have seen more years, I'm sure, Cas. Portia, art thou gone? than ve. Bru. No more, I pray you. Cas. Ha, ha! How vilely doth this cynic Messala, I have here received letters, 165 rhyme! That young Octavius and Mark Antony Come down upon us with a mighty power. Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucv fellow, hence! Bending their expedition toward Philippi. Cas. Bear with him, Brutus: 'tis his Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same fashion. tenour. Bru. I'll know his humour when he Bru. With what addition? knows his time. Mes. That, by proscription and bills of outlawry, What should the wars do with these jigging fools? Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Companion, hence! Have put to death an hundred senators. Cas. Away, away, be gone! Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree; Exit Poet. Mine speak of seventy senators that died Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-By their proscriptions, Cicero being one. Cas. Cicero one! manders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. Mes. Cicero is dead, Cas. And come yourselves, and bring And by that order of proscription. Messala with you Had you your letters from your wife, my Immediately to us. lord? [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius. Bru. No. Messala. Lucius, a bowl of wine! Bru. Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of Cas. I did not think you could have been her? Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange. so angry. Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs! Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of If you give place to accidental evils. her in yours? Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia Mes. No, my lord. is dead. 145 Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me Cas. Ha! Portia?

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.

With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now. 1900 Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so. Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:

This it is:
"Tis better that the enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his

soldiers, Doing himself offence, whilst we, lying

still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. 2000
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give

place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution
The enemy, marching along by them, 205
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and en-

courag'd; From which advantage shall we cut him

If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother. 210
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note
beside

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe. The enemy increaseth every day:
We, at the height, are ready to decline, 215

We, at the height, are ready to decline. 215
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it
serves.

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on; We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philipps.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk.

And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night: Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [Enter Lucius] My gown. [Exit Lucius] Farewell, good Messala. Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius, Good night, and good repose!

Cas. O my dear brother, This was an ill beginning of the night! Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well. 234

Cas. Good night, my loid.

Bru. Good night, good brother. Tit. and Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus. Bru. Farewell, every one. [Exeunt Cassius, Titimus, and Messala.

Re-enter Lucius with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men; 240
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sus, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by 245 On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket cr my gown.

[Varro and Cla dius he down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not

give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Caust thou hold up they heavy eyes awhile, And touch they instrument a strain or two? Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art
willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy

might;
I know young bloods look for a time of

rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already. 261
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[Music and a song. Lucius falls asleep. This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumbe!! Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good And we will follow. night. 267 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument: I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. Sits down. Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR. How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes Answering before we do demand of them. here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition. 275 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing? Art thou some god, some angel, or some That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare? Speak to me what thou art. Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus. Why com'st thou? ಇಗೆರ Bru. Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt sec me at Philippi. Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again? Ghosi. Ay, at Philippi. Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, [Exit Ghost. Now I have taken heart thou vanishest. 28: Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs. awake! Claudius! Luc. The strings, my lord, are false. Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. 2010 Lucius, awake! Luc. My lord! Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out? Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry. Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing? Luc. Nothing, my lord. Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius [To Varro] Fellow thou, awake! Var. My lord? Clau. My lord? Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep? Both. Did we, my lord? Ay. Saw you any thing? Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother. Crying 'Long live! Hail, Cæsar! 304

Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before. The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

Cas.

Act 5 Var. and Clau. It shall be done, my lord. Exeunt. ACT FIVE Scene I. Near Philippi. Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army. Antony, our hopes are Oct. Now. answered. You said the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions : It proves not so. Their battles are at hand: They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 5 Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it. They could be content To visit other places, and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face I'o faster in our thoughts that they have courage; But 'tis not so. Enter a Messenger. Mess. Prepare you, generals: The enemy comes on in gallant thow: Then bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately. 15 Am Octavius, lead your battle softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field. Oct. Upon the right hand I: keep thou the left. Ani. Why do you cross me in this exigent? Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; Lucilie, Titinius, Messala. and Others. Bin. They stand, and would have parley. Car. Stand fast, Titinius we must out and talk. Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battie ? Ani. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth; the generals would have some words. Oct. Stir not until the signal. Bru. Words before blows. countrymen? Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do. Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius. Ant. In your had strokes, Brutus, you

give good words;

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

But for your words, they tob the Hybla Upon one battle all our aberties. bees,

And leave them honeyless

Not stingless too? 35 Ant. Bru. O yes, and scundless too; For you have stol'n then buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar 10 You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feei:

Whilst damned Casca, like a cui, behind Struck Cæsai on the neck. O you flatterers! Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank vourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day If Cassius might have rul'd

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops. Look.

I draw a sword against conspirators: When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never till Cæsai's three and thirty wounds Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar Have added slaughter to the sword of traitois

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by tautors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

So I hope. I was not boin to die on Brutus' sword. Bru. O, it thou wert the noblest of thy strain.

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of The time of lite—aiming myself with such honour.

Join'd with a masker and a reveller! Ant. Old Cassius still!

Come, Antony; away! Defiance, traitois, hurl we in your teeth. If you dare fight to-day, come to the field; If not, when you have stomachs. [Exeunt

Cctavius, Antony, and their Army. Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The sto m is up, and all is on the hazard. Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. My lord.

[Brutus and Lucilius converse apart. Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general? Messala, 70 This is my birth-day; as this very day Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand Messala.

Be thou my witness that against my will, As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

You know that I held Epicurus strong. And his operion; now I change my mind And partly credit things that do presage Coming from Saidis, on our former ensign Two mighty eagles fell; and there they peich'd.

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands.

Who to Philippi here consorted us.

This morning are they fled away and gone, And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us

As we were sickly prev. Their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which Our army hes, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so. Cas. I but believe it partly: For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd

To meet all pends very constantly. Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus, The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may.

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! But, since the affairs of men rest still in-

Let's reason with the worst that may betall. If we do lose this battle, then is this The very last time we shall speak together. What are you then determined to do? 90 Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato to: the death Which he did give himself-I know not how. But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent patience To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below. Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in trium; h Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No. Cassius, no. Think not, theu noble Roman, That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:

He bears too great a mind. But this same dav

Must end that work the ides of Maich begun,

And whether we shall meet again I know

Therefore our everlasting farewell take: 111 For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius! If we do meet again, why, we shall smile; If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; :: If not, 'tis true this parting was well made. Bru. Why then, lead on. O that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come! But it sufficeth that the day will end, 121 And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [Exeunt.

Near Philippi. SCENE II. battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side

[Loud alarum. Let them set on at once; for I perceive But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing, And sudden push gives them the overthrow. Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. Exeunt.

Scene III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy. This ensign here of mine was turning back; I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too

Who, having some advantage on Octavius, Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil.

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord; 10 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off. Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,

Titinius. Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,

Mount thou my horse and lude thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops

And here again, that I may rest assur'd Whether youd troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again even with a thought. Hxit.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [Pindarus goes up. This day I breathed first. Time is come

round, And where I did begin there shall I end; My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what

news?

Pin. [Above] O my lord! Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about With horsemen that make to him on the

spur: Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.

The field of Now Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too!

> He's ta'en. [Shout. And hark! They shout for joy.

> Cas. Come down; behold no more. O, coward that I am to live so long To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah. In Parthia did I take thee prisoner: And then I swore thee, saving of thy life.

That whatsoever I did bid thee do Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;

Now be a freeman, and with this good sword. That ian through Casai's bowels, search

this bosom. Stand not to answer; here, take thou the

And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.

Casar, thou art reveng'd, 45 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies. Pm. So, I am free; yet would not so

have been. Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! 48 Far from this country Pindarus shall run, Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him? Tit.

All disconsolate, 55 With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill. Mes. Is not that he that hes upon the ground?

Tit. He hes not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala: But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night, So in his red blood Cassius' day is set!

The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone; Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child, Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere

The things that are not? O error, soon We shall try fortune in a second fight. conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth. 70 But kill'st the mother that engend'red thee!

Tit. What. Pindarus! Where art thou. Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his eacs. I may say 'thrusting 'it; 75 For piercing steel and darts envenomed Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie vou, Messala. And I will seek for Pindaius the while. IExit Messala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they

Put on my blows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstitued every thins But hold thee, take this gailand on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Carus Cassius. By your leave, gods. This is a Roman's part. Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. Dies.

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, Young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie? Mes. Lo yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward. Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou ait mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums. Brave Titinius! Cato. Look whe'r he have not crown'd dead

Cassius! Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body.

His funerals shall not be in our camp, 105 Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come; And come, young Cato; let us to the field. Labeo and Flavius set our battles on. night

(Exeunt.

Scene IV. Another part of the field Alarum. Enter BRUIUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, LUCILIUS, and FLAVIUS.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, vet hold up vour heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend. - I am the son of Maicus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Maicus Bretus, I! Brutus, my country's friend! Know me for Biutus! [Exit. Young Cato falls. Lucil. O young and noble Cato, ait thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest. Lucil. Only I yield to die [Offering money] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death 1 Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner! Enter ANTONY.

2 Sold, Room, ho! Teli Antony Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Brutus is ta'en! Brutus is ta'en, my lord! Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Blueus is safe cnough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brurus. The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive or dead, Ie will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assine you,

A puze no less in worth. Keep this man safe; live him all kindness. I had rather have uch men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead; se And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How everything is chanc'd. Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the field. Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord.

He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word:

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. 5 [Whispering.

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself. Bru. Hark thee, Dardamus!
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Dar. Sh Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of griet, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me Two several times by night—at Sardis once. And this last night here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how is goes:

Our enemies have beat us to the pit;

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good
Volumnius.

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old. I prithee, Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it. Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [Alarum still.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet in all my lite I found no man but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day, More than Octavius and Mark Antony By this vile conquest shall attain unto. So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history. 10 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour. [Alarum. Cry within 'Fly, fly, fly, fly!'

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Hence! I will follow.
[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and
Volumnius.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord; Thou art a fellow of a good respect; 45 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato? Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you

well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. Cæsar, now be still.

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[He runs on his sword, and dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is tny master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.

The conquerors can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, 56 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be fixed at the conduction of the conduction

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.
thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? Stra. Ay, it Messala will prefer me to you. Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run
on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only in a general honest thought
71
And common good to all made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements

So anx'd in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world 'This was a man!' Oct. According to his virtue let us use

With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

him.

Most like a soldier, ordered honourably. So call the field to rest, and let's away 80 To part the glories of this happy day.

[Exeunt.

MACRETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Sergeant.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland. MALCOLM, his sons DONALBAIN MACBETH, Generals of the Kong's army BANQUO, MACDUFF, LENNOX, Ross, Noblemen of Scotland. MENTEITH, ANGUS. CAITHNESS. FLEANCE, son to Banquo. SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces. Young SIWARD, his son. SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth Boy, son to Macduff.

A Porter. An Old Man. An English Doctor. A Scots Doctor. LADY MACBETH. LADY MACDUFF. Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth. THE WEIRD SISTERS. HECATE. The Ghost of Banquo. Apparitions. Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Mur-

THE SCENE: Scotland and England.

ACT ONE

Scene I. An open place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done, When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
1 Witch. Where the place?
2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth. 1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

2 Witch. Paddock calls.

3 Witch. Anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.

Scene II. A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN. MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Seigeant. Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

The newest state. Mal. This is the sergeant Who like a good and hardy soldier fought 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! Say to the King the knowledge of the broil As thou didst leave it. Serg. Doubtful it stood.

As two spent swimmers that do cling together

derers, Attendants, and Messengers.

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald-Worthy to be a rebel, for to that

The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon him-from the Western Isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied; And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smuling.

Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak: For brave Macbeth-well he deserves that

name-Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel

Which smok'd with bloody execution, Like valour's minion, carv'd out

passage Till he fac'd the slave; Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell

to him. Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements. Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Serg. As whence the sun gins his reflection

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break. So from that spring whence comfort seem'd

to come Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland. mark:

MACBETH [Act 1

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd, Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels. But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men. Began a fresh assault. Dismay'd not this Ďun. Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo? Serg. As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. 35 If I say sooth, I must report they were As cannons overchaig'd with double cracks: So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds. Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell-But I am faint; my gashes cry for help. Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds; They smack of honour both -- Go get him surgeons. [Exit Sergeant, attended. Enter Ross. Who comes here? The worthy Thane of Ross. Mal. Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look that seems to speak things strange. Ross. God save the King! Whence cam'st thou, worthy Dun. thane? From Fife, great King, Ross. Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky And fan our people cold. Norway himself, with terrible numbers. Assisted by that most disloyal traitor The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict. Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof, Confronted him with self-comparisons, Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm, Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude, The victory fell on us. Dun. Great happiness! Ross. That now Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition: Nor would we deign him burial of his men Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch, Ten thousand dollars to our general use. Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death. And with his former title greet Macbeth. Ross. I'll sec it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macheth hatle woo. Exeunt. SCENE III. A blasted heath. Enter the three Witches Thunder. 1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister? 2 Witch. Killing swine. 3 Witch. Sister, where thou? 1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, And mounch'd. and mounch'd, mounch'd. 'Give mc 'quot!i I. 'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronvon cries. Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tiger; But in a sieve I'll thither sail And, like a rat without a tail. I'll de, I'll do, and I'll do. 10 2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind. 1 Witch. Th'art kind. 3 Witch. And I another. 1 Witch. I myself have all the other: And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I' th' shipman's card. I'll drain him dry as hay: Sleep shall neither night nor day Hang upon his pent-house hd; 20 He shall live a man forbid; Weary sev'nights, nine times nine. Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine. Though his bark cannot be lost. Yet it shall be tempest-tost. 25 Look what I have. 2 Witch. Show me, show me. I Witch. Here I have a pilot's thump, Wreck'd as homeward he did come. Drum within. 3 Witch, A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come. All. The Weird Sisters, hand in hand, Posters of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about; Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, 35 And thrice again, to make up nine. Peace! The charm's wound up. Enter MACBETH and BANQUO. Mach. So foul and fair a day I have not

Ban. How far 15't call'd to Forres? What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40 'The r look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,

And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying

Scene 31 MACBETH

Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpre-That you are so.

Macb. Speak if you can. What are you 1 Witch. All hul, Macbeth! Hay to thee, Thane or Gramis!

2 Witch. All hul, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hul, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!

Ban. Good sii, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth.

Are ve fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time And say which grain will grow and which will not.

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favours nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet pluch happier. 3 Witch. Thou shalf get kings, though thou be none.

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch, Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! Mach. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be King Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence, or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I 19 itches vanish. charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Mach. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings. You shall be King. B.111. Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went

it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same tune and words. Whe's here ?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macheth.

The news of thy success; and when he reads

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, His wonders and his praises do contend Wnich should be thine or his. Silenc'd with tnat.

In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day, He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Noting ateard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as tale

That he seems tapt withal. To me you Carre post with post, and every one did bear

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks:

Only to herald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honoui.

He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!

For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true? Marb. The Thane of Cawdor hves; why do you diess me

In borrowed robes?

Who was the Thane lives yet; Ana But under heavy judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both

He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd. Have overthrown him.

Mach, [Asidel Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor! The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your

pains. [Aside to Banquo] Do you not hope your

children shall be kings. When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me

Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. [Aside to Macbeth] That, trusted home, 85 Might vet enkindle you unto the crown.

TOOL

MACBETH [Act 1

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming

Must be provided for; and you shall put This night's great business into my dispatch:

Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. M icb. We will speak further.

Ladv M. Only look up clear. To alter favour ever is to fear. Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Inverness. Before Macbeth's castle

Hauthovs and torches. Enter DUNCAN. MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LEN-NOY, MACDUFF, Ross, ANGUS, Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

This guest of summer, Ban. The temple-haunting martlet, does approve By his lov'd mansioury that the heaven's

Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze, Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird Hath made her pendent bed and proceeant cradle.

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd

The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! 10 The love that follows us sometime is our Strong both against the deed; then, as his trouble.

Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach Who should against his murderer shut the you

How you shall bid God 'ield us for your Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

Ladv M.

All our service In every point twice done, and then done double,

Were poor and single business to contend Against those honours deep and broad wherewith

Your Majesty loads our house; for those of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them, We rest your hermits.

Where's the Thane of Cawdor? Dun. We cours'd him at the heels and had a purpose

To be his purveyor; but he rides well, And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess. 24

We are your guest to-night.

Your servants ever Lalv M. Have thems, themselves, and what is theirs. in compt.

To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,

Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand; Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly.

And shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess. I Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Inverness. Macheth's castle. Hautboys, torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter MACBLITH.

Mach. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly. If th' assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

With his surcease, success; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here-But here upon this bank and sheal of time-We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases

We still have judgment here, that we but teach

Bloedy instructions, which being taught return

To plague th' inventor. This even-handed instice

Commends the ingredience of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subjecthost,

door,

Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20 And pity, like a naked new-born habe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself, And talls on th' other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! What news? Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

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Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Know you not he has? Ladv M. Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people. Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

Was the hope drunk 35 Lady M. Wherein you diess'd yourself? Hath it

slent since,

And wakes it now to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou ateard To be the same in thine own act and valour As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would', Like the poor cat i' tu' adage?

Prithee, peace; 45 SCENL I. I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.

What beast was't then Lady M. That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a

man: And to be more than what you were, you

would Be so much more the man. Nor time nor

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;

They have made themselves, and that then fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

How tender 'tis to love the bane that milks me-

I would, while it was smiling in my face. Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn Who's there? As you have done to this.

Mach. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is

asleep-Whereto the rather shall his day's hard

journey

Soundly invite him-his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so convince That memory, the warder of the brain, 65 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limber only. When in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon

His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only: For thy undanated metale should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd. When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers.

That they have done 't?

Who dares receive it other, Lady M. As we shall make our guet, and clamour roai

Upon his death?

Mach. I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. So Away, and mock the tin e with fairest show: False face must hide what the talse heart doth know. [Exerent.

ACT TWO

Inverness. Court of Marbeth's castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLUANCE with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelva. Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, or.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven:

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons hes like lead upon nie, And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

Finter MACBETH and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Mach. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your offices. This diamond he preets your wife withal, 15 By the name of most kind hostess; and

shut up In measureless content.

Mach. Being unprepar'd. Our will became the servant to defect: Which else should free have wrought. All's well. Ban.

I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters. To you they have show'd some truth.

I think not of them: Macb. 20. Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

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MACRETH [Act 2

We would spend it in some words upon that That summons thee to heaven or to hell business. If you would grant the time. Вап. At your kind'st lessure. Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis. It shall make honour for you. So I lose none In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd. Macb. Good repose the while! Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! 30 [Exeunt Banquo and Fleance. Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant. Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. " Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going: And such an instrument I was to use. Mine eves are made the fools o' th' other senses. Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still : And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood. Which was not so before. There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder. Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf. Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firmset earth. Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear Thy very stones prate of my whereabout And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives; Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath [A bell rings. I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell

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Exit.

Scent II. Inverness. Macbeth's castle. Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold : What hath quench'd them hath given me

fire. Hark! Perce! It was the owl that shrick'd, the fatal bellman.

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets.

That death and nature do contend about them.

Whether they live or die.

Mach. [Within] Who's there! What, ho! Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd.

And 'tis not done. Th' attempt, and not the deed. Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enfer MACRETH.

My husband! Mach. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak? Macb. When?

Ladv M. Now. Macb. As I descended? Ladv M. Av.

Macb. Hark! Who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain. Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Looking on his hands. Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!

That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together. Macb. One cried 'God bless us', and 'Amen' the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

List'ning their fear, I could not say

When they did say 'God bless us!' Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. Macb. But wherefore could not I pro-nounce 'Amen'? I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways: so, it will make u mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more; Macbeth does murder sleep '-the innocent

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of

The death of each day's life, sore labour's

bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would

course.

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

What do you mean? Mach. Still it cried 'Sleep no more' to all the house;

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more -Macheth shall sleep

no more'. Lady M. Who was it that thus cried?

Why, worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength to think So brainsickly of things. Go get some

water And wash this filthy witness from your

hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the

place? They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

I'll go no more: 50 I am afraid to think what I have done: Look on't again I dare not.

Ladv M. Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures; 'tis the eve of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed. I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within. Whence is that knocking? Macb. How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [Knock] I hear a knocking At the south entry; retire we to our

chamber. A little water clears us of this deed.

How eary is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unatter 'd. [Knock] Hark!

more knockt-Gct on your nightstown, lest occasion call

And slow us to be watchers. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [Knock. thou couldst! Exeunt.

Scene III. Inverness. Macbeth's castle. Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knock] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' name of Beelzebuh? Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on th' expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knock] Knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for od's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator. [Knock] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither or stealing out of a French hose. Come in. ailor, here you may roast your goose. Knock | Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold or hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [Knock] Apon, anon! [Opens the gate] I pray you remember

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

the porter.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late? Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great

provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and un-provokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivoMACBETH 「Act 2

cator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Mac.l. I believe drink gave thee the he

last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Mach. Good morrow, both! Macd. Is the King sturring, worthy Thane?

Macb.

Not vet. Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to nim. 45 Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to

you;
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, i. For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Macduly. Len. Goes the King hence to-day? Mach. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death.

And prophesying, with accents terrible, ... Of dire combustion and contus'd events New hatch'd to th' woeful time; obscure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night. Some say the earth

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. Twas a rough night. Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Re-enter MALDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror! Tongue nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Mach. What's the matter? Len. Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope 8001

The Lord's mounted temple, and stole thence The life o' th' building.

Macb.

What is't you say-the life? Len. Mean you his Majesty? Macd. Approach the chamber, and

destroy your sight With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves.

IExeunt Macbeth and Lennox. Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason! Banquo and Denalbain! Malcolm! awake! Shake off this downy sleep, death's counter-

And look on death itself. Up, up, and see The great doom's mage! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves use up and walk like Sprites

To countenance this horior! Ring the bell. [Bell rings.

Enter LADY MACRETH.

Lady M. What's the business. That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak! Ma d. O gentle 'ade,

"Its not for you to hear what I can speak! The repetition in a noman's ear

Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banaro.

O Binquo, Binquo,

Our royal master's murder'd! Lady M. Woe, alas! 85

What, in our house?

Flor 12 . Too cruel any where. Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself. And say it is not so.

Re-enter Machi III, I I NNOX, with Ross.

Mach. Had I but died an hour before this chance.

I had liv'd a b'essed time; ter, from this instant.

There's nothing serious in mortality-All is but toys; renown and grace is dead; the wine of lite is drawn, and the mere

Is left this vault to blag of.

Enter MAICOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Mach. You are, and de not know't. 55 The spring, the head, the tountain of your blood.

Is stopp'd: the very source of it is stopp'd. Macl. Your royal father's murder'd. Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.

Their hands and taces were all badg'd with blood:

So were their daggers, which unwip'd we Shall keep us both the sater. Where we are, found

Upon their pillows. They star'd and were distracted:

No man's life was to be trusted with them. Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so? Who Macb. can be wise, amaz'd. temp'rate, and furious, 107 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.

The expedition of my violent love Outrun the pauser reason. H Here lav Duncan, His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood : And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach

in nature For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the

murderers.

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who

could refrain. IIS That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho! Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to Donalhain] Why do we hold our tongues that most may claim This argument for ours?

Don. [Aside to Malcolm] What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole, May rush and seize us? Let's away. Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to Donalbain] Nor our strong

sorrow Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady.

Lady Macbeth is carried out. And when we have our naked frailties hid, That suffer in exposure, let us meet, And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight 130 Of treasonous malice.

And so do I. Macd. All.

So all. Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readi-

And meet i' th' hall together.

Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain. Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. England.

Don. To Ireland I; our separated fortune

There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood. The nearer bloody.

This murderous shaft that's shot Mal. Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away. There's warrant in that

theft Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Inverness. Without Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time I have seen

Hours dreadful and things strange: but this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father. Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act.

Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day

And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame.

That darkness does the face of earth entomb.

When living light should kiss it?

Tis unnatural, 10 Old M. Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd. Ross. And Duncan's horses-a thing

most strange and certain-Beautous and swift, the minions of their

race. Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

ling 'gainst obedience, as they would make Contending

War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other. Ross. They did so: to the amazement of mine eyes,

That look'd upon't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good Macduff. How goes the world, sir, now?

Why, see you not? Macd. Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain. Ross. Alas, the day ! Wi at good could they pretend?

1000

Macd. They were suborn'd Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons.

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. Gainst nature still. Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Is't far you ride? Scone

To be invested.

Where is Duncan's body? Ross. Macd. Carned to Colmekill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessor

And guardian of their bones.

Will you to Scone? 35 Ross. Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither. Macd. Well, may you see things well done there! Adieu.

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new. Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Forres. The balace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now-King, Cawdor, Glamis, all

As the weird women promis'd; and I fear Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was

It should not stand in thy posterity; But that myself should be the root and tather

Of many kings. If there come truth from them-

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine-

Why, by the verities on thee made good. May they not be my oracles as well And set me up in hope? But, hush, no

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBLIII as King, LADY MACBETH as Queen: It inox. Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendance.

Macb. Here's our chief guest. Lady M. If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper,

And I'll request your presence.

Let your Highness 15 Command upon me; to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ay, my good lord. Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice-

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous-

In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the

'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better.

I must become a borrower of the night For a dark hour or twain.

Fail not our feast. Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd

In England and in Ireland, not confessing Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers With strange invention; but of that tomorrow,

When therewithal we shall have cause of state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adicu.

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with vou ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time dees call upon's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot.

And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell. Exit Banquo. Let every man be master of his time Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself Till supper-time alone. While then, God be with you!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and a Servant, Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men our pleasure?

Serv. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[Exit Servant. To be thus is nothing.

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banque Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he Whose being I do fear; and under him My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the Sisters

When first they put the name of King upon

OIOI

Scene 11 MACRETH

And bade them speak to him; then, According to the gift which bounteous prophet-like.

They hail'd him father to a line of kings. Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If't be so, For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind; For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace Only for them, and mine eternal jewel Given to the common enemy of man To make them kings—the seeds of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list, 70 And champion me to th' utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Servant and two Murderers.

Now go to the door and stay there till we [Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together? 1 Mur. It was, so please your Highness. Well then, now Mach.

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know

That it was he, in the times past, which held you

So under fortune; which you thought had been

Our innocent self. This I made good to vou

In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else Who I myself struck down. And thence that might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd

Say 'Thus did Banquo'. Mur. You made it known to us.

Mach. I did so; and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find Your patience so predominant in your

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd.

To pray for this good man and for his issue, Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave

And beggar'd yours for ever?

We are men, my liege. 👊 1 Mur. Mach. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept

All by the name of dogs. The valued file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle.

The house-keeper, the hunter, every one

nature

Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill That writes them all alike; and so of men. Now, if you have a station in the file. Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, sav't: And I will put that business in your bosoms

Whose execution takes your enemy off, Grapples you to the heart and love of us, Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Hath so incens'd that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another, 110 weary with disasters, tugg'd with So fortune.

That I would set my life on any chance, To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord. Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody

distance That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near'st of life; and though I

could With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my

sight, And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, For certain friends that are both his and

mine, Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall

it is

That I to your assistance do make love, Masking the business from the common eve For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord, 125 Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives-Mach. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th'

time, The moment on't; for 't must be done to-130

night, And something from the palace; always thought

That I require a clearness; and with him, To leave no rubs nor botches in the work, Fleance his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me 135 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves

apart: I'll come to you anon.

We are resolv'd, my lord. Both Mur.

TOIL

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abidwithin. [Excunt Murderers It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's fligh If it find heaven must find it out to-night

Scene II. Forres. The palace.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

Lady M. Say to the King I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Midam, I will. [Exit Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content. : 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy

Enter MACDETH.

Now now, my lord! Why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy

Should be without regard. What's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth. 15
But let the frame of things disjoint, both
the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead.

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor
poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, 25 Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on.

Genfle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Mach. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue—

Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams.

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this. Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wite!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable.

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown

His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy

hums Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done? Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge.

dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and
the crow

Makes wing to th' rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and
drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

55
So, prithee go with me.

[Execunt.]

Scene III. Forres. The approaches to the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Macbeth

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,

To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks
of day;

Now spurs the lated traveller apace To gain the timely inn, and near approaches The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses. Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then 'tis he; the rest That are within the note of expectation so Already are i' th' court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.
3 Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,

Scene 31 MACBETH

So all men do, from hence to th' palace gate Whole as the marble, founded as the rock. Make it their walk.

Enter BANOUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

'Tis he. 3 Mur.

1 Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down. [Stabs Banquo.

Ban. O. treachery! Fly. good Fleance. fly, fly, fly. Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

Was't not the way? 3 Mu. There's but one down: the son is fled.

We have lost 2 Mur. Best half of our affair.

Well, let's away. 1 Mur. And say how much is done. Exeunt.

Scene IV. Forres. The balace.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter MACBETH. LADY MACBETH, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Mach. You know your own degrees, sit down.

At first and last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty. Mach, Our self will mingle with society And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state: but in best time

We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends:

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' th' midst.

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round. [Going to the door. There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he despatch'd? My lord, his throat is cut; Mur. That I did for him.

Macb. throats:

Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil. Mur. Most royal sir-Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again. I had 21 1 else been perfect,

As broad and general as the casing air. But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides.

With twenty trenched gashes on his head. The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that. There the grown serpent lies; the worm

that's fled Hath nature that in time will venom breed, No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone:

to-morrow We'll hear, ourselves, again.

[Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My roval lord.

You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home:

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony; Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.

Mach. Sweet remembrancer! Now good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

May't please your Highness sit? Len. Macb. Here had we now our country's

honour roof'd. Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness Than pity for mischance.

Ross. His absence, sir. Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your Highness

To grace us with your royal company.

Mach. The table 's full. Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where? Len. Here, my good lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this? Lords. What, my good lord? Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus.

Thou art the best o' th' cut- And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.

The fit is momentary; upon a thought 55 He will again be well. If much you note him.

You shall offend him and extend his passion.

TOI3

MACBETH Act 3

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man? But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other: Macb. Ay, and a bold one that dare look Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. on that

Which might appal the devil.

Ladv M. O proper stuff! 60 This is the very painting of your fear, This is the air-drawn dagger which you said Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts-

A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such taces? When all's done.

You look but on a stool.

Mach. Prithee see there.

Behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? It thou canst ned, speak too. 70 If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites. [Exit Ghost. Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Mach. If I stand here, I saw him. Fie, for shame! Lady M.

Mach. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time.

Erc humane statute purg'd the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear. The time has been That when the brains were out the man would die.

And there an end: but now they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their

And push us from our stools. This is more strange

Than such a murder is.

My worthy lord. Lady M.

Your noble friends do lack you. Macb. I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends:

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy o' th' whole table. And to our dear friend Banque, whom we

Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee.

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 95 Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,

Mach. What man dare, I date.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd thinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger: Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble. Or be alive again. Impostors to true fear-would well become And dare me to the desert with thy sword: If trembling I inhabit, then protest me 705 The baby of a girl. Hence, hornible shadow! Unreal mock'ry, hence! Lexit Ghost. Why, so; being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still. Laa, M. You have displac'd the mirth.

broke the good meeting, With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110 And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make

inc strange Even to the disposition that I owe.

When now I think you can behold such

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine is blanch'd with fear.

What sights, my lord? Ross. Lady M. I pray you speak not: he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night. Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health 120 Attend his Majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all! (Evenut Lords and Attendants. Macb. It will have blood; they say blood w.li have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak .

Augurs and understood relations have By magget-pies and choughs and rooks

brought forth The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir? Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send-There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a servant tee'd - I will to-morrow. And betimes I will to the Weird Sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent

to know By the worst means the worst. For mine own good

All causes shall give way. I am in blood Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more.

Returning were as tedious as go o'er. Strange things I have in head that will to hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep. Mach. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange

and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use. We are vet but young in deed. Exeunt

SCENE V. A heath

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecat! You look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are.

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all haims, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done 10 Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now. Get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' th' morning; thither he Will come to know his destiny. Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms, and everything beside. I am for th' air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end. Great business must be wrought ere noon. Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vap'rous drop profound; I'll catch it ere it come to ground; And that, distill'd by magic sleights, Shall raise such artificial sprites As, by the strength of their illusion, Shall draw him on to his confusion. He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and hear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear; And you all know security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song within: Come away, come away, etc.' Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. 35 [Exit.

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Forres. The palace. Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit The cloudy messenger turns me his back your thoughts, Which can interpret farther. Only I say

Things have been strangely boine. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth. Marry, he was dead.

And the right-valiant Banque walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd, For Fleance fied. Men must not walk too

late. W/ho

cannot want the thought how monstrous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill their gracious father? Damned fact!

How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight.

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear. That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive 15 To hear the men deny't. So that, I say, He has borne all things well; and I do think

That had he Duncan's sons under his key-As, an't please heaven, he shall not-they should find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But peace! For from broad words, and 'cause he faii'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect; thither

Macduif Is gone to pray the holy King upon his aid To wake Northumberland and warlike

Siward, That by the help of these-with Him above To ratify the work-we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights. Free from our feasts and banquets bloody

knives,

Do faithful homage and receive free honours-

All which we pine for now. And this report Hath so exasperate the King that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

Sent he to Macduff? Len. Lord. He did; and with an absolute 'Sir, not I!'

And hums, as who should say 'You'li rue the time

MACBETH [Act 4

That clogs me with this answer'.

Len.

And that well might
Advise him to a caution t' hold what

distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold 40

Fly to the court of England and unfold 4h His message ere he come, that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country

Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. A dark cave. In the middle, a cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
- 2 Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
- 3 Witch. Harpier cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.
- 1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw.
 Toad that under cold stone
 Days and nights has thirty-one
 Swelt'red venom sleeping got
 Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; refire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing—
For a charm of pow'iful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; -c Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, Witch's mummy, maw and gulf Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark, Liver of blaspheming Jew, Gall of goat, and slips of yew Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse, Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips, Finger of birth-strangled babe Ditch-deliver'd by a drab—Make the gruel thick and slab; Add thereto a tiger's chaudron, For th' ingredience of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; 54
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood, Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your
 pains;

And every one shall share i' th' gams. And now about the cauldron sing, Like elves and fairies in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits, etc.' Exit Hecate.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes.

45 Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you
profess—
Howe'er you come to know it—answer

me.
Though you untie the winds and let them

fight Against the churches; though the yesty

waves Confound and swallow navigation up; Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees

blown down; 55
Though castles topple on their warders' heads:

Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though
the treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together, Even till destruction sicken—answer me & To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer. 1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it

from our mouths, Or from our masters?

Mach. Call 'em; let me see 'em. I Witch. Pour in sow's blood that hath

Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten 65 From the murderer's gibbet throw Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low; Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition, an Armed Head.

Mach. Tell me, thou unknown power— 1 Witch. He knows thy thought. Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Beware Macduff;

Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [He descends. Mach. Whate'er thou art, for thy good

caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one

word more—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded.
Here's another, 75
More potent than the first.

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Thunder. Second Apparition, a Bloody Child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute

laugh to scorn The pow'r of man, for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live:

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, 85 And points at them for his. [The show And sleep in spite of thunder.

Third Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this

That rises like the Issue of a king, And wears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty?

Listen, but speak not to't. App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane Hill Shall come against him. Descends.

That will never be. Who can impress the forest, bid the tree of Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements, good!

Rebellion's head rise never till the wood Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd

Macbeth Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your art I O I

Can tell so much-shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

Seek to know no more. Mach. I will be satisfied. Deny me this, And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.

Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this? [Hautboys.

1 Witch. Show!

2 Witch. Show! 3 Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart!

A Show of eight Kings, and Banquo last; the last king with a glass in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags! 115 Why do you show me this? A fourth? Start, eyes.

What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?

Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more. And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; and some I

That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry. Hornble sight! Now I see 'tis true: For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

vanishes] What ! is this so ?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so. But why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites. And show the best of our delights: I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your antic round; 130

That this great king may kindly say, Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour

Stand ave accursed in the calendar. Come in, without there.

Enter LENNOX.

What's your Grace's will? 135 Len. Macb. Saw you the Weird Sisters?

No, my loid. Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord. Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;

And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear 139 The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England! Len. Ay, my good lord.

Mach. [Aside] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook Unless the deed go with it. From this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And even now, To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

The castle of Macduft I will surprise, Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool:

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

MACBETH [Act 4

But no more sights !-- Where are these gentlemen?

[Exeant. Come, bring me where they are.

Scene II. Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam. L. Macd. He had none: His flight was madness. When our actions do not.

Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross.

You know not Whether it was his wisdom or his tear. L. Macd. Wisdom! To leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place From whence himself does fly? He loves

us not: He wants the natural touch; for the poor

The most duninutive of birds, will fight, 10 Her young ones in her nest, against the

All is the fear, and nothing is the love: As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason.

My dearest cor. I pray you, school yourself. But, for your husband.

He is puble, wise, judicious, and best knows. The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further;

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors

And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and none. I take my leave of

Shall not be long but I'll be here again. Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before.-My pretty cousin.

Blessing upon you! L. Macd. Facher'd he is, and yet he's

fatherless. Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stav

longer, It would be my disgrace and your dis-

comfort. [Exit. I take my leave at once.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead; And what will you do now? How will you Live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies? Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime. The pitfall nor the gin.

Sor. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not set for

My father is not dead, for all your saying, L. Macd. Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband? L. Macd Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again u L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, i' faith.

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother? L. Macd. Av., that he was. Son. What is a trutor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and bes. Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd. Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them? L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the hars and swearers are fools: for there are hars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. It he were dead, you'd weep for him: it you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to vou known.

Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.

It you will take a homely man's advice. Be not found here; hence, with your little opes.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. [Frit. L. Macd. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm

is aften hudable, to do good sometime 75 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas. Do I pur up that womanly defence To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces ?

Scene 2] MACBETH

1 Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un sanctified

Where such as thou mayst find him.

1 Mur. He's a traitor Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain 1 Mur. What, you egg? [Stabbing him. Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother Run away, I pray you. [Dies [Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!

Scene III. England. Before King Edward's balace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUIF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each

New widows howl, new orphans cry; new serrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wall What know, believe; and what I can redress.

As I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb T' appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherons.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave
your pardon;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot

transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest

fell. Though all things foul would wear the brows

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did
find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,

Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just.

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country.
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee. Wear
thou thy wrongs,

The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord. I would not be the villain that thou think't For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp

And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended. I speak not as in absolute fear of you. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:

It weeps, it ble ds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal

Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I
offer

Of goodly theusands. But, for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before; More suffer, and more sundry ways than

By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know

All the particulars of vice so grafted That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth

Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state

Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd With my confincless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions 55 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd

In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody, Luxurious, avaricious, talse, deceiful,

Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,

In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up

The cistern of my lust; and my desire All continent impediments would o'erbear That did oppose my will. Better MacPeth Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been 57 Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours. Yeu may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty.

IOIQ

And vet seem cold, the time you may so To thy good truth and honour. Devilish hoodwink.

We have willing dames enough; there By many of these trains hath sought to win cannot be

That vulture in you to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, 25 Finding it so inclin'd.

With this there grows Mal. In my most ill-compos'd affection such A stanchless avarice that, were I King, I should cut off the nobles for their lands,

Desire his jewels, and this other's house; 'o And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more, that I should

forge Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.

This avarice Macd. Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious

Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been

The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear:

Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will Of your mere own. All these are portable, With other graces weigh'd.

The king-Mal. But I have none.

becoming graces, As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them; but abound In the division of each several crime, Acting it many ways. Nay, had I pow'r, I

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.

O Scotland, Scotland! Macd. Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak. I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern! No. not to live! O nation miserable. With an untitled tyrant bloody-scept'red, When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,

Since that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interdiction stands accurs'd And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father

Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,

Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet, 210 Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well! These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast.

Thy hope ends here!

Macduff, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts

Macbeth

me

Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me

From over-credulous haste. But God above Deal between thee and me; for even now I put myself to thy direction, and

Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure The taints and blames I laid upon myself For strangers to my nature. I am yet 125 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn. Scarcely have coveted what was mine own. At no time broke my faith, would not betray

The devil to his fellow, and delight

No less in truth than life. My first false speaking

Was this upon myself. What I am truly Is thine and my poor country's to command:

Whither indeed, before thy here-approach, Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men Already at a point was setting forth. Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Ay, sir. There are a crew of

Doct. Ay, sir. wretched souls

That stay his cure. Their malady convinces The great assay of art; but at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor. Macd. What's the disease he means? "Tis called the evil: Mal.

A most miraculous work in this good king; Which often since my here-remain in England

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The mere despair of surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken, To the succeeding royalty he leaves The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy; And sundry blessings hang about his throne That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here? Scene 31 MACRETH

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know Where hearing should not latch them. him not.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove

The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir. amen. Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country, Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot 165 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where

nothing, But who knows nothing, is once seen to

smile; Where sighs, and groans, and shricks, that rent the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps. Dying or ere they sicken.

O, relation Macd.

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief? Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:

Each minute teems a new one.

How does my wife? Ross, Why, well.

Macd. And all my children? Well too. Ross.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather

For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot. 185 Now is the time of help; your eve in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight.

To doff their dire distresses.

Be't their comfort Mal. We are coming thither. Gracious England

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men-

An older and a better soldier none That Christendom gives out.

Would I could answer Ross. This comfort with the like! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air.

What concern they? Macd. The general cause, or is it a fee-grief Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest But in it shares some woe, though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine.

Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever. Which shall possess them with the heaviest

sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh! I guess at it. Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes

Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner. Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer. To add the death of you.

Merciful heaven! What, man! Ne'er pull your hat upon your

brows: Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it 175 break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted. Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge

To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so: 220 But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on.

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff.

They were all struck for thee-nought that I am:

Not for their own demerits, but for mine, Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart. enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes 230

IOZI

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle what comes from her, to satisfy my rememheavens,

Cut short all intermission: front to tront

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and mysetf:

Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

This tune goes manly. 235 Mal. Come, go we to the King. Our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the pow'rs above Receive what Put on their instruments.

cheer you may; The night is long that never finds the day. Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Dunsinane, Macbeth's castle. Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field. I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon t, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very ruise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light? Gent. Why, it stood by her. She has light More by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open. Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Lock how she rubs her hands.

Cent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot. Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down

brance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One, two; why then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our pow'r to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doci. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you vet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To hed, to bed, to bed.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their

secrets. needs she the divine than the

physician.

God, God forgive us all. Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annovance,

And still keep eyes upon her. night. My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my

sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Good night, good doctor. Gent. Exeunt. Scene II. The country near Dunsmane.
Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH,
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.
Ment. The English pow't is near. led on

by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes

Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have

a file
Of all the gentry. There is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane be strongly
fortifies.

Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him.

Do call it valiant fury; but for certain He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause 15 Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-

breach;
Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn

Itself for being there?

Caith.

Well, march we on 25

To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.

Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal;

And with him pour we in our country's

purge

Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the
weeds. 30

Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.

Scene III. Dunsinane. Macbeth's castle. Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy
Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee'. Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures.
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with
fear.

Enter Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou creamfac'd loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of

thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers,
whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Mach. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton!—I am sick at heart, When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. 21 I have liv'd long enough. My way of life Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure? Macb. What news more? Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet. Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round; 35

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming
fancies .8

That keep her from her rest.

Mach. Cur

Macb. Cure her of that. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,

(Exit.

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow. Raze out the written troubles of the brain.

And with some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

Therein the patient 15 Doct. Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs-I'll

none of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst. doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease. And purge it to a sound and pristing health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.-

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord. preparation

Makes us hear something.

Bring it after me. I will not be afraid of death and bane Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane. 60 [Exeunt all but the Doctor.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and And beat them backward home.

clear. Profit again should hardly draw me here.

Scene IV. Before Birnam Wood.

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, Siward's Son. MEN-LENNOX, TEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

That chambers will be safe.

We doubt it nothing. Ment. Siw. What wood is this before us? Ment. The wood or Birnam Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery

Err in report of us.

Sol4. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident

Our setting down before't.

'Tis his main hope; ro For where there is advantage to be given, Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,

Both more and less have given him the revolt:

And none serve with h. a but constrained things.

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership

The time approaches Siw. That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate.

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20 Towards which advance the war.

Lexeunt, marching.

Scene V. Dunsmane. Macbeth's castle. Enter MACBETH, SLYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls: The cry is still 'They come'. Our castle's

strength Your royal Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them

> Till famine and the ague eat them up. Were they not forc'd with those that should

be ours. We might have met them dareful, beard to beard.

(A cry within of women. What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost torgot the taste of tears.

The time has been my senses would have cool'd To hear a night-shrick, and my tell of

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As hie were in't. I have supp'd full with

horrors; Direness, tamiliar to my slaughterous thoughts.

Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SLYTON.

Wherefore was that cry? 15 Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead,

Macb. She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time, Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Scene 5 MACRETH

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage.

And then is heard no more; it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw. But know not how to do't.

Well, say, sir. Macb. Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the Am I to fear, or none.

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon methought

The wood began to move.

Mach. Liar and slave! 35 Mess. Let me endure your wrath, it't be not so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming:

I say, a moving grove

If thou speak'st false, Macb. Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth.

I care not if thou dost for me as much. I pull in resolution, and begin

To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend That lies like truth. 'Fear not, till Birnam

Do come to Dunsinane.' And now a wood Comes toward Dunsmane. Arm, arm, and out.

If this which he avouches does appear, There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. I gin to be aweary of the sun,

And wish th' estate o' th' world were now undone. Ring the alarum bell. Blow wind, come

wrack: At least we'll die with harness on our back.

IExeunt.

SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle. Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM. SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army with

boughs. Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,

And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,

Shall with my cousin, your right noble

Lead our first battle: worthy Macdust and

Shall take upon's what else remains to do. According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath. Those clamotous harbingers of blood and death. Exernit.

Scene VII. Another part of the field. Enter MACRETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,

But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he

That was not born of woman? Such a one

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyseli a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth. Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[Fight, and young Sward slam. Macb. Thou wast born of weman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. IExit.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face.

If thou beest slain and with no stroke of mine, My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns whose arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth.

Or else my sword with an unbattered edge

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, liortune, And more I beg not. IExit. Alarums.

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

The castle's Siw. This way, my lord. gently rend'red; The tyrant's people on both sides do fight :

The noble thanes do bravely in the war; The day almost itself professes yours, And little is to do.

We have met with foes Mal.

MACRETH [Act 5

That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

SCENE VIII. Another part of the field.

Enler MACBETH.

Mach. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

On mine own sword? Whiles ! see lives, the gashes Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Turn, hell-hound, turn. Macd. Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.

But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd

With blood of thine already.

I have no words-Macd.

My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain

Than terms can give thee out.

[Fight. Alarum. Thou losest labour. Mach. As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield To one of woman born.

Despair thy charm; Macd. And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd

Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ripp'd.

Mach. Accursed be that tongue that tells

For it hath cow'd my better part of man: And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd

That palter with us in a double sense, 20 That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope! I'll not fight I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, Painted upon a pole, and underwrit ' Here may you see the tyrant'

I will not yield, Mach. To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet

And to be baited with the rabble's curse. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsi-

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last. Before my hody I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff :

And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold,

Retreat and flourish. Later, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, LEN-NOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd. Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these

I see. So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only hy'd but till he was a man; The which no sooner had his prowess con-

In the unshrinking station where he fought, But like a man he died.

Suv. Then he is dead? Ross. Ay, and brought off the field.

Your cause of sorrow Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front. Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death. And so his knell is knoll'd.

He's worth more sorrow, 50 And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more. They say he parted well and paid his score ;

And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stands Th' usurper's cursed head. The time is

free. pearl

That speak my salutation in their minds; Whose voices I desire aloud with mine— Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish. Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time

Before we reckon with your several loves, And make us even with you. My Thanes and kinsmen,

Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do.

Which would be planted newly with the time-

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad That fled the snares of watchful tyranny; enoughl' [Exeunt, fighting, Alarums. Producing forth the cruel ministers

Scene 8] MACPETH

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life—this, and' what needful else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one, 74
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Excunt.]

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark. HAMLET, son to the former and nephew to REYNALDO, seriant to Polonius the present King. Polonius, Lord Chamberlain. HORATIO, friend to Hamlet. LAERTES, son to Polonius.

courtiers.

VOLTEMAND, CORNELIUS.

ROSENCRANTZ. GUILDENSTERN. OSRIC,

A Gentleman, A Priest.

MARCELLUS, officers. BERNARDO.

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers. FORTINBRAS, Prime of Norway.

A Norwegian Captain. English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet

OPHLLIA, daughter to Polonius.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: Denmark.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Elsinore. The guard-platform of the Castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the King! Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed. Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring. Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane. 15 Fran. Give you good night.

O, farewell, honest soldier! Who hath reliev'd you?

Bernardo hath my place. Fran. Give you good night. Exit. Mar. Holla, Bernado!

Ber. SayWhat, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him. Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy. And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along With is to watch the minutes of this night, That, it again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it. Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear. Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assail your ears, 32 That are so fortified against our story, What we have two nights seen.

Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When youd same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself. The bell then beating one ---

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same tigure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a acholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks 'a not like the King? Mark it, Houtle.

Hor. Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio. 45

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st the time of night

Together with that fair and warlike form In which the majesty of buried Denmark Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away. 50

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [Ext Ghost. Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy? What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch Oi mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King? Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on 60 When he the ambitious Norway combated; So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle, He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice. 'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows, 70 Why this same strict and most observant

watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose

sore task

75

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;

What might be toward, that this sweaty
baste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:

Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I; At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us, Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Nor-

way,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant

For so this side of our known world esteem'd
him—

83

Did slay this Fortinbias; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry, Did forfeit, with his life, all those h

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror; Against the which a moiety competent so Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same comait

And carriage of the article design'd, His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young

Fortinbras, 95
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no
other,

As it doth well appear unto our state, But to recover of us, by strong hand And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost; and this, I take it, Is the main motive of our preparations, 105. The source of this our watch, and the chief head

Of this post-haste and romage in the land. Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so.

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure Comes armed through our watch; so like the King

That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome, A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, The graves stood tenantless, and the

Sheeted dead 215
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood.

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse; And even the like precurse of fear'd events, As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on, Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen. 125

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion. [Ghost spreads its arms. If thou hast any sound or use of voice,

Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done. 130 That may to thee do ease and grace to me, Speak to me. If thou art privy to thy country's fate, Which happily foreknowing may avoid, O, speak! Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death. The cock crows. Speak of it. Stay, and speak, Stop it, Marcellus. Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan? Hor. Do, if it will not stand. 'Tis here ! Ber. 'Tis here! Hor. Mar. 'Tis gone! [Exit Ghost. We do it wrong, being so majestical, To offer it the show of violence; For it is, as the air, invulnerable, IAC And our vain blows malicious mockery. Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew. Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard The cock, that is the crumpet to the morn, Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and at his warning, Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies To his confine; and of the truth herein 155 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock. Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, This bird of dawning singeth all night long; And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad.

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is that time. Hor. So have I heard, and do in part

believe it. But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of you high eastward hill. Break we our watch up; and, by my advice.

Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 170 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it.

As needful in our loves, fiving our duty? Of these delated articles allow. morning kaww

Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt. SCINE II. Elsinore. The Castle.

Flourish. Enter CLAUDIUS KING OF DEN-MARK, GERTRUDE THE QUFEN, and Councillors, including Polonius, his son LAURTES, VOLTEMAND, CORNELIUS, and HAMLET.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted

To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe: Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature

That we with wisest sorrow think on him. Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state. Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy, 10 With an auspicious and a dropping eye, With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole. Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone

With this affair along. For all, our thanks. follows that you know Now voung Fortinbras.

Holding a weak supposal of our worth, Or thinking by our late dear brother's death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame. 'o Co-leagued with this dream of his advantage -

He hath not fail'd to pester us with message Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bands of law. To our most valiant brother. So much for

him. Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,

Thus much the business is: we have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras-Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose- to suppress His further gait herein, in that the levies, The lists, and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject; and we here dispatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand, For bearers of this greeting to old Norway; Giving to you no further personal power To business with the King more than the scope

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. In that and all things will we Vol. show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartly That can denote me truly. These, indeed. farewell.

[Exeunt Volte hand and Cornelius. And now. Laertes, what's the news with vou?

You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes.

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart. The hand more instrumental to the mouth. Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes? Laer. My dread lord, 50 Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark To show my duty in your coronation, Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France.

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you you.
What says Polonius? Have you your father's leave?

Pol. 'A hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave

By laboursome petition: and at last Upon his will I seal'd my haid consent. for I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Lacrtes; time be thine.

And thy best graces spend it at thy will! But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son--Ham. [Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off.

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids Seek for thy noble father in the dust. Thou know'st 'tis common—all that lives must die.

Passing through nature to eternity. Ham. Ay, madam, it is common. If it be. Queen.

Why seems it so particular with thee? 75 Ham. Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, Not customary suits of solemn black, Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath, 80 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, Nor the dejected haviour of the visage, Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief.

seem:

For they are actions that a man might play; But I have that within which passes show -

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King, 'Tic sweet and commerdable in your nature. Hamlet.

To give these mourning duties to your father: But you must know your father lost a

father; That father lost lost his; and the survivor

bound. In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorre v. But to persever In obstinate condolement is a course Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, or A heart unfortified, a mind impatient, An understanding simple and unschool'd; For what we know must be, and is as

common As any the most vulgar thing to sense, 99 Why should we in our peevish opposition Take it to heart? Fie!'tis a fault to heaven. A fault against the dead, a fault to pature, To reason most absurd: whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried, From the inst corse till he that died to-day. 'This must be so'. We play you throw to earth

Has unprevailing woe, and think of us As of a fother; for let the world take note

You are the most immediate to our throne: And with no less nobility of love Than that which dearest father bears his

Do I impart toward you. For your intent In going back to school in Wittenberg, It is most retrograde to our desire;

And we beseech you bend you to remain ms Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye, Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son. Queen. Let not thy mother lose her

prayers, Hamlet: I pray thee stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam. 120

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply. Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come; This gentle and unforc'd accord c. Hamlet Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof, No jocund health that Denmark drinks to- av

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell.

And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again.

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. [Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet. Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh But what, in faith, make you from Wittenwould melt.

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!

God ! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fle on't! Ah. fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!

But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two.

So excellent a king that was to this

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother.

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven

earth! Must I remember? Why, she would hang

on him As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it ted on; and yet, within a month-

Let me not think on't. Frailty, thy name is woman !-

A little month, or ere those shoes were old With which she followed my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears-why she, even she-O God! a beast that wants discourse of

reason Would have mourn'd longer-married with

my uncle, My father's brother; but no more like my father

Than I to Hercules. Within a month,

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears Had left the flushing in her galled eyes, 155 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not, nor it cannot come to good. But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and BERNARDO.

Ho:. Hail to your lordship!

I am glad to see you well. 190 Horatio-or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend. I'll change that name with you. And what make you som Wittenberg,

Horatio? Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord

Ham. I am very glad to see you. ITo Bernardo Good even, sir.-

berg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord. Ham. I would not hear your enemy say

Nor shall you do my ear that violence, To make it truster of your own report Against yourself. I know you are no truant. But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you derart. Hor. Ny I came to see your father's

funcial. Ham. I prithee do not mock me, fellow-

student:

I think it was to see my mother's wedding. Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upop.

Ham. Thruft, thritt, Horatio! The funeral bak'd-meats 180 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met, my dearest fee in heaven Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio I My father --methinks I see my father,

Hor. Where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio. 185 Hor. I saw him once; 'a was a goodly king.

Ham. 'A was a man, take him for all in all.

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who? Hor. My lord, the King your father. The King my father! Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver, Upon the witness of these gentlemen, This marvel to you.

For God's love, let me hear. Ham. Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch. In the dead waste and middle of the night. Been thus encount'red. A figure like your father.

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, Appears before them, and with solemn

Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear, Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did; 165 And I with them the third night kept the watch:

Scene 21 HAMLET

Where, as they had delivered, both in time, Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father: These hands are not more like.

But where was this? Ham. Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

My lord, I did: Hor. But answer made it none; vet once methought

It lifted up it head and did address Itself to motion, like as it would speak; But even then the morning cock crew Scene III. Elsingre. The house of Polonius.

loud. And at the sound it shrunk in haste away And vanish'd from our sight.

'Tis very strange. 220 Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis

And we did think it writ down in our duty To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night? All.

We do, my lord, 225 Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Arm'd, my lord. All.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot. Ham. Then saw you not his tace? Hor. O ves, my lord: he wore his beaver

Ham. What, look'd he trowningly? 210 Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

I would I had been there. Ham. Hor. It would have much amaz'd you. 235 Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long? Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd-no? Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd.

I will watch to-night; Ham.

Perchance 'twill walk again.

I warr'nt it will. Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight. Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsomever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding, but no tongue; I will requite your loves. So, fare you well— To his unmast'red importunity.

twelve, I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour. Ham. Your loves, as mine to you; farewell. [Exeunt all but Hamlet. My father's spirit in arms! All is not well. I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come !

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise. Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to

men's eves. I Exit.

Enter LAURTES and OPHELIA his sister.

My necessaries are embark'd. Farewell.

And, sister, as the winds give benefit And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that? Luer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour.

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood, A violet in the youth of primy nature. Forward not permanent, sweet not lasting, The perfume and suppliance of a minute:

No more. Oblt. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more: 10 For nature crescent does not grow alone In thews and bulk, but as this temple waxes.

The inward service of the mind and soul Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch The virtue of his will; but you must fear, His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:

For he himself is subject to his birth: He may not, as unvalued persons do,

Carve for himself: for on his choice depends

The sanity and health of this whole state: And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it 25 As he in his particular act and place May give his saying deed; which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs, to Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister; And keep you in the rear of your affection, Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough If she unmask her beauty to the moon. Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes; The canker galls the iniants of the spring Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd; 40 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth Contagious blastments are most imminent. Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson

keep 45
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads 50

And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not!

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long. But here my father comes. A double blessing is a double grace; Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, And you are stay'd for. There—my blessing with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. to Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried.

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd courage.
Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man; And they in France of the best rank and station

Are of a most select and generous choice in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be; 75 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all—to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. so Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Lar. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd, 85
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Lacr. Farewell. [Exit.
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to

you?
Ohk So please you satnething touching

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!

Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you
yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it he so--as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution—I must tell

You do not understand yourself so clearly As it behoves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders

Of his affection to me. 100 Pol. Affection! Pooh! You speak like a

green girl, Unsifted in such perilous circumstance. Do you believe his tenders, as you call

them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I will teach you: think yourself a haby

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me
with love

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to,

go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his

speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks! I do know, 115
When the blood burns, how prodigal the

soul

Scene 31 HAMLET

daughter.

Giving more light than heat-extinct in both.

Even in their promise, as it is a-making-You must not take for fire. From this time Be something scanter of your maiden presence:

Set your entreatments at a higher rate Than a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet.

Believe so much in him, that he is young, And with a larger tether may he walk 125 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia, Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers.

Not of that dve which their investments

But mere implorators of unholy suits, 129 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds. The better to beguile. This is for all-

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth

Have you so slander any moment leisure As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways. Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

Scene IV. Elsinore. The guard-platform of the Castle.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites chrewdly; it is very

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air. Ham. What hour now?

I think it lacks of twelve. Mar. No. it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.

What does this mean, my lord?

takes his rouse.

Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring up-spring That thou, dead corse, again in complete

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out The triumph of his pledge.

Is it a custom? Ham. Ay, marry, is't;

But to my mind, though I am native here And to the manner born, it is a custom 15 More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes 20 From our achievements, though perform'd at height.

> The pith and marrow of our attribute. So, oft it chances in particular men

That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin: By the o'ergrowth of some complexion, Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;

Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens

The form of plausive manners-that these men.

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect. Being nature's livery or fortune's star, His virtues else, be they as pure as grace. As infinite as man may undergo, Shall in the general censure take corruption From that particular fault. The dram of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Look, my lord, it comes. Hor. Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet.

King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me! Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death, Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre

Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws Ham. The King doth wake to-night and To cast thee up again. What may this mean

steel

Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon, Making night hideous, and we fools of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do? [Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it, As if it some impartment did desire To you alone.

Look with what courteous action Mar. It waves you to a more removed ground. 6x But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I wil follow it. Hor. Do not, my lord. Ham. Why, what should be the fear I do not set my life at a pin's fee; And for my soul, what can it do to that, Being a thing immortal as itself? It waves me forth again; I'll follow it. Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord, Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff That beetles o'er his base into the sea. And there assume some other horrible form, Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason And draw you into madness? Think of it The very place puts toys of desperation, 75 Without more motive, into every brain That looks so many fathoms to the sea And hears it roar beneath. Ham. It waves me still Go on; I'll follow thee. Mar. You shall not go, my lord. Hold off your hands. Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go. Ham. My fate cries out, And makes each petty arture in this body As hardy as the Nemean hon's nerve. [Ghost beckons. Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen. By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me. I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee. [Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet. Hor. He waxes desperate with imagina-Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him. Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come? Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. Hor. Heaven will direct it. Mar. Nay, let's follow him. Exeunt.

Scene V. Elsinore. The battlements of the Castle.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET. Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak. I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will. Ghost. My hour is almost come, When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames Must render up myself. Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

hearing To what I shall unfold.

Ham.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou snalt hear. Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit.

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night.

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires. Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word is Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood.

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.

Thy knotted and combined locks to part. And each particular hair to stand an end. Like quills upon the fretful porpentine. But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O. list ! If thou didst ever thy dear father love-

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most un. natural murder.

Ham. Murder! Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30 May-sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt: And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Ham-

let, hear: given out that, sleeping in my orchard,

A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble

youth. The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown. O my prophetic soul! Ham. My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast.

With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous

gitts-O wicked wit and gifts that have the power

So to seduce !-- won to his shameful lust 45 The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.

O Hamlet, what a falling off was there, Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious From me, whose love was of that dignity 5) That it went hand in hand even with the

Speak; I am bound to hear. I made to her in marriage; and to decline

Scene 5] HAMLET

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were And thy commandment all alone stall live poor To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved, Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, 55

Will sate itself in a celestial bed

And prey on garbage. But soft! methinks I scent the morning air. Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard, My custom al vays of the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebona in a vial. And in the porches of my ears did pour The leperous distilment; whose effect Holds such an enmity with blood of man 65 That swift as quicksilver it courses through The natural gates and alleys of the body; And with a sudden vigour it doth posset And curd, like eager droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine:

And a most instant tetter bank'd about. Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dis-

patch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin. Unhous'led, disappointed, unanel'd: No recking made, but sent to my account But you'll be secret? With all my imperfections on my head. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; Let not the royal bed of Denmark be A couch for luxury and damned incest. But, howsomever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once. The glowworm shows the matin to be near.

And gins to pale his uneffectual fire. Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee! 95 Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds

a seat In this distracted globe. Remember thee! Yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures

That youth and observation copied there,

Within the book and volume of my brain, Unmix'd with baser matter. heaven!

O most pernicious woman! In. O villain, villain, smilling, damned villain! My tables-meet it is I set it down

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaiń :

At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark. Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word: It is 'Adieu, adieu! Remember me'. 111 I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within] My lord, my lord!

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. Lord Hamlet! Hor. Heavens secure him! Ham. So be it!

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord! Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord? Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it. Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven!

Mar. Nor I, my lord, 120 Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?

Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord! Ham. There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part; You, as your business and desire shall point you-

For every man hath business and desire, 130 Such as it is; and for my own poor part, Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord. 135 Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Heratio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here-

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you. For your desire to know what is between us. O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, ive me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET Act 2

Ham. Never make known what you have God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in seen to-night. Both. My lord, we will not.

Nay, but swear't. Ham. Hor. In faith.

My lord, not I.

Nor I, my lord, in faith. 146 Mar. Ham. Upon my sword. Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed. Ghost. [Cries under the stage] Swear. Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? Art

thou there, truepenny? 150 Come on. You hear this fellow in the

cellarage: Consent to swear.

Propose the oath, my lord. Hor. Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword. And how, and who, what means, and where Swear by my sword

Never to speak of this that you have heard. Ghost [Beneath] Swear, by his sword. 161 Ham. Well said, old mole! Canst work

i' th' earth so fast? A worthy pioneer! Once more remove,

good friends. Hor. O day and night, but this is

wondr. vis strange! Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it

welcome. There are more things in heaven and earth,

Horatio. Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come.

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy, How strange or odd some'er I bear myself-As I perchance hereafter shall think meet To put an antic disposition on-That you, at such times, seeing me, never shall.

With arms encumb'red thus, or this headshake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, As 'Well, well, we know ' or ' We could, an if we would

Or ' If we list to speak ' or ' There be, an it they might '

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note That you know aught of me-this do swear, So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you; And what so poor a man as Hamlet is 185 May do t'express his love and friending to you,

together:

And still your lingers on your lips, I pray, The time is out of joint. O cursed spire. That ever I was born to set it right! 190 Nay, come, let's go togetner.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Elsinore. The house of Polonius.

Enter Polonius and RLYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo. Rev. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Revnaldo.

Before you visit him, to make inquire Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it. . Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,

Enquire me fust what Danskers are in Pari::

they been,

What company, at what expense; and inding

By this encompassment and drift question That they do know my son, come you more

nearer Than your particular demands will touch it. Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;

As thus: 'I know his father and his friends, And in part him'. Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. 'And in part him-but' you may say 'not well;

But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;

Addicted so and so '; and there put on him What torgeries you please; marry, none so

As may dishonour him: take heed of that: But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord. Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling.

Drabbing-- you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him. Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency; That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty; The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind, A savageness in unreclaimed blood, Of general assault.

Rey. Pol. Wherefore should you do this? Rev. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift, And I believe it is a fetch of warrant: You laying these slight sullies on my son, As 'twere a thing a little soil'd wi' th' working.

Mark vou,

Your party in converse, him you would sound.

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd He closes with you in this consequence-'Good sir' or so, or 'friend' or 'gentleman

According to the phrase or the addition

Of man and country.

Very good, my lord. Pol. And then, sir, does 'a this—'a does— What was I about to say? By the mass. I was about to say something; where did I

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence', at 'friend or so' and 'gentleman'.

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence'-

ay, marry, He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day, Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,

There was 'a gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse:

There falling out at tennis'; or perchance 'I saw him enter such a house of sale' Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth. See you now Your bait of falsehood take this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach, With windlasses and with assays of bias, 65 By indirections find directions out: So, by my former lecture and advice, Shall you my son. You have me, have you

not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God buy ye; fare ye well. Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself. Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rev. Well, my lord. Pol. Farewell! [Exit Reynaldo.

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! What's the matter? Oph. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' th' name of God? Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet.

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd, No hat upon his head, his stockings fouled, Ungart'red and down-gyved to his ankle;

But, my good lord- 25 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other. And with a look so piteous in purport

As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors-he comes before me. Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know.

But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he? Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard:

Then goes he to the length of all his arm, And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face As 'a would draw it. Long stay'd he so.

At last, a little shaking of mine arm, And thrice his head thus waving up and down.

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound As it did seem to shatter all his bulk And end his being. That done, he lets me

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd, He seem'd to find his way without his eyes; For out adoors he went without their helps And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.

This is the very ecstasy of love, Whose violent property fordoes itself,

And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven That does afflict our natures. I am sorry-What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command.

I did repel his letters, and denied His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. 110 I am sorry that with better heed and judg-

ment I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle,

And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.

This must be known; which, being kept close, might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love. Come. [Excunt. 120

SCENE II. Elsinore. The Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSEN-CRANTZ. GUILDENSTERN. and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you, The need we have to use you did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you

heard Of Hamlet's transformation: so I call it. 5 Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man Resembles that it was. What it should be, More than his father's death, that thus hath put him

So much from th' understanding of himself, I cannot deem of. I entreat you both That, being of so young days brought up with him.

And sith so neighboured to his youth and haviour.

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our

Some little time; so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean, Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him

That, open'd, lies within our remedy. Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much

talk'd of you; And sure I am two men there is not living To whom he more adheres. If it will please

To show us so much gentry and good will As to expend your time with us awhile For the supply and profit of our hope, Your visitation shall receive such thanks 25 As fits a king's remembrance.

Both your Majesties Might, by the sovereign power you have of

Put your dread pleasures more into com- It was against your Highness. mand

Than to entreaty.

But we both obey, Guil. And here give up ourselves, in the full bent, To lay our service freely at your feet, To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.

And I beseech you instantly to visit My too much changed son. Go, some of you, And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Aye amen! [Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, Are joyfully return'd.

good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure you, my good liege.

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul, Both to my God and to my gracious King: And I do think-or else this brain of mine Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As it hath us'd to do—that I have found The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear. Pol. Give first admittance to th' am-

bassadors; My news shall be the fruit to that great

teast. King. Thyself do grace to them, and

bring them in. [Exit Polonius. He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found

The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Oueen. I doubt it is no other but the main, father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

King, Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltemand and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends! Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack ; But, better look'd into, he truly found

griev'd, That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys: Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in

Makes vow before his uncle never more 70 To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee.

And his commission to employ those soldiers.

So levied as before, against the Polack: 75 With an entreaty, herein further shown,

Gives a paper. That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for this enterprise. On such regards of safety and allowance As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well: 80 And at our more considered time we'll read. Answer, and think upon this business. King. Thou still hast been the father of Meantime we thank you for your well-took Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.

Most welcome home!

[Exeunt Ambassadors and Attendants. Pol. This business is well ended. 85 My liege, and madam, to expostulate What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing, but to waste night, day, and time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, 90 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad. Mad call I it; for, to define true madness, What is't but to be nothing else but mad? But let that go.

Queen. More matter with less art. of Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all. That he's mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity; And pity 'tis 'tis true. A foolish figure! But farewell it, for I will use no art. Mad let us grant him, then; and now

remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend. 105
I have a daughter—have while she 18

mine—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and
surmise. [Reads.

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.' That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase. But you shall hear. Thus: [Reads.' In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.'

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [Reads.

Doubt thou the stars are fire; xx Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers.
I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.'
This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;

And more above, hath his solicitings, 125 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think, 130
When I had seen this hot love on the wing.

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me—what might you,

Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk or table-book; 135 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight—What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 'Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy

This must not be'. And then I prescripts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:

And he repelled, a short tale to make, 145 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this? Queen. It may be, very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time—I would fain know that—

That I have positively said 'Tis so', When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be other-

If circumstances lead me, I will find Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks four hours together,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed. 160
Pol At such a time I'll loose my daughter
to him

Be you and I behind an arras them. Mark the encounter: if he love her not, And be not from his reason fall'n thereon, Let me be no assistant for a state,

165
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading on a book.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away: I'll board him presently. O, give me leave. Exeunt King and Queen. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I. my lord.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Av. sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggets in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' sun. Conception is a blessing. But as your daughter may conceive-friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? [Aside] Still harping on my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first: 'a said I was a fishmonger. 'A is far gone, far gone. And truly in my youth I suff'red much extremity for love. Very near this. I'll speak to him again.— What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham.Between who? Pol I mean, the matter that you read,

my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plumtree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit. together with most weak hams —all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [Aside] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.-Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that's out of the air. [Aside] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. -My lord, I will take my leave of you. 213

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal -except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord. Ham. These tedious old fools! Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet: there he is.

Ros. [To Polonius] God save you, sir! Heat Polonius.

Guil. My honour'd lord !

Ros. My most dear lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends! How Ham. Then I would you were so honest dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosen-175 crantz! Good lads, ho., do you both? 225 Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not overhappy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord. Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O. most true; she is a strumpet. What news? Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's

grown honest. Ham. Then is doomsday near. But your news is not true. Let me question more in

particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither? 240 Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' th' worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord. Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but

thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison. Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind. Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite

space, were it not that I have bad dreams. Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow. Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's

shadow. Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to th' court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you. Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore ?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half penny. Were you not sent for? Is it you own inclining? Is it a free visitation Come, come, deal justly with me. Come,

come; nay, speak

Guil. What should we say, my lord? Ham. Why any thing. But to th' pur pose: you were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellow ship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love. and by what more dear a better proposer can charge you withal, be even and direc with me, whether you were sent for or no

Ros. [Aside to Guildenstern] What say

vou?

Ham. [Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off. 290

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late-but wherefore I know not-lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire-why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension. how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me-no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in

my thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh, then, when I said 'Man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you. We coted them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service. 316

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome—his Majesty shall have tribute on me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh my extent to the players, which, I tell you, gratis; the humorous man shall end his must show fairly outwards, should more part in peace; the clown shall make those appear like entertainment than yours. You

laugh whose lungs are tickle a' th' sere: and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in-the tragedians of the

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit. was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an evrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages-so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose quills and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better-their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for argument, unless . 'he poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible? Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains. Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord-

Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little. Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [A flourish.

Guil. There are the players. Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then; th' afourtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garb; lest

37.2 aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Hum. I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen l Ham. Hark you, Guldenstern, and you

too-at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them: for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: a Manday morning; 'twas then indeed. Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you. 305

Ham. My lord, I have news to fell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome-

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord. Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honour—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass— Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragitragical-comical-historicalcal-historical, pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plantus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord? Ham. Why-

'One fair daughter, and no more. The which he loved passing well '. Pol. [Aside] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' th' right, old Jephthah? Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love wassing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not. Pol. What follows then, my lord? Ham. Why-

'As by lot, God wot'

and then, you know,

.' It came to pass, as most like it was '. The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well.—Welcome, good friends .- O, my old friend! Why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?-What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine.

are welcome. But my uncle-father and Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, he not crack'd within the ring .- Masters, you are all welcon a We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see. We'll have a speech straight Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good lord? Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twes caviary to the general. But it was-as I received it. and others whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine-an excellent play, well digested in the scenes. set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallers in the lines to make the matter savoury. nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but call'dit an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. It it live in your memory, begin at this line-let me see, let me see:

' The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast.'

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms. Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd 4 15 1 With heraldry more dismal: head .tm

foot 1 45a Now is he total gules, horridly trick'd has With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,

Bak'd and impasted with the parching/ streets.

410 That lend a tyrannous and damned light 15 To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrating and fire. : 444)

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish: Pvrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks."

So proceed you.

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion. for I Play. Anon he finds him Striking too short at Greeks; his antique

sword,

Rebellious to his arm, fles where it falls." Repugnant to command. Unequal march & Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;

But with the white and wind of his fell Would have made milch the burning eyes of

Th' uanery, d tather falls. Then senseless 1111 1,

Seening to leel this blow, with flaming top Stoops to hi, base, and with a hideous clash Takes palso et Pytthus' ear. Fot, lo! mis sword.

Which was declining on the milky head Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' th' air to stick. So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood And, like a neutral to his will and matter, Did nothing.

But as we often see, against some storm, A silence in the heavens, the rack stand

The bold winds speechless, and the orb below

As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

Doth rend the region; so, after Pyirhus'

4 roused vengeance sets him new a-work; And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars's annour, torg'd for proof eterne, With less remorse than Pyrihus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you

in general synod, take away her power; Break all the spokes and tellies from her down and insert in't, could you not? wheel.

And bowl the round have down the hill of heaven.

As low as to the fields.'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee say on. He's for a jig, or a tale of hawary, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

1 Play. ' But who, ah, who had seen the mobied queen-

Ham. 'The probled queen'?
Pol. That's good: 'mobied queen' is Pol. That's good; good.

1 Play, 'Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

With bisson meum; a clout upon that head Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe, About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins, A blanket, in the alarm of tear caught up-Who this had seen, with tongue in verom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd.

But if the gods themselves aid see her then, When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious

limbs,

The instant burst of clamour that she Make mad the guilty, and appal the free, made-Unless things mortal move them not at all— The yery faculties of eyes and ears.

licaven.

And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look whe'er he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in 's eyes. Prithee no TIME CO.

Ham. 'I's well; I'll have thee speak out the test of this soon .- Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear: let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according

to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykus, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more ment is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Co.ne. sus.

Ham. Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old fuend; can you play 'The Murder of Gonzago ' !

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Hum. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set

1 Play. Ay, nry lord,

tlam. Very well, Follow that lord: and look you mock him not. | Exeunt Polonius and Players My good triends, I'll leave you all night. You are welcome to Elsinore, 540 Ros. Good my lord!

Hiseunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Ham. Ay, so God buy to you! Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a nction, in a dream of passion, 515 Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd:

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function SHITTING

With forms to his concert? And all for nothing I

For Hecuba! What's liccuba to hun or he to Hecuba. That he should weep for her? What would he do.

Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

In mincing with his sword her husband's And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;

Yet I, 560 A dull and muddy-mettl'd rascal, peak, Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king Upon whose property and most dear life A damn'd defeat was made. Am I coward?

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across, Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face, Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' th' throat

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha!

'Swounds, I should take it; for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should 'a fatted all the region kites
With 'this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy
villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave.

That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion! Fie upon't! foh!
About, my brains. Hum—I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, 585
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players 500

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks; I'll tent him to the quick. If 'a do blench, I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be a devil; and the devil hath power T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps

Out of my weakness and my melancholy, As he is very potent with such spirits, Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds More relative than this. The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. [Exit.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Elsinore. The Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia,

Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you by no drift of conference

Get from him why he puts on this confusion, Grating so harshly all his days of quiet With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,

But from what cause 'a will by no means

speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof When we would bring him on to some contession

Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well? 10 Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but of our demands

Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players

We o'er-raught on the way. Of these we told him;

And there did seem in him a kind of ion

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are here about the
court,

And, as I think, they have already order 20 This night to play before him.

Pol. "Tis most true; And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties

To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too; For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither, That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 30 Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself—lawful espials— Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unscen.

We may of their encounter frankly judge, And gather by him, as he is behav'd, ss If't be th' affliction of his love or no That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you; And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish That your good beauties be the happy cause Of Hanlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again, To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.

Scen 11 HAMLET

so please you,

Il bestow ourselves .- Read on this We book: A A

That how of such an exercise may colour Your incliness.—We are oft to blame to this:

"Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's Be all my sins rememb'red.

visage And pious action we do sugar o'er The devil himself.

King. [Aside] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience !

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it Than is my deed to my most painted word. O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord. [Exeunt King and Polonius.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be--that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them? To die, to

sleep-No more; and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep; To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub:

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come.

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause. There's the respect That makes calamity of so long life; For who would bear the whips and scorns

of time, Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's

contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of th' unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make 75 With a bare bookin? Who would these fardels bear.

To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death-

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns—puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have

Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us

And thus the native hue of resolution

Ophelia, wal't you here.-Gracious, Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

And enterprises of great pitch and moment, With this regard, their currents turn awry And lose the name of action.-Soft you now!

The fair Orbelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons

Oph. Good my lord, 90 How does your honour for this many a day? Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of vours

That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No. not I: 95

I never gave you aught. Oph. My honour'd ford, you know right well you did,

And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd

As made the things more rich; their perfume lost,

Take these again: for to the noble mind Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! Are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair? 202 Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair. your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Obh. Indeed, my lord, you made me helieve so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived. Why Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord. Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him,

I047

that he may play the fool nowhere but in's From fashion of himself. What think you own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens! 134 Ilam. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a numery, to, tarewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him! Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say we will have no moe marriage: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. Exit. nunnery, go. Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'er-

thrown!

The countrier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye tongue, sword;

Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state, The glass of fashion and the mould of

Th' observ'd of all observers—quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign

Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me Tho T' have seen what I have seen, see what

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! His affections do not that wav tend:

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little.

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood; And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose Will be some danger; which to prevent I have in quick determination

Thus set it down: he shall with speed to

England For the demand of our neglected tribute. Haply the seas and countries different, With variable objects, shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus

on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe The origin and commencement of his grief Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said:

We heard it all. My lord, do as you please: But if you hold it fit, after the play Let his queen mother all alone entreat him To show his grief. Let her be round with him:

And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear Of all their conference. If she find him not. To England send him; or confine him where

Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so: Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd Exeunt.

SCENE II. Flainore. The Castle.

Enter HAMLET and three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as hef the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hard, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a tellow whipp'd for c'erdoing Termagant; it out herods Herod. Pray you avoid it. 14

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so o'erdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having th' accent of Christians, nor

Scene 2] HAMLET

the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope we have retoim'd that

indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous, and shows a most pitful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! Will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

[Exit Polonius.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. Ay, my lord. [Exeunt they two. Ham. What, ho, Horatio! 50

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service. Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O my dear lord!

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from

thee, 55
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

And could of men distinguish her election, Sh'hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suff'ring all, that suffers nothing; Aman that Fortune's builets and rewards of Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well comeddled

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger matters? To sound what stop she please. Give me that man Oph. I Ham. T

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear maids' legs.

him 70 Oph. Whi
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, Ham. No

As I do thee. Something too much of this. There is a play to-night before the King; One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death. I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen, &c And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face; And, after, we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord. 85
If 'a steal aught the whilst this play is

playing, And scape detecting, I will pay the thett.

Enter trumpets and kettledrums. Danish march. Sound a flourish. Enter Kino, QUELN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.

Ilam. They are coming to the play; I must be idle.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet? 90 Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish. I eat the air, promise-cramm'd; you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Ilamlet; these words are not mine. 94 Ham. No, nor mine now. [To Polonius] My lord, you play'd once i' th' university,

you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact? 99
Pol. I did enact Julius Casar; I was kill'd i' th' Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a call there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sic by me.

Ham. No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [To the King] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.
Oph. No, my lord.
Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Opli. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' lers.

Oph. What is, my lord? Ham. Nothing,

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Oph. You are merry, my lord. Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker! What should a man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my

lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r lady, 'a must build churches, then; or else shall 'a suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!'

The trumpet sounds. Hautboys play. The Dumb Show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionale action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?
Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho;
it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will 'a tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be not you asham'd to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means. 241 Oph. You are naught, you are naught.

I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency, 145
We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit.
Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord. Ham. As woman's love.

Enter the Player King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phæbus cat gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' or ed ground,

And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen About the world have times twelve thirties been.

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands

Unite comutual in most sacred bands. 257
P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done! But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, 158 So far from cheer and from your former state, That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must; For women fear too much even as they love, And women's fear and love hold quantity, In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know:

And as my love is six'd, my fear is so. 165
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows
there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do; And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest 1
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
In second husband let me be accurs! 1 274
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.
Ham. That's wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed. 1800

D. King, I do believe one think many

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, the fruit unripe, sticks on the
tree;
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget To pay ourselves what to ourselves in passion we propose, The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. 190 The violence of either grief or joy Their own enactures with themselves destroy. Where joy most revels grief doth most lament; Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident. This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange That even our loves should with our fortunes.

change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Scene 2] HAMLET

Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love The great man down, you mark his favourite flies ;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies. And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ; For who not needs shall never lack a friend, And who in want a hollow friend Joth try, Directly seasons him his enemy. But, orderly to end where I begun,

Our wills and fates do so contrary run That our devices still are overthrown: Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

So think thou wilt no second husband wed: But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,

Sport and repose lock from me day and nıght,

To desperation turn my trust and hope, An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope, Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 215 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy, Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King, 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here auhile ;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The telious day with sleep. Sleeps. P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain, And never come mischance between us twain! Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play? Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word. King. Have you heard the argument? Is

there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. 'The Mouse-trap,' Marry, how?

Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon. 'Tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? Your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King. Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets

dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen. Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still petter, and woise. Ham. So you mus-take your husbands .-Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable

faces and begin. Come; the crooking raven doth beliow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands a t, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing: Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property

On wholesome life usurps immediately. [Pours the poison in his ears.

Ham. 'A poisons him i' th' gaiden for his estate. His name's Gonzago. The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire! 250 Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away! Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio. Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep, 265

The hait ungalled play; For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away. 268 Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers -- if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me -with two Provincial roses on my raz'd shoes, get the a fellowship in a cry of players,

Hor. Hali hare.

sir?

Ham. A wande one, I For thou dost know, O Damon dear, This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—palock. Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. () good Horatio, I'll 1. the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music. Come, the recorders.

For if the King lik not the comedy, Why, then, belile to likes it not, perdy. Come, some much.

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history. Guil. The King, sir—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

305

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempired.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself
more richer to signify this to his cloctor;
for for me to put him to his purgation
would perhaps plunge him into far more

choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some trame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

301

Ham. I am tame, sir. Pronounce.

Guil. The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot. Ros. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd. Bur, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter: my momer, you say—

31"

Ros. Then thus she says: your behaviour bath struck her into amazement and

admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her

closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me. Ham. And do still, by these pickers and

stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your grafs to your triend.

Ham. Šir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter the Players, with recorders.

O, the recorders! Let me see one. To withdraw with you—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Gill My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe ine, I cannot. Ham. I do beseech you.

3 15

370

Act 3

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon ine; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my invitery; you would sound me from my low is note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, and there is much music, excellent voice, and there is much music, excellent voice, and this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Shlood, do you think! an easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call nie what instrument you will, floogh you can teet me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir l

Pol. My ford, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By th[†] mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale? Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. [Aside] They tool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit Polonius. Ham. 'By and by 'ts easily said. Leave me, friends. [Execut all but Hamlet.

'Tis now the very witching time of night, When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world. Now could I driok hat blood,

And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom. Let me be cruel, not unnatural: 38 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

My tongue and soul in this be hypo-

flow in my words someter she he sheat.
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

Scene III. Elsmore. The Castle. Enter KING, ROSENGPANIZ, and GUILDEN-STERN.

King. I like luni no.; nor stands it safe with us

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch. And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure 5 Hazard so near's as doth hourly grow Out of his brows.

We will ourselves provide. Guil. Most holy and religious fear it is

To keep those many many bedies safe That live and feed upon your Majesty. Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound With all the strength and armour of the

mind To keep itself from novance; but much

more That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests

The lives of many. The cease of majesty Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw What's near it with it. It is a massy wheel, Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount. To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence, Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan. King. Arm you, I pray you, to this

sneedy voyage; Por we will fetters put about this fear, 25 Which now goes too free-footed.

We will haste us. Ros. [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.

Behind the arras I'll convey myself To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30 Its meet that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'ernear

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my 'liege.

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed, 34 And tell you what I know. Ring. Thanks, dear my lord.

Exit Polonius. o, intuitience is tank it smells to heaven; It hath the printal edgest curse upon !—A brother's mitter! I hay can I not though inclination be as short as with ... My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent. And, like a man to double business bound, I stand in pause where I shall first begin, And both neclect. What if this cursed hand Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves

mercy

But to confront the visage of offence? And what's in prayer but this twofold

To be forestalled ere we come to fall. Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul muider'!

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd Of those effects for which I did the mur-

My crown, mine own ambition, and my

May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence? In the corrupted currents of this world Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice; And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above : 60 There is no shuffling; there the action lies In his true nature: and we ourselves compell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our taults,

To give in evidence. What then? What rests?

Try what repentance can. What can it not? Yet what can it when one can not repent? O wretched state! O bosom black as death!

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free, Art more engag'd! Help, angels. Make assay: Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. All may be well. [Retires and kneels.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now 'a is a-praying; And now I'll do't-and so 'a goes to

heaven, And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:

A villain kills my father; and for that, I, his sole son, do this same villain sen I To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge, 'A took my father grossly, full of bread, 80 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;

And how his audit stands who knows save Heaven 7 11.1.11 Tran There store

HAMLET TAct 3

But in our circumstance and course of You go not till I set you up a glass thought

Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd

To take him in the purging of his soul, 85 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

hent.

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage; Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed; 90 At game, a-swearing, or about some act That has no relish of salvation in't-Then trip him, that his heels may kick at

heaven.

And that his soul may be as damn'd and black As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. IExit.

King. [Rising] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.

Words without thoughts never to heaven [Exit.

Scene IV. The Queen's closet.

Enter QUEEN and Polonius.

Pol. 'A will come straight. Look you lay home to him;

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.

Pray you be round with him.

Ham. [Within] Mother, mother, mother! Queen. I'll warrant you. Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius goes behind the arras.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter? much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended. IG

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an Is thought-sick at the act. idle tongue.

tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet! What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me? No, by the rood, not so: Ĥam. You are the Queen, your husband's

brother's wife; And-would it were not so !--you are my mother.

Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.

10 Where you may see the inmost part of you. Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind] What, ho! help, help, help! Ham. [Draws] How now! a rat?

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid Dead, for a ducat, dead! [Kills Polonius with a pass through the arras. Pol. [Bekind] O. I am slain!

Queen. O me, what hast thou done? Ham.

Nay, I know not: Is it the King? Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is

Ham. A bloody deed !- almost as bad.

good mother, As kill a king and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king! Ay, lady, it was my word. 30 Ham.

[Parting the arras. Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger. Leave wringing of your hands. Peace; sit you down.

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If daraned custom have not braz'd it so That it be proof and bulwark against sense. Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act 40 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty; Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love, And sets a blister there; makes marriage-VOWS

As false as dicers' oaths. O, such a deed 45 As from the body of contraction plucks The very soul, and sweet religion makes Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face does

glow O'er this solidity and compound mass 49 With heated visage, as against the doom-

Ay me, what act, Queen. Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture and on this,

counterfeit presentment of The brothers.

See what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A station like the herald Mercury New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill-A combination and a form indeed

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

Scene 41 HAMLET

To give the world assurance of a man. This was your husband. Look you now what follows:

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eves?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed.

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love; for at your age The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble.

And waits upon the judgment; and what iudement

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, vou have.

Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err, Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd But it reserv'd some quantity of choice 75 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodmanblind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight, Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans

Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80 Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?

Rebellious hell.

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, To flaming youth let virtue be as wax And melt in her own fire: proclaim no 85

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

O Hamlet, speak no more! Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul; And there I see such black and grained spots

As will not leave their tinct.

Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love

Over the nasty sty!

Oueen. O, speak to me no more! These words like daggers enter in my ears; No more, sweet Hamlet.

A murderer and a villain! A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings; A cutpurse of the empire and the rule, 99 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches-

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings.

You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide.

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by Th' important acting of your dread command?

O. say!

Ghost. Do not forget; this visitation 110 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose But look, amazement on thy mother sits. O step between her and her fighting soul! Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. I low is it with you, lady? Queen. Alas, how is't with you. That you do bend your eye on vacancy, And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep; And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm, Your bedded hairs like life in excrements Start up and stand an end. O gentle son, Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares.

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me.

Lest with this piteous action you convert My stern effects; then what I have to do Will want true colour-tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this? Ham. Do you see nothing there? Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is

I see. Ham. Nor did you nothing hear? Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there. Look how it steals away.

My father, in his habit as he liv'd! Look where he goes even now out at the IExit Ghost. portal.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ecstasy! Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperately keep

time. And makes as healthful music. It is not

madness That I have utt'red. Bring me to the test, And I the matter will re-word which

madness Would gambol from. Mother, for love of

Lay not that flattering unction to your Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib. soul. 115

That not your trespass but my madness speaks:

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place, Whiles rank corruption, mining all within, Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven; Repent what's past; avoid what is to come; And do not spread the compost on the weeds.

To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;

For in the fatness of these pursy times Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg, Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it.

And live the purer with the other half. Good night—but go not to my uncle's bed; Assume a virtue, if you have it not. That monster custom, who all sense doth

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this, That to the use of actions fair and good He likewise gives a frock or livery That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night; 105 And that shall lend a kind of easiness To the next abstinence; the next more easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either curb the devil, or throw him

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;

And when you are desirous to be blest, I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd ît so,

To punish me with this, and this with me, That I must be their scourge and minister. I will bestow him, and will answer well The death I gave him. So, again, good night.

I must be cruel only to be kind; Thus bad begins and worse remains behind. One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do? 180 Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid vou do :

Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed; Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse:

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses, Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd

fingers, Make you to ravel all this matter out, That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him

For who that's but a queen, fair, sober,

Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?

Act 4

No, in despite of sense and secrecy. Unpeg the basket on the house's top. Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape, To try conclusions, in the basket creep 195 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, 200 I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two school-fellows.

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd-They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work: For 'tis the sport to have the engineer Hoist with his own petar; and't shall go

But I will delve one yard below their mines And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most

When in one line two crafts directly meet. This man shall set me packing. I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room. Mother, good night. Indeed, this coun-

sellor Is now most still, most secret, and most

grave. Who was in life a foolish prating knave. 215 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you. Good night, mother. [Exeunt severally; Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Elsinore. The Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen tonight !

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit, Behind the arras hearing something stir, Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!' And in this brainish apprehension kills 11

Scene HAMLET

The unseen good old man. King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us had we been there. His liberty is full of threats to all-To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out And bear it to the chapel. of haunt.

This mad young man. But so much was our love.

fit:

But, like the owner of a foul disease.

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone? Queen. To draw apart the body he hath

kill'd; O'er whom his very madness, like some ore Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure: 'a weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch

But we will ship him hence; and this vile

We must with all our majesty and skill countenance and excuse. Ho, Roth Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Friends, both go join you with some further

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him;

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you haste in this. [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends

And let them know both what we mean to

And what's untimely done; so haply slander-

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his pois'ned shot-may miss our

And hit the woundless air. O, come away! My soul is full of discord and dismay. 45 Exeunt.

Scene II. Elsinore. The Castle.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stow'd. Gentlemen. [Within] Hamlet I Lord Hamlet i

Ham. But soft! What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O. here they come!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and CUILDENSTEIN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body? Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto

'tis kin. Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take

it thence

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and We would not understand what was most not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge-what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord? Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the King best service in the end: he keeps them, like an are an apple in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd. to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord. Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech

sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing-

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [Excunt. 30

SCENE III. Elsinore. The Castle. Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment but their

eyes; And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is

weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth

and even. This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n? Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him. King. But where is he? Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to And, England, if my love thou hold'st at know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us. T 4. Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in the lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King, Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius? Ham At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where 'a is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service-two dishes, but to one table. That's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham A man may fish with the worm that bath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath ted of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this? Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other place yourself. But if, indeed, you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King [To Attendants] Go seek him there. Ham. 'A will stay till vou come.

[Exeunt Attendants. King, Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety-

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done-must send thee hence

With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself;

The bank is ready, and the wind at help, in Th' associates tend, and everything is bent For England.

For England! Ham.

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good ! King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

king. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot; 'tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night. Away! for everything is seal'd and done That else leans on th' affair. Pray you make haste.

(Exeunt all but the King.

aught -

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red 60 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Pays homage to us -- thou mayst not coldly

Our sovereign process: which imports at full.

By letters congruing to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it. England:

For like the hectic in my blood he rages. And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done.

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. IExit.

SCLNE IV. A plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS with his Army over the stage.

Fort. Go, Captain, from me greet the Darush king.

Tell him that by his licence Fortinbras Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If that his Majesty would aught with us, 5 We shall express our duty in his eye: And let him know so.

I will do't, my lord. Cap. Fort. Go softly on.

[Exeunt all but the Captain.

Enter HAMILI, ROSENCRANIZ, GUILDEN-SHERN, and Others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these? Cap. They are of Norway, sir. Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you? Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham, Who commands them, sir? Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortin-

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland.

Or for some frontier?

Truly to speak, and with no Cap. addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it vield to Norway or the Pole A ranker rate should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw. This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,

Scene 41 HAMI ET

That mard breaks, and shows re cruse Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things without

Why the man dies. I humply would you. S.17. "LFOIRE

Cap. God buy you, sir.

Will't please you go, my wrd? Ros. Ham. I'll be with you straight. Co a Little [Excust will best its salet. before.

flow all occasions do inform against ille, And spar my dull revenge! What is a inch, If his chief good and market of his time He but to sleep and feed? A beast, no morei

Sure he that made us with such large discourse.

Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether is be Bestial oblivion, or some craven securite it Of thinking too precisely on th' event --A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one pert wisdom

And ever three parts coward-I do not know

Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do'. Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means.

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort

Witness this aimy, of such mass and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince. Whose spirit, with divine ambinion patf'd, Makes mouths at the anvisible event, Exposing what is mortal and unsure To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare, Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great Is not to stir without great argument. But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, 55 When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, Excitements of my reason and my blood, And let all sleep, while to my shame I see The imminent death of twenty thousand

men That, for a fantasy and trick of fame, Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot [Sings] White his shroud as the mountain Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause, Which is not tomb enough and continent To hide the slain? O, from this time forth, My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! IExit.

Scene V. Elsinore. The Castle.

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract. Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have? Gent. She speaks much of her father; says she hears

There's tricks I' th' world, and hems, and but when they ask you what it means, say beats her heart:

in doubt.

That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to collection they yawn

at it. And botch the words up fit to their own

thoughts: Which, as her winks and nods and gestures

-yield them, Indeed would make one think there might

be thought. Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with: for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures all-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Gentleman. [Aside] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt, It spills itself in tearing to be spilt.

Enter OPHELIA distructed.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oth. [Sings]

How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff.

And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? Nay, pray you mark.

[Sings] He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone;

30 At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

O. ho!

Queen. Nay, but, Opl.elia-

Oph. Pray you mark. snow-

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my ford Oph. Larded with sweet flowers: Which bewept to the grave did not go

With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady? 39 Oph. Well, God dild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let's have no words of this; s you this:

1059

HAMLET [Sings] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, With pestilent speeches of his father's All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window. To be your Valentine. Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber-door; Let in the maid, that out a maid Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia! Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come

to't: By Cock, they are to blame.

Ouoth she 'Before you tumbled

You promis'd me to wed '.

He answers:

'So would I 'a done, by yonder

An thou hadst not come to my bed '.

King. How long hath she been thus? 65 Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep to think they would lay him i' th' cold ground. My brother shall know of it; and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close; give her good

watch, I pray you.

Exeunt Horatio and Gentleman. O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. And now behold-

O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single

But in battalions! First, her father slain; Next, your son gone, and he most violent author

Of his own just remove; the people muddied.

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor

Ophelia Divided from herself and her fair judgment.

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these. Her brother is in secret come from France; Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds.

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear x060

death:

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd. Will nothing slick our person to arraign on In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a mandring piece, in many places Gives me superfinous death. [A noise within.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this? Kine. Attend!

Enter a Gentleman.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord: 95 The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impitious

haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head. O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord:

And, as the world were now but to begin. Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king'.

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king'. 105 Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! Noise within.

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs ! King. The doors are broke.

Enter LAERTES, with Others, in arms.

Laer. Where is this king ?-Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave. All. We will, we will. [Exeunt. 111 Laer. I thank you. Keep the door .- O thou vile king,

Give me my father! Queen. Calmly, good Laertes. Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow

Of my true mother.

What is the cause, Laertes. King. That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king 120 That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go. Gertrude. Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father? Dead. King.

HAMLET Scene 51

Oucen. King. Let him demand his fill. Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be that stole his master's daughter. juggled with.

To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation. To this point I stand, 130 That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's. And for my means, I'll husband them so well

They shall go far with little.

Good Laertes. King.

If you tlesire to know the certainty Of your dear father, 1s't w revengel

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

None but his enemies. Laer. King. Will you know them, then? Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,

Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak Like a good child and a true gentleman. 145 That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensibly in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment 'pear As day does to your eye

IA noise within: 'Let her come in.' Laer. How now! What noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O, heat dry up my brains! tears seven times salt Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eve! By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with

weight Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May! Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! 155 O heavens! is't possible a young maid's

Should be as mortal as an old man's life? Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

Oph. [Sings] They bore him barefac'd on

the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear-

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge.

It could not move thus. Oph. You must sing 'A-down, a-down', I pray you go with me.

But not by him, an you call him a-down-a. O, how the 126 wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,

Laer. This nothing's more than matter. Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem-

brance; pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness—thoughts

and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines. There's rue for you; and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace a Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died. They say 'a made a good end.

[Sings] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell

itself.

She turns to favour and to prettiness. Oph. [Sings] And will 'a not come again? And will 'a not come again?

No, no, he is dead. Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again. 290 His beard was as white as snow.

All flaxen was his poll: He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan:

God-a-mercy on his soul! 195

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God buy you. [Exit. Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends

you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give.

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours.

To you in satisfaction; but if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your soul To give it due content.

Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral-No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation-Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth.

That I must call't in question.

So you shall: King. And where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.

[Exeunt. 1061 SCENE V1. Elsinore. The Castle.

Enter Horatio with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Att. Sea-taking men, sir; they say they have letters for you.

How, ter them come in. [Exit Attendant. I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let Him bless thee too.

Sail. 'A shall, sir, an't please Him. There's a letter for you, sii; it came from th' ambassador that was bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fiy death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'
Come, I will give you way for these your letters.

And do't the speedier that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.

Scene VII. Elsinore. The Castle.

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,

That he which hath your noble father slain Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me 5 Why you proceeded not against these feats, 1062

So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons, Which may to you, perhaps, seem much-unsinew'd.

But yet to me th'are strong. The Queen his mother

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself, My virtue or my plague, be it either which—

She is so conjunctive to my life and soul That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,

I could not but by her. The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general gender bear him:

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gives to graces; so that my arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind, Would have reverted to my bow again, But not where I have aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost; A sister driven into desp'rate terms, 20 Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood challenger on mount of all the age For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that.
You must not think
30

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull That we can let our beard be shook with danger,

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.

I lov'd your father, and we love our self; And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger with letters.

How now! What news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: These to your Majesty; this to the Queen. King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.

They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd them 40 Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them. Leave us. [Exit Messenger.

[Reads] 'High and Mighty. You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET.' What should this mean? Are all the I: St.

hat should this mean? Are all the icome back? Scene 7] HAMLET

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked'!
And in a postcript here, he says 'alone'
Can you devise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come:

It warms the very sickness in my heart 55 That I shall live and tell him to his teeth 'Thus didest thou'.

King. If it be so, Laertes—As how should it be so, how otherwise? Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;

So you will not o'errule me to a peace. 60 King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd.

As checking at his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it, I will work him To an exploit now ripe in my device, Under the which he shall not choose but fall;

And for his death, no wind of blame shall breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice

And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd The rather, if you could devise it so That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right. 70
You have been talk'd of since your travel

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him As did that one; and that, in my regard, 75 Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord? King. A very riband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears Than settled age his sables and his weeds, Importing health and graveness. Two

months since

Here was a gentleman of Normandy—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the
French,

And they can well on horseback; but this gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat, And to such wondrous doing brought his

As had he been incorps'd and demi-natur'd With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought.

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't? 90
King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord. King. The

King. The very same

Laer. I know him well. He is the brooch indeed

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial.

That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you. The scrimers of
their nation

He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy That he could nothing do but wish and beg Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you. Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this? 109
King. Not that I think you did not love
your father;

But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much. That we would
do,

We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

And then this 'should' is like a spendthirft's sigh

That hurts by easing. But to the quick of th' ulcer:

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake

To show yourself in deed your father's son More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder
sanctuarize:

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber.

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home.

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the fame The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in

fine, together,
And wager on your heads. He, being
remiss,

134

The very same. Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that with eas Or with a little shuffling, you may choose A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't; And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword I bought an unction of a mountebank, 14 So mortal that but dip a knife in it.

Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare, Collected from all simples that have virtue Under the moon, can save the thing from death

That is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,

It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this Weigh what convenience both of time and

May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,

And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd, therefore this

project
Should have a back or second, that might

hold If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings—

I ha't.
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that

end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping, If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, Our purpose may hold there. But stay; what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes. 165

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant the brook

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;

Therewith tantastic garlands did she make Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name, But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds

Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke; 174 When down her weedy trophies and herself 1064 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide 176 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:

Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds.

As one incapable of her own distress, Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element; but long it could not be

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then sue is drown'd! Queen. Drown'd, drown'd. 185
Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor

Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet

It is our trick; nature her custom holds, Let shame say what it will. When these are gone,

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord. 190 I have a speech o' fire that fain would blaze But that this folly douts it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude. How much I had to do to calm his rage! Now fear I this will give it start again; 194 Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I.- Elsinore. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns with spades and picks.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be 'se offendendo'; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches—it is to act, to do, to perform; argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest

law.
2 Clo. Will you ha the truth an't? If

this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out a Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou sav'st; and the more pity that great folk should have count'nance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christen. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gard'ners, ditchers, and grave-makers; fession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. 'A was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? Scripture says Adam digg'd. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyselt-

2 Clo. Go to. 40 1' Clo. 'Vhat is be that builds stronge than either the mason, the shipwright, of the carpenter?

2 Cb. The gallows-maker; for that frame

outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well; in good faith the gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; ar al, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again,

2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To 't.

2 Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, afar off.

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no I fore about it for your dull ass will not mend his pace w h beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say 'a grave-maker': the houses he makes lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of [Exit Second Clown. liquor. [Digs and sings] In youth, when I did love, did love.

Methought it was very sweet.

To contract-o-the time for-a my behove.

O, methought there-a-was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that 'a sings in grave-making? 66 Hor. Custom hath made it in him a

property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. I Clo. [Sings] But age, with his stealing

Hath clawed me in his clutch. And hath shipped me intil the land. As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull. Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now ley hold up Adam's pro- o'erreaches; one that would circumvent 31 God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-aone's horse, when 'a meant to beg itmight it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord. 85 Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knock'd about the mazard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. [Sings] A pick-axe and a spade, a

spade.

For and a shrouding sheet: O, a pit of clay for to be made . For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull. Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double youchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will scarcely lie in this box; and must th' inheritor himself have no more. ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepskuns ?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out-assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah? 1 Clo. Mine, sir.

[Sings] O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours. For my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine. 1.20

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick he, sır; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for ?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't? 1 Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but,

rest her soul, she's dead.

must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of it: the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. Fow long is that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born-he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into

England?

I Clo. Why, because 'a was mad: 'a shall recover his wits there; or, if 'a do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there: there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad? 1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th'

earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die-as we have many pocky corses nowa-days that will scarce hold the laying in-'a will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year. 163 Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lien you i' th' earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

I Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was, sir. Yorick's skull, the King's jester. Ham. This?

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [Takes the skull] Alas. poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times. And now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes Ham. How absolute the knave is! We now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning-quite chap-fall'n? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord? Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look'd

110 a this fashion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? Pah! Throws down the skull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return. Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till 'a find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. Twere to consider too curiously to

consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay.

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. O, that that earth which kept the world in awe

Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's

But soft! but soft! awhile. Here comes the

Enter the KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, in funeral procession after the coffin, with Priest and Lords attendant.

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate Fordo it own life. 'Twas of some estate. 215

Couch we awhile and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very nobic youth. Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as la enlarg'd

As we have warrantisc. Her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'eisways the order.

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her: Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants.

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done? No more be done. Priest.

We should profane the service of the dead To sing sage requiem and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

Lay her i' th' earth; And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest, A minist'ring angel shall my sister be 235

When thou liest howling. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet; farewell! [Scattering flowers.

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife; I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd,

sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.

O, treble woe 240 Fall ten times treble on that cursed bead Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile, Till I have caught her once more in mine

arms. [Leaps into the grave. Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made T' o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing] What is he whose grief Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I. Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave. Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him. Thou pray'st not well. Ham. I prithee take thy fingers from my throat: For, though I am not splenitive and rash,

Yet I ave I in me something dangerous, 256 [Retiring with Hongito. | Which let thy wiseness fear. Hold off thy haud.

King, Phick them asunder, Queen. Hamlet! Haralet! All Gentlemen :

ito. Cood my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they came out of the grave.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme? Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love. Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her ? 265

King. O, he is mad, Laertes. Ducen. For love of God, forbear him. Hair. 'Swounds, show me what th'owt

Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't

tear thyself. Woo't'diink up eisel, eat a crocodile? 270

I'll do't. Dost come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? Be buried quick with her, and so will I;

And, if they prate of mountains, let them

Millions of acres on us, till our ground, 275 Singeing his pate against the burning zone, Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth.

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queer. This is mere madness: And thus a while the fit will work on him; Anon, as patient as the female dove When that her golden couplets are dis-

Clos u,
His silence will sit drooping.
Hear you, sir: What is the reason that you use me thus? I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter. Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. IExit. King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait

[Exit Horatio. upon him. [To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.— Good Gertrude, set some watch over your

This grave shall have a living monument. An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

The Castle. Scene II. Elsinore.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir; now shall you see the other.

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilbees. Rashly.

And prais'd be rashness for it—let us know, Our indiscretion sometime serves us well, When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10 Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,

My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire; Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew To mine own room again, making so bold, My fears forgetting manners, to unseal 17 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio.

Ah, royal knavery! an exact command, Larded with many several sorts of reasons, Importing Denmark's health and England's

too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my

That, on the supervise, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible? 25
Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more lessure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, 30 They had begun the play—I sat me down; Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair. I once did hold it, as our statists do,

A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much How to forget that learning; but, sir, now It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know

Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord. Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King.

As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might
flourish,
40

As peace should still her wheaten garland

And stand a conima 'tween their amities, And many such like as-es of great charge, That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further more or less, He should those bearers put to sudden death, Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.

I had my father's signet in my purse, 49 Which was the model of that Danish seal; Folded the writ up in the form of th' other; Subsciih'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent

Thou knowest already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their

defeat

Does by their own insinuation grow: 59
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham Does it not think thee stond and

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my

mother;
Popp'd in between th' election and my

hopes; 65
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such coz'nage—is't not perfect

conscience
To quit him with this arm? And is't not to
be damn'd

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short; the interim is

mine,
And a man's life's no more than to say
'one'.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see

The portraiture of his. I'll court his favours.

But sure the bravery of his grief did put me Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here? 80

Enter young OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. [Aside to Horatio] Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. [Aside to Hamlet] No, my good lord. Ham. [Aside to Horatio] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile. Let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet loid, if your lo dship were at leisure. I should impart a thing to you hom his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to hi right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship; it is vety hot. 91 Ham. No, believe me, 'tis' 'ry cold; the wind is northerly

It is indifferent cold, my lord, Osr. indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks is is very sultiy and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere—i cannot tell how. But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that 'a has laid a great wager on your head. Sii, this is the matter-

Ham. I beseech you, remember.

Hamlet moves him to put on his hai. Osr. Nay, good my lord; tot my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to couit Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Hame Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dozy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but vaw neitner in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. [Aside to Hamlet] Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will to't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Lacrtes?

Hor. [Aside] His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant— Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith,

if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is-

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself. 139

Ost, I mean, su, for his weepon; but in the proportation laid on him by 'nem, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham That's two of his reapons-but well.

Osr. The King, sir, hath wiger'd with him-siz Barbary horses; against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six Fresch rapiers and poniaids, with their assigns, as gudle, hangers, and so-three or the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the fulls, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceil.

Ham. What call you the carriages? Hor. [Asides b Hamlel] I knew you must be Edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers. Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides. I would it might be hangers till then. But on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their designs, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. this all impon'd, as you call it?

Osr. Th King, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of

your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you 'en se? Ham. To this effect, sir, after what

flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. 'Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osric] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. 'A did comply, sir, with his dug before 'a suck'd it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter-a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fann'd and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. 188

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended

roba

him to you by young Osric, who brings back Sir, in this audience. to him that you attend him in the hall. He Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready now-or when-

soever, provided I be so able as now. 195 Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord. Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice. I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord-

Ham. It is but foolery: but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and

say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come—the readiness is all. Since no man owes of aught he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

A table prepared. Trumpets, Drums, and Officers with cushions, foils and daggers. Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and all the State.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. IThe King buts Laertes's hand into Hamlet's.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, 220

And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd

With a sore distraction. What I have done That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was mad-

Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it, then? His madness. If't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 231

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature. Whose motive in this case should still me most

To my revenge; but in my terms of honour I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement Till by some elder masters of known

honour I have a voice and precedent of peace

To keep my name ungor'd-but till that time

I do receive your offer'd love like love. And will not wrong it.

I embrace it freely: And will this brother's wager frankly play. Give us the foils. Come on.

Come, one for me. Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night.

Stick fiery off indeed.

Lacr. You mock me, sir. Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Very well, my lord; Your Grace has laid the odds a' th' weaker

King.. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:

But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds. Laer. This is too heavy; let me see

another. Ham. This likes me well. These foils

have all a length? [They prepare to play. Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange, Let all the battlements their ordnance fire; The King shall drink to Hamlet's better

breath, And in the cup an union shall he throw, Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups ;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

'Now the King drinks to Hamlet'. Come, 270 . begin-And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Scene 21 HAMLET

Ham. Come on, sir. In thee there is not half an hour's life: Laer. Come, my lord. [They play. The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Ham. One. Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I he, 10 Laer. No. Ham. Judgment? Never to rise igain. Thy mother's poison'd. Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit. I can no more. The King, the King's to Laer. Well, again. blame. King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this Ham. The point envenom'd too! pearl is thine: Then, venom, to thy work. [Stabs the King. Here's to thy health. All. Treason! treason! [Drum, trumpets, and shot. King. O, yet defend me, friends: I am but hurt. Give him the cup. 275 Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous. awhile. damned Dane, [They play. Drink off this potion. Is thy union here? Come. Another hit; what say you? Follow my mother. [King dies. Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess't. Laer. He is justly serv'd: King. Our son shall win. It is a poison temper'd by himself. Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath. Exchange forgiveness with me. noble Here. Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy Hamlet. brows. 280 Mine and my father's death come not upon The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. thee, Ham. Good madam! Nor thine on me! Dies. King. Gertrude, do not drink. Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you follow thee. pardon me. I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, King. [Aside] It is the poison'd cup; it is adieu! too late. You that look pale and tremble at this Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by chance. That are but mutes or audience to this and by. Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face. Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now. Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death I do not think't. Is strict in his arrest, O, I could tell you— King. Laer. [Aside] And yet it is almost against But let it be. Horatio, I am dead: my conscience. Thou livest; report me and my cause Ham. Come, for the third. Laertes, you aright do but dally; To the unsatisfied. I pray you pass with your best violence Hor. Never believe it. I am afeard you make a wanton of me. I am more an antique Roman than a Dane; Laer. Say you so? Come on. [They play. Here's yet some liquor left. Ham. As th'art a man, Osr. Nothing, neither way. Laer. Have at you now! [Lacrtes wounds Give me the cup. Let go. By heaven, I'll Hamlet: then, in scuffling, they change ha't. rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes. O Cod! Horatio, what a wounded name, King. Part them; they are incens'd. Ham. Nay, come again. [The Queen falls. Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me! Osr. Look to the Queen there, ho! If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, Absent thee from felicity awhile, And in this harsh world draw thy breath in my lord? Osr. How is't, Laertes? pain, To tell my story. Laer. Why, as a woodcock, to mine own springe, Osric; [March afar off, and shot within. I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery. What warlike noise is this? Ham. How does the Queen? Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest King. She swoons to see them bleed. Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink! O come from Poland, To th' ambassadors of England gives my dear Hamlet! This warlike volley. O, I die, Horatio! The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [Dies. Ham. The potent poison quite o'er-crows my Ham. O, villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd. spirit. 345 Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls. I cannot live to hear the news from

> England. 305 But I do prophesy th' election lights

No med'cine in the world can do thee good; On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou

art slain :

IO7I

So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less, 349
Which have solicited—the rest is silence.

[Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

[March within.]
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would see? If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. C

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too
late:

360

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd, That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you: 365

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody

question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from
England,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view; 370 And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world

How these things came about. So shall you hear

Of carna', bloody, and unnatural acts; Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters; Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads—all this
can I

Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it, And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to ram my vantage doth invite

me. Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to

speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw

on more.

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Eyen while men's minds are wild, lest more
mischance

On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage; For he was likely, had he been put on, To have provide most royal.

To have prov'd most royal; and for his passage
The soldier's music and the rite of war

Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [Exeunt marching.

A peal of ordnance shut off.

KINGLEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR. King of Britain. KING OF FRANCE. DUKE OF BURGUNDY. DUKE OF CORNWALL. DUKE OF ALBANY. EARL OF KENT. FARL OF GLOUCESTER. EDGAR, son to Gloucester. CURAN, a courtier.

EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester. Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.

Doctor.

Fool. OSWALD, sleward to Goneril. A Captain, employed by Edmund. Gentleman attendant on Cordelia. A Herald. Servants to Cornwall. GONERIL.

REGAN. daughters to Lear. CORDELIA,

Knights attending on Lear, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: Britain.

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ACT ONE

Scene I. King Lear's palace.

Enter Kent. Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall. Glo. It did always seem so to us: but

now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most: for equalities are so weigh'd that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord? Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him that now I am braz'd to't. Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother whereupon she grew roundwomb'd, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave-came something saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be co mowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship. Kent. I must love you, and sue to know vou better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. [Sennet] The King is coming.

Enter One bearing a coronet; then LEAR, then the DUKES OF ALBANY and CORN-WALL, next GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA. with Followers.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester. Glo. I shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our

Conferring them on younger strengths,

while we Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son

of Cornwall. And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to

publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife

May be prevented now. The Princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn.

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters-

Since now we will divest us both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state-

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter:

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty; 55
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour;

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found:

A love that makes breath poor and speech unable: 59

Beyond all manner of so much I love you. Cor. [Aside] What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,

We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issues

Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife of Connwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart

I find she names my very deed of love; 70 Only she comes too short, that I profess Myself an enemy to all other Joys Which the most precious square of sense

possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. [Aside] Then poor Cordelia! And yet not so; since I am sure my love's More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;

No less in space, validity, and pleasure, 80 Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,

Although our last and least; to whose young love

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters?

Speak.

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Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty According to my bond; no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry 100
Half my love with him, half my care and

wed.

duty.

Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor.
Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so! Thy truth, then, be

thy dower!

For, by the scared radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecat and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs

From whom we do exist and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd, As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege— Lear. Peace, Kent! 120 Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. [To Cordelia] Hence, and avoid my sight!—

So be my grave my peace as here I give Her father's heart from her! Call France— Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany, With my two daughters' dowers digest this third.

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects 130 -That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course.

With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain

The name, and all th' addition to a king:
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

Scene 17 KING LEAR

Kent.

Royal Lear, Thy baner'd trunk be found in our donations, Whom I have ever honour'd as my long, Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd, The morning is thy death. Away! by As my great patron thought on in my Juneter, This shall not be revok'd. prayers-141 Lear. The bow is bent and thawn; make Kent. Fare thee well, King. Sith thus thou wilt appear, from the shaft. Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork Freedom lives hence, and banishment is De Kent un- [To Condelia] The gods to their dear shelter The region of my heart. take thee, maid, mannerly When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, That justly think'st, and nast most rightly old man? 145 said! Think'st thou that duty shall have dread [To Regan and Goneril] And your large to speak specches may your deeds approve, When power to flattery hows? To plain- That good effects may spring from words of love ! ness honour's bound Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu; Reserve thy When majesty falls to folly He'll shape his old course in a country new. state: And in thy best consideration check This hideous tashness. Answer my life my Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with judgment: FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants. Thy youngest daughter does not love thee Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my least: Nor are those empty-hearted whose low noble lord. Lear. My Lord of Burgundy, sounds We first address toward you, who with this Reverb no hollowness. Kent, on thy life, no more! king Hath rivali'd for our daughter. What in Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn To wage against thine enemies; nor fear the least Will you require in present dower with her, to lose it, Or cease your quest of love? Thy safety being motive. Most royal Majestv. Out of my sight! Bur. Lear. Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still I crave no more than hath your Highness ofter'd. remain Nor will you tender less. The true blank of thine eye. Right noble Burgundy, 195 Lear. Lear. Now by Apollo-When she was dear to us, we did hold her Now, by Apollo, King, Thou swear'st thy gods in vain. 50: But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she O, vassal! miscreant! Lear. stands: [Laying his hand on his sword. If aught within that little seeming sub-Alb. and Corn. Dear sir, forbear. stance, Kent. Do: Or all of it, with our disp'easure piec'd, Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow And nothing more, may fitly like your Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift, Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my Grace. She's there, and she is yours. throat. I know no answer. I'll tell thee thou dost evil. Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she Hear me, recreant; On thine allegiance, hear me. Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate, That thou hast sought to make us break Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd our vowswith our oath, Which we durst never yet-and with Take her or leave her? strain'u pride Pardon me, royal sir; To come betwixt our sentence and our Bur. Election makes not up in such conditions. 170 power-Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the Which nor our nature nor our place can 207 pow'r that made me, bear: Our potency made good, take thy reward. I tell you all her wealth. [To France] For you, great King, Five days we do allot thee for provision To shield thee from disasters of the world, I would not from your love make such a And on the sixth to turn thy hated back 175 stray Upon our kingdom; if, on the tenth day To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you following, 1075 T' avert your liking a more worthier way, Than on a wietch whom nature is asham'd Almost t' acknowledge hers.

This is most strange, France. That she, whom even but now was your best object.

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,

The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time

Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle So many folds of favour. Sure her offence Must be of such unnatural degree That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd

affection Fall into taint-which to believe of her Must be a faith that reason without miracle

Should never plant in me.

Ī yet beseech your Majesty-Cor. If for I want that glib and oily art To speak and purpose not, since what I well

I'll do't before I speak-that you make

known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, No unchaste action or dishonoured step, That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:

But even for want of that for which I am richer-

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue That I am glad I have not, though not to have it

Hath lost me in your liking.

Better thou Lear. Hadst not been born than not t' have

pleas'd me better. France. Is it but this? A tardiness in

Which often leaves the history unspoke That it intends to do! My Lord of Burgundy,

What say you to the lady? Love's not And well are worth the want that you have love

When it is mingled with regards that stands

Aloof from th' eatire point. Will you have her?

She is herself a dowry.

Royal king, Bur. Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand, Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing! I have sworn: I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father

That you must lose a husband.

Peace be with Burgundy! Cor. Since that respects of fortune are his love I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor; 250

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd. despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon. Be it lawful I take up what's cast away. Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. Thy dow'rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance.

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France. Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:

Thou losest here, a better where to find. Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see That face of hers again. [To Cordelia] Therefore be gone

Without our grace, our love, our benison. Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants. France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eves

Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you

And, like a sister, am most loath to call 270 Your faults as they are named. Love well our father.

To your professed bosoms I commit him: But vet, alas, stood I within his grace.

I would prefer him to a better place. So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty. Gon. Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd

At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,

wanted. Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted

cunning hides, Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia. [Exeunt France and Cordelia.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night. 285

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little. He always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself. 293 Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition. but therewitnal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together; if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it. Gon. We must do something, and i' th' [Exeunt.

Scene II. Gloucester's castle.

Enter EDMUND with a letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess: to thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom, and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen

moonshines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true,

As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to th' creating a whole tube of fops Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then, 15 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land. Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund As to th' legitimate. Fine word 'legiti-

mate'! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, 19 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top th' legitimate. I grow; I prosper. Now, gods, stand up for bastards.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!

And the King gone to-night! Prescrib'd his pow'r!

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! What news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter. Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see. Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-

looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir. Edm. I shall offend either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother.

EDGAR.' 51
'Sleep till I wak'd Hum—Conspiracy! him, you should enjoy half his revenue.' My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and a brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's ?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not. 62 Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age and fathers declin'd, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! natural, detested, brutish villain! Worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indigna-

you should run a certain course; where, run, the firm ament twinkled it you violently proceed against him, on my bosserdizing. Edgar! mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gay in your own honour, and shake in pieces the beart of his obedience. I dare and to no other pietence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Not is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entitely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means,

and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, discord; in countries, mutinies; palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction: there's son against father. The King falls from bias of nature: there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and truc-hearted Kent banish'd! His offence, honesty! 'Tıs strange. [Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars; as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical drunkards, liars, predominance; adulterers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on-an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it Whose nature is so far from doing harms

tion against my brother till you can derive follows and rough and lecherous. Fut, I from him better testimony of his intent, should be we been that I am, had the

Enter EDGAR.

Past The somes like the catastrophe of the pawn down may life for him that he hath old comedy. My cue is villamous melanwritthis to feel my affection to your honour, thinly with the Tom o' Bedlam.— O, there a upper do portend these divisions! ita, sol, ta, mi.

Edg. How now, prother Edmund! What

serious contcingfation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day what should follow these colipses.

Edg. Do you bucy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death. dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, inenaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial bucaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary

astronomical?

Edm. Come, come! When saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by. Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

Edg. None at all. Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong. Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard-but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? Edm. I do serve you in this business.

[Exit Edgar.

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A credulous father ! and a brother noble,

Scenc 21 KING LEAR

That he suspects none; on whose roohsh | So may it come thy master whom thou honesty

My practices ride easy! I see the business. Let me, it not by birth, have lands by wil: All with me's meet than I can lasmon at. 1/3 1.Exet.

Scene III. The Duke of Albany's patace. Enter Goneril and Oswald, her steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other 5 That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

When he returns from On every trifle.

hunting. I will not speak with him: say I am sick. If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll [Horns within. answei.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him. Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your tellows; I'd have it come to question.

If he distaste it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are

one. Not to be overrul'd Idle old man.

That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away! Now, by my

Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Well, madam. Osan. Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter. Advise your eight. tellows so.

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall.

That I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister

To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. A hall in Albany's palace. Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow

That can my speech defuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I raz'd my likeness. Now. banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd.

lov'st

Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go get it ready. [Exit an Attendant] How now! What art thou?

Kent. A man, sir. Lear. What dost thou profess? What

wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and says little, to fear judgment, to fight when I carnot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow? Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do? Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is

Lear. How old art thou?

diligence.

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my tool?—Go you and call my fool hither. [Exit an Attendant.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter? 44 Osw. So please you-Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [Exit a Knight] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! Where's that mongrel? Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well. Lear. Why came not the slave back to me

5 when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner he would not.

oundest manner he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your daughter.

61

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wrong'd.

65

Lear. Thou but rememb'rest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined

away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant] Go you, call hither my fool. [Exit another Attendant.

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you! Come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. 'My lady's father'! my lord's knave! you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I

beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal! [Striking him. Osw. I'll not be strucken, my lord. 84

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither, you base football player. [Tripping up his heels.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st

me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences. Away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to! Have you wisdom? So.

[Pushes Oswald out. Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service. 93

[Giving Kent money.

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb. [Offering Kent his cap. Lear. How now, my pretty knave! How

dost thou?

Fool Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine:

beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sırrah—the whip. 109 Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady the brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest, Lend less than thou owest, Ride more than thou goest, Learn more than thou trowest, Set less than thou throwest; Leave thy drink and thy whore, And keep in-a-door, And thou shalt have more

Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool. Fool Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer—you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

125

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [To Kent] Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool! 735

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me—
Do thou for him stand

Do thou for him stand.
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,

The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

149

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't. And ladies too—they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' th' middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. 163 [Sings] Fools had ne'er less grace in a year:

For wise men are grown foppish. And know not how their wits to wear.

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full

of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have us'd it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches

[Sings] Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bopeep

And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sırrah, we'll have you

whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are. They'll have me whipp'd for speaking true: thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' th' parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! What makes that frontlet on? You are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing. [To Goneril] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum!

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,

Weary of all, shall want some. 197 [Pointing to Lear] That's a sheal'd peascod. Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool.

But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done.

That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal. Might in their working do you that offence Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long That it's had it head bit off by it young. 215 So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put

These dispositions which of late transport vou

From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee. Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear.

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings

Are lethargied.—Ha! waking? 'Tis not

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow. Lear. I would learn that: for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman? 235 Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' th' savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright.

As you are old and reverend, should be wise. Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold, That this our court, infected with their manners.

Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and hist

Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd By her that else will take the thing she begs A little to disquantity your train

And the remainders that shall still depend To be such men as may be ort your age, 250 Which know themselves and you.

KING LEAR TAct 1

Lear. Darkness and devils ! Saddle my horses; call my train to ther. Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee; Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your Within a fortnight! disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe that too late repents! -O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir.-Prepare r., horses.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous when thou show'st thee in a 260 child

Than the sea-monster!

Pray, sir, be patient. Lear. [To Goneril] Detested kite! thou liest :

My train are men of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know;

And in the most exact regard support The worships of their name. - O most small fault.

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

of nature From the fix'd place: drew from my heart

all love And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear! I have can off for ever.

Beat at this gate that let thy folly in |Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people. [Exeunt Kent and Knights. Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as 1 am

ignorant Of what hath moved you.

It may be so, my lord. Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess, hear. 275 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend To make this creature fruitful.

Into her womb convey sterility:

Dry up in her the organs of increase; And from her derogate body never spring A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen, that it may live And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her. Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth, With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks.

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits To laughter and contempt, that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child. Away, away!

TExit. Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it:

But let his disposition have that scope As dotage gives it.

1082

Re-enter LEAR.

Legr. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!

What's the matter, sir? Alb. Lear. I'll tell thee. [To Goneril] Life and death! I am asham'd That thou hast power to shake my man-

hood thus; That these hot tears, which break from me

perforce,

Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse Fierce every sense about thee !- Old fond eves.

Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ve out.

And cast you, with the waters that you loose.

To temper clay. Ha! Is't come to this? Let it be so. I have another daughter, 305 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable. When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame She'll flav thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost thunk

Exit Lear. Do you mark that?

3 20

320

Alv. I cannot be so partial, Goneril. To the great love I bear you-

Gon. Pray you, content.-What, Oswald. ho!

[To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarrytake the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her.

And such a daughter. Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter.

So the fool follows after. Exit. Gon. This man hath had good counsel. A hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

At point a hundred knights-yes, that on every dream, Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint,

dislike.

He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,

And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say! Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far. Let me still take away the harms I fear, 330 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart. What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister.

If she sustain him and his hundred knights. When I have show'd th' unfitnessScene 41 KING LEAR

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Cswald! What, have you writ that letter to make sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear,

And thereto add such reasons of your own As may compact it more. Get you gone: 310 And hasten your return. [Exit Oswald] No. no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours, Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon, You are much more ataxt for want of wisdom

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. Gon. Nay, then-

Alb. Well, well; th' event. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Court before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter vo further with anything you know than a race from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy. I shall be three afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till : har delivered your letter.

Fool. If a man's brains were m's have were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Av, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy will shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?
Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' th' middle on's face?

Fool Why to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither: but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father !- Be my horses ready ?

Fool. Thy asses are gone arout 'enc. 'the reason why the seven stors are no take than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not each? Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou would'd arake a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! Monsier ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy

Lear. How's that? Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad! Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready? Gent. Ready, my loid. Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid new, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter Exeunt.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. A count-yard in the Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Im. Save thee, Curan.

in. And you, sir. I have been with .. P father, and given him notice that the Fig. of Cornwall and Regan his Duchess we we here with him this night.

Ec'm. How comes that? (m. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whisper'd one, for they are yet but car buising arguments?

Edm. Not I. Pray you, what are they? Cm. Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twint the Dukes of Cornwall and

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. Frit.

Edm. The Duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business.

My father hath set guard to take my brother:

And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act. Briefness and fortune work!

Brother, a word! Descend. Brother, I say! Enter EDGAR.

30 My father watches. O sir, fly this place; 20 1083 Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the
night.

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither, now, i' th' night, i' th' haste.

And Regan with him. Have you nothing said 25

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word. intent, Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon And found him pight to do it, with curst

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.

Draw; seem to defend vourself; www quit you well.—

Yield; come before my father. Light, ho.

Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [Wounds his air.]

Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Facher, father!

Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand's auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he? 40 Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund? Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [Exeunt Servants]—By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your

lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods 45

But that I told him the revenging gods 45 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;

Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, 50
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arm;
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th'
encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made, 55 Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far. Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

And found—dispatch. The noble Duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes tonight;

By his authority I will proclaim it, 60 That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;

He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent.

And found him pight to do it, with curst
speech

threaten'd to discover him: he replied

threaten'd to discover him; he replied, 'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,

If I would stand against thee, would the reposure

Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee Make thy words faith'd? No. What I should deny—

should deny— 70
A: this I would; ay, though thou didst produce

My very character—I'd turn it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damned

practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spuis 76

To make thee seek it'.

Glo. O strong and fast'ned villain!

Would he deny his letter?—I never got

him. [Tucket within. Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not

why he comes.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;

80

The Duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom

May have due note of him; and of my land, Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short

Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd! 90

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

Scene 1] KING LEAR

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected.

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,

To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions

That, if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father

A child-like office.

Edm. It was my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord. Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more Be fear'd of doing harm. Make your own purpose,

How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours. Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;

You we first seize on.

Edm I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading darkey'd night:

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise, Wherein we must have use of your advice. Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of differences, which I best thought it fit To answer from our home; the several messengers

From hence attend dispatch, Our good old friend, 125

Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow Your needful counsel to our businesses, Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam. Your Graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Before Gloucester's castle. Enter Kent and Oswald severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses? Kent I' th' muc.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me. 5 Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why then, I care not for thee. Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for? Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound. filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lilvliver'd, action-taking, whoreson, glassgazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service. and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou denv'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd variet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine of you; you whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw. [Drawing his sword.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal. You come with letters against the King, and take Vanity the pupper's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you logue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks. Draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help. 36
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.____

[Beating him. Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND with his rapier drawn, GLOUCESTER, CORNWALL, REGAN, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Part!

Kent. With you, goodman boy, an you please. Come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

master.

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee. 51

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor

make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir. A stone-cutter of a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two years o' th'

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel? Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose lite I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard-

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a takes with him.-Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence? Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword.

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these.

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel: Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon

With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing nought, like dogs, but following. A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, are thou mad, old fellow? Glo. How fell you out? Say that. Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not. Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain: I have seen better faces in my time Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow 90 Who, having been prais'd for bluntness. doth affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter.

An honest mind and plain—he must speak

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. 1086

Corn. What is your difference? Speak. These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness Harbour more craft and more corrupter

> Than twenty silly ducking observants That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity. Under th' allowance of your great aspect. Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant

On flickering Phœbus' front-

ends

What mean'st by this? Coin. Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguil'd you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Coin. What was th' offence you gave him?

I never gave him any. 110 Osw. It pleas'd the King his master very late To strike at me, upon his misconstruction: When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,

"hipp'd me behind; being down, insulted. rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man 115 That worthied him, got plaises of the King

For him attempting who was self-subdu'd: And in the fleshment of this dread exploit. Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards But Aiax is their fool.

Fetch forth the stocks. 120 You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,

We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn. Call not your stocks for me; I serve the King.

On whose employment I was sent to you. You shall do small respect, show too bold

Against the grace and person of my master, Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks. As I have life and honour,

There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave. I will. Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour

Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the [Stocks brought out. stocks. Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do

His fault is much, and the good King his master

Will check him for't; your purpes'd low Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots, correction And with presented pakedness outface.

Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches For pilf'rings and most common frespasses Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill

That he, so slightly valued in his messenger, Should have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, For following her affairs. Put in his legs. 145 [Kent is put in the stocks. Come, my good lord, away.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.
Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the
Duke's pleasure

Whose disposition, all the world well knows, Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this;
'Twill be ill taken.

[Exit.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw.

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, That by thy comfortable beams I may Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles

But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia, Who hath most fortunately been inform'd Of my obscured course. [Reads] '—and

shall find time
From this enormous state—seeking to give
Losses their remedies.' All weary and o'erwatch'd. 163

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel. [He sleeps.

Scene III. The open country. Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may
scape

I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth.

Way
Thou might'st d
usage,
Usage,
With filth.

Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots, And with presented nakedness outface in The winds and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices.

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low

farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,

Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,

Enforce their charity Poor Turkygod!

Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod!
poor Tom!
20
That's something yet. Edgar I nothing am.

Scene IV. Before Gloucester's castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman, to KENT in the stocks.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in
them

Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent.

No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs. When a man's overlusty at legs, then he wears wooden netherstocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook

¥5

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she, Your son and daughter.

Lear. No. Kent. Yes. Lear. No. I say.

Kent. I say, yea. Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have. Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay. Lear. They durst

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse
than murder

To do upon respect such violent outrage. Resolve me with all modest haste which way

Thou might'st deserve or they impose this usage, 25

Kent. My lord, when at their home 1087

I did commend your Highness' letters to after. When a wise man gives thee better

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd My duty kneeling, came there a reeking gives it.

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth

From Goneril his mistress salutations; Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission, Which presently they read; on whose contents

They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse,

Commanded me to follow and attend The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks:

And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd

Being the very fellow which of late Display'd so saucily against your Highness, Having more man than wit about me, drew. He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool, Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind; But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind. 50 Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to th' poor. But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio-down, thou climbing sorrow.

Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within. Follow me not; Lear. Stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserv'd it. Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' th' winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great Now, presently. Bid them come forth and one that goes upward, let him draw thee **1088**

counsel, give me mine again. I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form. Will pack when it begins to rain, And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay And let the wise man fly. The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy. Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool? Fool. Not 1' th' stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR and GLOUCESTER.

85

Lear. Deny to speak with me! They are sick! They are weary! They have travell'd all the night! Mere

fetches:

The images of revolt and flying off. Fetch me a better answer.

My dear lord. You know the fiery quality of the Duke: 90 How unremovable and fix'd he is In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

Fiery? What quality? Why Gloucester. Gloucester.

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord. Lear. The King would speak with Corn-

wall; the dear father Would with his daughter speak; commands their service.

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!

Fiery? the fiery Duke? Tell the hot Duke that-

No, but not yet. May be he is not well. Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves When nature, being oppress'd, commands

the mind To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit For the sound man. Death on my state! Wherefore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me That this remotion of the Duke and her Is practice only. Give me my servant forth. Go tell the Duke and's wife I'd speak with them-

hear me,

Scene 4] KING LEAR

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum Till it cry sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!
But, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' th' paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' th' coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons, down'. 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay. 124

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace!
[Kent here set at liberty.

Rej. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Sepulchring an adultress. [To Kent] O, are you free?

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here. [Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe

With how depray'd a quality—O Regan! Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope

You less know how to value her desert Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your
followers.

'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As clears her from all blame. Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge 145 Of her confine. You should be rul'd and led By some discretion that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray

That to our sister you do make return;

Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear.

Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the

house:

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
[Kneeling.

Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and
food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks.

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [Rising] Never, Regan.

She hath abated me of half my train; Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue.

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall 100
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness.

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your
blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes. Infect her beauty, You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'iful

To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest gods! So will you wish on me when the rash mood

is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give 170 Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce,

but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in; thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o' th' kingdom hast thou not forgot, Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to th' purpose. 180 Lear. Who put my man i' th' stocks?

[Tucket within.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't—my sister's. This

approves her letter.

That she would soon he bere.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrow'd pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.

Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your Grace?

What means your Grace?

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old, Make it your cause; send down, and take my part.

[To Goneril] Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

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Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum Till it cry sleep to death.

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Scene 4] KING LEAR

As full of grief as age; wretched in both.

If it be you that stirs these daughters'
hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger, 275

And let not women's weapons, water-drops, Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such
things—

What they are yet I know not; but they shall be 280

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep.

No, I'll not weep. [Storm and tempest. 1 have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws Or ete I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad! 285 [Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and

Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man
and's people

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,

And must needs taste his folly. 290
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Followed the old man forth.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

He is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about 300 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
doors.

He is attended with a desperate train; And what they may incense him to, being

apt 305
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis
a wild night.

My Regan counsels well. Come out o' th' storm. [Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. A heath.

Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather? Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, 5 Or swell the curled waters bove the main, That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless

rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of; Strives in his little world of man to outscorn

The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch.

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs, And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him? 15 Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest

290 His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you, And dare, upon the warrant of my note, Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have—as who have not that their great stars

Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem no less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,

Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes; Or the hard rein which both of them hath borne

Against the old kind King; or something deeper,

Whereof perchance these are but furnishings—

But true it is from France there comes a power 30

Into this scatter'd kingdom, who already, Wise in our negligence, have secret feet In some of our best ports, and are at point To show their open banner. Now to you: If on my credit you dare build so far 35 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find Some that will thank you making just report

[Exeunt. Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow

IOOI

The King hath cause to plain. I am a gentleman of blood and breeding: And from some knowledge and assurance in has a good head-piece. offer

This fice to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

No, do not. Kent. For confirmation that I am much more 44 Than my out-wall, open this purse and take What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia, As fear not but you shall, show her this ring; And she will tell you who your fellow is That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!

I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more I will say nothing. than all yet;

That when we have found the King-in which your pain

That way, I'll this he that first lights on him [Exeunt severally.

Holla the other.

Scene II. Another part of the heath.

Storm still. Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow. You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout

you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks.

You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires.

Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-

Singe my white head. And thou, allshaking thunder.

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world; Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at

That makes ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out of door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing. Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful. Spit, fire; spout, rain.

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;

You owe me no subscription. Then let fall Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave,

A poor, infirm, weak and despis'd old man; But yet I call you servile ministers That will with two pernicious daughters

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head 1092

39 So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul! Fool. He that has a house to put's head

The cod-piece that will house Before the head has any, The head and he shall louse: So beggars marry many. The man that makes his toe What he his heart should make Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake. For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience:

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece: that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark And make them keep their caves. Since I was man

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder.

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry

Th' affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods. That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads.

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue

That art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake.

That under covert and convenient seeming Hast practis'd on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a

More sinn'd against than sinning.

Alack, bare-headed! Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.

Repose you there, while I to this hard house-

More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd;

Which even but now, demanding after you, Denied me to come in-return, and force

Their scanted countesy.

My wits begin to turn Tea. Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?

I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [Sings] He that has and a little tiny

With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain— Must make content with his fortunes fit. Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.

[Exeunt Lear and Kent. Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan. I'll speak a prophecy ere I go. When priests are more in word than matter:

When brewers mar their malt with

water: When nobles are their tailors' tutors: No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors; When every case in law is right; No squire in debt, nor no poor knight; When slanders do not live in tongues; Nor cutpurses come not to throngs; When usurers tell their gold i' th' field: And bawds and whores do churches

build-Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't, That going shall be us'd with feet. This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time. [Exit.

Scene III. Gloucester's castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charg'd me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes; and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night-'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have lock'd the letter in my closet. These injuries the King now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed. We must incline to the King. I will look him, and privily relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he ask That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the Kiri my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; , בים you be careful. 1Exit

Edm. This courtesy forbid thee shall the Duke

Instantly know, and of that letter too. This seems a fair deserving, and must draw

That which my father loses—no less than all

The younger rises, when the old doth fall IExit.

SCENE IV. Before a hovel on the heath. Storm still. Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.

The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Tear. Wilt break my beait? Kent. I had rather break mine own.

Good my lord, enter. 5
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee, But where the greater malady is fix'd, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a

bear: But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea. Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth. When

the mind's free The body's delicate; this tem est in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else, Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude! Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.

No. I will weep no more. In such a night, To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure. In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneral! Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all!

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that:

No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here. Lear. Prithee go in thyself; seek thine own ease.

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.

[To the Fool] In, boy; go first .- You houseless poverty Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll

sleep. Exit Fool. Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, How shall your houseless heads and unfed Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh sides.

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, That thou mayst shake the superflux to

And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

Enter Fool from the hovel.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me l Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there? Fool. A spirit, a spirit. He says his

name's poor Tom. Kent. What art thou that dost grumble

there i' th' straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. 45 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.

Humh! go to thy cold bed and warm thee. Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, starblasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there—and there again-and there. [Storm still.

Lear. What, has his daughters brought him to this pass?

Could'st thou save nothing? Would'st thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all sham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! Nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers 71 Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill. Alow, alow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy words justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse: set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; wore gloves in my cap; serv'd the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, hon in prev. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.

Says suum, mun, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot [Storm still.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in a grave than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes.

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Enter GLOUCESTER with a torch.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart—a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire. 112

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: be begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squenes the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the 'old;

He met the nightmare and her ninefold;

Bid her alight

And her troth plight.

And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent How fares your Grace? Lear. What's he? 124 Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek? Glo. What are you there? Your names? Edg. Poor Tom: that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cowdung for sallets, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tithing to tithing, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body-

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear: But mice and rats, and such small deer, Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace. Smulkin: peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Modo he's call'd, and Mahu. Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is

grown so vile That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer

T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands.

Though their injunction be to bar my

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon vou. Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you

out, And bring you where both fire and food is

ready. Lear. First let me talk with this philoso-

pher.

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private. Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord:

His wits begin t' unsettle. [Storm still. Canst thou blame him? His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good

Kent !-He said it would be thus-poor, banish'd man !

Thou sayest the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself. I had a son.

Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life

But lately, very late. I lov'd him, friend-No father his son dearer. True to tell thee.

The grief hath craz'd my wits. night's this ! 160

I do beseech your Grace-Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold. Glo. In, fellow, there, into th' hovel; keep thee warm. Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord. Lear.

With him; I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him: let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on. Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian. Glo. No words, no words! Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still 'Fie, foh, and fum. I smell the blood of a British man'. Exeunt

SCENE V. Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Duchess. Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it bath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside] If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. -I will persever in my course of loyalty. though the conflict be sore between thar and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.

KING LEAR [Act 3

SCENE VI. An outhouse of Gloucester's castle.

Enter KENT and GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the pow'r of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness! IExit Gloucester.

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and Fool.

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman? 10

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hizzing in upon 'em-

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back. Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign tl:em straight.

[To Edgar] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer.

[To the Fool] Thou, sapient sir, sit here .-Now, you she-foxes!

Edg. Look where he stands and glares! Want'st thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me. 25 Fool. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak,

Why she dares not come over to thee. Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not

so amaz'd.

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence. [To Edgar] Thou robed man of justice, take

thy place. [To the Fool] And thou, his yoke-fellow of

equity, Bench by his side. [To Kent] You are o' th'

commission, Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly. Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth.

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey. Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. here take my oath before this honourable assembly she kick'd the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a ioint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warn'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her scape? Edg. Bless thy five wits! 56
Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain? Edg. [Aside] My tears begin to take his part so much

They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!

64

Be thy mouth or black or white, Tooth that poisons if it bite: Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim. Hound or spaniel, brach or lym.

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail-Tom will make him weep and wail; For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled. Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that make these hard hearts? [To Edgar] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian, but let them be chang'd. 80

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains. So, so. We'll go to supper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the King my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him nothis wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;

тооб

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him There is a litter ready: lay him in't And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life With thine, and all that offer to defend him.

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up; 93 And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Oppressed nature sleeps Kent. This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken

sinews,

Which, if convenience will not allow. Stand in hard cure. [To the Fool] Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind. Glo.

Come, come, away. [Exeunt all but Edgar. Edg. When we our betters see bearing

our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers suffers most i' th' mind, Leaving free things and happy shows

behind: But then the mind much sufferance doth

o'erskip When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now, When that which makes me bend makes the You are my guests; do me no foul play, King bow-

He childed as I father'd! Tom, away! 110 Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray. When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,

In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe scape the King! Lurk. lurk. TExit.

Scene VII. Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. [To Goneril] Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter. The army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

[Exeunt some of the Servants. Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company. The revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister; farewell, my Lord of Gloucester. Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the King?

Osw. My Lord of Cloucester hath convey'd him hence.

Some five or six and thirty of his knights, 15 Hot questrists after him, met him at gate:

Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,

Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress. Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. 20 Corn. Edmund, farewell. [Exeunt Goneril. Edmund, and Oswald.

Go seek the traitor Gloucester, Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us. [Exeunt other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice, yet our power Shall do a court'sy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control.

Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or three.

Who's there? the traitor? Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he. Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What means your Graces? Good my ariends, consider

friends.

Corn. Bindhim, I say. [Servants bind him. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor! Reg. Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find--

[Regan plucks his beard. Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard. Reg. So white, and such a traitor! Glo.

Naughty lady, These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin

Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host.

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours You should not ruffle thus. What will you

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands you have sent the lunatic King:

Speak. Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,

KING LEAR [Act 4

Which came from one that's of a neutral heart.

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To Dover. 50
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou
not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails 55
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce

sister

In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up

And quench'd the stelled fires. 60 Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that dern time,

Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter,
turn the key'.

All cruels else subscribe but I shall see

All cruels else subscribe, but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such
children. 65

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old.

Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th'
other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance—

1 Serv. Hold your hand, my lord. I have serv'd you ever since I was a child; But better service have I never done you, Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

1 Serv. If you did wear a beard upon
your chin 75

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [They draw and fight. 1 Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Cornwall is wounded. Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus! [She takes a sword and stabs him from behind.

1 Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him. O! [Dies. Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

1098

Glo. All dark and comfortless! Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature To quit this hornd act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It

was he
That made the overture of thy treasons

to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd. 90
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper

him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates and let

him smell
His way to Dover. [Gloucester led out.

How is't my lord? How look you? Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me,

lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this

slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace.

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. [Exit Cornwall, led by Regan. 2 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,

If this man come to good.

3 Serv. If she live long, And in the end meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters.

2 Serv. Let's follow the old Earl and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would. His roguish madness

Allows itself to anything.

3 Serv. Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him!
[Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus and known to be contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear. The lamentable change is from the best; 5 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the
worst

Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an Old Man.

But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O
world!

Scene 1] KING LEAR

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee.

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone.

Thy comforts can do me no good at all; Thee they may hurt.

You cannot see your way. Old Man. Glo. I have no way, and therefore want

no eyes; I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen 20 Our means secure us, and our mere defects Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar, The food of thy abused father's wrath ! Might I but live to see thee in my touch.

I'd say I had eyes again! Old Man. How now! Who's there? Edg. [Aside] O gods! Who is't can say

I am at the worst '? I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

The worst is not

So long as we can say 'This is the worst'. Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Is it a beggar-man? 30 Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could

not beg I' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw; Which made me think a man a worm. My

Came then into my mind; and yet my

Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.

As flies to wanton boys are we to th' gods— They kill us for their sport.

How should this be? Edg. [Aside] Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow.

Ang'ring itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord. Glo. Then, prithee, get thee away. If for

my sake Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain I' th' way toward Dover, do it for ancient

love; And bring some covering for this naked

soul.

Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Alack, sir, he is mad. Old Man. Glo. 'Tis the times' plague when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure; Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have. [Exit. Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow!

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [Aside] I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover? Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once: of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waitingwomen. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues 25 Have humbled to all strokes. That I am

wretched Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man Edg. [Aside] And worse I may be yet. That slaves your ordinance, that will not

Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess. And each man have enough. Dost thou

know Dover? Edg. Ay, master.

There is a cliff whose high and Glo. bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me. From that place

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm: 79 Poor Tom shall lead thee.

SCENE II. Before the Duke of Albany's balace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord. I marvel our mild husband Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master? Osw. Madam, within, but never man so chang'd.

I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it. I told him you were

coming; His answer was 'The worse'. Of Glou-

cester's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot, And told me I had turn'd the wrong side

[Ext.

What most he should dislike seems pleasant. It will come to him :

What like, offensive.

Gon. [To Edmund] Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit

That dares not undertake; he'll not feel Who hast not in thy brows an eye discernwrongs

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edinund, to my brother:

Hasten his musters and conduct his pow'rs. I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us. Ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare [Giving a favour. speech. Decline your head; this kiss, it it durst

speak. Would stretch thy spirits up into the air. Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

My most dear Gloucester Exit Edmund. O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due. My fool usurps my body. Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle. O Goneril! Alb. You are not worth the dust which the jude

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition: That nature which contemns it origin Cannot be border'd certain in itself: She that herself will sliver and disbranch From her material sap perforce must wither And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

seem vile;

you done? Tigers, not daughters, what have you Hath pluck'd him after. perform'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man. Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear So speedily can venge!

would lick, Most barbarous, most degenerate, have Lost he his other eye?

you madded. Could my good brother suffer you to do it? This letter, madam, craves a speedy A man, a Prince, by him so benefited! If that the heavens do not their visible spirits

Send quickly down to tame these vile But being widow, and my Gloucester with offences.

Humanity must perforce prey on itself.

Like monsters of the deep.

Milk-liver'd man! 50 Gon. That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

ing

Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum? France spreads his banners in our noiseless

land. With plumed helm thy state begins to

threat. Whil'st thou, a moral fool, sits still, and cries

' Alack, why does he so?'

See thyself, devil! Proper deformity shows not in the fiend So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool! Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame! Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my

fitness To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend.

A woman's shape doth shield thee. Gon. Marry, your manhood-mew!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Coinwall's dead,

Slain by his servant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester. Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse.

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd, Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;

Filths savour but themselves. What have But not without that harmful stroke which since

This shows you are above, Alb. You justicers, that these our nether crimes But, O poor Gloucester!

Mess. Both, both, my lord. answer:

'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside] One way I like this well; her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck 84 Gent. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the Upon my hateful life. Another way The news is not so tart .- I'll read, and [Exit.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him

And quit the house on purpose that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Gloucester, I live Alb. To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the King.

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The French camp near Dover. Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you no reason? Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom

so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary. 6 Kent. Who hath he left behind him

general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief? Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them

in my presence,

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down

Her delicate cheek. It seem'd she was a queen

Over her passion, who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

O, then it mov'd her. 15 Kent. Gent. sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

Were like a better way. Those happy smilets That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know

What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief.

Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved If all could so become it.

Made she no verbal question? Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow 5 Kent.

name of father Pantingly forth as if it press'd her heart;

Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! Cried Sisters !

Kent! father! sisters! What i' th' storm? i' th night?

He is not here. Let pity not be believ'd!' There she shook Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back The holy water from her heavenly eyes, 30 90 And clamour moisten'd; then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars, The stars above us, govern our conditions; Else one self mate and make could not beget Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd? Gent. No. since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' th' town;

Who sometime in his better tune remembers What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter. Gent. Why, good sir? Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him:

his own unkindness, That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights To his dog-hearted daughters—these things sting

His mind so venomously that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia.

Alack, poor gentleman! Gent. Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers

you heard not? Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear.

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile; When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Not to a rage; patience and Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you [Excunt. You Along with me.

> Scene IV. The French camp. A tent. Enter with drum and colours, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he! Why, he was met cven now

As mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud, Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,

With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckooflow'rs,

In our sustaining corn. A century send forth:

Search every acre in the high-grown field, And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer. What can man's wisdom.

In the restoring his bereaved sense? He that helps him, take all my outward worta.

Doct. There is means, madam. Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

Are many simples operative, whose power Let me unseal the letter. Will close the eye of anguish.

All blest secrets, 15 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth, Spring with my tears; be aidant and I am sure of that; and at her late being remediate.

In the good man's distress. Seek, seek for him:

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam:

The British pow'rs are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation

stands In expectation of them. O dear father! It is thy business that I go about: Therefore great France My mourning and importun'd tears hath pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite. But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's I pray desire her call her wisdom to her. 35 right.

Soon may I hear and see him! [Exeunt.

> Scene V. Gloucester's castle. Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's pow'rs set What party I do follow.

Osw. Av madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osin. Madam, with much ado. Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Osw. No. madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him? Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes

being out, To let him live; where he arrives he moves All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is

gone In pity of his misery, to dispatch His nighted life; moreover, to descry The strength o' th' enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam. with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stav with us:

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam: My lady charg'd my duty in this business. Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike The which he lacks; that to provoke in Some things—I know not what. I'll love thee much-

Osw. Madam, I had rather-Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband:

here

She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I. madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: v'are. I know't.

Therefore I do advise you take this note. My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd:

And more convenient is he for my hand Than for your lady's. You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you give him this:

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

So fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show

Reg.

Fare thee well. 40 [Exeunt.

Scene VI. The country near Dover.

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep. Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly. Edg. Why then, your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish. Glo.

So may it be indeed. Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou dıdst.

Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks y'are better spoken. Come on, sir; here's the place. Stand still. How fearful Edg.

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! The crows and choughs that wing the midwav air

Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head. The fishermen that walk upon the beach Appear like mice; and youd tall anchoring

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge

That on th' unnumb'red idle pebble chafes Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more; Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong.

Set me where you stand. Glo. Edg. Give me your hand. You are now within a foot

Of th' extreme verge. For all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand. Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off; Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going. Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir.

With all my heart. Glo. Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair

Is done to cure it.

Glo. [Kneeling] O you mighty gods! This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off. If I could bear it longer, and not fall To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff and loathed part of nature should Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!

[Rising] Now, fellow, fare thee well. Edg. Gone, sir; farewell, [Gloucester casts himself down.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob The treasury of life, when life itself Yields to the theft. Had he been where he The safer sense will ne'er accommodate thought,

By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! Speak !-

Thus might he pass indeed. Yet he revives— What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die. Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air.

So many fathom down precipitating, Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe,

Hast heavv substance, bleed'st speak'st, art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude Which thou hast perpendicularly iell.

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again. Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lank so far

Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up. Glo. Alack, I have no eyes. Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort.

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm. Up—so. How ... You stand. How is't? Feel you your legs?

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness. Upon the crown o' th' cliff what thing was that

Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar. Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eves

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses.

Horns whelk'd and waved like the enudged sea.

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glo. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself Enough, enough ' and die. That thing you speak of

I took it for a man; often 'twould say, The fiend, the fiend'. He led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with weeds.

But who comes here? His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight! Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. That fellow There's your press-money. handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw

me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese Dost thou squiny at me? will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills, thou this challenge; mark but the penning O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout of it. -hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glc. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything that I said! 'Ay' and no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter: when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words. They told me I was everything; 'tis a he-I am not agueproof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well

remember. Is't not the King?

Lear.

Ay, every inch a king. When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery? No. The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's

bastard son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

Behold youd simp'ring dame

snow,

That minces virtue and does shake the Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce head

To hear of pleasure's name-

The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above;

But to the girdle do the gods inherit, Beneath is all the fiends';

There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit-

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption. Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination. There's money for thee. Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of 1 know thee well enough; thy name is mortality.

world

know me? 135 Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. No, do thy

Glo. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. [Aside] I would not take this from report. It is,

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes? Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears. See how youd justice rails upon youd simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? 155 Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back;

Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

Whose face between her forks presages And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

ıt.

None does offend, none—I say none; I'll able 'em.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,

And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not. Now, now,

now, now ! Pull off my boots. Harder, harder—so. Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

Gloucester.

Glo. O run'd piece of nature! This great Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou I hou know'st the first time that we smell the air

We wawl ar : cry. I will preach to thee Mar .

Glo. Alach alack the day !

Lear. Who we are born, we cry that we are come

To this grea stage of fools. This a good block!

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe rs
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put't is proof;

And when I have stol'n upon these son-in laws,

Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upo him.—Sir.

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner?

am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;

I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing Lear. No seconds? All myself? 19
Why, this would make a man a man o

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ay, and laying Autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug
bridegroom. What!

I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [Exit running; Attendants follow. Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, 206

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter

Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you; what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward?

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Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special
cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit Gentleman.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again 2-0

To die before you please.

Edg. Well pray you, tather. Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to furtune's blows,

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand;

I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven

To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A p*oclaim'd prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first fiam'd flesh

To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhapry traitor,

Briefly thyself remember. The sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to't. [Edgar interposes. Osw. Wherefore, hold peasant

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;

Lest that th' infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm. 236 Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or Ice try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come;
no matter vor your foins.

[They fight.
Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villan.

take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'st
about me

To Edmund Earl of Gloucester. Şeek him

Upon the English party. O, untimely death!

Death! [He dies. Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress 255 As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.

Let's see these pockets; the letters that he

speaks of

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He had no other death's-man. Let us see. Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds we'd rip their hearts:

Their papers is more lawful.

[Reads] 'Let our reciprocal vows be rememb red. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant, Goneril.'

O indistinguish'd space of woman's will! A plot upon her virtuous husband's life; And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified Of murderous lechers; and in the mature

With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well

That of thy death and business I can tell. Glo. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense.

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling Of my huge sorrows!

distract; So should my thoughts be sever'd from my

griefs, And wees by wrong imaginations lose The knowledge of themselves.

[Drum afar off. Give me your hand. Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum. Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

SCENE VII. A tent in the French camp. Music. Enter Cordelia, Kent, Doctor,

and Gentleman. Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live

and work

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short.

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth; Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Be better suited. These weeds are memories of those worser hours:

I prithee put them off.

Kent.

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only Yet to be known shortens my made intent: My boon I make it that you know me not Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. [To the Doctor] How does the King?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature ! Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind

Of this child-changed father !

Doct. So please your Majesty That we may wake the King; he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

sway of your own will. [To the gentleman Is he array'd? Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of

sleep We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. erv well. Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

He draws the curtains and discovers LEAR asleeb in bed.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss Repair those violent harms that my two sisters

Better I were Have in thy reverence made.

Kind and dear princess i Kent. Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Did challenge pity of them. Was this a To be oppos'd against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke [Exeunt. Of quick cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!-

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn, In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out

o' th' grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound 46 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Pardon, dear madam; Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me? . You are a spirit, I mow. Where did Gloucester. Lec you die? Still, still far wide! Do . He's scarce awake: let him alone! awhile. Where have I been? Where am I? Lea. Fair daylight? I am naightily abus'd. I should e'en die with pity To see another thus. I know not what to say. I will not swear these are my hands. Let's

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd Of my condition !

Cor. O, look upon me, sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less:

And, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant What place this is; and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me:

For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

And so I am, I am. 70 Cor. Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I

pray weep not; If you have poison for me I will drink it.

I know you do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: And bosom'd with her, as far as we call You have some cause, they have not. Cor. No cause, no cause. 75

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir. Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam. The great rage,

You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost. Desire him to go in; trouble him no more Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk? You must bear with me. Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old

and foolish. [Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman. Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke

of Cornwall was so slain? Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of

Gent. They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom Luproach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be biouly. Fare you well, sir. Exit.

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought.

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. The British camp near Dover. Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND. REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught To change the course. He's full on alteration

And self-reproving—bring tile constant pleasure. [Exit an Officer. Reg. Our sister's man is certainly mis-

carned. Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord. You know the goodness I intend upon vou.

Tell me-but truly-but then speak the truth--

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love. Reg. But have you never found my brother's way

To the forfended place? That thought abuses you. Reg. I am doubtful that you have been

conjunct hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam. Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my

lord. Be not familiar with her.

Fear me not. Edm. She and the Duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY,

GONERIL, and Soldiers. Gon. [Aside] I had rather lose the battle

than that sister Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. Sir, this I heard: the King is come to his daughter

With others whom the rigour of our state Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest

I never yet was valiant. For this business, It touches us as France invades our land, 25 Not bolds the King, with others whom, I Let her who would be rid of him devise

Most just and heavy causes make oppose. Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Why is this reason'd? Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy; For these domestic-door particulars

Are not the question here. Alb.

Let's then determine With th' ancient of war on our proceeding. Edm. I shall attend you presently at vour tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you go with us.

Gon. [Aside] O, ho, I know the riddle .-I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak. Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar. Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this

letter. If you have victory, let the trumpet sound For him that brought it; wretched though

I seem I can produce a champion that will prove What is avouched there. If you miscarry, Your business of the world hath so an end, And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter. I was forbid it. When time shall serve, let but the herald

cry, And I'll appear again.

Als. Why, fare thee well. I will o'erlook thy paper. [Exit Edgar.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up vour powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery; but your haste Is now urg'd on you.

We will greet the time. [Exit. Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: to take the widow, Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my side, Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll

being done,

His speedy taking off. As for the mercy 65 Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia-The battle done, and they within our power. Shall never see his pardon; for my state? Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Scene II. A field between the two camps. arum within. Enter, with drum and colours, the Powers of France over the Alarum within. stage, Cordelia with her Father in her hand, and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree

For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.

If ever I return to you again

I'll bring you comfort.

Grace go with you, sir! Exit Edgar.

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR. Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand:

away! King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.

Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither: Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The British camp near Dover. Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND: LEAR and CORDELIA prisoners: Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some officers take them away. Good guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst.

For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison.

We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage; When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, His countenance for the battle; which And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

Scene 31 KING LEAR

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor regues Which do command them. With him I sent Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too-

Who loses and who wins: who's in, who's out-

And take upon's the mystery of things As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear

In a wall'd prison packs and sects of great And the best quarrels, in the heat, are ones

That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Take them away. Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia. The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eves:

The good years shall devour them, flesh and Ere you had spoke so far. fell,

Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starv'd first.

[Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded. Edm. Come hither, Captain; hark.

[Giving a paper] Take thou this note; go follow them to prison.
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded Does not become a sword. Thy great employment

Will not bear question: either say thou'lt do't.

Or thrive by other means.

I'll do't, my lord. 35 Capt. Edm. About it; and write happy when th' hast done.

Mark-I say, instantly; and carry it so As I have set it down.

I cannot draw a cart_nor eat dried oats; 30 If it be man's work. I'll do't.

IExit. Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan,

and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,

And fortune led you well. You have the captives Who were the opposites of this day's strife;

I do require them of you, so to use them As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit To send the old and miserable king To some retention and appointed guard; Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side, 50 And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes

the Queen.

My reason all the same; and they are ready To-moriow, or at further space, t' appear Where you shall hold your session. At this time

We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend:

cuis'd

By those that feel their sharpness.

The question of Cordelia and her father Requires a fifter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience, bo I hold you but a subject of this war, Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him. Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded

He led our

powers, Bore the commission of my place and person,

The which immediacy may well stand up And call itself your brother.

Not so hot. In his own grace he doth exalt himself.

More than in your addition. Reg. In my rights.

By me invested, he compeers the best. 70 Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets. Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but asquint. Reg. Lady, I am not well: else I should

answer From a full-flowing stomach. General, 75

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony; Dispose of them, of me; the walls is

thine. Witness the world that I create thee here

My lord and master. Gon. Mean you to enjoy him !

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord. Alb.

Half-blooded fellow, yes. Reg. [To Edmund] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy attaint, [Pointing to Goneril.

This gilded serpent. For your claim, fair sister.

I bar it in the interest of my wife: 'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord, And I, her husband, contradict your banns. If you will marry, make your loves to me-My lady is bespoke.

An interlude! Gon.

90 IID9 KING LEAR Act 5

trumpet sound.

If none appear to prove upon thy person Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons, There is my pledge; [Throwing down a glove. I'll make it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gen. [Aside] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange. [Throwing down a glovel. What in the world he is That names me traitor, villain-like he lies. Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach.

On him, on you, who not, I will maintain My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, bo, a herald! Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name 105 Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me. Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent. [Exit Regan, led.

Enter a Herald.

Let the trumpet Come hither, herald. sound,

Ard read out this.

Herald. [Reads] ' If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.' [1 Trumpet. Sound, trumpet.

l Trumpet. Herald. Again l 13 Trumpet. Herald. Again! [Trumpet answers within.

Enter EDGAR, armed, at the third sound, a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears

Upon this call o' th' trumpet.

Herald. What are you? Your name, your quality, and why you answer

This present summons?

Know, my name is lost, By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and cankerbit;

Yet am I noble as the adversary

I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary? What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester ?

Edm. Himself. What say'st thou to him? Draw thy sword, That, if my speech offend a noble heart.

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster. Let the Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours. My oath, and my picfession. I protest Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence.

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune.

Thy valour and the heart-thou art a traitor;

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father:

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;

And, from th' extremest upward of thy head To the descent and dust below thy foot,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No'.

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits. are bent To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name: But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn. Back do I toss these treasons to thy head: With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart:

Which—for they yet glance by and scarcely

This sword of mine shall give them instant

Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

[Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls. Alb. Save him, save him!

This is practice, Gloucester. Gon. By th' law of war thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd,

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame, Or with this paper shall I stopple it. Hold, sir.

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it. Gon. Say, if I do-the laws are mine, not thine.

Who can arraign me for't? Alb. Most monstrous! O!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit. She's desperate; Alb. Go after her.

govern her. Exit an Officer. Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out.

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou

IIIO

Scene 31 KING LEAR

That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble.

I do forgive thee. Edg. Let's exchange charity. I am no less in blood than thou art,

Edmund: If more, the more th' hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us: The dark and vicious place where thee he

got Cost him his eyes.

Th' hast spoken right, 'tis true; The wheel is come full circle; I am here. Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee. Let sorrow split my heart if ever I

Did hate thee or thy father! Worthy prince, Edg.

I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father? T80

brief tale :

And when 'tis told. O that my heart would Improper for a slave burst !

The bloody proclamation to escape

That follow'd me so near-O our lives' sweetness,

That we the pain of death would hourly die Rather than die at once !- taught me to shift

Into a madman's rags, t' assume a It came even from the heart of-O, she's semblance

That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings, Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, 100

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never—O fault !—reveal'd myself unto him Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd:

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart-

Alack, too weak the conflict to-support !-'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief. Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd

And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;

You look as you had something more to say Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in:

For I am almost ready to dissolve, Hearing of this.

This would have seem'd a period Ede. 165 To such as love not sorrow; but another. To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man

Who, having seen me in my worst estate, Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding

Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong

He fastened on my neck and bellowed out As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father :

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life

Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded

And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this? Edg. Kent. sir. the banish'd Kent. who in disguise

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service 220

Enter a Gentleman with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help? Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife? 'Tis hot, it smokes; Gent.

dead!

Alb. Who dead? Speak, man. Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady! and her sister

By her is poison'd: she confesses it. Edm. I was contracted to them both. All three

Now marry in an instant.

Here comes Kent. Edg.

Enter KENT.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead. Exit Gentleman. 230 This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble.

Touches us not with pity. O, is this he? The time will not allow the compliment Which very manners urges.

I am come Kent. To bid my king and master aye good night.

Is he not here? Great thing of us forgot! Alb.

Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia? [The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in. See'st thou this object. Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Yet Edmund was belov'd. Edm.

IIII

KING LEAR [Act 5

The one the other poison'd for my sake, 240 I have seen the day, with my good biting And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life. Some good I mean to do.

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send--

Be brief in it-to th' castle; for my writ Is on the lite of Lear and on Cordelia. 240 Nav. send in time.

Al'z. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who has the office? Send

Thy token of replieve. Edm. Well thought on. Take my sword;

Give it the Captain. Haste thee, for thy life. Aib. Exit Edgar.

and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and To lay the blame upon her own despair, That she forded herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [Edmund is borne off.

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Captain, and Others following.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl! O. you are men of stones!

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them

That heaven's vault should crack. gone for ever.

I know when one is dead and when one She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-

glass: If that her breath will mist or stain the stone.

Why, then she lives.

Is this the promis'd end? Kent. Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall and cease! Lear. This feather stirs; she lives. If it be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows That ever I have felt.

O my good master! [Kneeling. Kent. Lear. Prithee away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend. Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever. Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft.

Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.

Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did. Lear.

falchion.

I would have made them skip: I am old now,

And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?

Mine eyes are not o' th' best. I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated.

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent? Kent.

The same-Your servant Kent. Where is your servant

Caius ? Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you

that: Edm. He hath commission from thy wife He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and

rotten. Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man-

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither. Kent. Nor no man else! All's cheerless. dark, and deadly.

Your eldest daughters have fordone them-

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Av. so I think. Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless. 294

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here. You lords and noble friends, know our

What comfort to this great decay may come Shall be applied. For us, we will resign During the life of this old Majesty,

To him our absolute power. [To Edgar and Kent] You to your rights; With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never.

Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir. I kul'd the slave that was a-hanging thee. Do you see this? Look on her. Look, her lips. 310

Did I not, fellow? Look there!

[He dies.

business

He faints. My lord, my lord! Is general woe. [To Kent and Edgar] Frier.ds Kent. Break, heart; I prithee break.

Edg.

Look up, my lord, Kent. Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass ! sustain. He hates him That would upon the rack of this tough My master calls me; I must not say no.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must Stretch him out longer. obey; He is gone indeed. 315 Edg. Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so sav. long: He but usurp'd his life. young Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present

of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm and the gor'd state Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go. Speak what we feel, not what we ought to The oldest hath borne most; we that are Shall never see so much nor live so long. [Exeunt with a dead march

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE. BRABANTIO, a Senator, father to Desdemona. Other Senators

GRATIANG, brother to Brabantio,

two noble Lopovico, kiasman to Venetians.

Brabantio. OTHELLO, the Moor, in the service of Venice. CASSIO, his honourable Lieutenant. IAGO, his Ancient, a villain. Roderico, a gull'd Venetian gentleman.

THE SCENE: Venice: Cyprus.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Venice. A strect. Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much By debitor and creditor-this counter-

unkindly That you. lago, who has had my purse

As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago, 'Sblood, but you will not hear me." If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city, In personal suit to make me his lieutenant.

Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man.

I know my price. I am worth no worse a place.

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes.

Evades them with a bombast circumstance Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war: And, in conclusion. Nonsuits my mediators: 'For. certes.' says

"I have already chose my officer". And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician, One Michael Cassio, a Florentine. A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife, That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric.

Wherein the toged consuls can propose 25 As masterly as he-mere prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the Do well thrive by 'em and, when they have election:

MONTANO, Governor of Cyprus. before Othello.

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to lago.

BIANCA, a courtezan, in love with Cassio.

Gentlemen of Cyprus, Sailors, Officers. Messenger, Musicians. Herald, Attendants. &c.

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds.

Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd

caster, He, in good time, must his lieutenant be. And I, God bless the mark! his Moorship's

ancient. Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman!

Iago. Why, there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of service:

Preferment goes by letter and affection, Not by the old gradation, where each second

Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself

Whether I in any just term am affin'd To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then, Iago. O, sir, content you.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him: We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's

For nought but provender: and when he's old, cashier'd.

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves:

And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,

lin'd their coats,

OTHELLO Scene 17

Do themselves homage—these fellows have some soul:

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo.

Were I the Moor, I would not be ago. In following him I follow but myself-Heaven is my judge, not I for leve and

duty, But seeming so for my peculiar end. For when my outward action doth demon-

strate The native act and figure of my heart In compliment extern, 'tis not long after But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve 65 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe.

If he can carry't thus!

Call up her father. Rouse him, make after him, poison his

delight, Proclaim him in the streets; incense her

kinsmen. And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, Plague him with flies; though that his joy be iov.

Yet throw such changes of vexation on't As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house. I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire vell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire Is spied in populous cities.

What, ho, Brabantio!

Brabantio, ho!
Awake! What, ho, Brabantio! Iago. Awake! What, ho, Br Thieves, thieves, thieves! Look to your house, your daughter, and

your bags. Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio appears above at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within? Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;

Your heart is burst; you have lost half your soul.

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise; 90 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits? Rod. Most reverena signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome! I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir-

But thou must needs be sure Bra. My spirit and my place have in their power To make this bitter to thee.

Patience, good sir. Rod. Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice:

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio. In simple and pure soul I come to you. 108 lago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets

for germans. Bra. What profane wretch art thou? 115 lago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now

making the beast with two backs. Bra. Thou art a villain.

You are-a Senator. Iago. Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent-

As partly I find it is—that your fair daughter.

At this odd-even and dull watch o' th' night,

Transported with no worse nor better guard

But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor-If this be known to you, and your allowance, We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;

But if you know not this, my manners tell 110 me

Do not We have your wrong rebuke. believe

That, from the sense of all civility,

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave.

I say again, hath made a gross revolt; 135 of Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,

IXIS

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy vourself.

If she be in her chamber or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state 140 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper; call up all my people. This accident is not unlike my dream. Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say; light! [Exit from above. Farewell; for I must leave you. It seems not meet nor wholesome to my 146 place

To be producted—as if I stay I shall— Against the Moor; for I do know the state, However this may gall him with some check,

Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls.

Another of his fathom they have none To lead their business; in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, 155 Yet, for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall

surely find him, Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; 159 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter below, BRABANTIO, in his night gown, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is; And what's to come of my despised time Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl !-

With the Moor, say'st thou ?-Who would be a father ?-

How didst thou know 'twas she ?-O, thou deceivest me

Past thought !-- What said she to you ?--Get moe tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are. Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood! from hence trust not your

daughters' minds By what you see them act. Is there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,

Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed. 175 Bra. Call up my brother.—O that you had had her !-

Some one way, some another .- Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please

To get good guard, and go along with me. Bra. Pray lead me on. At every house I'll call:

I may command at most.-Get weapons. ho!

And raise some special officers of night.-On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. Exeunt.

SCENE II. Venice. Another street.

Enter Othello, IAGO, and Attendants with

lago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuft o' th' conscience To do no contriv'd murder. I lack imquity Sometime to do me service. Nine or ten times

I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is. Iago. Nay, but he prated.

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray,

Are you fast married? For be assur'd of

That the magnifico is much beloved, And hath in his effect a voice potential As double as the Duke's. He will divorce you,

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance That law, with all his might to enforce it on,

Will give him cable. Oth. Let him do his spite. My services which I have done the signiory

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know-Which, when I know that boasting is an

honour. I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being

From men of royal siege; and my demerits May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd. For know. Iago.

But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhoused free condition Put into circumscription and confine For the seas' worth.

Enter Cassio and Officers with torches. But look what lights come vonder. Scene 21 OTHELLO

lago. Those are the raised father and his friends.

You were best go in.

Not I; I must be found. Oth. My parts, my title, and my perfect soul 31 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they? Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke and my

lieutenant-The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General; And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance

Even on the instant.

What is the matter, think you? Oth. Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.

It is a business of some heat: the galleys 40 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers This very night at one another's heels; And many of the consuls, rais'd and met, Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found.

The Senate hath sent about three several quests

To search you out.

'Tis well I am found by you. I will but spend a word here in the house, [Exit. And go with you.

Ancient, what makes he here? Cas. Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack.

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever. Cas. I do not understand. He's married. Iago.

To who? Cas.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to-Come, Captain, will you

Oth. Have with you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd:

He comes to bad intent. Holla! stand there.

Oth.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor. Bra. Down with him, thief. They draw on both sides.

Iago. You, Roderigo; come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense. If she in chains of magic were not bound, 65 Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy, So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock, Run from her guardage to the sooty boscm Of such a thing as thou—to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms.

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weakens motion. I'll have't disputed on:

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking. I therefore apprehend and do attach thee For an abuser of the world, a practiser Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him. If he do resist, Subdue him at his peril.

Hold your hands. Both you of my inclining and the rest. Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

To prison; till fit time Of law and course of direct session Call thee to answer.

What if I do obey? Oth. How may the Duke be therewith satisfied, Whose messengers are here about my side, Upon some present business of the state, 90 To bring me to him.

'Tis true, most worthy signior; 1 Off. The Duke's in council, and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

How! The Duke in council! In this time of the night! Bring him away. Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself, Or any of my brothers of the state, Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own:

For if such actions may have passage free. Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen Exeunt.

SCHOE III. Venice. A council-chamber.

Enter DUKE and Senators, set at a table with lights; and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these

That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd; My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

III7

70

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty. And mine two hundred. 2 Sen. But though they jump not on a just account-

As in these cases, where the aim reports. 'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus. Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

I do not so secure me in the error But the main article I do approve

In fearful sense. Sailor. [Within] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho !

Enter Sailor.

Officer. A messenger from the galleys. Now, what's the business? Duke. Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:

So was I bid report here to the state By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change? 1 Sen. This cannot be. By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant To keep us in false gaze. When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20 And let ourselves again but understand That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes.

But altogether lacks th' abilities That Rhodes is dress'd in-if we make

thought of this, We must not think the Turk is so unskilful

To leave that latest which concerns him

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain To wake and wage a danger profitless. Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

gracious,

Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after 1 Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as

you guess? Mess. Of thirty sail; and now they do

restem Their backward course, bearing with frank

appearance Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus, Marcus Lucchese, is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence. Duke. Write from us: wish him postpost-haste dispatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, IAGO. Roderico, and Officers.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman. [To Brabantio] I did not see you; welcome,

gentle signior; We lack'd your counsel and your help tonight.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me:

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business.

Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature That it englits and swallows other sorrows. And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter? Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter! All.Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me. So may he with more facile question bear She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and cor-

For that it stands not in such warlke brace, By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;

For nature so preposterously to err. Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,

Sans witchcraft could not. Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself. And you of her, the bloody book of law You shall yourself read in the bitter letter After your own sense; yea, though our proper son

Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace. Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and Here is the man-this Moor whom now, it seems.

Your special mandate for the state affairs Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't. Duke. [To Othello] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so. Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors.

My very noble and approv'd good masters: That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her-The very head and front of my offending 80 With his free duty recommends you thus, Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech.

And little blest with the soft phrase of And she in mine. peace;

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd

Their dearest action in the tented field: 85 And little of this great world can I speak More than pertains to feats of broil and battle:

And therefore little shall I grace my cause In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver Of my whole course of love-what drugs, what charms.

What conjuration, and what mighty magic, For such proceedings am I charg'd withal,

I won his daughter.

A maiden never bold. Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion Blush'd at herself; and she-in spite of nature,

Of years, of country, credit, every thing-To fall in love with what she fear'd to look

It is a judgment maim'd and most im-

perfect
That will confess perfection so could err 100 Against all rules of nature, and must be

To find out practices of cunning hell, Why this should be. I therefore youch Devour up my discourse. Which I observ-

That with some mixtures powerful o'er the Took once a pliant hour, and found good blood.

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect, He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof— Without more wider and more overt test Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak. Did you by indirect and forced courses Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or came it by request, and such fair question

As soul to soul affordeth?

I do beseech you, Send for the lady to the Sagittary, And let her speak of me before her father. If you do find me foul in her report, The trust, the office, I do hold of you

Not only take away, but let your sentence Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. 120 Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

Exeunt Iago and Attendants. And, till she come, as faithful as to heaven I do confess the vices of my blood, So justly to your grave ears I'll present

How I did thrive in this fair lady's love, 125 Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me; Still question'd me the story of my life From year to year—the battles, sieges, fortunes.

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days To th' very moment that he bade me tell it: Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances, Of moving accidents by flood and field; 135 Of hairbreadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe

And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence, And portance in my travel's history:

Wherein of antres wast and deserts idle. 140 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven.

It was my hint to speak-such was the process:

And of the Cannibals that each other eat, The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to

Would Desdemona seriously incline: But still the house affairs would draw her

thence: Which ever as she could with haste

dispatch. She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

ing, means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart That I would all my pilgrimage dilate, Whereof by parcels she had something

heard, But not intentively. I did consent, And often did beguile her of her tears. When I did speak of some distressful stroke That my youth suffer'd. My story being

done, She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange:

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful. She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd

That heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd

I should but teach him how to tell my story,

And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd; And I lov'd her that she did pity them. This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.

Good Brabantio,

Take up this mangled matter at the best. Men do their broken weapons rather use Than their base hands.

I pray you hear her speak. Bra. If she confess that she was half the wooer, Destruction on my head if my bad blame Light on the man! Come hither, gentie mistress.

Do you perceive in all this noble company Where most you owe obedience?

My noble father, I do perceive here a divided duty: To you I am bound for life and education: My life and education both do learn me How to respect you; you are the lord of duty-

I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband.

And so much duty as my mother show'd To you, preferring you before her father, So much I challenge that I may profess Due to the Moor, my lord.

God bu'y, I ha done. Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs-

I had rather to adopt a child than get it. Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my

Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake, iewel.

I am glad at soul I have no other child; For thy escape would teach me tyranny, To hang clogs on them. I have done, my

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers

Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone Is the next way to draw new mischief on. What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,

Patience her injury a mockery makes. The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief:

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile: We lose it not so long as we can smile. 217 And I a heavy interim shall support He bears the sentence well that nothing by his dear absence. Let me go with him. bears

But the free comfort which from thence he hears:

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow

That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences, to sugar or to gall, Being strong on both sides, are equivocal. But words are words: I never yet did hear That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.

I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you. You must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize

A natural and prompt alacrity I find in hardness; and would undertake This present wars against the Ottomites. Most humbly, therefore, bending to your

I crave fit disposition for my wife: Due reference of place and exhibition: With such accommodation and besort As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please. Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so. 240

Oth. Nor I. Nor I. I would not there reside, To put my father in impatient thoughts By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke, To my unfolding lend your prosperous car, And let me find a charter in your voice 245 T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona? Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,

downright violence and storm of fortunes

May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd

Even to the very quality of my lord: I saw Othello's visage in his mind; And to his honours and his valiant parts Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate. So that, dear lords, if I be left behind, A moth of peace, and he go to the war, The rites for why I love him are bereft me,

Oth. Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it nor

To please the palate of my appetite; Nor to comply with heat—the young affects In me defunct—and proper satisfaction; But to be free and bounteous to her

mınd. And heaven defend your good souls that you think

your serious and great business scant

For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd tovs

Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dull-

My speculative and offic'd instruments, 270 That my disports corrupt and taint my business.

Let huswives make a skillet of my helm. And all indign and base adversities Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,

Either for her stay or going. Th' affair cries haste,

And speed must answer it. You must away to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord!

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart. Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind, And he shall our commission bring to

With such things else of quality and respect

As doth import you. Oth. So please your Grace, my ancient; A man he is of honesty and trust.

To his conveyance I assign my wife, With what else needful your good Grace shall think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so. Good night to every one. [To Brabantio] And, noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 289 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black. 1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. [Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c. Oth. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago.

My Desdemona must I leave to thee. I prithee let thy wife attend on her; And bring them after in the best advantage. Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour Of love, of worldly matter and direction, To spend with thee. We must obey the

Rod. Iago!

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart? Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou? Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep. Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is sillness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I ha look'd upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Eie I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my

virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are cur gardens to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme. supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness of manur'd with industry-why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous con-clusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be. Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies! I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurp'd beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moor-put money in thy purse-nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills-fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as acerbe as the coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs [Exeunt Othello and Desdemona. damn thyself, do it a more delicate way

than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shall enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox a drowning thyself! 'Iss clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I

depend on the issue?

Tago. Thou ait sure of me—go make money. I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear

Rod. I am chang'd.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Put money enough in your purse.

Rod. I'll sell all my land. [Exit Roderigo Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane

If I would time expend with such a snipe But for my sport and profit. I hate the

Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt m' sheets

'Has done my office. I know not if't b true;

Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind, 38 Will do as if for surety. He holds me well The better shall my purpose work on him Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now: To get his place, and to plume up my wil In double knavery. How, how? Let's see After some time to abuse Othello's ear That he is too familiar with his wife. 39

That he is too familiar with his wife. 39
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected—fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem to
be so:

And will as tenderly be led by th' nose 3. As asses are.

I ha't—it is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to th
world's light.

[Exit

ACT TWO

Scene I. Cypius. A sea-port.

Enter Montano, Governor of Cyprus, with two other Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discein at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all; it is a highwrought flood.

cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land:

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements. If it ha ruffian'd so upon the sca, What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on

them, Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet. For do but stand upon the banning shore, The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds:

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane.

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear, And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole.

I never did like molestation view On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd:

It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads! Your wars are done. The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turk

That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wieck and sufferance On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! Is this true?
3 Gent. The ship is he

3 Gent. The ship is here put in, A Veronesa; Michael Cassio, 26 Licutenant to the warlike Moor Othello, Is come ashore: the Moor himself at sea.

And is in full commission here for Cypius.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy
governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly

And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted

With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be; For I have serv'd him, and the man commands 35

Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho! As well to see the vessel that's come in

As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello, Even till we make the main and th' aerial hlue

An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Coine, let's do so: 40 For every minute is expectancy Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle.

That so approve the Moor. O. let the heavens

Give him defence against their elements, 45 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bank is stoutly timber'd, and his

Of very expert and approv'd allowance: Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, Stand in bold cure.

[Within: A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?

Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' th' sea

Stand ranks of people, and they crv 'A sail!

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the [A. shot. Governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge the shot of courtesy:

Our friend at least.

I pray you, sir, go forth, And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd. [Exit. 2 Gent. I shall.

Mon. But, good Lieutenant, is your general wiv'd? 60 Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd

a maid That paragons description and wild fame; One that excels the quirks of blazoning

pens. And in th' essential vesture of creation Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

Now, who has put in? 2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the General.

'Has had most favourable and happy speed.

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands Traitors ensteep'd to enclog the guiltless keel,

As having sense of beauty, do omit Their mortal natures, letting go safely by The divine Desdemona.

What is she? Mon. She that I spake of-our great Captain's Captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold lago: Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guaid,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful breatn,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship.

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms.

Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, And bring all Cypius comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, EMILIA, RODE-RIGO, and Attendants.

O. behold. The tiches of the ship is come ashore! Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees. Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand, Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio. What tidings can you tell me of my lord? Cas. He is not yet alliv'd; nor know I

But that he's well, and will be shortly here. Des. O, but I fear! How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship.

IWithin: A sail, a sail! But haik- 'A sail!' [A shot. 2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:

This likewise is a friend.

So speaks this voice. Cas. [Exit Gentleman. See for the news. Good ancient, you are welcome. Emilia] Welcome, mistress. ITO

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago, That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [Kissing her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me, You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech!

I know too much Iago. I find it ave when I ha list to sleep.

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant, She puts her tongue a little in her heart And chides with thinking.

You ha little cause to say so. Emil. Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out a-doors, bells in your parlours, wildcats in your kitchens, saints in your injuries, devils being offended, players in your huswifery, and huswives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer! Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk :

1123

You rise to play, and go to bed to work. 115 Emil. You shall not write my praise. Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst write of me if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't; For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay.—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile The thing I am by seeming otherwise. Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iggo. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention comes from my pate as birdlime does from frieze-it plucks out brains and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she is

If she be fair and wise—fairness and wit, The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd. How if she be black and witty?

a wit.

She'll find a white that shall her blackness hit.

Des. Worse and worse!

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was

For even her folly help'd her to an heir. Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's

foul and foolish? Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish

thereunto.

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! that praises the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed -one that, in the authority of her merits, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

lago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud; Never lack'd gold, and yet went never

Fled from her wish, and yet said 'Now I

She that, being ang'red, her revenge being

Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;

She that in wisdom never was so frail To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her

See suitors following, and not look behind: She was a wight, if ever such wight were-Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam. You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside] He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said, whisper. With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true: 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! and excellent courtesy! 'Tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lago. If she be black, and thereto have lips? Would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [Trum! The Moor! I know his trumpet. [Trumpet within.

'Tis truly so. Cas. Des. Let's meet him, and receive him. Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair wairior!

Des. My dear Othello! 180 Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death.

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas

Olympus-high and duck again as low As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die, Twere now to be most happy; for I fear My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate. Des. The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should

increase Even as our days do grow!

Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content; It stops me here; it is too much of joy. 195 And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[They kiss.

That e'er our hearts shall make! Iago. [Aside] O, you are well tun'd now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,

As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.

News, friends: our wars are done; the Turks are drown'd. How do our old acquaintance of the isle?

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Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus: I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet.

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts. I prithee, good courtesy. Iago.

Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers; Bring thou the Master to the Citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect. Come.

Desdemona.

Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exeunt all but lago and Roderigo. leaving] Do To one thou meet me presently at the harbour. [To Roderigol Come hither. If thou be'st valiant-as they say base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them-list me. The Lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him. 216

Rod. With him! Why, 'tis not possible. Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies. To love him still for prating?—let To love him still for prating?—let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be-again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, beauties-all which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? A knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why, none; why, none. A slipper and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasion; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blest condition.

lago. Blest fig's end! The wine she Till I am even'd with him, wife for wif drinks is made of grapes. If she had been Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor blest, she would never have lov'd the At least into a jealousy so strong

Moor. Blest pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prelogue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embrac'd to-Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th' incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sii, be you rul'd by me; I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for your command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not; I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well. Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply with his truncheon may strike at you; provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste a ain but by the displanting of Cassio So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably remov'd, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and I must fetch his by at the citadel. necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit. Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great

credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;

And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too ;

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure

I stand accountant for as great a sin, But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lustful Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof

Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards:

And nothing can nor shall content my soul

The wine she Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife; 295 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do.

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip, Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb-For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me.

For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet 'Tis here, but yet Even to madness.

confus'd: Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [Exit.

Scene II. Cyprus. A street.

Enter Othello's Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain udings now arriv'd, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [Ĕxeunt.

SCENE III Cyprus. The citadel.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do: But, notwithstanding, with my personal eve

Will I look to't.

lago is most honest. Oth. Michael, good night. To-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you. [To Desdemonal Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; That profit's yet to come twixt me and vou.

Good night. [Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the

Iago. Not this hour, Lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten a clock. Our general cast us 1126

thus early for the love of his Desdemona: who let us not therefore blame. He hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She is a most exquisite lady. Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game. Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley to provocation. Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks

right modest.

lago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection. Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, Lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends—but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'Tis a night of levels. The gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they? Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit. Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon

With that which he hath drunk to night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost 19 side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous's Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch. Three else of Cyprus-noble swelling spirits.

That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle-Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards

Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle-but here they come.

Re-enter Cassio with Montano, and Gentlemen, followed by Servant with wine.

If consequence do but approve my dream. My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Cas. Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[Sings] And let me the canakin clink, clink: And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man;

O, man's life's but a span; Why, then, let a soldier drink-

Some wine, boys.

Cas. Fore God, an excellent song! Iago. I learn'd it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander-Drink, ho !- are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his

drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General! Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant; and I'll do vou justice.

Iago. O sweet England! King Stephen was and a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown; He held 'em sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown. 85

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree. 'Tis pride that pulls the country down;

Then take thy auld cloak about thee-Some wine, ho!

Cas. Fore God, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all: and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

lago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part—no offence to the General, nor any man of quality-I

hope to be saved.

lago. And so do I too, Lieutenant. 100 Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins. Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough. All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then. You must not think, then, that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before:

He is a soldier fit to stand by Casar And give direction; and do but see his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of

I fear the trust Othello puts him in.

On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus? lago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set. If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well

The General were put in mind of it. Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [Aside to him] How, now, Roderigo! I pray you, after the Lieutenant; go. [Exit Roderigo.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity: It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor.

Not I, for this fair island: Iago. do love Cassio well: and would do much

To cure him of this evil.

[Within: Help, help! But hark, what noise?

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. Zounds, you rogue, you rascal! Mon. What's the matter, Lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! But I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me! Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

(Strikes him. Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

[They fight. Cas. Drunk! Iago. [Aside to Roderigo] Away, I say! Go out and cry a mutiny. [Exit Roderigo. Nay, good Lieutenant. God's will, gentlemen!

ho!-Lieutenant-sir-Montano-Help, SIF-

Here's a goodly watch Help, masters! IA bell rung. indeed! Who's that which rings the bell? Diablo.

The town will rise. God's will, Lieutenant, Of all that I do know; nor know I aught hold.

You'll be asham'd for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Gentlemen, with weapons.

Oth. What is the matter here?

the death—He dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Hold, ho! Lieutenant-sir-Iago.

Montano-gentlemen-

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty? Hold! The General speaks to you: hold. hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, he! From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? For Christian shame, put by this barbarous In night, and on the court and guard of

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle

From her propriety. What's the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving. Speak. Who began this? On thy love, 1 charge thee.

Iago. I do not know. Friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms, like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but

As if some planet had unwitted men, Swords out, and tilting one at other's

breast In opposition bloody. I cannot speak Any beginning to this peevish odds: And would in action glorious I had lost These legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

speak.

be civil: The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is

In mouths of wisest censure-what's the matter That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion for the name Or a night-brawler? Give me answer to't.

danger: Your officer lago can inform you.

100 While I spare speech, which something now As men in rage strike those that wish them offends me.

By me that's said or done amiss this night. Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice. And to defend ourselves it be a sin When violence assails us.

Now, by heaven. My blood begins my safer guides to rule : Mon. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to And passion, having my best judgment

collied.

Assays to lead the way. Zounds if I stir Or do but lift this arm, the best of you 200 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know How this foul rout began, who set it on: And he that is approv'd in this offence. Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war. 205 Yet wild, the people's hearts brim full of fear.

To manage private and domestic quarrel. safety!

'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth. Thou art no soldier.

Touch me not so near;

I had rather ha this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio; Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth Shall nothing wrong him. Thi; it is. General.

Montano and myself being in speech, There comes a fellow crying out for help, And Cassio following him with determin'd sword

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause: Myself the crying fellow did pursue. Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out.

The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot.

Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont And Cassio high in oath; which till tonight

I ne'er might see before. When I came back.

For this was brief, I found them close together

At blow and thrust, even as again they were 230

When you yourself did part them. More of this matter can I not report; Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to But men are men; the best sometimes forget.

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, best.

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd From him that fled some strange indignity

Which patience could not pass. Oth.

I know, Iago. Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter.

Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee:

But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up. I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear?

All's well now, sweeting; Oth. Come away to bed. [To Montano] Sir, for

vour hurts. Myself will be your surgeon. Lead him off.

[Montano is led off. Iago, look with care about the town,

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come. Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio. Iago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery. Iago. Marry, God forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are more ways to recover the General again; you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! And speak parrot! And squabble, swagger, swear! And discourse fustian with one's own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not. Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful wherefore. O God, that men should put an! As the free elements. And then for her

enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How come you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath. One unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraller. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not so befall'n; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. 292

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredience is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir.

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our General's wife is now the General-I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and gracesconfess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well. Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love

and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. (Exit. Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probal to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue

To win the Moor-were't to renounce his Myself awhile to draw the Moor agart baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin-His soul is so enfetter'd to her love That she may make, unmake, do what she

list. Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I, then,

a villain To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now; for whiles thus honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear-That she repeals him for her body's lust; And by how much she strives to do him good

She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo! Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd: and I think the issue will be-I shall have so much experience for my pains as that comes to; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

patience !

What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft:

And wit depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten

thee. And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd

Cassio. Though other things grow fair against the

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.

Content thyself awhile. By th' mass, 'tis morning!

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted. Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter.

Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Roderigo. Two things are to be done: My wife must move for Cassio to her

mistress: I'll set her on;

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way; 375 Dull not device by coldness and delay. Exit.

ACT THREE

Scene I. Cyprus. Before the citadel.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains. Something that's bliet; and bid 'Good morrow, General'. [Music.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why masters, ha your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' th' nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how? Clo. Are these, I pray, call'd wind instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instru-ment that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the General so likes your music that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not. Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the General does not greatly

1 Mus. We have none such, sir. Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, Iago. How poor are they that have not for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away.

Exeunt Musicians. Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend? Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; 360 I hear you.

Cas. Prithee keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the General's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech. Will thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [Exit Clown.

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, lago. Iago. You have not been abed, then? 30 Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.

I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife: my suit to her Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

I'll send her to you presently: And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor 36 Scene 11 OTHELLO

Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [Exit Iagol I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good Lieutenant. I am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will sure That, I being absent, and my place be well.

The General and his wife are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings To take the safest occasion by the front To bring you in again.

Yet, I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done. 51 Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone. I will bestow you where you shall have Than give thy cause away.

To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. IExeunt.

Scene II. Cybrus. The citadei.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the p lot; And by him do my duties to the Senate. That done, I will be walking on the works; Repair there to me.

Well, my good lord, I'll do't. Iago. Oth. This fortification, gentlemen-shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Cyprus. The garden of the citadel.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do

All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam. do. I warrant it grieves my husband As if the case were his.

doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

Bounteous madam. Cas. Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio. He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't-I thank you You do love my lord: You have known him long, and be you

well assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off Than in a politic distance

Cas. Ay, but, lady,

That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet. Or breed itself so out of circumstances, 16

supplied, My general wall forget my love and service. Des. De not doubt that; before Emilia

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee.

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article. My lord shall never rest;

I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift:

I'll intermingle everything he does With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio:

Pray you come in. For thy solicitor shall rather die

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord. Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak. Cas. Madam, not now. I am very ill at

Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. Ha! I like not that. Oth. What dost thou say? Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if-I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it, That he would sneak away so guilty-like, 40

Seeing your coming. I do believe 'twas he. Oth.

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here, A man that languishes in your displeasure. Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you, Des. O, that's an honest fellow. Do not His present reconciliation take;

For if he be not one that truly loves you, That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning, I have no judgment in an honest face. 51 prithee call him back.

Went he hence now? Des. Yes, faith; so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me But I do love thee; and when I love thee To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you. Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

No. not to-night. Oth.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then? Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel. Des. Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn,

On Tuesday noon or night, on Wednesday morn.

I pr'thee name the time; but let it not Exceed three days. I'faith, he's penitent; Ard wer his trespass, in our common ceason-

Save that, they say, the wars must make

example

out of her best-is not almost a fault I Mcur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello-I wonder in my soul 69 What you would ask me that I should

What! Or stand so mamm'ring on. Michael Cassio,

That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time.

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly, Hath ta'en your part—to have so much

to do To bring him in! By'r Lady, I could do

Oth. Prithee, no more; let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Why, this is not a boon; Des. 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, It shall be full of poise and difficult weight, And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing. Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this, To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? No; farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona. I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia. Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul

not

Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord!

Oth. What dost thou say, lago? Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask? But for a satisfaction of my Iago.

thought-No further harm.

Why of thy thought, Iago? Oth. Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her. Oth. O, yes; and went between us very

often.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord? Oth. Honest? Ay, honest. My ford, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord? Oth. Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me. IΙO

As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean

something: I heard thee say but now thou lik'st not

that. When Cassio left my wife. What didst

not like? And when I told thee he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'

And didst contract and purse thy brow together.

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love

> Show me thy thought. Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost: And for I know thou art full of love and

honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath.

Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more:

For such things in a false disloyal knave 125 Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just

They are close delations, working from the heart

That passion cannot rule.

For Michael Cassio, Iago. I dare presume I think that he is honest. Oth. I think so too.

Men should be that they seem; Iago.

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Or those that be not, would they might Who, certain of his fate, loves not his seem none! 131

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this. 131 I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings As thou dost juminate; and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Good my lord, pardon me Iago. Though I am bound to every act of duty I am not bound to that all slaves are free

Utter my thoughts. Why, say they are vile and false.

As where's that palace whereinto foul things Sometimes intrude not? Who has that breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit With meditations lawful? 145

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

I do beseech vou, Iago. Though I perchance am vicious in my guess As, I confess, it is my nature's plague 150 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy Shapes faults that are not-that your wisdom

From one that so imperfectly conjects. Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

It were not for your quiet nor your good, Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom, To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. Zounds! What dost thou mean? Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord.

Is the immediate jewel of their souls: 160 Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts. Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand:

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody. Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock 170

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss

wronger.

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery! Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich

enough,

But tiches fineless is as poor as winter To him that ever fears he shall be poor. Good God, the souls of all my tribe defend From realousy!

OthWhy, why is this? Think'sr thou I'd make a life of jealousy, To follow still the changes of the moon

With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt

Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat

When I shall turn the business of my soul To such exsufficate and blown surmises Matching thy interence. 'Tis not to make me jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well:

Where viitue is, these are more virtuous. Nor from mine own weak merits will I diaw

The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt: For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago; I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:

And, on the proof, there is no more but this-

Away at once with love or jealousy! Iago. I am glad of this: icr now I shall have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,

Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof

Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eyes thus, not jealous nor secure. I would not have your free and noble nature

Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't. I know our country disposition well: In Venice they do let God see the pranks They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience

Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;

And when she seem'd to shake and lear your looks.

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did. Iago. Why, go to then!

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She that, so young, could give out such a Withany strong or vehement importunity: seeming.

To seel her father's eves up close as oak-He thought 'twas witchcraft. But I am Let me be thought too busy in my fearsmuch to blame; 215

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon

For too much loving you. I am bound to thee for ever. Oth. Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your

spirits. Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

I'faith, I fear it has. I hope you will consider what is spoke 220 Comes from my love; but I do see you are mov'd.

I am to pray you not to strain my speech I'd whistle her off and let her down the To grosser issues nor to larger reach Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Should you do so, my lord, 225 Iago. My speech should fall into such vile success Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy friend-

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

No, not much mov'd. Oth. I do not think but Desdemona's honest. Iago. Long live she so! and long live you

to think so! Oth. And yet, how nature erring from

Iago. Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold with you—

Not to affect many proposed matches Of her own clime, complexion, and degree, Whereto we see in all things nature tends-Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,

Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. But pardon me—I do not in position Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear Her will, recoiling to her better judgment, May fall to match you with her country forms.

And happily repent.

Farewell, farewell. If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;

Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, lago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going. Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless

Sees and knows more—much more than he unfolds.

Iago. [Returning] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.

Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place, For, sure, he fills it up with great ability, Yet if you please to hold him off awhile, You shall by that perceive him and his 253

Note if your lady strain his entertainment

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time

As worthy cause I have to fear I am-And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government. Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit. Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty.

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit.

Of human dealing. If I do prove her haggard.

Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings.

wind To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black

And have not those soft parts of conversa-

That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd Into the vale of years-yet that's not much-

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage, That we can call these delicate creatures

And not their appetites! I had rather be a

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 275 Than keep a corner in the thing I love

For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones:

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base: 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death: 279 Even then this forked plague is fated to us When we do quicken. Look where she comes.

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself! I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello? Your dinner, and the generous islanders By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly? Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again. Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well. [He puts the handkerchief from him, and she drops it.

Your napkin is too little. Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you. Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona. Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin. This was her first remembrance from the

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token-

For he conjur'd her she shou d ever keep it-

That she reserves it evermore about her To kiss and talk to. I'll ha the work ta'en out.

And give't lago. What he'll do with it Heaven knows, not I; I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! What do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me? It is a common thing!

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

me now

For that same handkerchief? What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief! Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona:

Iago. Hast stole it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by Farewell the plumed troops, and the big negligence.

And to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.

Look, here it is.

A good wench! Give it me. Iago. Emil. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Why, what's that to you? Iago. [Snatching it.

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import, 320 Give me't again. Poor lady, she'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.

[Exit Emilia. Go, leave me. I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, And let him find it. Trifles light as air 326 Are to the jealous confirmations strong As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison. Dangerous concerts are in their natures poisons

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste But, with a little act upon the blood,

Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

My wayward husband hath a hundred Look where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora.

Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world. 335 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep Which thou owed'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me, to me?

Iago. Why, how now, General? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! Thou hast set me on the rack.

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd 340 Than but to know 't a little.

How now, my lord! Iago. Oth. What sense had I in her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not

I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips. 345 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy if the general Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body. So I had nothing known. O, now for ever That which so often you did bid me steal. Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed and the shull trump.

The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife.

The royal banner, and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war !

And O ye mortal engines whose rude throats

Jove's dread Th' immortal clamours counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone. Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore-

[Taking him by the throat. Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul, Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Is't come to this? Iago. Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life! Iago. My noble lord-Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture

I did say so. Never pray more; abandon all remorse;

On horror's head horrors accumulate: Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add Greater than that.

O grace! O heaven forgive me Have you a soul or Are you a man? sense ?-

God buy you; take mine office. O wretched fool.

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice O monstrous world! Take note, take note. O world.

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit; and from hence I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest. fool,

And loses that it works for.

By the world. I think my wife be honest, and think she is not:

I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black As mine own face. If there be cords or knives.

Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams. I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Would! Nay, and I will. Oth. Iago. And may; but how—how satisfied, my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape

Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O! Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think, To bring them to that prospect. Damn them, then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster More than their own! What then? How

then? What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? It is impossible you should see this.

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys.

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say, If imputation and strong circumstances 410 Which lead directly to the door of truth Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office; 414 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, Whose icy current and compulsive course 1136

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love, I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately, And, being troubled with a raging tooth. I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul 420 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs: One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves '. And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my

hand, Crv 'O sweet creature!' then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots. That grew upon my lips-then laid his leg Over my thigh—and sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor I

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream. Oth. But this denoted a toregone conclusion.

Iago. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream,

And this may help to thicken other proofs That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this: Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift. Iago. I know not that; but such a

handkerchief-I am surge it was your wife's-did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

If it be that-Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers. It speaks against her with the other proofs. Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand

lives ! One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago-All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven. 'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell.

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues.

Yet be content. I ago. Oth. O, blood, blood, blood! Iago. Patience, I say; your mind per-

haps may change. Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Propontic and the Hellespont; 460 the doing it. Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent

pace, Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love.

Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up. [He kneels] Now, by youd marble heaven.

In the due reverence of a sacred vow I here engage my words.

Iago. [Kneeling] Do not rise yet. Witness, you ever-burning lights above, You elements that clip us round about, Witness that here Iago doth give up The execution of his wit, hands, heart, 470 To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him

command. And to obey shall be in me remorse, What bloody business ever. They rise.

I greet thy love, Oth. Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't. 475 Within these three days let me hear thee How do you, Desdemona?

That Cassio's not alive.

My friend is dead: 'Tis done at your request. But let her live. Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her,

damn her! Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Cyprus. Before the citadel.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man? Clo. He's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to. Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie. Des. Can anything be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of

man's wit; and therefore I will attempt Exit. Des. Where should I lose the hand-

kerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam. Des. Believe me, I had rather lose my

purse Full of crusadoes; and but my noble Moor

Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough 25 To put him to ill thinking.

Ēmil. Is he not jealous? Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born

Drew all such humours from him.

Enter OTHELLO.

Emil. Look where he comes. Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio Be call'd to him. How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [Aside] O.

hardness to dissemble !-

Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow. Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal

heart: Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires

sequester from liberty, fasting and praver.

Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so; Des. Do you know, sirrah, where the For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave hands;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts. Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Here, my lord. 50 Oth. That which I gave you.

I have it not about me. Des.

Oth. Not? Des. No, faith, my lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief 55 Did an Egyptian to my mother give.

She was a charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

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'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, 60 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye Should hold her loathely, and his spirits They eat us hungerly, and when they are should hunt After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me, And bid me, when my fate would have me wive, To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't; Make it a darling like your precious eye; To lose't or give't away were such perdition As nothing else could match. Is't possible? Des. Oth. 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it. A sibyl that had numb'red in the world 70 The sun to course two hundred compasses In her prophetic fury sew'd the work; The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk; And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful Conserv'd of maidens' hearts. I'faith! Is't true? 75 Des. Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't Des. Then would to God that I had never seen't! Oth. Ha! Wherefore? Des. Why do you speak so startingly and Oth. Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak. Is 't out o' th' way ? Des. Heaven bless us! Oth. Sav you? Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were? Oth. How! Des. I say it is not lost. Oth. Fetch't, let me see't. Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now. This is a trick to put me from my suit: Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again. Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives. Des. Come, come; You Il never meet a more sufficient man. Oth. The handkerchief! I pray talk me of Cassio. Des. Oth. The handkerchief! A man that all his time Hath founded his good fortunes on your love, Shar'd dangers with you-Oth. The handkerchief! Des. I'faith, you are to blame. Oth. Zounds! Exit Othello. Emil. Is not this man jealous? Des. I ne'er saw this before. Sure there's some wonder in this hand-

kerchief; I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

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Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man. They are all but stomachs, and we all but food: full. They belch us. Enter CASSIO and IAGO. Look you, Cassio and my husband. Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't. And, lo, the happiness! Go and importune her. Des. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with you? Cas. Madam, my former suit. beseech you That by your virtuous means I may again Exist, and be a member of his love Whom I, with all the office of my heart, Entirely honour. I would not be delay'd. If my offence be of such mortal kind That nor my service past, nor present soriows. Nor purpos'd ment in futurity, Can ransom me into his love again, But to know so must be my benefit: So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, And shut myself up in some other course. To fortune's alms. Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio! My advocation is not now in tune: My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him. Were he in favour as in humour alter'd. So help me every spirit sanctified, As I have spoken for you all my best. And stood within the blank of his displeasure For my free speech! You must awhile be patient. What I can do I will; and more I will Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you. Iago. Is my lord angry? He went hence but now. Emil. And certainly in strange unquietness. Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon When it hath blown his ranks into the air. And, like the devil, from his very arm Puff'd his own brother—and is he angry? Something of moment, then. I will go meet him. There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. Des. I prithee do so. [Exit Iago. Something sure of state Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such

Men's natures wrangle with inferior thing,

Though great ones are their object. even so:

For let our finger ache, and it endues Our other healthful members even to a sense

Of pain. Nay, we must think, men are not gods,

Nor of them look for such observancy As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much. Emilia.

I was-unhandsome warrior as I am-Arraigning his unkindness with my soul; But now I find I had suborn'd the witness, And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause. But jealous for they are jealous. 'Tıs a monster

Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from For I attend here; but I'll see you soon. Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen. Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk

hereabout. If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,

And seek to effect it to my uttermost. Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship. 169 [Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio! What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights? Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent

hours, More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me. Bianca. I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;

But I shall in a more continuate time Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief. Take me this work out.

O Cassio, whence came this? This is some token from a newer friend: To the felt absence now I feel a cause. Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas.

'Tis Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth. From whence you have them. You are

jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.

No, by my faith, Bianca.

Why, whose is it? Bian. Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded-As like enough it will-I would have it copied.

Take it, and do't: and leave me for this tıme.

Bian. Leave you! Wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General; And think it no addition, nor my wish, 195

To have him see me woman'd. Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

 $B\iota an.$ But that you do not love me. I pray you bring me on the way a little; And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Cyprus. Before the citadel.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago? What, Iago.

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss. Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed

An hour or more, not meaning any harm? Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil.

They that mean virtuously and yet do so, The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief- 10 Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man. Oth. She is protectress of her honour too: May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft that have it not. But, for the handkerchief-

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it. Go to, woman! Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory

As doth the raven o'er the infected house, Boding to all-he had my handkerchief. Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Ĭago. What If I had said I had seen him do you wrong? Or heard him say-as knaves be such abroad.

Who having, by their own importunate suit.

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress, Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose But they must blab-

Oth. Hath he said anything? Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd.

No more than he'll unswear.

What hath he said? Oth. Iago. Faith, that he did-I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what? Iago. Lie-

With her? Oih.

With her, on her; what you will. Iago. We say Oth. Lie with her-lie on her? lie on her when they belie her. Lie with her. Zounds, that's fulsome. Handkerchief -confessions-handkerchief! To confess, and be hang'd for his labour-first, to be hang'd, and then to confess. I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thuspish!—noses, ears, and lips. Is't possible? Confess! Handkerchief! O devil!

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on, My medicine, work. Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus.

All guiltless, meet reproach. my lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio! Cas. What's the matter?

lago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy. 50 This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

No, forbear. The lethargy must have his quiet course; If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.

Do you withdraw yourself a little while; He will recover straight; when he is gone.

I would on great occasion speak with you. [Exit Cassic.

How is it, General? Have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

I mock you? No, by heaven! Iago. Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he contess it?

Good sir, be a man; 65 Iago. Think every bearded fellow that's but vok'd

May draw with you; there's millions now alive

That nightly lie in those unproper beds Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's archmock.

To lip a wanton in a secure couch. And to suppose her chaste! No. let me know;

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain. Iago. Stand you awhile apart.

Confine yourself but in a patient list. Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with vour grief-

A passion most unsuiting such a man-Cassio came hither: I shifted him away. And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy: Bade him anon return, and here speak with

me; The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself.

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face; For I will make him tell the tale anew-What, ho! Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,

He hath, and is again to cope your wife. I say, but mark his gesture. patience:

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen, And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago? I will be found most cunning in my patience:

But-dost thou hear?-most bloody. Lago. That's not amiss; But yet keep time in all. Will you with-[Othello withdraws. draw?

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca, A huswife that by selling her desires Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a

creature That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one. He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain From the excess of laughter.

*60

Re-enter Cassio.

Here he comes. As he shall smile Othello shall go mad; 100 And his unbookish jealousy must construe Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviours.

Quite in the wrong. How do you now. Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,

How quickly should you speed!

Alas, poor cartiff! Cas. Oth. Look how he laughs already! Iago. I never knew a woman love man so. Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Now he importunes him Oth. To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? Do you

Cas. I marry her! What, a customer! I prithee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so-they laugh that

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you marry her.

Cas. Prithee say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else. Oth. Ha you scor'd me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving

out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was t'other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble-by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were:

his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha! Oth. Now he tells how she pluck'd him

to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to. Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Enter BIANCA.

Iago. Before me! Look where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one. What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt What did you mean by that same vou. handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work-a likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There—give it your hobbyhorse. Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [Exit.

Iago. After her, after her. Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail i' th'

street else.

Iago. Will you sup there? Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for

I would very fain speak with you. Cas. Prithee come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio. Oth. [Coming forward] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice ?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

lago. Yours, by this hand. And to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and he hath giv'n it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years akilling. A fine woman! a fair woman! a

sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way. Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle, an admirable musician—O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear !—of so high and

plenteous wit and invention. Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand timesand then of so gentle a condition.

Iago. Ay, too gentle. Oth. Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, For, as I think, they do command him lago! lago. If you be so fond over her iniquity. give her patent to offend: for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. Oth. I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me! Iago. O, 'tis foul in her. Oth. With mine officer! Iago. That's fouler. Oth. Get me some poison, Iago-this night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again-this night, lago. Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated. Oth. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good. lago. And for Cassio-let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight. Oth. Excellent good. IA trumbet. What trumpet is that same? Iago. I warrant, something from Venice. Enter Lodovico, Despemona, and Attendants. 'Tis Lolovico-this comes from the Duke. See, your wife 's with him. Lod. God save thee, worthy General! Oth. With all my heart, sir Lod. The Duke and Senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a backet. Oth. I kiss the instrument of their 10 bens the backet and reads. pleasures. Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico? Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus. Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio? Lives, sir. Iago. and my lord An unkind breach; but you shall make all well. Oth. Are you sure of that? Des. My ford? Oth. [Reads] 'This fail you not to do as you will '-Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio? Des. A most unhappy one. I would do much T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio. Oth. Fire and brimstone ! Des. My lord? Oth. Are you wise? 230 Des. What, is he angry? Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;

[Act 4 home. Deputing Cassio in his government. Des. By my troth, I am glad on't. Oth. Indeed! Des. My lord? Oth. I am glad to see you mad. Des. Why, sweet Othello? Oth. Devil! [Striking her. Des. I have not deserv'd this. Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice. Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much. Make her amends; she weeps. O devil, devil! 240 OH. If that the earth could teem with woman's tears. Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. Out of my sight! I will not stay to offend you. Des. Going. Lod. Truly, an obedient lady. 244 I do beseech your loidship, call her back. Oth. Mistress! Des. My lord? Oth. What would you with her, sir? Lod. Who, I, my lord? Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn. Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on. And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep; And she's obedient, as you say, obedient, Very obedient .- Proceed you in your Concerning this, sir,-O, well-painted passion !-I am commanded home. Get you away: I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt! Exit Desdemona. Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight. I do entreat that we may sup together. You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.-Goats and monkeys! Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full Senate Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature Whom passion could not shake, whose solid virtue The shot of accident nor dart of chance Could neither graze nor pierce? He is much chang'd. Iago. Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain? Iggo. He's that he is. I may not breathe my censure. What he might be, if what he might he is not, I would to heaven he were!

What, strike his wife!

Lod.

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew 270
That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him; 275
And his own courses will denote him so

And his own courses will denote him so That I may save my speech. Do but go after.

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Cyprus. The citadel.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Olh. You have seen nothing, then? Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them. 5

Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' th' way?
Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest.

Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,

Remove your thought—it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head, 15 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse;

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

whore.

Oth. Bid her come hither. Go. [Exit Emilia. She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd That cannot say as much. This is a subtle

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets; And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?

Qth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [To Emilia] Some of your function, mistress:

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come. 29 Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch. [Exit Emilia.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words, But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. You wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself; lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-damn'd—swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemona! away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord? If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oih. Had it pleas'd heaven To try me with affliction; had they rain'd All kind of sores and shames on my bare head.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes.

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me The fixed figure for the time of scorn 55 To point his slow unmoving finger at!— O, O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well; But there, where I have garner'd up my heart.

Where either I must live or bear no life, The fountain from the which my current

Or else dries up—to be discarded thence! Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin—

Ay, here, look grim as hell.

65

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO Act 4

shambles.

That quicken even with blowing. O thou And call thy husband hither. weed

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet That the sense aches at thee!

Would thou had'st never been born! Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book.

Made to write 'whore 'upon? What committed!

Committed! O thou public commoner! I should make very torges of my cheeks as That would to cinders burn up modesty, Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets, Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth And will not hear it. What committed! 8. Impudent strumpet!

By heaven, you do me wrong Des. Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

No, as I am a Christian If to preserve this vessel for my lord From any other foul unlawful touch

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none. Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd. Oth. Is't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then. I took you for that cunning whore of **Ýenice**

That married with Othello.—You, mistress, That have the office opposite to Saint Peter

And keeps the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, av you! We ha done our course; there's money for your pains.

I pray you turn the key, and keep our Exit. counsel.

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? How do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord? Des. With who? TOC

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady. Des. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep, nor answers have I none But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night

Olh. O, ay; as summer flies are in the Lay on my bed my wedding sheets-remember:

Emil. Here's a change indeed! [Exit. Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks. He might have child me so; for, in good faith. I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady? Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhou'd her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon

That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

What name, fair lady? Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whose. A beggar in his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches. Her father, and her country, and her

friends. To be call'd whore? Would it not make

one ween? Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Beshrew him for't! Iago. How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know. Emil. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain.

Some busy and insinuating rogue, Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some

office. Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

lago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?

What place, what time, what form, what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some outrageous up in peace what already I have foolishly knave.

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

O heaven, that such companions thou'ds: unfold.

And put in every honest hand a whip To lash the rascals naked through the world Even from the east to the west!

Speak within door. Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without

And made you to suspect me with the Moor. Iago. You are a tool: go to.

Des-O God! Iago.

What shall I do to win my lord again? 150 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven.

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel. If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense Delighted them in any other form,

Or that I do not yet, and ever did.

And ever will-though he do shake me off To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly, Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much:

And his unkindness may defeat my life, But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore';

It does abhor me now I speak the word; To do the act that might the addition earn, Not the world's mass of vanity could make

Iago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his humour.

The business of the state does him offence, And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other!

It is but so, I warrant. Iago. [Trumpets within.

Hark how these instruments summon you to supper.

The messengers of Venice stay the meat. Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put

suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo? Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly. Rod. With nought but truth. wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

lago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; by this hand I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself fopt in it.

Iago. Very well. Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels. I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now. Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I

protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd. Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than purpose, courage, and ever—I mean valour-this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? Is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio. 226

Rod. How do you mean removing of him? Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place—knocking out his brains. Rod. And that you would have me to do?

lago. Ay, an if you dare do yourself a profit and right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not an 12'd at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste. About it. 241 Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

lago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Cyprus. The citadel.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodoyico, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'tw ll do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome. Oth. Will you walk, sir? O, Desdemona

Des. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant;

will be return'd forthwith. Dispatch your attendant there. Look 't be done.

Des. I will, my lord. [Exeunt Othello Lodovico, and Attendants Emil. How goes it now? He looks gentle

than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent. He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu. We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I: my love doth so

approve him
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his

frowns—

Prithee unpin me—have grace and favou

in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bad

me on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolis

are our minds!

If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me In one of these same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk Des. My mother had a maid call' Barbary:

She was in love; and he she lov'd provimad,

And did forsake her. She had a song of 'willow';

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An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,

and she died singing it. That song to-night Will not go from my mind; I have much to do

But to go hang my head all at one side and sing it like poor Barbary. Prithee dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown? Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [Sings] The poor soul sat sighing by

a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow; 40 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee.

Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd

her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:

Her salt tears fell from her and soft ned the stones;

Sing willow— Lay by these—

willow, willow.-- .

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon.— Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve—

Nay, that's not next. Hark! who is't that

knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. [Sings] I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court moe women, you'll couch with
moe men—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these
men. these men!

Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all
the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly

light;
I might do't as well i' th' dark.

Scene 31 OTHELLO

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing. It is a great price for a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou woulds not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should and undo't when I had done it. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but for all the whole world—ud's pity, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a

wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such

woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to th vantage as would store the world they play'd for. But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties.

And pour our treasures into foreign laps: May unfold me to him; there stand I in Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us: or say they No, he must die. Be 't so, I hear him strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite: Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and

As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is. And doth affection breed it? I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs? It is so too. And have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? Then let them use us well; else let them know

The ills we do their ills instruct us so. Des Good night, good night. God me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Cyprus. A street.

Enter TAGO and RODERIGO.

Iggo. Here, stand behind this bulk; Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, straight will he come.

home

Quick, quick; fear nothing: I'll be at thy

It makes us or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution. Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry

ın't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand. Be bold, and take thy stand. Withdraws. Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons-

'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he dies. Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat

almost to the sense.

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other. Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution large Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him As gifts to Desdemona:

It must not be. If Cassio do remain. He hath a daily beauty in his life

That makes me ugly; and besides, the

Moor much peril.

coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he. Villain. thou diest! [Thrusts at Cassio. Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy ındeed

But that my coat is better than thou know'st. I will make proof of thine. [Draws, and

wounds Roderigo. Rod. O, I am slain! [Iago stabs Cassio from behind in the leg, and exit. Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho!

murder! murder! Falls. Enter OTHELLO at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio. Iago keeps his

word. Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30 Oth. 'Tis he. O brave lago, honest and

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me-minion, your dear lies dead.

And your unblest fate hies. Strumpet, I come.

are blotted;

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Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [Exit.	Iago. How is't, brother? Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO at a distance.	Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Cas. What, ho! No watch? No passage?	Light, gentlemen. I'll bind it with my shirt.
Murder! muider! Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is	Enter Bianca.
very direful.	Bian. What is the matter, ho? Who is't that cried?
Cas. O, help! Lod. Hark!	Iago. Who is't that cried!
Rod. O wretched villain!	Bian O my dear Cassio!
Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night;	My sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio may
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe	Who they should be that have thus
To come in to the cry without more help.	mangled you?
Rod. Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.	Cas No. Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have
Re-enter IAGO with a light.	neen to seek you.
	lago Lend me a garter. So.
Lod. Hark! Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with	O, for a chair, to bear him easily hence! Bian Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio,
light and weapons.	Cassio !
Iugo. Who's there? Whose noise is this	Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this
that cues on murder? Lod. We do not know.	To be a party in this injury.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?	Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come.
Cas. Here, here! For heaven's sake,	come;
help me! Iago. What's the matter?	Lend me a light. Know we this face or no? Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.	Roderigo? No—yes, sure; O heaven!
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant	Roderigo. 90
fellow. Iago. What are you here that cry so	Gra. What, of Venice? Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
grievously?	Gra. Know him! Ay.
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!	Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon;
Give me some help.	These bloody accidents must excuse my
Iago. O me, Lieutenant! What villains have done this?	manners, That so neglected you.
Cas. I think that one of them is here-	Gra. I am glad to see you. 95
about,	Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair,
And cannot make away. Iago. O treacherous villains!—	a chair ! Gra. Roderigo !
Tago. O treacherous villains!— [To Lodovico and Gratiano] What are you	Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [A chair brought in.
there? Come in, and give some	O, that's well said; the chair.
help. Rod. O, help me there!	Some good man bear him carefully from
Cas. That's one of them.	hence; I'll fetch the General's surgeon. [To Bianca]
Iago. O murd'rous slave! O villain! [Stabs Roderigo.	For you, mistress, 100 Save you your labour.—He that lies slain
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!	here, Cassio,
Iago. Kill men i' th' dark! Where be these bloody thieves?	Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
How silent is this town: Ho! murder! murder!	Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
What may you be? Are you of good or	Iago, [To Bianca] What, look you
evil? Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.	pale?—O, bear him out o' th' air. [Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?	Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale,
Lod. He, sir. lago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio	mistress?— 105 Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
hurt by villains.	Nay, an you stare, we shall hear more
Gra. Cassio! 70	anon.—

Scene 11 OTHELLO

Behold her well; I pray you look upon her. I cannot give it vital growth again; Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on will speak

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? What's Be thus when thou art dead, and I will the matter, husband?

dark By Roderigo and fellows that are 'scap'd. He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! Alas, good Cassio! Iago. This is the fruits of whoring.

Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd tonight.-

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O. did he so? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet! Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as What may you mean by that? honest

As you that thus abuse me.

Émil. Cassio dress'd .-

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd. Will you go on afore? [Aside] This is the

night That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Cybrus. The citadel. DESDEMONA in her bed. Enter OTHELLO with a light.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul-

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars-

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood, Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, And smooth as monumental alabaster. Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light.

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can again thy former light restore, Should I repent me; but once put out

thy light, cunning'st pattern of excelling Thou

nature, I know not where is that Promethean heat That can thy light relume. When I have Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy pluck'd thy rose,

the tree. [Kissing her. 15 110 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword! One more, one more

kill thee, Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the And love thee after. One more, and that's

the last: So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;

115 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona. Des. Will you come to bed, my lord? Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Av. my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace, Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord,

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.

As I! Foh! Fie upon thee! I would not kill thy unprepared spirit; Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor No, heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing? Oth.

Ay, I do. Des. Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart! Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humh!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then 40 When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear

I know not, Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you. Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip? Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope, They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

I will so. What's the matter? 50 Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

No, by my life and soul! Des. Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, death-bed.

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Des. Ay, but not yet to die.	Oth. Yes-'tis Emilia-by and by. She's
Oth. Yes, presently. 55	dead.
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;	'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's
For to deny each article with oath	death;
Cannot remove nor choke the strong con-	The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
ception	Still as the grave. Shall she come in?
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die. 59	Were't good ?
Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!	I think she stirs again. No. What's the
Oth. I say, amen.	best ?
Des. And have you mercy too! I never	If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife,
did	My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio	
But with such general warranty of heaven	O insupportable! O heavy hour!
As I might love. I never gave him token.	Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief	Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted
in's hand.	globe
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my	Did yawn at alteration.
	Emil. [Within] I do beseech you that
heart,	I may speak with you of and
And mak'st me call what I intend to do	I may speak with you. O good my
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.	lord!
I saw the handkerchief.	Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in,
Des. He found it, then;	Emilia.
I never gave it him. Send for him hither;	Soft, by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Let him confess a truth.	Where art thou? [Unlocks the door.
Oth. He hath confess'd. 71	Enter EMILIA.
Des. What, my lord?	
Oth. That he hath—ud's death!—	What's the matter with thee now?
us'd thee.	Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul
Des. How? unlawfully?	murders done!
Oth. Ay.	Oth. What, now?
Des. He will not say so.	Emil. But now, my lord.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;	Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't. 76	She comes more nearer earth than she was
Des. O, my fear interprets! What, is he	wont,
dead?	And makes men mad.
dead? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my	And makes men mad. Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young
dead? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge	And makes men mad. Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian 115
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dead? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all. Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone! Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face? Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not! Oth. Down, strumpet.	And makes men mad. Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian Call'd Roderigo. Oth. Roderigo kill'd! Emil. No, Cassio, is not kill'd. Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh.
dead? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all. Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone! Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face? Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not! Oth. Down, strumpet. Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-	And makes men mad. Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian Call'd Roderigo. Oth. Roderigo kill'd! Emil. No, Cassio, is not kill'd. Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh. Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
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dead? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all. Pes. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone! Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face? Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not! Oth. Down, strumpet. Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night. Oth. Nay, an you strive— 85	And makes men mad. Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venctian Call'd Roderigo. Oth. Roderigo kill'd! Emil. No, Cassio, is not kill'd. Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh. Des. O, falsely, falsely murdet'd! Emil. Oth. That! what?
dead? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all. 79 Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone! Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face? Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not! Oth. Down, strumpet. Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night. Oth. Nay, an you strive—85 Des. But half an hour!	And makes men mad. Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian Call'd Roderigo. Oth. Roderigo kill'd! Emil. No, Cassio, is not kill'd. Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh. Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd! Emil. O Lord, what cry is that? Oth. That! what? Emil. Out and alas! that was my lady's
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Scene 21 OTHELLO

Oth. She's like a har gone to burning The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! hell: muider! 'Twas I that kill'd her. Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and O, the more angel she. Emil. Others. And you the blacker devil! Oth. She turn'd to tolly, and she was a Mon. What is the matter? How now, whore. General! Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou ait Emil. O, are you come, Iago? You have a devil. done well. Oth. She was false as water. That men must lay their murders on your neck. Thou art rash as fire to say Emil. That she was false. O, she was heavenly Gia. What is the matter? Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st true! Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband a man: He says thou told'st him that his wife was else. O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell But that I did proceed upon just grounds I know thou didst not: thou'rt not such a To this extremity. Thy husband knew villain. Speak, for my heart is full. ıt all. Iago. I told him what I thought, and told Emil. My husband! Oth. Thy husband. no more Emil. That she was false to wedlock? 145 Than what he found himself was apt and Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true. Emil. But did you ever tell him she was true. If heaven would make me such another false? Iago. I did. world Of one entire and perfect chrysolite, Emil. You told a lie—an odious, damned I'd not have sold her for it. Emil. My husband! Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie. Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me on her She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio? 185 first. An honest man he is, and hates the slime Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to. That sticks on filthy deeds. charm your tongue. Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am Emil. My husband! Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? bound to speak: My mistress here lies murdered in her bed. I say thy husband. Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made All. O heavens to fend! Emil. And your reports have set the mocks with love! muider on. My husband say that she was false! Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, He, woman; 15 indeed. I say thy husband; dost understand the Gra. 'Tis a strange truth. word? Mon. O monstrous act! My friend, thy husband-honest, hones Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy! Tago. I think-I smell't. I think upon't. Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious villainy! soul I thought so then. I'll kill myself for Rot half a grain a day! He hes to th grief. heart. O villainy, villainy! She was too fond of her most filthy bargain Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you Oth. Ha! get you home. Emil. Do thy worst: Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave This deed of thine is no more worthy to speak. heaven 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now. Than thou wast worthy her. Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home. Peace, you were best Oth. [Falls on the bed. Oth. 0! 0! 0! Emil. Thou hast not half that power t Nay, lay thee down and roar; Emil. do me harm For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt! As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done That e'er did lift up eye. O, she was foul! Oth. [Rising] deed-I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece, known, Whose breath indeed these hands have Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help

ho! help!

newly stopp'd.

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1151

I know this act shows horrible and grim. Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread atwain. Did he live now.

This sight would make him do a desperate turn.

Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows That she with Cassio hath the act of shame A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognizance and pledge of love Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand.

It was a handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother. 220

Emil. O God! O heavenly God!

Iago. Zounds, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I, peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the north. Let heaven and men and devils, let them all, All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home. Emil.

[Iago offers to stab his wife Gra. Fie! Your sword upon a woman? Emil. O thou dull Moor! That handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband:

For often with a solemn earnestness- 230 More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle-He begg'd of me to steal it.

Villamous whore! lago. Emil. She give it Cassio! No, alas, I found it.

And I did give't my husband.

Filth, thou liest. Iago. Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.

O murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool

Do with so good a wife? [The Moor runs at Iago: Montano and others disarm the Moor. Iago kills his wife and escapes. Oth. Are there no stones in heaven but

what serves for the thunder? Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he hath kıll'd his wıfe.

Emil. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor. Come, guard the door without; let him Blow me about in winds, roast me in not pass.

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villan For 'tis a damaed slave.

[Exeunt Montano, Grat: ano, and others.

Oth. I am not valiant neither-But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty? Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady? Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the And die in music. [Sings] Willow, willow.

willow.-Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel

Moor: So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true:

So speaking as I think, alas, I die. She dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber: It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.

O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth. Gra. [Within] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me. I will not. Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Behold, I have a weapon: A better never did itself sustain Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day

That with this little arm and this good sword I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop. But, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'Tis not so now. Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt. And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear:

Man but a rush against Othello's breast, And he retires. Where should Othello go? Now, how dost thou look now? O illstarr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold. cold. my girl !

Even like thy chastity. O cursed, cursed slave !

Whip me, ye devils, From the possession of this heavenly sight. sulphur,

Wash he in steep-adwn guifs or inquid hre. O Des Emona! Dead! Desceniona! Deau! 010

Buler ODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried be a c. sir. and Officers, with IAOO pricones.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate maa?

That's he that was Othero-nere Oth. I anı.

Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet-but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [Wounds lago.

Lod. Wiench his sword from him. Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have

thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis nappiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave, 295 What shall be said to thee?

Why, any tning: An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honeur. Lod. This wretch nath part comess'd his villainy.

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ! Oth. Av.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you No more of that. I pray you, in your

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body? 3.75

know, you know.

word.

Loa. What, not to pray?

Gra. Oth. Well, thou dosi best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hach befall'n.

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; And here another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross! Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems, Roderigo meant t' have sent this damned villain;

But that, belike, Iago in the nick Came in and satisfied him.

O.R. O thou permicious carried ! tiow came you, Cassio, by that handkerchier

That was my whe's?

Cas. I round it in my chainter; And he himself contess'd it even now

That there he dropp's it for a special DUTDUSE

Which wrough, to his desire.

Ctit. O foul! roof! foo!! Cas. There is besides in Rocerigo's letter, How he upursias lago that he made him Brave me apon the watch; whereon it came

That I was case, and even but now he spake.

Aner long seeming dead, lago hurt him, lago ser him on.

Lod. You must torsake to is room and go with as.

Your power and your command is taken off, And Cassio rules in Cypius. For this stave, If there be any cunning cruelty That can tornient him much and boid him iong,

it shall be his. You shall close prisoner test Till that the nature of your fault be known To the Venerian state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you: a word or two petore vou 20.

I have done the state some service, and they know't-

lecters.

When you shall these unjucky deeds relate, Speak of me as 1 am; nothing extenuate, Not set down aught in malice. Then must vou speak

Of one that lov'd net wisely, but too well , lago. Demand me nothing. What you Or one not easily realous, but, being wrought,

From this time forth I never will speak Perplexed in the entreme; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away Torments will ope your lips. Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eves.

> Albeit unused to the melting mood, Drops rears as fast as the Arabian trees Their med'cinable gur). Set you down this: And say besides that in Aleppo once. Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Bear a Venetian and traduc'd the state.

> I took by th' throat the circumcised dog Lod. O though period (fire slabs him-etj. And smote him--thus

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee. No way but the-

Killing my seit, to die upon a kiss.

[Falls on the bed and dies. Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon:

320 For he was great of heart.

314

Lod. [To lago] O Spartan dog, OTHELLO [Act 5

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea! Look on the tragic loading of this bed. 366
This is thy work.—The object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house, And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor, For they succeed on you. To you, Lord Governor,

Remains the censure of this helish villam;
The time, the place, the torture—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate, [Exeunt.]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY. OCTAVIUS CÆSAR. Triumvirs. M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS. SEXTUS POMPEIUS. DOMITIUS ENGBARBUS. VENTIDIUS. Eros. friends to Antony. SCARUS. DERCETAS. DEMETRIUS. PHILO. MÆCENAS, AGRIPPA. DOLABELLA. friends to Cæsar. PROCULEIUS. THYREUS. GALLUS. MENAS. friends to Pompey. MENECRATES. VARRIUS,

TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.
SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS,
MARDIAN,
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES.

attendants on Cleopatra.
DIOMEDES.

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to
Antony.
CHARMIAN, | ladies attending on
IRAS, | Cleopatra.
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and

Attendants.

THE SCENE: The Roman Empire.

ACT ONE

Scene I. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly

eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend,
now turn,

The office and devotion of their view 5 Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,

And is become the bellows and the fan To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can

be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mcss. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His pow'rful mandate to you: 'Do this
or this:

Take in that kingdom and enfranchise that; Perform't, or else we damn thee'.

Ant. How, my love? Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like, 25
You must not stay here longer; your dismission

Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it,
Antony.

Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? Both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's Queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of

thine 30
Is Cæsar's homager. Else so thy cheek

pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The
messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.

34
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike

1155

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life Is to do thus [embracing], when such a mutual pair

And such a twain can do't, in which l bind,

On pain of punishment, the world to weet We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! 40
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony
Will he himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of Love and her soft old.

Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch

Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fig., wrangling queen! Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,

To weep; whose every passion fully strives To make itseli in thee fair and admir'd. No messenger but thine, and all alone To-night we'll wander through the streets

and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. Speak not

[Exeun: Antony and Cleopatra, with the Train.

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes when he is not

Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common lar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will
hope

Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [Exeunt.

Scene II. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace. Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to th' Queen? O that I knew this husband, which you say must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that fortune.
know things?
Sooth.

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly;

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune. Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one. 25 Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in fiesh.

Iras. No. you shall paint when you are

Char. Wrinkles forbid:

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my hver with

drinking.

Alex. Nav, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune!
Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all. Let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage. Find me to marry me with Octavus Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names. Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,

And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

45
Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus

presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

10

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens Alexas-come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! And let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fiftyfold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee !

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! For, as it is a heartbreaking to see a handsome man loosewiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded. Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'ld do't!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Eno. Hush! Here comes Antony.

Not he: the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No. ladv.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No. madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus I

Eno. Madam ? Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.

Where's Alexas? Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us. [Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, and the rest.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius? Mess. Av.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,

Whose better issue in the war from Italy 90 Upon the first encounter drave them.

Well, what worst? Ant. teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On! Things that are past are done with me.

'Tis thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale He death.

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus-This is stiff news-hath with his Parthian force

Extended Asia from Euphrates. His conquering banner shook from Svria To Lydia and to Ionia,

Whilst-Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say. Mess. O, my lord ! Ant. Speak to me home; mince not the

general tongue: Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome. Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my

faults With such full licence as both truth and

malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds

When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us

Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile. Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit. Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news ! Speak there!

1 Att. The man from Sicyon-is there such an one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Let him appear. Ant. These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a letter.

What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead. Ant. Where died she? 2 Mess. In Sicyon.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives the letter. Forbear me. Ant. Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.

What our contempts doth often hurl from us

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure.

By revolution low'ring, does become The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off.

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch. Enobarbus I

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. Eno. Alack, sir, no! Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters aighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her! Eno. O sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal would have discredited vour travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia? Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crown'd with consolation: your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow. Ant. The business she hath broached in

the state

Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall

The cause of our expedience to the Queen. And get her leave to part. For not alone 2158

How now. The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches.

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too

Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands

The empire of the sea; our slippery people. Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities 182 Upon his son; who, high in name and

power. Higher than both in blood and life, stands

For the main soldier; whose quality, going

The sides o' th' world may danger. Much

is breeding Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life

And not a serpent's poison. pleasure,

To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence. Eno. I shall do't. IExeunt.

Scene III. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, und ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

I did not see him since. Char. Cleo. See where he is, who's with him. what he does.

I did not send you. If you find him sad. Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return. Exit Alexas.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do I do not? Char. In each thing give him way; cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool-the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen. Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose-

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall.

It cannot be thus long: the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen-Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter? Cleo. I know by that same eye there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here-I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know-

O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd! Yet at the first 25 I saw the treasons planted.

Cleopatra-

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows.

Which break themselves in swearing! Most sweet queen-Ant. Cleo. Nay, pray you seek no colour for An honourable trial.

your going, But bid farewell, and go. When you sued

staying,

then!

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts

But was a race of heaven. They are so still, Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world. Art turn'd the greatest liar. How now, lady!

Ant. Cleo. I would I had thy inches. Thou shouldst know

There were a heart in Egypt.

Hear me, Queen: The strong necessity of time commands Our services awhile; but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome; Equality of two domestic powers Breed scrupulous faction; the hated,

grown to strength, Are newly grown to love. The condemn'd

Pompey, Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50 Into the hearts of such as have not thrived Upon the present state, whose numbers

threaten: And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change. particular.

And that which most with you should safe Therefore be deaf to my unpitted folly, my going, Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom.

It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die? Ant. She's dead, my queen. Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read The garboils she awak'd. At the last, best.

See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love! Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see, In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease, As you shall give th' advice. By the fire That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war As thou affects.

Cut my lace, Charmian, come! But let it be: I am quickly ill and well-So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear, And give true evidence to his love, which stands

Cleo. So Fulvia told me. 25 I prithee turn aside and weep for her; Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears

Then was the time for words. No going Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene Of excellent dissembling, and let it look 35 Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more. Cleo. You can do better vet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword-Cleo. And target. Still he mends; But this is not the best. Look, prithee,

Charmian. How this Herculean Roman does become The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you. lady. Courteous lord, one word. Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it. Sir, you and I have lov'd-but there's

not it. That you know well. Something it is I

would-O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten! But that your royalty Ant.

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

'Tis sweating labour Cleo. To bear such idleness so near the heart As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me; 95 Since my becomings kill me when they do not

My more Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;

55 And all the gods go with you! Upon your

Sit laurel victory, and smooth success

Be strew'd before your teet!

Ant.

Let us go. Come.

Our separation so abides and flies
That thou, residing here, goes yet with

That thou, residing here, goes vet we

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

Away !

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Rome. Casar's house.

Enter OCTAVIUS CASAR, reading a letter; LEPIENS, and their Ttain.

Cas. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know.

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate Our great competitor. From Alexandria This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes

The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults. That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are Evils enow to darken all his goodness. His faults, in him, seem as the spots of

heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot
change

Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the
buffet

With knaves that smell of sweat. Say this becomes him—

As his composure must be rare indeed Whom these things cannot blemish—yet must Antony

No way excuse his foils when we do bear So great weight in his lightness. If he

His vacancy with his voluptuousness, Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones Call on him for't! But to confound such time

That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud

As his own state and ours—'tis to be chid As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge, 31

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,

And so rebel to judgment.

1160

En'er a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and

C'' y pour.

Most notic Casar, shall thou have report How 'ris abroad. Pompey is strong at sea, And it appears he is belov'd of those That only have lear'd Casar. To the ports The discontents repair, and men's reports Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less. 40

It hath been taught us from the punal state

That he which is was wish'd until he were:

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This com-

mon body.

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide, 46

To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Casar, I bring thee word Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates, Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound

With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads They make in Italy; the horders maritime Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.

No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony, 55 Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou

Was beaten from Modena, where thou

Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel Did famine tollow; whom thou fought'st against,

Though daintify brought up, with patience more 60
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst

drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle

Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign

The roughest herry on the rulest hedge:

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,

The barks of trees thou brows'd. On the

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh, Which some did die to look on. And all this—

It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—

Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek So much as lank'd not,

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs.

Let his shames quickly

Scene 41

Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain Did show ourselves i' th' field: and to that end

Assemble we immediate council. Pompey Thrives in our alleness.

To-morrow. Casar, Lep. I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly Both what by sea and land I can be able

To front this present time. Cæs. Till which encounter. It is my business too. Farewell. So

Leb. Farewell, my lord. What you shall With looking on his life. know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir, To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond. Exeunt.

Scene V. Alexandria. Cleopatra's balace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian! Char. Madam? Cleo. Ha. ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Why, madam? Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much. Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian! Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure? Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam: for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done. Yet have I fierce affections, and think What Venus did with Mars.

O Charmian, Cleo. Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance or sits he?

tony!

Do bravely, horse; for wot'st thou whom thou mov st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm And burgonet of men. He's speaking now, Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself With most delicious poison. Think on me,

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? fronted Cæsar. When thou wast here above the ground,

I was A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow:

There would he anchor his aspect and die

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail! Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark

Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Aptony? Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen, He kiss'd-the last of many doubled

kisses-

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. ' Good friend,' quoth he 'Say the firm Roman to great Egypt sends This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,

To mend the petty present, I will piece 45 Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the

Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded.

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed. Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry? Alex. Like to the time o' th' year between the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry. Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,

Note him, good Charmian; 'tis the man; but note him!

He was not sad, for he would shine on those That make their looks by his; he was not merry,

lav

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20 In Egypt with his joy; but between both. O happy horse, to bear the weight of An- O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,

The violence of either thee becomes, So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Ay, madam. twenty Alex.messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

Who's born that day Cleo. When I forget to send to Antony

1161

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Char- Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with mian. 65

Welcome, my good Alexas, Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar! Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!

Say 'the brave Antony'.

Ćhar. The valiant Cæsar I Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth

If thou with Cæsar paragon again

My man of men.

By your most gracious pardon, Char. I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days. When I was green in judgment, cold in

blood, To say as I said then. But come, away! 75 Get me ink and paper. He shall have every day a several greeting. Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Scene I. Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

Know, worthy Pompey, That what they do delay they not deny. Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

We, ignorant of ourselves, 5 Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs

Deny us for our good; so find we profit

By losing of our prayers.

I shall do well. The people love me, and the sea is mine; My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors. Cæsar gets money where

He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both, 14 Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus Are in the field. A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false. Men. From Silvius, sir. Pom. He dreams. I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love. Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip! 1162

both: Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts.

Keep his brain furning. Epicurean cooks Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite, 25 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd duliness-

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius? Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome Expected. Since he went from Egypt 'tis A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter A better ear. Menas, I did not think This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm

For such a petty war; his soldiership Is twice the other twain. But let us rear 35 The higher our opinion, that our stirring Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

I cannot hope Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together. His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think.

Not mov'd by Antony.

I know not, Menas, Pom. How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were't not that we stand up against them

Twere pregnant they should square between themselves:

For they have entertained cause enough To draw their swords. But how the fear

May cement their divisions, and bind up The petty difference we yet not know. Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands Our lives upon to use our strongest hands. Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rome. The house of Lepidus. Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed. And shall become you well, to entreat your

captain To soft and gentle speech.

I shall entreat him Eno. To answer like himself. If Cæsar move him, Let Antony look over Cæsar's head And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard, I would not shave't to-day.

'Tis not a time Lep. For private stomaching.

Scene 21 Eno. Every time Serves for the matter that is then born in't. 70 Leb. But small to greater matters must give way. Eno. Not if the small come first. Your speech is passion Lep. But pray you stir no embers up. comes The noble Antony. Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS. And vonder, Cæsar. Eno. Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA. Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia. Hark, Ventidius. Cæs. I do not know, Mæcenas. Agrippa. Lep. Noble friends. That which combin'd us was most great, and let not A leaner action rend us. What's amiss, May it be gently heard. When we debate 20 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit Murder in healing wounds. partners, The rather for I earnestly beseech. Touch you the sourcest points with sweetest terms, Nor curstness grow to th' matter. Were we before our armies, and to fight, I should do thus. Cæs. Welcome to Rome. Ant. Thank you. Cæs. Sit. Ant. Sit, sir. Cæs. Nav. then. Ant. I learn you take things ill which are not so. Or being, concern you not. If, or for nothing or a little, I Should say myself offended, and with you Chiefly i' th' world; more laugh'd at that

Then, noble 'Tis spoken well. 25 [They sit. I must be laugh'd at I should Once name you derogately when to sound your name It not concern'd me. My being in Egypt, Cæsar, Ant. What was't to you? Cæs. No more than my residing here at He fell upon me ere admitted. Then Rome Might be to you in Egypt. Yet, if you there Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt Might be my question. brother

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine Out of our question wipe him.

Made wars upon me, and their contestation Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother never

Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it. 50 And have my learning from some true reports

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having alike your cause? Of this my letters Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

Ask As matter whole you have not to make it with.

It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself By laying defects of judgment to me: but You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so; I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,

Very necessity of this thought, that I. Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife, [Flourish. I would you had her spirit in such another!

The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife. Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women! Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils,

Cæsar, Made out of her impatience—which not wanted

Shrewdness of policy too-I grieving grant Did you too much disquiet. For that you must

But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you 75 When rioting in Alexandria; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant.

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want

Of what I was i' th' morning; but next day I told him of myself, which was as much As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow

How intend you—practis'd? Be nothing of our strife; if we contend.

You have broken 85 Cæs. By what did here befall me. Your wife and The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with. Soft, Cæsar ! Lep.

Ant.

Lepidus, let him speak.

The honour is sacred which he talks on now.

Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Casar: The article of my cath-

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them.

The which you both denied.

Neglected, rather; Ant. And then when porsoned hours had bound me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

I'll play the penitent to you; but rune Would then be nothing. Truths would be honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia, To have me out of Egypt, made wars here: For which myself, the ignorant motive. do So far ask pardon as befits mine honour To stoop in such a case.

'Tis noble spoken. Lep. Mæc. If it might please you to enforce no

The griefs between ye-to forget them auite

Were to remember that the present need 105 Speaks to atone you.

Worthily spoken, Mæcenas. Lep. Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again. You shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only. Speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then-vour considerate stone!

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter,

The manner of his speech; for't cannot be We shall remain in friendship, our conditions

So diff'ring in their acts. Yet if I knew What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge

O' th' world, I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa. x21 Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's Or else he seeks out us.

side, Admir'd Octavia. Great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

Say not so, Agrippa. If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Art. I am not married, Cæsar. Let me hear

No: Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity. To make you brothers, and to knit your Learts

With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims No worse a husband than the best of men: Whose virtue and whose general graces speak

That which none else can utter. By this mai ringe.

All little jealousies which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

tales, Where now half tales be truths. Her love

to both Would each to other, and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke: For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,

By duty ruminated Ant. Will Cæsar speak? Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd

With what is spoke already.

What power is in Agrippa. Ant. If I would say 'Agrippa, be it so', To make this good?

The power of Casar, and His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never To this good purpose, that so fairly shows. Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand.

Further this act of grace; and from this Engite.

The heart of brothers govern in our loves And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand. A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly. Let her live To join our kingdoms and our hearts: and never

Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen! Ant. I did not think to draw my sword gainst Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great

Of late upon me. I must thank him only, Lest my remembrance suffer ill report; At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's. Of us must Pompey presently be sought,

Where lies he? 164 Ant. Cæs. About the Mount Misenum. Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cas. Great and increasing; but by sea 125 He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame. Would we had spoke together! Haste we So many mermaids, tended her i' the eves for it.

Yet, ere we put ourselves in aims, dispatch 337 FE

The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness And do invite you to my sister's view, 171 Whither straight I'll lead you.

Let us, Lepidus, Ant.

Not lack your company.

Leb. Noble Artony.

Not sickness should detain me. [Flowish. Exeunt all but Enobarbus,

Agrippa, Mæcenas. Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa! Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by't in Egypt. 180

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance and made the night light with

Mæc. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there. Is this true? 78 t

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle. We had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony

she purs'd up his heart, upon the liver of Cydnus. TOI

Agr. There she appear'd indeed! Or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,

Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that The winds were love-sick with them: the

oars were silver, Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water which they beat to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. For her own person.

It beggar'd all description. She did lie In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold, of tissue, O'erpicturing that Venus where we see The fancy out-work nature. On each side

her Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids.

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool. And what they undid did.

O, rare for Antony! Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

And made their bends adornings. At the neim

A seeming merniage steers. The silken tackle Swell with the touches of those nower-soft hands

That yaidly frame the office. From the barge

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast Her people out upon her; and Antony, Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone, Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too.

And made a gap in nature.

Rare Egyptian! Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,

lavited her to supper. She replied It should be better he became her guest; Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony.

Whom he er the word of 'No 'woman heard speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast.

And for his ordinary pays his heart

For what his eyes cat only.

Royal wench! 230 She made great Cæsar lav his sword to bed. He ploughed her, and she cropp'd.

I saw her once Hop forty paces through the public street : And, having jost her breath, she spoke, and panted,

That she did make defect perfection. And, breathless, pow': breathe forth.

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never! He will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety. Other women cloy 240 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry

Where most she satisfies: for vilest things Become themselves in her, that the holy priests

Bless her when she is riggish.

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle 245

The heart of Antony, Octavia is A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go. Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exeuni.

Scene III. Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA between them.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time Before the gods my knee shall bow my pravers

To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia, Read not my blemishes in the world's report.

I have not kept my square; but that to come

Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.

Octa. Good night, sir. Cæs. Good night.

Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia. Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can-your reason.

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side. Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpow'r'd. Therefore

Make space enough between you.

Speak this no more. Ant. Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game, Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck

He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre As with a woman. Come, you'll play with thickens

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him; But, he away, 'tis noble.

Get thee gone. Ant. Say to Ventidius I would speak with him. [Exit Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap, He hath spoken true. The very dice obey

And in our sports my better cunning faints Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;

His cocks do win the battle still of mine, When it is all to nought, and his quails ever Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;

And though I make this marriage for my peace.

I' th' East my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius. You must to Parthia. Your commission's ready:

Follow me and receive't.

Exeunt.

Scene IV. Rome. A street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further. Prav you hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow. Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress.

Which will become you both, farewell. Mæc.

We shall, 5 As I conceive the journey, be at th' Mount Before you, Lepidus.

Your way is shorter: Let. My purposes do draw me much about.

You'll win two days upon me. Both. Sir, good success! Lep. Farewell. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Alexandria. Cleobatra's balace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music—music, moody food

Of us that trade in love.

All. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone! Let's to billiards. Come. Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd

me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now. Give me mine angle—we'll to th' river. There,

My music playing far off, I will betray Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and as I draw them up I'll think them every one an Antony, And say 'Ah ha! Y'are caught'.

Char. 'Twas merry when 15 You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he With fervency drew up. That time? O times! Cleo.

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience; and next He's bound unto Ocravia. morn.

Ere the ninth hour. I drunk him to his bed. Then put my tires and mantles on him. whilst

I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O! from Italy? Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears. That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam— 25 Cleo. Antony's dead! If thou say so,

villain.

Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and

It thou so yield him, there is gold, and here My bluest veins to kiss-a hand that kings Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Why, there's more gold. Cleo.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well. Bring it to

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Well, go to, I will. But there's no goodness in thy face. Antony

Be free and healthful-why so tart a favour To trumpet such good tidings? If not well, Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Will't please you hear me? Mess. Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st.

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well, Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail 45 Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man. Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam— Cleo. I do not like 'but vet'. It does

The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet'! 'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee. friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear, The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæsar :

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! No: I made no such report.

Clea. For what good turn? Mess. For the best turn i' th' bed.

I am pale, Charmian. Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee! [Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence. [Strikes him.

Horrible villain! or I'li spurn thine eyes Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head: [She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire and stew'd in brine.

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam. I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud. The blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to

And I will boot thee with what gift beside Thy modesty can beg

Mess. He's marned, madam. Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. Draws a knife.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run. What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. Exit. Char. Good madam, keep yourself within

vourself: The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again. Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call!

Char. He is afear'd to come. Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself Have given myself the cause.

Enter the Messenger again.

Come hither, sir. Though it be honest, it is never good To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. Í have done my duty. Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do If thou again say 'Yes'.

Mess. He's married, madam. Cleo. The gods confound thee! Dost thou hold there still?

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Mess. Should I lie, madam? O. I would thou didet. Cleo. So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence. Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your Highness' paidon. He is married? Cieo. Mess. Take no offence that I would not

offend you;

To punish me for what you make me do 100 Seems much unequal. He's married to Made Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee

That art not what th'art sure of! Get thee

from Rome

Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand.

And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger. Good your Highness, patience. Char. Cleo. In praising Antony I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now. Lead me from hence, IOH

I faint. O Iras. Charmian! "Tis no marrer. Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him Report the feature of Octavia, her years. Her inclination: let him not leave out The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly. IExt Alexas.

him for ever go-let him not, Charmian-

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars. [To Mardian] Bid you Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is .- Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas at one deor, with drum and trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENO-BARBUS. MÆCENAS. AGRIPPA, Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Most meet That first we come to words; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent; Which if thou hast considered, let us know If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword **2011**

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth That else must perish here.

Pin. To you all three. The cenators arone of this great world. Chief factors for the gods: I do not know Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends, since Julius Cæsar.

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted. There saw you labouring for him. What wasit

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what the all-honour'd honest Roman.

Bintus. With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous

freedom.

To drench the Capitol, but that they would Have one man but a man? And that is it The merchandise which thou hast brought Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden The anger'd ocean foams; with which I

meant To scourge th' ingiatifude that despiteful

Cast on my noble father.

Take your time. Rome

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sans;

We'll speak with thee at sea; at land thou know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee. Pom. At land, indeed. Thou dost o'er-count me of my tather's

house. But since the cuckoo builds not for himself.

Remain in't as thou mayst. Leb. Be pleas'd to tell us-For this is from the present—how you take

The offers we have sent you. Cws. There's the point. Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but

weigh What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow. To try a larger tortune.

Pom. You have made me offer Ot Sicily, Sardinia; and I must Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon.

To part with unhack'd edges and bear back Our targes undinted.

All. That's our offer. Pom. Know, then, I came before you here a man prepar'd 40 To take this ofter; but Mark Antony

Put me to some impatience. Though I lose The praise of it by telling, you must know, When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,

Your mother came to Sicily and did find Her welcome friendly.

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Ant I have heard it, Pompey, And am well studied for a liberal thanks Which I do owe you.

Let me have your hand. Pom. I did not think, sir, to have met you here. Ant. The beds i' th' East are soft; and

thanks to you. That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:

For I gave gained by't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last There is a change upon you.

Well, I know not What counts harsh fortune casts upon my

face : But in my bosom shall she never come 55

To make my heart her vassal. Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so. Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.

I crave our composition may be written, And seal'd between us.

That's the next to do. Cæs. Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's 60

Draw lots who shall begin.

That will I, Pompey. Ant. Pom. No. Antony, take the lot;

But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

You have heard much. 65 Ant. Pom. I have fair meanings, sir. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard; And I have heard Apollodorus carried-Eno. No more of that! He did so.

What, I pray you? Pom. Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now. How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well:

And well am like to do, for I perceive Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand. I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behaviour.

Sir. I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye

When you have well deserv'd ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness; It nothing ill becomes thee. Aboard my galley I invite you all.

Will you lead, lords?

All. Show's the way sir.

Men. [Aside] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty .--You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water. Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water. Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great

thief by sea. Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsome-

'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander: they steal hearts, oo Eno. We came hither to fight with you. Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot ween't back again.

Men. Y'have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia. Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true. Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit

together. Eno. If I were bound to divine of this

unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so? Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will [Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas. you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir. We have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.

ΙO

Scene VII. On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-colour'd. 1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-

drink.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more!'; reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to th' drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war

between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd partizan I could not heave.

1 Serv. To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully

disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, ACRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. [To Cæsar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' th' Nile

By certain scales i' th' pyramid: they

By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth

Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells 20 The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. Y'have strange serpents there.

Ant. Av. Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept. I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the tolemies' pyramises are very goodly ings. Without contradiction I have Ptolemies' things. heard that.

Men. [Aside to Pompey] Pompey, a word. what is't?

Men. [Aside to Pompey] Forsake thy seat. I do beseech thee, Captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Whispers in's ear] Forbear me till anon-

This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Leb. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet. Cas. Will this description satisfy him? Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [Aside to Menas] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that! Away!

for ?

Men. [Aside to Pompey] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me. Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [Aside to Menas] I think th'art mad. [Rises and walks aside] The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say ?-

Be jolly, lords. Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus.

Keep off them, for you sink. Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world? What say'st thou? Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole

world? That's twice. Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it. And though thou think me poor, I am the

Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well? Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove;

Whate'er the ocean pales or sky inclips Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which wav. Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable; And when we are put off, fall to their throats.

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done. Pom. [Aside to Menas] Say in mine ear; And not have spoke on't. In me 'tis villainy:

In thee't had been good service. Thou must know

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour: Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy

tongue Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done

unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done, But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside] For this, I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd.

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome! 85 Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas. [Pointing to the Servant who carries off Lepidus.

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

The third part, then, is drunk. Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou: increase the reels. Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!

Here's to Cæsar!

(could well forbear 't. Cæs. It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler.

Be a child o' th' time. Ant. Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer. But I had rather fast from all four days 100

Than drink so much in one. Eno. [To Antony] Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals

And celebrate our drink?

Let's ha't, good soldier. Ant. Come, let's all take hands.

our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

All take hands. Make battery to our ears with the loud music,

The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear as loud As his strong sides can volley. [Music plays. Enobarbus places them

The Song.

Come, thou monarch of the vine. Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne! In thy fats our cares be drown'd, With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd. Cup us till the world go round, Cup us till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey. good night. Good brother, Let me request you off; our graver busi-

Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part; You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong

Enobarb Is weaker than the wine, and mine own

tongue Splits what it speaks. The wild disguise hath almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore. Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand. Pom. O Antony,

You have my father's house-but what? We are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

Take heed you fall not. Eno. [Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas. Menas, I'll not on shore.

No, to my cabin. These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what! Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell To these great fellows. Sound and be

hang'd, sound out! [Sound a flourish, with drums. Eno. Hoo! says 'a. There's my cap. Men. Hoo! Noble Captain, come.

Exeunt.

ACT THREE

Scene I. A plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck, and now

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

> Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm

fugitive Parthians follow: The spur through Media, hand in hand. Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

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The routed fly. So thy grand captain, Antony,

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and Put garlands on thy head.

O Silius, Silius, I have done enough. A lower place, note well.

May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius:

Better to leave undone than by our deed Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won More in their officer, than person. Sossius. One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.

Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can

Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition.

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss

Than gain which darkens bim.

I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'twould offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier and his sword

Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his

That magical word of war, we have effected: How, with his banners, and his well-paid

ranks. The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out o' th' field.

Sıl. Where is he now? Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste

permit,

We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Rome. Cæsær's house.

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted? Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey: he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad: and Lepidus,

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled

With the green sickness.

Tis a noble Lepidus. Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar i

Agr. Nay, but how deaily he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why he's the Jupiter of men. What's Antony? Agr. The

Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O. Antony! O thou Arabian bird! Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar'—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best. Yet he loves Antony.

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, numberhoo!-

His love to Antony. But as for Casar. Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves. Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [Trumpets within] So- 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa. Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my

farthest band Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue which is set Betwixt us as the cement of our love To keep it builded be the ram to batter 30 The fortress of it; for better might we The weight we must convey with's will Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended In your distrust.

Čæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find.

Though you be therein curious, the least cause For what you seem to fear. So the gods

keep you, And make the hearts of Romans serve your

ends! We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare

thee well. The elements be kind to thee and make 40 Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well. Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes. It is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir. look well to my husband's house: and-

Cæs.

What.

Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart. nor can

Her heart inform her tongue-the swan's down feather.

That stands upon the swell at the full of tide.

And neither way inclines.

Eno. [Aside to Agrippa] Will Cæsar ween? Agr. [Aside to Enobarbus] He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. [Aside to Agrippa] He were the worse for that, were he a horse; So is he, being a man.

Agr. [Aside to Enobarbus] Why, Enobarbus.

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead, He cried almost to roaring; and he wept 55 When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. Eno. [Aside to Agrippa] That year, in-

deed, he was troubled with a rheum; What willingly he did confound he wail'd, Believe't-till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Come, sir, come; I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love. Look here I have you; thus I let you go, And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu: be happy! Lep. Let all the number of the stars give

light To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

Scene III. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex.

Half afeard to come. Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir. Alex. Good Majesty, Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you But when you are well pleas'd.

That Herod's head I'll have. But how, when Antony is gone, 5 Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious Majesty! Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread Queen. Cleo. Where? Mess. Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led 45 Between her brother and Mark Antony. 10 Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam. Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrilltongu'd or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like her long. Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember. if e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps. Her motion and her station are as one: She shows a body rather than a life.

A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain? Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char Three in Egypt Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing; I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgment. Excellent. Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam.

She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? Charmian, hark! Mess. And I do think she's thirty. Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is't

long or round? Mess. Round even to faultiness. Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead As low as she would wish it.

There's gold for thee. Cleo. Thou must not take my former sharpness

I will employ thee back again; I find thee Most fit for business. Go make thee ready; Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger. Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so. I repent me much That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him.

This creature's no such thing.

Nothing, madam. Char. Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian.

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt Choose your own company, and command

Scene IV. Athens. Antony's house.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that— That were excusable; that and thousands more

Of semblable import—but he hath wag'd New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantly of me; when perforce he could not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He vented them, most narrow measure lent me;

When the best hint was given him, he not took't,

Or did it from his teeth.

Octa.

O my good lord,
Believe not all; or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts.
The good gods will mock me presently

The good gods will mock me presently When I shall pray 'O, bless my lord and

husband!'
Undo that prayer by crying out as loud
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win
brother.

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no mid-

Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia, Let your best love draw to that point

which seeks

Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,

I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you
requested,

Yourself shall go between's. The meantime, lady, 25

I'll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;

So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be 30

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins.

begins, Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults

Can never be so equal that your love

All may be well Can equally move with them. Provide your

whe ost Your heart mind to. Exam

TEXTURE CON LEGICIE

Scene V. Athens. Antony's house.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros i

Eros. There's strange news come, sir Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old. What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompev, presently demed him rivality, wou'd not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him. So the poor third is up, till

death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of

chaps—no more;
And throw between them all the food thou

hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's

Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus,
and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!'

And threats the throat of that his officer That murd'red Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More,

Domitius:

My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more

In Alexandria. Here's the manner of't: I' th' market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat 5 Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto

her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made
her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye? Cæs. I' th' common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of A market-maid to Rome, and have prekings:

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,

He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd

Syria, Cllicia, and Phœnicia. She In th' habiliments of the goddess Isis

That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience.

As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

Who, queasy with his insolence 20 Agr. Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people knows it, and have now receiv'd

His accusations.

Who does he accuse? Agr. Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him

His part o' th' isle. Then does he say he lent me

Some shipping, unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain

All his revenue.

Sir, this should be answer'd, 30 Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger

cruel.

That he his high authority abus'd, And did deserve his change. For what I

have conquer'd I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I 30

Demand the like. Mæc. He'll never yield to that. Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to

in this.

Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ' hail, most dear Cæsar! Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-

away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have vou cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach Long ere she did appear. The trees by th'

Should have borne men, and expectation fainted.

Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Rais'd by your populous troops. But you And ever welcome to us are come

vented

The ostentation of our love, which left unshown

Is often left unlov'd. We should have met you

By sea and land, supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

Good my lord, 55 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony, Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted

My grieved ear withal; whereon I begg'd His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him. Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eves upon him. And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Caes. No, my most wronged sister: Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his enioire

Up to a whore, who now are levying The kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled

Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king I have told him Lepidus was grown too Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas :

King Mancaus of Arabia; King of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas, The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a 75 More larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ay me most wretched, That have my heart parted betwixt two friends.

That does afflict each other!

Welcome hither. Cæs. Your letters did withhold our breaking forth.

Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives

O'er your content these strong necessities, But let determin'd things to destiny Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to

Rome; Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd Beyond the mark of thought, and the high

gods, To do you justice, make their ministers Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort.

Welcome, ladv. 🦠 Agr.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam. Each heart in Rome does love and pity you; Only th' adulterous Antony, most large In his abominations, turns you off, And gives his potent regiment to a trull That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir? Sister, welcome. Most certain.

Pray you My dear'st Be ever known to patience. sister! [Exeunt.

Scene VII. Antony's camp near Actium. Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

these wars.

And say'st it is not fit.

Well, is it, is it? Eno. Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside] Well, I could reply: If we should serve with horse and mares together

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear

A soldier and his horse.

What is't you say? Cleo. Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antonv:

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time.

What should not then be spar'd. He is already

Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome That Photinus an eunuch and your maids Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war.

And, as the president of my kingdom, will Appear there for a man. Speak not against it:

I will not stay behind.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Nay, I have done. Here comes the Emperor. Is it not strange, Canidius, That from Tarentum and Brundusium He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, And take in Toryne?-You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd Than by the negligent.

A good rebuke, 25 Which might have well becom'd the best of

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else? Can. Why will my lord do so?

For that he dares us to 't. Ant. Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia, Where Cæsar fought with Pompey. But

these offers. Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off:

And so should you.

Your ships are not well mann'd: Your mariners are muleteers, reapers. people

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it Ingross'd by swift impress. In Casar's fleet Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in Their ships are yare; yours heavy. No disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea. Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea. 40 Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw

The absolute soldiership you have by land: Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted

Your own renowned knowledge: forgo

The way which promises assurance; and Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard

From firm security.

I'll fight at sea. Ant.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn. And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th'

head of Actium Beat th' approaching Cæsar. But if we fail, We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord: he is descried;

Cæsar has taken Toryne. Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis

impossible-Strange that his power should be. Canidius, Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by

land, And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to

our ship. Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier? 60 Sold. O noble Emperor, do not fight by sea;

Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt

This sword and these my wounds? Let th'
Egyptians

And the Phoenicians go a-ducking; we 64
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Well. well—away.

Well, well—away. [Exeunt Aniony, Cleopatra, and

Ênobarbus. Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' th'

right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't. So our leader's led, And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you
not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justerus, Publicola, and Cælius are for sea; But we keep whole by land. This speed of

Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you? Sold. They say one Taurus.

Sold. They say one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour and throes forth

Each minute some.

[Execution of the content of th

SCENE VIII. A plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, with his Army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole;
provoke not battle

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed 4 The prescript of this scroll. Our fortune lies Upon this jump. [Exeunt.

Scene IX. Another part of the plain.

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on youd side o' th' hill.

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place We may the number of the ships behold, And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

Scene X. Another part of the plain.

Canidius marcheth with his land Army one way over the stage, and Taurus, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.

Th' Antoniad, the Egyptlan admiral, With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder. To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses, All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion? 5 Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,

Where death is sure. You ribaudred nag of Egypt— 10 Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' th' midst o'

th' fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June—
Hoists salls and flies.

Eno. That I beheld; Mine eyes did sicken at the sight and could not

Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting
mallard.

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her. I never saw an action of such shame; Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, 25
And sinks most lamentably. Had our

general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone
well.

O, he has given example for our flight Most grossly by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend

What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render My legions and my horse; six kings already Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow 35 The wounded chance of Antony, though my

Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

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Scene XI. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace. Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;

It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither.

I am so lated in the world that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship Laden with gold; take that; divide it.

And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly? Not we!
Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone:

I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone.
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon.
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they
them

For fear and doting. Friends, be gone;
you shall

Have letters from me to some friends that will

Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness; take the

Which my despair proclaims. Let that be

Which leaves itself. To the sea-side straight way.

I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now; Nay, do so, for indeed I have lost command; Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by. ISits down.

Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS, EROS following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him! Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen. Char. Do? Why, what else? Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no. Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O, fie, fie, fie! Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good Empress!

Eros. Sir, sir!
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes. He at Philippi

His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war. Yet now—no
matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by !

Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen!

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him.

He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me. O! 45
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the Queen approaches.

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation—A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queen. 50
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?
See

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

By looking back what I have left behind 'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord, 54 Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,

And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties,
dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness, who With half the bulk o' th' world play'd as I pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know

How much you were my conqueror, and that

My sword, made weak by my affection, would

Obev it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon! Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them

rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; 70
Even this repays me.

We sent our schoolmaster; is 'a come back? Love, I am full of lead. Some wine,

Within there, and our viands! Fortune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [Exeunt.

Scene XII. Cæsar's camp in Egypt.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither

He sends so poor a pinion of his wing. Which had superfluous kings for messengers Lord of his reason. What though you Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antonv.

Cæs. Approach, and speak. Eub. Such as I am, I come from Antony. I was of late as petty to his ends As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf

To his grand sea.

Be't so. Declare thine office. 10 Cæs. Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee. and

Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,

He lessens his requests and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

A private man in Athens. This for him. 15 Next. Cleopatra does confess thy greatness, Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs. Now hazarded to thy grace.

For Antony, Cæs. I have no ears to his request. The Queen 20 Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend, Or take his life there. This if she perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both. Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Bring him through the bands. [Exit Euphronius. [To Thyreus] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis

time. Dispatch; From Antony win Cleopatra, Promise, And in our name, what she requires: add

more, From thine invention, offers. Women are May be a coward's, whose ministers would not

In their best fortunes strong: but want will perjure The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning,

Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which

Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his

And what thou think'st his very action speaks In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt.

Scene XIII. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN. and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus? Eno.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this F Eno. Antony only, that would make his will

fled From that great face of war, whose several

ranges Frighted each other?

Why should he follow?

The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship, at such a point.

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being

The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying

flags And leave his navy gazing.

Prithee, peace. Cleo.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, the Ambassador: with ANTONY.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy.

Will yield us up. Eup.

He says so. Ant. Let her know't. To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head. And he will fill thy wishes to the brim

With principalities. That head, my lord? Cleo. Ant. To him again. Tell him he wears the rose

Of youth upon him; from which the world should note

Something particular. His coin, ships, legions,

prevail

Under the service of a child as soon As i' th' command of Cæsar. I dare him

therefore To lay his gay comparisons apart, And answer me declin'd, sword against

sword. Ourselves alone. I'll write it. Follow me.

[Exeunt Antony and Euphronius. Eno. [Aside] Yes, like enough high-

battled Cæsar will Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to th' show

Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are

A parcel of their fortunes, and things out-

Do draw the inward quality after them, To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will 35 Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd

Think, and die. His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A messenger from Cæsar. women!

nose

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, [Exit Servant. sir.

Eno. [Aside] Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make Our faith mere folly. Yet he that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord Does conquer him that did his master conquer,

And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Hear it apart. Thyr.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly. Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has, Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master

Will leap to be his friend. For us, you know Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's, Thyr.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st Further than he is Cæsar.

Go on. Right royal! 55 Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony yet. Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him. Cleo. 0!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes, Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60 What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [Aside] To be sure of that, I will ask Autony. Sir, sir, thou art so

That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit. Thvr. Shall I say to Cæsar 65 What you require of him? For he partly

begs To be desir'd to give. It much would please

That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits To hear from me you had left Antony, 70 And put yourself under his shroud, The universal landlord.

Cleo.

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Most kind messenger. Cleo. Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my I kiss his conquiring hand. Tell him I am prompt

Against the blown rose may they stop their To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel.

Tell him from his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt.

'Tis your noblest course. Thyr. Wisdom and fortune combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, so No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay

My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft. When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in. Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place. As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! What art thou, fellow?

Thyr.One that but performs The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest

To have command obey'd.

Eno. [Aside] You will be whipt. Ant. Approach there .-- Ah, you kite !--Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried 'Ho! Like boys unto a muss, kings would start

forth And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears?

I am

Enter Servants.

Take hence this Jack and whip him. Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp

Than with an old one dving.

Ant. Moon and stars! os Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them

So saucy with the hand of she here-what's her name

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows.

Till like a boy you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony-

Ant. Tug him away. Being whipt, Bring him again: the Jack of Cæsar's shall Bear us an errand to him.

[Exeunt Servants with Thyreus. You were half blasted ere I knew you. Ha! Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawful race, What's your name? And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord-Ant. You have been a boggler ever. 110 But when we in our viciousness grow

hard-

O misery on't !- the wise gods seel our eyes, Hence with thy stripes, be gone. In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us

Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut To our confusion.

O, is't come to this? Cleo. Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Cæsar's trencher. Nay, you were a fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's, besides what hotter With one that ties his points? hours.

Unregist'red in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out; for I am sure, 120 should be.

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this? To let a fellow that will take Ant. rewards.

And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal And plighter of high hearts! O that I were Upon the hill of Basan to outroar

The horned herd! For I have savage cause, Have buried them for prey. And to proclaim it civilly were like A halter'd neck which does the hangman

thank

For being yare about him.

Re-enter a Servant with THYREUS.

Is he whipt?

Serv. Soundly, my lord.

Cried he? and begg'd 'a pardon? Serv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter: and be thou sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since 136 Thou hast been whipt for following him. Henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee! Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar;

Tell him thy entertainment; look thou say He makes me angry with him; for he Let's have one other gaudy night. Call to seems

Proud and disdainful, harping on what I All my sad captains; fill our bowls once am.

Not what he knew I was. He makes me Let's mock the midnight bell.

And at this time most easy 'tis to do't, When my good stars, that were my former

guides, Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires

Into th' abysm of hell. If he mislike My speech and what is done, tell him he Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom

He may at pleasure whip or hang or torture. As he shall like, to quit me. Uige it thou.

[Exit Thyreus. Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time. 155 Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eves

Cleo. Not know me vet? Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so. Though you can guess what temperance From my cold heart let heaven engender hail.

And poison it in the source, and the first stone

Drop in my neck; as it determines, so Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite! Till by degrees the memory of my womb. Together with my brave Egyptians all, 164 By the discandying of this pelleted storm, Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile

I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where I will oppose his fate. Our force by land Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood. I and my sword will earn our chronicle. 175 There's hope in't vet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd.

And fight maliciously. For when mine hours

Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth, And send to darkness all that stop me.

Come, me

more:

It is my birthday. 185 Cleo. I had thought t'have held it poor; but since my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force 190

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The wine peep through their scars. Come Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight on, my queen,

There's sap in't vet. The next time I do fight

I'll make death love me : for I will contend Even with his pestilent scythe.

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious

Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood

The dove will peck the estridge; and I see

A diminution in our captain's brain Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason.

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek Some way to leave him. [Exit.

ACT FOUR

Scene I. Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas. with his Army; Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power

To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger personal combat.

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know I have many other ways to die, meantime Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think. 6 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make boot of his distraction. Never anger Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads Know that to-morrow the last of many battles

We mean to fight. Within our files there

Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late Enough to fetch him in. See it done: And feast the army; we have store to do't, And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [Exeunt.

Scene II. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius? Eno. Ant. Why should he not?

better fortune,

He is twenty men to one. To-morrow, soldier, By sea and land I'll fight. Or I will live, 5 Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

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well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry ' Take all'. Ant. Well said; come on.

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

[Exeunt all but Enobarbus. Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, 10 Thou hast been rightly honest. So hast thou:

Thou, and thou, and thou. You have serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [Aside to Enobarbus] What means this?

Eno. [Aside to Cleopatra] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too. 14 I wish I could be made so many men, And all of you clapp'd up together in An Antony, that I might do you service So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid! Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night.

He hath whipt with rods; dares me to Scant not my cup,, and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [Aside to Enobarbus] What does he mean?

Eno. [Aside to Cleopatra] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night: May be it is the period of your duty. Haply you shall , ot see me more; or if, A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow You'll serve another master. I look on vou

As one that takes his leave. Mine house friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master 30 Married to your good service, stay till death. Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more. And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir, To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd. For shame! Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho i Now the witch take me if I meant it thus! Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends.

You take me in too dolorous a sense; Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of For I spake to you for your comfort, did

desire you To burn this night with torches. Know, my

hearts, I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come.

And drown consideration.

[Exeunt.

balace.

Scene III. Alexandria. Before Cleobatra's Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 Sold. Brother, good night. To-morrow is the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way. Fare vou well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing. What news?

2 Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.

They meet other Soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 Sold. And you. Good night, good night. [The two companies separate and place themselves in every corner of the stage.

2 Sold. Here we. And if to-morrow Our navy thrive. I have an absolute hope Our landmen will stand up. 3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

[Music of the hautboys is under the stage. 2 Sold. Peace, what noise? 3 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

3 Sold. Music i' th' air.

4 Sold. Under the earth. 5 Sold. It signs well, does it not?

4 Sold.

No. Sold. Peace, I say!

What should this mean? 2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd.

Now leaves him.

3 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters! 19 Soldiers. [Speaking together] How now! How now! Do you hear this?

1 Sold. Ay; is't not strange? 3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? Do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter:

Let's see how it will give off. Soldiers. Content. 'Tis strange. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, with Others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros! Cleo Sleep a little. Ant. No, my chuck. Eros! Come, mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on. If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too. What's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! Thou are The armourer of my heart. False, false: this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help. Thus it must be, Ant. Well, well; We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good

fellow? Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir. Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Raiely, rarely! He that unbuckles this, till we do please To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm. Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou. Dispatch, O. love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! Thou shouldst see A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee. Welcome. Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.

To business that we love we rise betime, 20 And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir. Early though't be, have on their riveted trim.

And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Flourish of trumpets within.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, General.

All. Good morrow, General. Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads. 25 This morning, like the spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes. Come, give me that. This way. So, so.

Well said. Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of

This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukeable. And worthy shameful check it were, to

stand On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu. [Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains and Soldiers.

Char. Please you retire to your chamber? Cleo. Lead me.

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He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight! Then, Antony—but now. Well, on.

[Exeunt.

Scene V. Alexandria. Antony's camp. Trumpets sound. Enter Anton x and Eros, a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so
The kings that have revolted, and the
soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still 5

Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning? Sold. Who?

One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus, He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp

Say 'I am none of thine'.

Ant. What say'st thou? Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after;
do it:

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to

I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;

Say that I wish he never find more cause 15 To change a master. O, my fortunes have Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus! [Exeunt.

Scene VI. Alexandria. Cæsar's camp. Flourish. Enter Agrippa. Cæsar, with

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Cæsar, with Dolabella and Enobarbus.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.

Our will is Antony be took alive; Make it so known.

ake it so known. Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world

6

Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury to Upon himself. [Exeunt all but Enobarbus. Eno, Alexas did revolt and went to

Jewry on Affairs of Antony; there did dissuade Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar

And leave his master Antony. For this pains

Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the

rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill

Inat fell away have entertainment, but No honourable trust. I have done ill, Of which I do accuse myself so sorely That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony 20 Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with His bounty overplus. The messenger Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now Unloading of his mules. Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

1 tell you true. Best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host. I must attend mine office,

Out of the host. I must attend mine office, Or would have done't myself. Your emperor Continues still a Jove. [Exit.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, And feel I am so most. O Antony, 3x Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.

I fight against thee? No! I will go seek Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits

My latter part of life.

[Exit.

Scene VII. Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and Others.

Agr. Retire. We have engag'd ourselves too far.

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected. [Excunt.

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace. Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,

Go charge Agrippa But now 'tis made an H. evolted in the vant, Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. have vet

Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

advantage serves For a fair victory. Scar. Let us score their backs

And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind.

'Tis sport to maul a runner.

I will reward thee Ant. Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar, I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

Scene VIII. Under the walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Enter ANTONY, again in a march; SCARUS with Others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run Applauding our approach. one before

And let the Queen know of our gests. To-morrow,

Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all: For doughty-handed are you, and have tought

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been

Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss

The honour'd gashes whole.

Enter CLFOPATRA, attended.

[To Scarus] Give me thy hand. To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,

Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' th' world, Chain mine arm'd neck. Leap thou, attire

and all, Through proof of harness to my heart, and there

Ride on the pants triumphing.

Lord of lords! O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from The world's great snare uncaught?

Mine nightingale, Ant. We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man: Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand---

Kiss it, my waitior-he hath fought today

As if a god in hate of mankind had Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend, Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand. Through Alexandria make a jolly march: Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.

Had our great palace the capacity To camp this host, we all would sup together,

And drink carouses to the next day's fate, Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters, 35 With brazen din blast you the city's ear; Make mingle with our rattling tabourines. That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together.

[Exeunt.

Scene IX. Cæsar's camb.

Enter a Centurion and his Company: ENOBARBUS follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour.

We must return to th' court of guard. The

Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle By th' second hour i' th' morn. 1 Watch. This last day was

A shrewd one to's.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night-2 Watch. What man is this?

1 Watch Stand close and list him. Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

When men revolted shall upon record Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did Before thy face repent!

Cent. Enobarbus? 2 Watch. Peace! 10

Hark turther.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy.

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,

That life, a very rebel to my will,

May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault.

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony, Nobler than my revolt is infamous, Forgive me in thine own particular, 20 But let the world rank me in register A master-leaver and a fugitive !

O Antony! O Antony! 1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks May concern Cæsar.

Let's do so. But he sleeps. 2 Watch. Cent. Swoons rather: for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us. 1 Watch. Hear you, sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

[Drums afar off] Hark! the drums Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To th' court of guard; he is of note. Our hour

Is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on, then:

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

Scene X. Between the two camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea: We please them not by land.

For both, my lord. Scar. Ant. I would they'd fight i' th' fire or i'

th' air: We'd fight there too. But this it is, our foot Upon the hills adjoining to the city Shall stay with us-Order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven-Where their appointment we may best discover

And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI. Between the cambs.

Enter CÆSAR and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land.

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales, And hold our best advantage. Exeunt.

Scene XII. A hill near Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine does stand

I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word Straight how 'tis like to go. [Exit. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The

augurers Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

Is valiant and dejected; and by starts His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear Of what he has and has not.

[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me. My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and vonder

cast their caps up and carouse Thev together

Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly: For when I am reveng'd upon my charm, I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone. [Exit Scarus.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more! Fortune and Antony part here; even here Do we shake hands. All come to this? The

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is

bark'd That overtopp'd them all. Betrav'd I am. O this false soul of Egypt! this grave

charm-Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home,

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end-

Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss. What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30 Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians; Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot 35 Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown

For poor'st diminutives, for doits, and let Patient Octavia plough thy visage up With her prepared nails. [Exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well th'art gone, If it be well to live; but better 'twere 40 Thou tell'st into my fury, for one death Might have prevented many. Eros, ho! The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach

me, Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage; Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon.

And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall

Under this plot. She dies for't. Eros, ho! (Fxit.

SCENE XIII. Alexandria. Cleobatra's balace.

MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women. O. he is more mad

Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessalv

Was never so emboss'd.

To th' monument! Char. There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting

Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' monument! Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself; Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony' And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Thy name so buried in her.

Mardian. And bring me how he takes my death. To th' monument! -! Exeunt.

Scene XIV. Cleobatra's balace.

Enter ANTONY and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me? Ay, noble lord. Eros. Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish :

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock. A forked mountain, or blue promontory 5 With trees upon't that nod unto the world

And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants. Eros.

Ay, my lord. Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord. Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body. Here I am Antony; Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen-

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had

Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't

A million moe, now lost—she, Eros, has Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph. Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady ! She has robb'd me of my sword.

No. Antony:

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled

With thine entirely.

Hence, saucy eunuch: peace! 25 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,

And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do

Is done unto thy hand. The last she spake Was 'Antony! most noble Antony! Then in the midst a tearing groan did break The name of Antony; it was divided

Between her heart and lips. She rend'red life,

Ant. Dead then?

Dead. Ant. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is

done. And we must sleep. That thou depart'st hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly. Go.

Exit Mardian. Off, pluck off!

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, Crack thy fiail case. Apace, Eros, apace.-No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;

You have been nobly borne.—From me [Exit Eros. awhile.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture. Since the torch is out, Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength. Seal then, and all is done.

Eros !- I come, my queen.- Eros !- Stay for me;

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops, And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Since Cleopatra died, 55 Ant. I have liv'd in such dishonour that the gods Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Of Antony's death. [Kills himself. Ant. Thrice nobler than myself! Neptune's back Thou teachest me, O valiant Eios, what With ships made cities, condemn myself I should, and thou couldst not My queen to lack The courage of a woman; less noble mind and Eros Than she which by her airth our Cæsar Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me tells 'I am conqueror of myselt'. Thou art A nobleness in record. But I will be A biidegroom in my death, and run into't sworn, Eros, That, when the exigent should come-As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and. which now Eros, Is come indeed—when I should see behind Thy master dies thy scholar. To do thus [Falling on his sword. 65 I learn'd of thee. How? not dead? not Th' inevitable prosecution of Disgrace and horror, that, on my command, dead ?-Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't; the time The guard, ho! O, dispatch me! is come. Enter DERCETAS and a Guard. Thou strik'st not me; 'tis Cæsar thou What's the noise? defeat'st. Guard. Ant. I have done my work ill, friends. O. Put colour in thy cheek. The gods withhold me! make an end Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, Of what I have begun. 2 Guard. Though enemy, lost aim and could not? The star is fall'n. Eros, 1 Guard. And time is at his period. Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome Alas, and woe! Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me and see Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, benddead. ing down 1 Guard. Not I. His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd 2 Guard. Nor I. 109 3 Guard. Nor any one. To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd [Exeunt Guard. Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him. followers fly. branded This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this His baseness that ensued? tidings. I would not see't. Shall enter me with him. Eros. Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I Enter DIOMEDES. must be cur'd. Draw that thy honest sword, which thou Dio. Where's Antony? hast worn Der. There, Diomed, there, Most useful for thy country. Dio Lives he? O, sir, pardon me! 80 Wilt thou not answer, man? Eros. Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st [Exit Dercetas. thou not then Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once. sword and give me Or thy precedent services are all Sufficing strokes for death. But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and Dio. Most absolute lord. come. My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee. Eros. Turn from me then that noble Ant. When did she send thee? countenance. Dio. Now, my lord. Wherein the worship of the whole world Where is she? Ant. Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a hes. Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him. prophesying fear Eros. My sword is drawn. Of what hath come to pass; for when she Then let it do at once The thing why thou hast drawn it. Which never shall be found-you did My dear master. Eros. suspect

She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she

But fearing since how it might work, hath

rage

sent

94 I dread, too late.

Eros. Why, there then! Thus do I escape Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

was dead;

Ant.

My captain and my emperor, let me say, 90

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Now, Eros.

now?

the sorrow

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my Of many thousand kisses the poor last 20 guard, I prithee.

What, ho! the Emperor's guard! The guard, what ho! Come, your lord calls! T30

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides :

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day! Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up. I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends.

And have my thanks for all. 140 [Exeunt, bearing Antony.

Scene XV. Alexandria. A monument. Enter CLEOPATRA and her Maids aloft, with CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian. I will never go from hence!

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

No. I will not. All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great As that which makes it.

Enter DIOMEDES, below.

How now! Is he dead? Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out o' th' other side your monument; His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun.

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! Darkling stand

The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;

Help, friends below! Let's draw him hither.

Peace! Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself. 15

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so! Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I here importune death awhile, until

I lay upon thy lips. Cleo.

I dare not, dear. Dear my lord, pardon! I date not. Lest I be taken. Not th' imperious show Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

Be brooch'd with me. If knife, drugs, serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe. Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes And still conclusion, shall acquire no honous

Demuring upon me. But come, come. Antony-

Help me, my women—we must draw thee up ;

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone. Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness: That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's

power, The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little.

Wishers were ever fools. O come, come,

They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra. And welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast ..v'd.

Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power.

Thus would I wear them out.

A heavy sight! 40 Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high

That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel.

Provok'd by my offence. One word, sweet queen: Ant. Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your

satety. O! Cleo. They do not go together.

Gentle, hear me: None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust:

None about Cæsar. Ant. The miserable change now at my

end

Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts

In feeding them with those my former fortunes

Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' th' world,

The noblest; and do now not basely die, 55 Not cowardly put off my helmet to My countryman-a Roman by a Roman

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;

I can no more.

Noblest of men. woo't die? Cleo. Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide 60 In this dull world, which in thy absence is No better than a sty? O, see, my women, [Antony dies.

The crown o' th' earth doth melt. My lord! O, wither'd is the garland of the war, The soldier's pole is fall'n! Young boys and

girls Are level now with men. The odds is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon. [Swoons.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam! Iras. Royal Egypt, Empress! Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks And does the meanest chares. It were for

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods; To tell them that this world did equal theirs Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought:

Patience is sottish, and impatience does Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin 80 To rush into the secret house of death Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?

What, what ! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look, Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart.

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble.

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion. And make death proud to take us. Come. away:

This case of that huge spirit now is cold. Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend

But resolution and the briefest end. [Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's bodv.

ACT FIVE

Scene I. Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæ-CENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others, his Council of War.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield; Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks The pauses that he makes.

Dol.

Enter DERCETAS with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas: 5 Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was

worthy Best to be serv'd. Whilst he stood up and spoke.

He was my master, and I wore my life To spend upon his haters. If thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not, I vield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st? Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead. Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack. The round world Should have shook lions into civil streets. And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony

Is not a single doom: in the name lay A moiety of the world.

He is dead, Cæsar, Not by a public minister of justice. Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand Which writ his honour in the acts it did Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it.

Splitted the heart. This is his sword; I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends? The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings To wash the eyes of kings.

And strange it is That nature must compel us to lament 29 Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honours Wag'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never Did steer humanity. But you gods will give us

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,

He needs must see himself.

O Antony, I have follow'd thee to this! But we do

Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce Have shown to thee such a declining day Or look on thine; we could not stall together

In the whole world. But yet let me lament, With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts.

That thou, my brother, my competitor In top of all design, my mate in empire, Friend and companion in the front of wa Cæsar, I shall. [Exit. The arm of mine own body, and the hea Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stais,

Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good
friends—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season. The business of this man looks out of him; We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian, yet the Queen, my mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desires instruction,

That she preparedly may frame herself 55 To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart. She soon shall know of us, by some of ours, How honourable and how kindly we 58 Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot learn

To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit. Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and

We purpose her no shame. Give her what comforts

The quality of her passion shall require, Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal

She do defeat us; for her life in Rome 65 Would be eternal in our triumph. Go, And with your speedlest bring us what she says.

And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Extl. Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [Extl Gallus. Where's Dolabella.

To second Proculeius?

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.

Go with me to my tent, where you shall see How hardly I was drawn it to this war, How calm and gentle I proceeded still 75 In all my writings. Go with me, and see What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Alexandria. The monument. Fine: C. ... OPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar: Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave.

A minister of her will; and it is great To do that thing that ends all other deeds, Which shackles accidents and bolts up change,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug.

The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Pro-CULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,

And bids thee study on what fair demands Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name? Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,

That have no use for trusting. If your master

Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him That maiesty, to keep decorum, must

No less beg than a kingdom. If he please To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son, He gives me so much of mine own as I 20 Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro.

Be of good cheer;
Y'are fall'n into a princely hand; fear

nothing.

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him 25
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for
kindness

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him I am his fortune's vassal and I send him The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30 A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly Look him i' ui' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady. Have comfort, for I know your plight is

pitied Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris d. 35

[Here Proculeus and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and come behind cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.

Guard her till Cæsar come. [Exit.

Iras. Royal Queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken,
Queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold,

[Disarms her. Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro.

Cleopatra.

Do not abuse my master's bounty by 43
Th' undoing of yourself. Let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! Come, come, and take Crested the world. His voice was propertied a queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

O, temperance, lady! Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court.

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up, 55 And show me to the shouting varletry Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in As plates dropp'd from his pocket. Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies Blow me into abhorring! Rather make 60 My country's high pyramides my gibbet, And hang me up in chains!

You do extend shall

Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius.

What thou hast done thy master Cæsar

And he hath sent for thee. For the Queen, I'll take her to my guard.

So, Dolabella, It shall content me best. Be gentle to her. [To Cleopatra] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

If you'll employ me to him.

Say I would die. 70 Ćleo. [Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers. Dol. Most noble Empress, you have

heard of me? Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me. Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams:

Is't not your trick?

I understand not, madam. 75 Dol. Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony-

O. such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!

If it might please ye-Dol. Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck

and lighted

The little O, the earth.

Most sovereign creature-Dol. Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb.

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas

That grew the more by reaping. delights

Were dolphin-like: they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in. In his livery 90 Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were

Dol. Cleopatra-Cleo. Think you there was or might be such a man

As this I dreamt of?

Gentle madam, no. Dol. Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But if there be nor ever were one such. These thoughts of horror further than you It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants

> To vie strange forms with fancy; yet t' imagine

An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy.

Condemning shadows quite.

Hear me, good madam. 100 Dol. Your loss is, as yourself, great; and you bear it

As answering to the weight. Would I might

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I dó feel, By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites My very heart at root.

I thank you, sir. 105 Cleo. Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable-Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph? Dol. Madam, he will. I know't.

[Flourish. Within. Make way there—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR; GALLUS, Proculeius. MÆCENAS. SELEUCUS, and others of his Train.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt? Dol. It is the Emperor, madam.

[Cleopatra kneels. Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.

A sun and moon, which kept their course I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Sir, the gods Cleo. Will have it thus; my master and my lord I must obey

Take to you no hard thoughts. The record of what injuries you did us, 117 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Sole sir o' th' world. Cleo. I cannot project mine own cause so well 120 To make it clear, but do confess I have Been laden with like frailties which before Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know We will extenuate rather than enforce. If you apply yourself to our intents-Which towards you are most gentle-you

shall find

A benefit in this change: but if you seek To lay on me a cruelty by taking Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. Cleo. And may, through all the world. Tis yours, and we,

Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall Hang in what place you please. Here, my

good lord. 135 Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of. 'Tis exactly valued. Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus

Sel. Here, madam. Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak. my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips than to my peril Speak that which is not.

What have I kept back? Cleo. Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; approve

Your wisdom in the deed.

See, Cæsar! O, behold, How pomp is followed! Mine will now be yours;

And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does Even make me wild. O slave, of no more Be noble to myself.

Than love that's hir'd! What, goest thou back? Thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch And we are for the dark. thine eyes

Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good Queen, let us entreat vou. Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this.

That thou vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy lordliness To one so meek, that mine own servant should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar, That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, Immoment toys, things of such dignity 165 As we greet modern friends withal; and sav

Some nobler token I have kept apart For Livia and Octavia, to induce Their mediation-must I be unfolded With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me [To Seleucus]

Beneath the fall I have. Puthee go hence:

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits Through th' ashes of my chance. thou a man.

Thou wouldst have mercy on me. Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit Seleucus. Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought

For things that others do; and when we fall

We answer others' merits in our name, Are therefore to be pitied.

Cleopatra, Cæs. Not what you have reserv'd, nor what

acknowledg'd. Put we i' th' roll of conquest. Still be't

yours, Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with

you Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd:

Make not your thoughts your prisons. No. dear Queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed and

sleep. Our care and pity is so much upon you That we remain your friend; and so,

adieu. Cleo. My master and my lord!

Not so. Adieu. [Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train. Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,

that I should not But hark thee, [Whispers Charmian. Charmian !

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,

Cleo. Hie thee again. I have spoke already, and it is provided; Go put it to the haste. Madam, I will. Char. 195

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Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where's the Queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit. Cleo. Dolabella! Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your

command,

Which my love makes religion to obey, I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria Intends his journey, and within three days

You with your children will he send before.

Make your best use of this; I have perform'd

Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on
Cæsar. 205

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

[Exit Dolabella.

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou an Egyptian puppet shall be shown In Rome as well as I. Mechanic slaves, With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded, And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy
lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers

ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians Extemporally will stage us, and present Our Alexandrian revels; Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness

I' th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods! 220 Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't, for I am sure mine nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way To fool their preparation and to conquer Their most absurd intents.

Enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian! 225 Show me, my women, like a queen. Go fetch

My best attires. I am again for Cydnus, To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah, Iras, go. Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;

And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

[Exit Iras. A noise within. Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow That will not be denied your Highness' presence.

He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [Exit Guardsman.

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting
moon

No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman and Clown, with a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[Exit Guardsman. Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him. But I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt—truly she makes a very good report o' th' worm. But he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most falliable, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell. 257 Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[Sets down the basket.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind. 261

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell. Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be

trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be

heeded. 266 Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I

pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for

in every ten that they make the devils mar Now boast thee, death, in thy possession

Cleo. Well, get thee gone: farewell. Clown. Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o' th' worm.

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown: I have

Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this

hp. Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear

Antony call. I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act. I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come.

Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life. So, have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian. Iras, long tarewell

[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies. Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall? If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch. Which hurts and is desir'd. Dost thou he

still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say

The gods themselves do weep.

This proves me base. If she first meet the curled Antony, He'll make demand of her, and spend that

k155 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch.

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast. With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool. Be angry, and dispatch. O couldst thou speak.

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass Unpolicied!

O Eastern star! Char.

Peace, peace! Cleo. Dost thou not see my baby at my breast That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle-

O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too: 310 If they had swallow'd poison 'twould [Applying another asp to her arm. What should I stay-[Dies.

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

lies

A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close: And golden Phœbus never be beheld lÉxit. Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it and then play-

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not. 1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent-Char.

Too slow a messenger. [Applies an asp. O. come apace, dispatch. I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd. 2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from

Cæsar: call him. 1 Guard. What work is here! Charmian,

is this well done? Char. It is well done, and fitting for a

princess Descended of so many royal kings. Ah, soldier! [Charmian dies.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead. Dol.

Cæsar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this. Thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder. Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his Train.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer: That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last, She levell'd at our purposes, and being roval,

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them? 1 Guard. A simple countryman that brought her figs.

This was his basket. Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar. This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake.

I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress. Tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd. Cæs.

O noble weakness! appear

By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.

Here on her breast 345 Dol. There is a vent of blood, and something

blown;

The like is on her arm. 1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

350 Most probable Cæs. That so she died; for her physician tells

She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed, And bear her women from the monument. She shall be buried by her Antony; No grave upon the earth shall clip in it A pair so famous. High events as these Strike those that make them; and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall 360

In solemn show attend this funeral, And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity.

Exeunt.

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, King of Britain. CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

Posthumus LEONATUS. gentleman. husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of MORGAN.

sons to Cymbeline, disguised GUIDERIUS. under the names of POLY-ARVIRAGUS, DORE and CADWAL, subposed sons to Belarius.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, Italians. IACHIMO, friend to Philario, A French Gentleman, friend to Philario. CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces. A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

THE SCENE: Britain: Italy.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers

Still seem as does the King's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter? 1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son-a widow

That late he married—hath referr'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded:

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd.

Is outward sorrow, though I think the King Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the King? 1 Gent. He that hath lost her too. So is the Queen,

That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier.

Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so? 1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the Princess

is a thing

I mean that married her, alack, good man! Breeds him and makes him of his bed-And therefore banish'd-is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth Puts to him all the learnings that his time

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus. CORNELIUS, a physician. Two Lords of Cymbeline's court. Two Gentlemen of the same. Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELÊN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Apparitions.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers and Attendants.

For one his like, there would be something In him that should compare. I do not

think So fair an outward and such stuff within

Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far. 1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself:

Crush him together rather than unfold His measure duly.

What's his name and birth? 2 Gent. 1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root; his father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour

Against the Romans with Cassibelan, But had his titles by Tenantius, whom He serv'd with glory and admir'd success, So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus; And had, besides this gentleman in ques-

tion. Two other sons, who, in the wars o' th'

tıme. Died with their swords in hand: for which their father.

Then old and fond of issue, took such

That he quit being; and his gentle lady, Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd As he was born. The King he takes the

babe Too bad for bad report; and he that hath To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus.

chamber.

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Could make him the receiver of; which he took.

As we do air, fast as 'twas minist'red. And in's spring became a harvest, liv'd in court-

Which rare it is to do-most prais'd, most lov'd,

A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature

A glass that feated them; and to the graver

To his A child that guided dotards. mistress, For whom he now is banish'd-her own

price Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue:

By her election may be truly read

What kind of man he is.

I honour him Gent. Even out of your report. But pray you tell

Is she sole child to th' King?

His only child. Gent. He had two sons-if this be worth your hearing,

Mark it—the eldest of them at three years old.

I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery

Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge

Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years. 2 Gent. That a king's children should be

so convey'd, So slackly guarded, and the search so slow That could not trace them!

Howsoe'er 'tis strange, 65 Gent. Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,

Yet is it true, sir.

I do well believe you. 1 Gent. We must forbear; here comes the gentleman,

The Queen, and Princess. [Exeunt.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers, 71 Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my prisoner, but

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys That lock up your restraint. For you. Posthumus,

So soon as I can win th' offended King, 75 I will be known your advocate. Marry, yet The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience

Your wisdom may inform you. Spir

Post. Please your Highness. I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying The pangs of barr'd affections, though the King

charg'd you should not Hath speak together. Exit.

Imo. 0 Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,

I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing-

Always reserv'd my holy duty-what His rage can do on me. You must be gone: And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes, not comforted to live But that there is this jewel in the world That I may see again.

My queen! my mistress! Post. O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain 95

The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth: My residence in Rome at one Philario's. Who to my father was a friend, to me

Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,

And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you. If the King come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure. [Aside] Yet I'll move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live,

The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu! Imo. Nay, stay a little.

Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:

This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart:

But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

How, how? Another? 114 You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And cere up my embracements from a next With bonds of death! Remain, remain thou here

[Puts on the ring. While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you. To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120 Scene 11 CYMBELINE

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I still win of you. For my sake wear Dear lady daughter, peace !- Sweet sovthis:

It is a manacle of love: I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner. Puts a bracelet on her arm.

O the gods! When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cvm. Thou basest thing, avoid; hence from my sight! If after this command thou fraught the court

With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away! Thou'rt poison to my blood.

The gods protect you. And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone. Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is. disloyal thing, Cym. That shouldst repair my youth, thou

heap'st 132 A years' age on me!

I beseech you, sir, Ĭmο. Harm not yourself with your vexation. I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears. Past grace? obedience? Cvm.

Imo. Past hope, and in despair: that way past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed that I might not! I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No: I rather added A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one! Imo.

Sir. It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is A man worth any woman; overbuys me Almost the sum he pays. Cym. What, art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir. Heaven restore me! Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Thou foolish thing! [To the Queen] They were again together. You have done Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience.-Peace,

ereign.

Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cvm. Nay, let her languish 156 A drop of blood a day and, being aged, Die of this folly. Exit, with Lords.

Enter PISANIO.

Fie! you must give way. Oueen. Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha! 160 No harm, I trust, is done?

There might have been. But that my master rather play'd than fought.

And had no help of anger; they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't. Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!

I would they were in Afric both together; Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me

To bring him to the haven; left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to, When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been Your faithful servant. I dare lay mine honour He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness. Queen. Pray walk awhile.

About some half-hour hence. Pray you speak with me. You shall at least

Go see my lord aboard. For this time leave me. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Britain. A public place.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. [Aside] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him! His body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt. It is a throughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

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2 Lord. [Aside] His steel was in debt: it went o' th' back side the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me. 2 Lord. [Aside] No: but he fled forward

still, toward your face. 1 Lord. Stand you? You have land enough of your own; but he added to your

having, gave you some ground. 2 Lord. [Aside] As many inches as you

have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between 2 Lord. [Aside] So would I, till you had

measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. [Aside] If it be a sin to make a

true election, she is damn'd.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together; she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord, [Aside] She shines not upon fools. lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. [Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Britain. Cymbeline's palace. Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

shores o' th' haven. And questioned'st every sail; if he should

write. And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last That he spake to thee? Pis. It was: his queen, his queen! 5

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief? Pıs. And kiss'd it, madam. Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than

1! And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long As he could make me with his eye, or care Distinguish him from others, he did keep The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief.

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on.

How swift his ship.

Thou shouldst have made him Imo. As little as a crow, or less, ere left To after-eye him.

Madam, so I did. Pis.

Imo. I would have broke mine evestrings, crack'd them but To look upon him, till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:

Nay, followed him till he had melted from The smallness of a gnat to air, and then Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio.

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam, With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him

How I would think on him at certain hours Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear

The shes of Italy should not betrav Mine interest and his honour; or have

charg'd him. At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

T' encounter me with orisons, for then I am in heaven for him; or ere I could Give him that parting kiss which I had set Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Ladv. The Oueen, madam. Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. He was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's

daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

Which thronging through her lips sc Lends light to all fair eyes that light will vanisheth

As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes.

Or that which from discharged canno fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she 'I live, and seek is

Some happy mean to end a hapless life. 104 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain. Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife But when I fear'd I was a loval wife:

So am I now—O no, that cannot be: Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,

And therefore now I need not fear to die. To clear this spot by death, at least I give A badge of fame to slander's livery: A dving life to living infamy.

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,

To burn the guiltless casket where it lay Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt no

know The stained taste of violated troth; I will not wrong thy true affection so To flatter thee with an infringed oath:

This bastard graff shall never come to growth; He shall not boast who did thy stock

pollute That thou art doting father of his fruit. 'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,

106 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state; But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought

Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.

For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 1069 And with my trespass never will dispense, Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint. Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses: My sable ground of sin I will not paint To hide the truth of this false night's abuses.

My tongue shall utter all: mine eves like sluices,

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale.

Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow, 1080 And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended

To ugly hell: when io, the blushing morrow

borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see. And therefore still in night would cioist'red he.

Revealing day through every cranny spies, And seems to point her out where she sits weeping:

To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eve of eyes,

Why pry'st thou through my window? Leave thy peeping;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping; $_{1090}$ Brand not my forehead with thy piercing

light.

For day hath nought to do what's done by night'.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees. True grief is fond and testy as a child,

Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees. Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them

mild: Continuance tames the one; the other

wild. Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging

still With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care, 1100 Holds disputation with each thing she

views, And to herself all sorrow doth compare: No object but her passion's strength

And as one shifts, another straight ensues. Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words:

Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's

Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:

'or mirth doth search the bottom of annoy; Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110 rief best is pleas'd with grief's society.

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore; He ten times pines that pines beholding food :

o see the salve doth make the wound ache more:

reat grief grieves most at that would do it good;

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood, Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit Than they whose whole is swallowed in knows. 1120

'You mocking birds,' quoth she 'your tunes entomb

Within your hollow-swelling feathered breasts,

And in my hearing be you mute and dumb. My restless discord loves no stops nor rests: A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests. Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears; Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravish-

ment, Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment.

So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, And with deep groans the diapason bear; For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin stıll.

While thou on Tereus descants better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part

To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I To imitate thee well, against my heart Will fix a sharp knife to affight mine

Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die. These means, as frets upon an instru-

Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

' And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the

As shaming any eye should thee behold, Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,

That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold.

Will we find out; and there we will unfold To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds.

Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at

Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze That cannot tread the way out readily: So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better.

When life is sham'd, and death reproach's

'To kill myself,' quoth she 'alack, what were it,

But with my body my poor soul's pollution? They that lose half with greater patience My shame be his that did my fame conbear it

confusion. 1150

That mother tries a merciless conclusion Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one.

Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the deareı.

When the one pure, the other made divine? Whose love of either to myself was nearer, When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?

Ay me! the bank pill'd from the lofty pine. His leaves will wither and his sap decay; So must my soul, her bark being pill'd away.

' Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted. Her mansion batter'd by the enemy; 1171 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,

Grossly engirt with daring infamy; Then let it not be call'd impiety

If in this blemish'd fort I make some 1175

Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine Have heard the cause of my untimely death:

That he may yow, in that sad hour of mine. Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.

My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,

And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife That wounds my body so dishonoured. 1185 Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life: The one will live, the other being dead.

So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred; For in my death I murther shameful scorn.

My shame so dead, mine honour is new born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, What legacy shall I bequeath to thee? My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,

By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be. How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me: Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy

foe: And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin

This brief abridgment of my will I make: My soul and body to the skies and ground; My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound:

found:

And all my fame that lives disbursed be To those that live and think no shame of me. 120

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will. How was I overseen that thou shalt see it My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.

Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it".

Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;

They deed both die and both shall

Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,

And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,

With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls
her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;

For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so

As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure goodmorrow

With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty, 1220

And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow, For why her tace wore sorrow's livery; But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so, Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,

Each flower moist'ned like a melting eye; Even so the maid with swelling drops gan

Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their
light,
1231

Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand, Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling: One justly weeps; the other takes in hand No cause but company of her drops spilling.

Their gentle sex to weep are often willing; Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,

And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds, And therefore are they form'd as marble will; The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.

Then call them not the authors of their

No more than wax shall be accounted evil

Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,

Lays open all the little worms that creep; In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.

Through crystal walls each little mote will peep. 1251

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,

Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flow'r.

But chide rough winter that the flow'r hath kill'd.

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,

Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd

With men's abuses! those proud lords to blame

Make weak-made women tenants to their shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view, Assail'd by night with circumstances strong Of present death and shame that might ensue

By that her death, to do her husband wrong.

Such danger to resistance did belong 1265
That dying fear through all her body spread;

And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak

To the poor counterfeit of her complaining. 'My girl,' quoth she 'on what occasion break 1270

Those tears from thee that down thy cheeks are raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;

If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went '—and there she stay'd 1275 Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from

hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid

'The more to blame my sluggard negligence.

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense: Myself was stirring ere the break of day, And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold, She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece 'If it should be told,

The repetition cannot make it less, 1285 For more it is than I can well express; And that deep torture may be call'd a

hell,

When more is felt than one hath power

When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen— Yet save that labour, for I have them here. What should I say ?—One of my husband's men

Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my loid, my love, my dear.
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon
be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write, First hovering o'er the paper with her quill. Conceit and grief an eager combat fight; What wit sets down is blotted straight with will:

This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:

Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go
before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord

Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee Health to thy person! Next vouchsale t afford—

If ever. love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see— Some present speed to come and visit me. So I commend me from our house in

grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words
are brief'.

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly. 1311 By this short schedule Collatine may know Her grief, but not her grief's true quality. She dares not thereof make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,

Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her:

When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her From that suspicion which the world might bear her. To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter

With words, till action might become them better.

'o see sad sights moves more than hear them told;

for then the eye interprets to the ear 1345 he heavy motion that it doth behold, When every part a part of woe doth bear. Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words. 1330

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ

At Ardea to my lord with more than
haste'.

The post attends, and she delivers it, Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast As lagging fowls before the northern blast. Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low; And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye Receives the scroll without or yea or no, And forth with bashful innocence doth hie. But they whose guilt within their bosoms

Imagine every eye beholds their blame; For Luciece thought he blush'd to see her

When, siliy groom God wot, it was defect Ot spirit, life, and bold audacity.

1346
Such harmless creatures have a true respect To talk in deeds, while others saucily Promise more speed but do it leisurely.

Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust, That two red fires in both their faces blazed; She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's lust,

And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;

Her earnest eye did make him more amazed; The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,

The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she th.nks till he return again, And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. The weary t.me she cannot entertain, 1361 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan;

So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan, That she her plaints a little while doth stay,

Pausing for means to mourn some newer way. 1365

At last she calls to mind where hangs a In speech, it seem d, his beard all silver

Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy Before the which is drawn the power of Greece

For Helen's rape the city to destroy, Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;

Which the conceited painter drew so 1371

As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand amentable objects there, In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life: Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear Shed for the slaught'ied husband by the X376

The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife:

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights.

Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring proneer Begrim'd with sweat and smeared all with dust;

And from the towers of Troy there would appear

The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,

Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust. Such sweet observance in this work was 1357

That one might see those far-off even look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty You might behold, triumphing in their faces:

In youth, quick bearing and dexterity; And here and there the painter interlaces

Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces, Which heartless peasants did so well

resemble

That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art Of physiognomy might one behold! 1305 The face of either cipher'd either's heart; Their face their manners most expressly told:

In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd; But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent Show'd deep regard and smiling government. 1400

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,

As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight. Making such sober action with his hand That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the Many she sees where cares have carved sight.

white

Wagg'd up and down, and from his has did fly

Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces, Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,

All jointly list'ning, but with several graces. As if some mermaid did their ears entice: Some high, some low—the painter was so

The scalps of many, almost hid behind, To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head.

His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's ear;

Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red:

Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear; And in their rage such signs of rage they bear.

As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there: Concert decentral, so compact, so kind, That for Achilles' image stood his spear, Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:

A hand, a foot, a face a leg, a head, Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy their brave hope, bold Hector, When march'd to field.

Stood many Troyan mothers, sharing joy To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;

And to their hope they such odd action yield

That through their light joy seemed to appear,

Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear. 1435

And from the strond of Dardan where they fought.

To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran, Whose waves to imitate the battle sought With swelling ridges; and their ranks began

To break upon the galled shore, and than Retire again, till meeting greater ranks They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come. To find a face where all distress is stell'd. 1445 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,

Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,

Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's
reign;

Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;

Of what she was no semblance did remain: Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,

Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed, 1455

Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes, And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes.

Who nothing wants to answer her but cries, And bitter words to ban her cruel foes: 1460 The painter was no god to lend her those:

And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong

To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she 'without a sound,

I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue.

And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,

And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,

And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;

And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes 1469

Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,

That with my nails her beauty I may tear. Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur This load of wrath that burning Troy doth

Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of theme
eye.

The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some

Become the public plague of many moe? Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1450 Upon his head that hath transgressed so: Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe. For one's offence why should so many

To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies, Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus sounds;

Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies, And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds.

And one man's lust these many lives confounds.

Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire, 1490

Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:

For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell, Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes:

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell; 2495

So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell

To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd

sorrow:

She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round, 1499
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.

At last she sees a wretched image bound That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;

His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,

So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes. 1505

In him the painter labour'd with his skill To hide deceit, and give the harmless show An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,

A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe:

Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance

Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have;

But, like a constant and confirmed devI, He entertain'd a show so seeming just, And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil, That jealousy itself could not mistrust 1516 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust

Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms.

Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image
drew 1520
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story

For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story The credulous old Priam atter slew;

Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shin- Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails ing glory

Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry, And little stars shot from their fixed 1525

When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd, And chid the painter for his wondrous

Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd. So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill: 1530 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing

Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied

belied.

'It cannot be' quoth she 'that so much guile '

She would have said 'can lurk in such a look '

But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while.

And from her tongue 'can lurk' from cannot took:

'It cannot be 'she in that sense forsook, And turn'd it thus: 'It cannot be, I find, But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

' For even as subtle Sinon here is painted. So soher-sad, so weary, and so mild,

As if with grief or travall he had fainted. To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd With outward honesty, but yet defil'd 1545 With inward vice. As Priam him did cherish.

So did I Tarquin: so my Troy did perish

'Look, look, how list'ning Priam wets his eyes,

To see those borrowed tears that Sinon sheds.

Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise? For every tear he falls a Troyan bleeds; His eye drops fire, no water thence pro-

ceeds: Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity

Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy

'Such devils steal effects from lightless

For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold, And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell:

These contraries such unity do hold So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth 1560

with water'.

That patience is quite beaten from her breast.

She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails. Comparing him to that unhappy guest 1565 Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er: 'Fool! fool!' quoth she 'his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow.

And time doth weary time with her complaining. She looks for night, and then she longs for

morrow, That she concludes the picture was And both she thinks too long with her remaining.

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps :

And they that watch see time how slow it creeps. 1474

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought

That she with painted images hath spent. Being from the feeling of her own grief brought

By deep surmise of others' detriment, 1579 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured.

To think their dolour others have er.dured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back, Brings home his lord and other company: Who finds his Lucrece clad in mouning black.

And round about her tear-distained eve Blue circles stream'd, like rambows in the

These water-galls in her dim element Foretell new storms to those already speat.

Which when her sad-beholding husband 1590

Amazedly in her sad face he stares: Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,

Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.

He hath no power to ask her how she fares; Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance. 1595

Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

Only to flatter fools, and make them bold; At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,

And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event That he finds means to burn his Troy Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent? 1600

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent? Unmask, dear dear, this moody heavi-

And tell thy grief, that we may give redress'.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow

Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:

At length address'd to answer his desire. She modestly prepares to let them know Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;

While Collatine and his consorted lords With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her wat'ry nest Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending. 'Few words' quoth she 'shall fit the trespass best.

Where no excuse can give the fault amending:

In me moe woes than words are now depending;

And my laments would be drawn out too long

To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say: Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed A stranger came and on that pillow lay 1620 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head:

And what wrong else may be imagined By foul enforcement might be done to me From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

' For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight, 1625

With shining falchion in my chamber came A creeping creature, with a flaming light, And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame.

And entertain my love; else lasting shame On thee and thine this night I will inflict, If thou my love's desire do contradict.

" For some hard-favour'd groom of thine " quoth he

"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will, I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter 1634

And swear I found you where you did fulfil

The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill The lechers in their deed: this act will be My fame, and thy perpetual infamy ".

'With this I did begin to start and cry, And then against my heart he set his sword, Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641 I should not live to speak another word. So should my shame still rest upon record, Be suddenly revenged on my foe,

And never be forgot in mighty Rome Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,

And far the weaker with so strong a fear. My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak:

No rightful plea might plead for justice there.

His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eycs,

And when the judge is robb'd, the pusoner dies.

O. teach me how to make mine own excuse! Or, at the least, this refuge let me find: Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse.

Immaculate and spotless is my mind: That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd

To accessary yieldings, but still pure Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss. With head declin'd and voice damm'd up

with woe. 166 With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,

From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow The grief away that stops his answer so: But wretched as he is he strives in vain:

What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste, Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride Back to the strait that foic'd him on so

fast. 1670 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;

Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,

To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth. 1674

And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh: Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth

no flood by raining Another power; slaketh.

My woe too sensible thy passion maketh More feeling-painful. Let it then suffice To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so.

For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:

Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dos A harmful knife, that thence her soul undefend me

From what is past. The help that thou shalt lend me

Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you, fair lords, quoth she.

Speaking to those that came with Collatine. 'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine:

For 'tis a meritorious fair design

To chase injustice with revengeful arms poor ladies' harms'.

At this request, with noble disposition 1695 Each present lord began to promise aid. As bound in knighthood to her imposition, Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd. But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,

The protestation stops. 'O speak,' quoth

from me?

'What is the quality of my offence, Being constrain'd with dreadful circum-

stance? May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,

My low-declined honour to advance? 1705 May any terms acquit me from this chance? The poisoned fountain clears itself again: And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this, they all at once began to say Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;

While with a joyless smile she turns away The face, that map which deep impression

Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears. 'No, no,' quoth she 'no dame hereafter living

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.' 1715

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break.

She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he' she says,

But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak :

Till after many accents and delays,

Untimely breathings, sick, and short assays, She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he.

That guides this hand to give this wound to me'.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast

sheathed. That blow did ball it from the deep unrest Of that polluted prison where it breathed.

Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed

Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly

Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny. Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed.

Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed, Himself on her self-slaught'red body threw, Knights, by their oaths, should right And from the purple fountain Brutus drew The murd'rous knife, and, as it left the

place. Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase:

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide

In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood Circles her body in on every side, Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood 'How may this forced stain be wip'd Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood, Some of her blood still pure and red

remain'd. And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face Of that black blood a wat'ry rigol goes, 1715 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place;

And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes. Corrupted blood some watery token shows: And blood untainted still doth red abide. Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries, 175I That life was mine which thou hast here

deprived. f in the child the father's image lies. Where shall I I ve now Lucrece is unlived? Thou wast not to this end from me derived. If children predecease progenitors,

We are their offspring, and they none of

Poor broken glass, I often did behold In thy sweet semb-ance my old age new born:

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old. Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-

worn; , from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn.

And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass. That I no more can see what once I was!

O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer, f they surcease to be that shou'd survive.

1305

Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,

And leave the falt'ring feeble souls alive? The old bees die, the young possess their

Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see

Thy father die, and not thy father thee.'

By this starts Collatine as from a dream, And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place; And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face.

And counterfeits to die with her a space; Till manly shame bids him possess his breath.

And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his T780

tongue: Who, mad that sorrow should his use

control. Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,

Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng

Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid.

That no man could distinguish what he

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced

tore.

This windy tempest, till it blow up rain. Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more:

At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er: Then son and father weep with equal strife.

Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his, Yet neither may possess the claim they lay. The father says 'She's mine'. 'O, mine she is Í '

Replies her husband. 'Do not take away My sorrow's interest; let no mourner

He weeps for her, for she was only mine, And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

O,' quoth Lucretius 'I did give that life Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.

'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine 'she was my wife,

I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath This said, he struck his hand upon his kill'd.'

clamours fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life, Answer'd their cries, 'My daughter!' and 'My wife!'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe,

Began to clothe his wit in state and pride. Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show, He with the Romans was esteemed so 1811

As silly jeering idiots are with kings. For sportive words and utt'ring foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by Wherein deep policy did him disguise, 1815 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he 'arıse;

Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool. Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow.

For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?

Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds.

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so. To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

But through his teeth, as if the name he 'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy

In such relenting dew of amentations. But kneel with me, and help to bear thy

To rouse our Roman gods with invocations That they will suffer these abominations-Since Rome herself in them doth stand

disgraced-By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now by the Capitol that we adore. And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,

By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,

By all our country rights in Rome maintained,

And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife.

We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

breast,

'My daughter!' and 'My wife!' with And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow; And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

1845 allow: Then jointly to the ground their knees they

bow

And that deep vow which Brutus made

He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

Who, wond'ring at him, did his words When they had sworn to this advised doom, They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,

To show her bleeding body thorough Rome, And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence; Which being done with speedy diligence,

The Romans plausibly did give consent To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSUING. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OUR. EVER-LIVING. POET.

WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN.

SETTING. FORTH,

т. т.

From fairest creatures we desire increase, That thereby beauty's rose might never die, But as the riper should by time decease, His tender heir might bear his memory; But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,

Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,

Making a famine where abundance lies, Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel. Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament

And only herald to the gaudy spring, 10 Within thine own bud buriest thy content, And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be, To eat the world's due, by the grave and

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field. Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now, Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held. Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies, Where all the treasure of thy lusty days, 6 To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,

If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine ro

Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest

Now is the time that face should form another;

Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest, Thou dost begule the world, unbless some mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb

Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? Or who is he so fond will be the tomb Of his self-love, to stop posterity? Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee Calls back the lovely April of her prime; 10

So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live rememb'red not to be,

Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy? Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth

And, being frank, she lends to those are free. Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse

The bounteous largess given thee to give? Profitless usurer, why dost thou use So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live? For having traffic with thyself alone, Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive. Then how when nature calls thee to be

What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with

Which, used, lives th' executor to be,

Those hours that with gentle work did frame

The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell Will play the tyrants to the very same, And that unfair which fairly doth excel; For never-resting time leads summer on 5 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;

Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where.

Then, were not summer's distillation left A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass, 10 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,

SONNETS

Nor it, not no temembrance what it was; Resembling site, and child, and happy But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet.

Leese but then show: their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not winter's lagged hand deface In thee thy summer ere thou be distill'd; Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some

With beauty's treasure ere it be self-kill'd. That use is not forbidden usuav

Which happies those that pay the willing loan-

That's for thyself to breed an other thee, Or ten times happier, be it ten for one:

Ten times thy self were happier than thou art. If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee. 10

Then what could Death do if thou shouldst depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too

To be death's conquest and make worms thine hen.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light Lifts up his buining head, each under eve Doth homage to his new-appearing sight, Serving with looks his sacred majesty; And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill.

Resembling strong youth in his middle age. Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still, Attending on his golden pilgrimage:

But when from highmost pitch, with weary Like feeble age he reeleth from the day, 10

The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are From his low tract and look another way; So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon, Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy? If the true concord of well-tuned sounds, 5 As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou By unions married, do offend thine ear, They do but sweetly chide thee, who con- In one of thine, from that which thou

Mark how one string, sweet husband to Thou mayst call thine when thou from

Strikes each in each by mutual ordering; 10 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;

mother.

Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing; Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one.

Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none'.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye

That thou consum'st thyself in single life? Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,

The world will wail thee like a makeless wife:

The world will be thy widow, and still weep That thou no form of thee hast left behind, When every private widow well may keep, By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.

Look what an unthrift in the would doth spend

Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end.

And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it. No love toward others in that bosom sit, That on himself such murd'ious shame commits.

10

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to

Who for thy self art so unprovident. Grant, if thou wilt, thou ait belov'd of many.

But that thou none lov'st is most evident: For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous

That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate Which to repair should be thy chief desire. O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!

Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love? Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,

Or to thy self at least kind-hearted prove; Make thee an other self for love of me, That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

11

grow'st

departest:

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st

youth convertest.

1309

Without this folly, age, and cold decay. 6
If all were minded so, the times should
cease.

And threescore year would make the world away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,

Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish.

Look whom she best endow'd she gave the more:

Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby

Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,

And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;

When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all suber'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves, 5
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Boine on the bier with white and bristly
beard;

Then of thy beauty do I question make That thou among the wastes of time must go,

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,

And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can
make defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

13

O that you were yourself! But, love, you are

No longer yours than you your self here hive.

Against this coming end you should prepare, And your sweet semblance to some other

give.

So should that beauty which you hold in

So should that beauty which you hold in lease 5

Find no determination; then you were Your self again, after your self's decease, When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay, 9
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts! Dear my love,
you know

You had a father: let your son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck, And yet methinks I have astronomy; But not to tell of good or evil luck, Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality; Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell, 5 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind.

Or say with princes if it shall go well By oft predict that I in heaven find; But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive, And, constant stars, in them I read such

As truth and beauty shall together thrive, If from thy self to store thou wouldst convert.

Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

15

When I consider every thing that grows Holds in perfection but a little moment, That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment:

When I perceive that men as plants increase,

Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,

Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,

And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my
sight,

Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay

To change your day of youth to sullied night:

And all in war with Time for love of you, As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier way Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time? And fortify your self in your decay With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?

Now stand you on the top of happy hours, And many maiden gardens, yet unset, 6 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers.

Much liker than your painted counterfeit; So should the lines of life that life repair, 9 Which this, Time's pencil or my pupil pen, Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair, Can make you live your self in eyes of men.

To give away your self keeps your self still:

And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

17

Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were fill'd with your most high deserts? Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a temb

Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes 5 And in fresh numbers number all your graces.

The age to come would say 'This poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces'.

So should my papers, yellowed with their age,

Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,

And stretched metre of an antique song.

But were some child of yours alive that time.

You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; And every fair from fair some time declines, By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd:

But thy eternal summer shall not fade 9 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st. So long as men can breathe or eyes can

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws, And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,

And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st, And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,

To the wide world and all her fading sweets; But I forbid thee one most heinous crime: O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow, Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;

Him in thy course untainted do allow For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time. Despice thy wrong,

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

20

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the Master Mistress of my passion:

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth; A man in hue all hues in his controlling, Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created; Till Nature, as she wrought thee, tell adoting.

doting, 11
And by addition me of thee defeated

By adding one thing to my purpose nothing. But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse, Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse; Who heaven itself for ornament doth use, And every fair with his fair doth rehearse, Making a couplement of proud compare 5 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems.

With April's first-born flowers, and all things lare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write, And then believe me, my love is as fair 10 As any mother's child, though not so bright As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.

Let them say more that like of hearsay

I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

22

My glass shall not persuade me I am old So long as youth and thou are of one date; But when in thee time's furrows I behold, Then look I death my days should expiate. For all that beauty that doth cover thee 3 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart, Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in

How can I then be elder than thou art?

SONNETS

O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary, As I not for myself but for thee will: Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so charv

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill. Presume not on thy heart when mine is

Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage Who with his fear is put besides his part, Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart:

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say The perfect ceremony of love's rite, And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,

O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.

O, let my looks be then the eloquence And dumb presagers of my speaking breast; Who plead for love, and look for recompense,

More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ!

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart: My body is the frame wherein 'tis held, And perspective it is best painter's art. For through the painter must you see his skıll

To find where your true image pictur'd hes, Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still, That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

Are windows to my breast, where through the suu

Delights to peep, to ga_: therein on thee; Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their

They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

25

Let those who are in favour with their stars But day by night and night by day Of public honour and proud titles boast, Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph And each, though enemies to either's reign, bars,

Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread

But as the marigold at the sun's eye: And in themselves their pride lies buried. For at a frown they in their glory die. The painful warrior famoused for fight. After a thousand victories once foil'd, ro Is from the book of honour razed quite. And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.

Then happy I, that love and am beloved Where I may not remove nor be removed.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit, To thee I send this written embassage. To witness duty, not to show my wit: Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine s May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it.

But that I hope some good conceit of thine In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving Points on me graciously with fair aspect, 10 And puts apparel on my tattered loving To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;

Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

27

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed. The dear repose for limbs with travel tired; But then begins a journey in my head To work my mind when body's work's expired;

For then my thoughts, from far where I abidé,

Intend a zealous pilgumage to thee, And keep my drooping eyelids open wide. Looking on darkness which the blind do see: Save that my soul's imaginary sight Presents thy shadow to my sightless view, Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night, Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind.

For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight That am debarr'd the benefit of rest? When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,

oppress'd?

Do in consent shake hands to torture me, The one by toil, the other to complain

Which thronging through her lips so | Lends light to all fair eyes that light will vanisheth

As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes.

Or that which from discharged cannon firmes.

'In vain,' quoth she 'I live, and seek in

Some happy mean to end a hapless life. 1045 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain. Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife; But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:

So am I now—O no, that cannot be: Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O, that is gone for which I sought to live.

And therefore now I need not fear to die. To clear this spot by death, at least I give A badge of fame to slander's livery; A dving life to living infamy. 1055

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n

away,

To burn the guiltless casket where it lay! 'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know

The stained taste of violated troth: I will not wrong thy true affection so To flatter thee with an infringed oath: This bastard graff shall never come to growth;

He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute

That thou art doting father of his fruit. 'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought. 1065

Nor laugh with his companions at thy state: But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought

Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.

For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 1069 And with my trespass never will dispense, Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint. Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses: My sable ground of sin I will not paint To hide the truth of this false night's abuses. 1075

My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices.

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,

Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow. 1080 And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended

To ugly hell: when lo, the blushing morrow

borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see. And therefore still in night would cloist'red be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies, And seems to point her out where she sits weeping:

To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eves.

Why pry'st thou through my window?

Leave thy peeping; Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing

For day hath nought to do what's done by night'.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees. True grief is fond and testy as a child, Who wayward once, his mood with nought

agrees. Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them

mild: Continuance tames the one; the other

wild. Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging

still With too much labour drowns for want of

skill. So she, deep drenched in a sea of care, 1100

Holds disputation with each thing she views.

And to herself all sorrow doth compare: No object but her passion's strength

And as one shifts, another straight ensues. Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words:

Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy

Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:

For mirth doth search the bottom of annov: Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110 Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd,

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore; He ten times pines that pines beholding food :

To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;

Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood, Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit Than they whose whole is swallowed in knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she 'your tunes entomb

Within your hollow-swelling feathered breasts,

And in my hearing be you mute and dumb. My restless discord loves no stops nor rests; A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests. Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears; Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,

Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair. As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment.

So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, And with deep groans the diapason bear; For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin

While thou on Teleus descants better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part

To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I, To imitate thee well, against my heart Will fix a sharp knife to affight mine

Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die. These means, as frets upon an instru-

Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

' And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the

As shaming any eye should thee behold, Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,

That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,

Will we find out; and there we will unfold To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds.

Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at

Wildly determining which way to fly. 1150 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze That cannot tread the way out readily: So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better,

When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she 'alack, what were it,

But with my body my poor soul's pollution? They that lose half with greater patience My shame be his that did my fame conbear it

confusion.

That mother tries a merciless conclusion Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one.

Will slav the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,

When the one pure, the other made divine? Whose love of either to myself was nearer, When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?

Ay me! the bank pill'd from the lofty pine, His leaves will wither and his sap decay; So must my soul, her bark being pill'd awav.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted. Her mansion batter'd by the enemy; 1171 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,

Grossly engirt with daring infamy: Then let it not be call'd impiety

If in this blemish'd fort I make some I I 75

Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine Have heard the cause of my untimely death:

That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine. Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.

My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, Which by him tainted shall for him be

And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife That wounds my body so dishonoured. 1185 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life: The one will live, the other being dead. So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;

For in my death I murther shameful scorn.

My shame so dead, mine honour is new born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, What legacy shall I bequeath to thee? My resolution, love, shall be thy boast, By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.

How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me: Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe:

And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin

'This brief abridgment of my will I make: My soul and body to the skies and ground; My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound:

found:

And all my fame that lives disbursed be To those that live and think no shame of me. 120

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will.
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall
free it.

Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it".

Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;

Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had

And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,

With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid, 1214

Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies; For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so

As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure goodmorrow

With soft-slow tongue, true mark of moderty, 1220

And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow, For why her tace wore sorrow's livery; But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so, Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,

Each flower moist'ned like a melting eye; Even so the maid with swelling drops gan

Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their
light.
1231

Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand, Like every conduits coral cisterns filling: One justly weeps; the other takes in hand No cause but company of her drops spilling.

Their gentle sex to weep are often willing; Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,

And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds, And therefore are they form'd as marble will; The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.

Then call them not the authors of their

No more than wax shall be accounted evil 1245

Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,

Lays open all the little worms that creep; In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep. Through crystal walls each little mote will

Through crystal walls each little mote will peep. 1251

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks.

Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flow'r.

But chide rough winter that the flow'r hath kill'd.

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,

Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd

With men's abuses! those proud lords to blame

Make weak-made women tenants to their shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death and shame that might
ensue

By that her death, to do her husband wrong.

Such danger to resistance did belong 1265
That dying fear through all her body spread;

And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak

To the poor counterfeit of her complaining, 'My girl,' quoth she 'on what occasion break 1270

Those tears from thee that down thy cheeks are raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;

If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went '—and there she stay'd 1275 Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from

hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid

'The more to blame my sluggard negligence.

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense: Myself was stirring ere the break of day, And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold, She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece 'If it should be

told,
The repetition cannot make it less, 1285
For more it is than I can well express;
And that deep torture may be call'd a

When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen— Yet save that labour, for I have them here. What should I say ?—One of my husband's men

Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my loid, my love, my dear.
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon
be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write, First hovering o'er the paper with her quill. Conceit and grief an eager combat fight; What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;

This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go
before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord

Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee, Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe t' afford—

If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see— Some present speed to come and visit me. So I commend me from our house in

grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words
are brief'.

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly. 1311 By this short schedule Collatine may know Her grief, but not her grief's true quality; She dares not thereof make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross
abuse,
1315
Erache with blood had stain'd her stain'd

Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear

When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter

With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;

For then the eye interprets to the ear 1325 The heavy motion that it doth behold, When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:

Deep sounds make lesser noise than
shallow fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
'At Ardea to iny lord with more than haste'.

The post attends, and she delivers it, Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast As lagging fowls before the northern blast. Speed more than speed but dull and slow

she deems: 133' Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low; And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye Receives the scroll without or yea or no, And forth with bashful innocence doth hie. But they whose guilt within their bosoms

Imagine every eye beholds their blame; For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom God wot, it was defect Of spirit, life, and bold audacity. 1346 Such harmless creatures have a true respect To talk in deeds, while others saucily Promise more speed but do it leisurely.

Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust, That two red fires in both their faces blazed; She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's lust,

And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;

Her carnest eye did make him more amazed; The more she saw the blood his cheeks repienish,

The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thanks till he return again, And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. The weary tame she cannot entertain, 1361 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan;

So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan, That she her plaints a little while doth stav.

Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a In speech, it seem d, his beard all silver

Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy: Before the which is drawn the power of Greece

For Helen's rape the city to destroy,

Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy; Which the conceited painter drew so proud, 1371

As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand amentable objects there, In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life: Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear Shed for the slaught'red husband by the 1376

The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife:

And dving eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights.

Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pione Begrim'd with sweat and smeared all with dust:

And from the towers of Troy there would appear

The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust.

Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust. Such sweet observance in this work was 1357

That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty You might behold, triumphing in their taces;

In youth, quick bearing and dexterity; And here and there the painter inter-

Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble

That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art Of physiognomy might one behold! The face of either cipher'd either's heart; Their face their manners most expressly told:

In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd: But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand.

As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight, Making such sober action with his hand sight.

white T405

Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly

Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces. Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice.

All jointly list'ning, but with several graces. As if some mermaid did their ears entice: Some high, some low—the painter was so nice--

The scalps of many, almost hid behind, To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head.

His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's ear;

Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;

Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear; And in their rage such signs of rage they

As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there: Concert decertful, so compact, so kind. That for Achilles' image stood his spear, Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind: A hand, a foot, a tace a leg, a head, Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy their brave hope, bold Hector, When march'd to field,

Stood many Troyan mothers, sharing joy To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield:

And to their hope they such odd action vield

That through their light joy seemed to appear,

Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear. 1435

And from the strond of Dardan where they fought,

To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran, Whose waves to imitate the battle sought With swelling ridges; and their ranks began

To break upon the galled shore, and than Retire again, till meeting greater ranks They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come, To find a face where all distress is stell'd. That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the Many she sees where cares have carved some. ¥445

But none where all distress and dolour 'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies, dwell'd.

Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old

Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 2450 Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care' reign:

Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;

Of what she was no semblance did remain Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,

Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed. Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes. And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's

woes. Who nothing wants to answer her but cries And bitter words to ban her cruel foes: 1460

The painter was no god to lend her those; And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong

To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she 'without a sound.

I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue.

And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound.

And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,

And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;

And with my knife scratch out the angry

Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir. That with my nails her beauty I may tear.

Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur This load of wrath that burning Troy doth

bear. 1474 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here; And here in Troy, for trespass of thme

The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one

Become the public plague of many moe? Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480 Upon his head that hath transgressed so: Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe. For one's offence why should so many

To plague a private sin in general?

Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus sounds:

Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies. And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds.

And one man's lust these many lives confounds.

Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,

Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:

For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell. Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:

So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd

sorrow: She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round.

And who she finds forlorn she doth lament. At last she sees a wretched image bound That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;

His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,

So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill To hide deceit, and give the harmless show An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still.

A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;

Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so That blushing red no guilty instance

gave, Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have;

But, like a constant and confirmed devil, He entertain'd a show so seeming just, And therein so enscone'd his secret evil, That jealousy itself could not mistrust 1516 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust

Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,

Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story The credulous old Priam after slew;

Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shin- Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails ing glory

Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry, And little stars shot from their fixed 1525

When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd, And chid the painter for his wondrous skill:

Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd. So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill; 1530 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing

Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied

That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be' quoth she 'that so much guile

She would have said 'can lurk in such a look '

But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while.

And from her tongue 'can lurk' from cannot took:

'It cannot be 'she in that sense forsook, And turn'd it thus: 'It cannot be, I find. But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

' For even as subtle Sinon here is painted. So soher-sad, so weary, and so mild,

As if with grief or travarl he had fainted, To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd With outward honesty, but yet defil'd 1545 With inward vice. As Priam bim did cherish.

So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how list'ning Priam wets his eyes,

To see those borrowed tears that Sinon sheds.

Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise? For every tear he falls a Troyan bleeds; His eye drops fire, no water thence pro-

ceeds ; Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity

Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy

'Such devils steal effects from lightless

For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold, And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell;

These contraries such unity do hold So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth 1560

with water'.

That patience is quite beaten from her breast.

She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails, Comparing him to that unhappy guest 1565 Whose deed hath made herself berself detest.

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er: 'Fool! fool!' quoth she 'his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow.

And time doth weary time with her complaining. She looks for night, and then she longs for

morrow, And both she thinks too long with her remaining.

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps:

And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought

That she with painted images hath spent, Being from the feeling of ner own grief brought

By deep surmise of others' detriment, 1579 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured.

think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back, Brings home his lord and other company: Who finds his Luciece clad in mounting black, 1585

And round about her tear-distained eye Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the

These water-galls in her dim element Foretell new storms to those already speut.

Which when her sad-beholding husband 1590

Amazedly in her sad face he stares: Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw.

Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares. He hath no power to ask her how she fares;

Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance.

Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

Only to flatter fools, and make them bold; At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,

And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event That he finds means to burn his Troy Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,

And tell thy grief, that we may give redress'.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire

Ere once she can discharge one word of woe;
At length address'd to answer his desire,

At length address'd to answer his desire, She modestly prepares to let them know Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;

While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her
words.

And now this pale swan in her wat'ry nest Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending. 'Few words' quoth she 'shall fit the trespass best.

Where no excuse can give the fault amending:

In me moe woes than words are now depending; 1615

And my laments would be drawn out too long

To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came and on that pillow lay 1620
Where thou wast wont to rest thy wealy
head;

And what wrong else may be imagined By foul enforcement might be done to me From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight, 1625 With shining falchion in my chamber came

A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman
dame,
1628

And entertain my love; else lasting shame On thee and thine this night I will inflict, If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine" quoth he

"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter
thee,
1634

And swear I found you where you did fulfil

The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy".

'With this I did begin to start and cry, And then against my heart he set his sword, Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641 I should not live to speak another word, So should my shame still rest upon record, And never be forgot in mighty Rome Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

' Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,

And far the weaker with so strong a fear.

My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;

No rightful plea might plead for justice there.

His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,

And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find:
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this
abuse,

Immaculate and spotless is my mind; That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd

To accessary yieldings, but still pure Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, With head declin'd and voice damm'd up

with woe, 1667
With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,

From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow The grief away that stops his answer so; But wretched as he is he strives in vain;

What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste, Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride Back to the strait that forc'd him on so

fast, 1670
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;

Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,

To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth, 1674

And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth

Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.

My woe too sensible thy passion maketh More feeling-painful. Let it then suffice To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so.

For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend

Be suddenly revenged on my foe,

Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost A harmful knife, that thence her soul undefend me

From what is past. shalt lend me 1685 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die; Her contrite sighs unto the clouds be-

For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you, fair lords,' quoth she,

Speaking to those that came with Collatine, 'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of TOOT mine;

For 'tis a meritorious fair design

To chase injustice with revengeful arms: Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms'.

At this request, with noble disposition 1695 Each present lord began to promise aid, As bound in knighthood to her imposition, Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd. But she, that yet her sad task hath not said.

The protestation stops. 'O speak,' quoth 1700

'How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

'What is the quality of my offence, Being constrain'd with dreadful circum-

stance? May my pure mind with the foul act

dispense, My low-declined honour to advance? 1705 May any terms acquit me from this chance? The poisoned fountain clears itself again;

And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this, they all at once began to say Her body's stain her mind untainted clears:

While with a joyless smile she turns away The face, that map which deep impression

Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears. 'No, no,' quoth she 'no dame hereafter living

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break.

She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he' she says.

But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak ;

Till after many accents and delays,

Untimely breathings, sick, and short assays, She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis

That guides this hand to give this wound to me'.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast

sheathed. The help that thou That blow did ball it from the deep unrest Of that polluted prison where it breathed.

> queathed winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly

Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny. Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly

deed. Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,

Himself on her self-slaught'red body threw, And from the purple fountain Brutus drew The murd'rous knife, and, as it left the

Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase:

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide

In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood Circles her body in on every side. Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,

And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face Of that black blood a wat'ry rigol goes, 1745 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:

And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes. Corrupted blood some watery token shows; And blood untainted still doth red abide, Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries. That life was mine which thou hast here

deprived. If in the child the father's image lies, Where shall I I ve now Lucrece is unlived? Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children predecease progenitors, We are their offspring, and they none of

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold In thy sweet semb ance my old age new born:

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old. Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-

worn; O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn.

And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass, That I no more can see what once I was!

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer. If they surcease to be that shou'd survive.

Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger.

And leave the falt'ring feeble souls alive? The old bees die, the young possess then

Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see 1770

Thy father die, and not thy father thee.'

By this starts Collatine as from a dream, And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place; And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face.

And counterfeits to die with her a space; Till manly shame bids him possess his breath.

And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul

Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue; Who, mad that sorrow should his use

control,

Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,

Begins to talk: but through his lips do throng Weak words, so thick come, in his poor

heart's aid, That no man could distinguish what he

said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,

tore. This windy tempest, till it blow up rain, Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it

At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er; Then son and father weep with equal

strife. Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his, Yet neither may possess the claim they lay. The father says 'She's mine'. 'O, mine she is i

Replies her husband. 'Do not take away My sorrow's interest; let no mourner

He weeps for her, for she was only mine, And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

"O," quoth Lucretius 'I did give that life Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.

'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine 'she was my wife.

I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath This said, he struck his hand upon his kill'd.'

'My daughter!' and 'My wife!' with And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow; clamours fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life, Answer'd their cries, 'My daughter!'

and 'My wife!'

who pluck'd the knife from Brutus, Lucrece, side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe.

Began to clothe his wit in state and pride. Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. He with the Romans was esteemed so 1811

As silly jeering idiots are with kings, For sportive words and utt'ring foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by Wherein deep policy did him disguise, 1815 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he 'arıse;

Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool, Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for wee? Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,

For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?

Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds. Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so.

To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

But through his teeth, as if the name he 'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart

In such relenting dew of amentations, But kneel with me, and help to bear thy

To rouse our Roman gods with invocations That they will suffer these abominations-Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced-

By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now by the Capitol that we adore, 7824 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,

By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,

By all our country rights in Rome maintained.

And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,

We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

breast.

And to his protestation urg'd the rest.

allow; 1845 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow

And that deep vow which Brutus made before

He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

Who, wond'ring at him, did his words When they had swoin to this advised doom, They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence. To show her bleeding body thorough Rome, And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence; Which being done with speedy diligence, The Romans plausibly did give consent To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSUING. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.

OUR. EVER-LIVING. POET. WISHETH.

THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

т. т.

From fairest creatures we desire increase, That thereby beauty's rose might never die, But as the riper should by time decease, His tender heir might bear his memory; But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,

Feed'st thy light's flame with self-sub-

stantial fuel.

Making a famine where abundance lies, Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel. Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament

And only herald to the gaudy spring, 10 Within thine own bud buriest thy content, And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be, To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field. Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now, Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held. Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies. Where all the treasure of thy lusty days, 6 To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserv d thy beauty's use,

If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine 10

Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse'

Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest

Now is the time that face should form another;

Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest, Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb

Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? Or who is he so fond will be the tomb Of his self-love, to stop posterity? Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee Calls back the lovely April of her prime; 10 So thou through windows of thine age shalt

see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live rememb'red not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee,

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy? Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth

And, being frank, she lends to those are free. Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse

The bounteous largess given thee to give? Profitless usurer, why dost thou use So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live? For having traffic with thyself alone,

Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,

What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,

Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame

The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell Will play the tyrants to the very same, And that unfair which fairly doth excel; For never-resting time leads summer on 5 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;

Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where.

Then, were not summer's distillation left A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass, 10 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,

SONNETS

Nor it. not no remembrance what it was; Resembling site, and child, and happy But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,

Leese but then show: their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not winter's ragged hand detace In thee thy summer eie thou be distill'd: Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some

With beauty's treasure ere it be self-kill'd That use is not forbidden usury Which happies those that pay the willing

loan-That's for thyself to breed an other thee. Or ten times happier, be it ten for one: Ten times thy self were happier than thou

If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee. Then what could Death do if thou shouldst depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too

To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

Lo, in the otient when the gracious light Lifts up his burning head, each under eye Doth homage to his new-appearing sight, Serving with looks his sacred majesty: And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hıll.

Resembling strong youth in his middle age. Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still, Attending on his golden pilgrimage; But when from highmost pitch, with weary

Like feeble age he reeleth from the day. The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are From his low tract and look another way; So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon, Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in

iov.

Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy? If the true concord of well-tuned sounds, 5 As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou By unions married, do offend thine ear, They do but sweetly chide thee, who con- In one of thine, from that which thou

founds In singleness the parts that thou shouldst And that fresh blood which youngly thou

Mark how one string, sweet husband to Thou mayst call thine when thou from

Strikes each in each by mutual ordering; 10 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;

mother,

Wno, all in one, one pleasing note do sing; Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one.

Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none'.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye

That thou consum'st thyself in single life? Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,

The world will wail thee like a makeless wife:

The world will be thy widow, and still weep That thou no form of thee hast left behind, When every private widow well may keep, By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mınd.

Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend

Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it; But beauty's waste hath in the world an

end.

And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it. No love toward others in that bosom sit. That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

10

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to

Who for thy self art so unprovident. Giant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of

many, But that thou none lov'st is most evident:

For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to

conspire.

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate Which to repair should be thy chief desire. O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!

Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love? Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind, Or to thy self at least kind-hearted prove;

Make thee an other self for love of me. That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

11

grow'st

departest;

bestow'st

youth convertest.

Without this folly, age, and cold decay. 6
If all were minded so, the times should
cease,

And threescore year would make the world away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,

Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish.

Look whom she best endow'd she gave the

Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby

Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,

And see the brave day sunk in hideous night:

When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves, 5
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly
beard;

Then of the beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake.

And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can
make defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

13

O that you were yourself! But, love, you are

No longer yours than you your self here live.

Against this coming end you should pre-

pare,
And your sweet semblance to some other

give. So should that beauty which you hold in

lease 5
Find no determination; then you were

Your self again, after your self's decease, When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay, 9 Which husbandry in honour might uphold Against the stormy gusts of winter's day And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrifts! Dear my love, you know

You had a father: let your son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck, And yet methinks I have astronomy; But not to tell of good or evil luck, Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality; Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell, Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind.

Or say with princes if it shall go well By oft predict that I in heaven find; But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive, And, constant stars, in them I read such art

As truth and beauty shall together thrive, If from thy self to store thou wouldst convert.

Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

15

When I consider every thing that grows Holds in perfection but a little moment, That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment:

When I perceive that men as plants increase,

Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,

Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,

And wear their brave state out of memory; Then the conceit of this inconstant stay Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,

Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay

To change your day of youth to sullied night:

And all in war with Time for love of you, As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier way Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time? And fortify your self in your decay With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?

Now stand you on the top of happy hours, And many maiden gardens, yet unset, 6 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,

Much liker than your painted counterfeit; So should the lines of life that life repair, 9 Which this, Time's pencil or my pupil pen, Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair, Can make you live your self in eyes of men.

To give away your self keeps your self still:

And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

17

Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were fill'd with your most high deserts? Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb

Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes 5
And in fiesh numbers number all your graces.

The age to come would say 'This poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces'.

So should my papers, yellowed with their age,

Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,

And stretched metre of an antique song.

But were some child of yours alive that time.

You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate,
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; And every fair from fair some time declines, By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade 9 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st. So long as men can breathe or eyes can

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws, And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,

And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood:

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st, And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,

To the wide world and all her fading sweets; But I forbid thee one most heinous crime: O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow. Not draw no lines there with thine antique pen;

Firm in thy course untainted do allow For beauty's pattern to succeeding men. Yet, do thy worst, old Time. Despite thy

wrong, My love shall in my verse ever live young

30

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted, Hast thou, the Master Mistress of my

passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted

With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first cleated; fill Nature, as she wrought thee, tell adoting,

doting, 10
And by addition me of thee defeated
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse, Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse; Who heaven itself for ornament doth use, And every fair with his fair doth rehearse, Making a couplement of proud compare 5 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write, And then believe me, my love is as fair 10 As any mother's child, though not so bright As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.

Let them say more that like of hearsay well:

I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

22

My glass shall not persuade me I am old So long as youth and thou are of one date; But when in thee time's furrows I behold, Then look I death my days should expiate. For all that beauty that doth cover thee 5 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart, Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in

How can I then be elder than thou art?

O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary, As I not for myself but for thee will: Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill. Presume not on thy heart when mine is

Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage Who with his fear is put besides his part, Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage.

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart:

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say The perfect ceremony of love's rite. And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,

O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.

O, let my looks be then the eloquence And dumb presagers of my speaking breast; Who plead for love, and look for recom-

More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ!

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart; My body is the frame wherein 'tis held, And perspective it is best painter's art. For through the painter must you see his skill

To find where your true image pictur'd lies, Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still, That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

Are windows to my breast, where through the sun

Delights to peep, to ga_ : therein on thee : Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art:

They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

25

Let those who are in favour with their stars But day by night and night by day Of public honour and proud titles boast, Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph And each, though enemies to either's reign, bars.

Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread But as the marigold at the sun's eye:

And in themselves their pride lies buried. For at a frown they in their glory die. The painful warrior famoused for fight, After a thousand victories once foil'd, 10 Is from the book of honour razed quite. And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.

Then happy I, that love and am beloved Where I may not remove nor be removed.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit, To thee I send this written embassage, To witness duty, not to show my wit; Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine s May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it.

But that I hope some good conceit of thine In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving Points on me graciously with fair aspect, 10 And puts apparel on my tattered loving To show me worthy of thy sweet respect. Then may I dare to boast how I do

love thee;

Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed. The dear repose for limbs with travel fired; But then begins a journey in my head To work my mind when body's work's

expired: For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,

Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee, And keep my drooping eyelids open wide, Looking on darkness which the blind do see; Save that my soul's imaginary sight Presents thy shadow to my sightless view, Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night, Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind.

For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

28

How can I then return in happy plight That am debarr'd the benefit of rest? When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,

oppress'd?

Do in consent shake hands to torture me. The one by toil, the other to complain

going, but such as wink and will not use Further to boast were neither true nor them. 186

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the King. Post. Thou bring'st good news: I am

call'd to be made fice.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then ficer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good. O. there were desolation of gaolers and gailowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [Exit.

Scene V. Britain. Cymbeline's tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Atlendants.

gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart

That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found.

He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

I never saw Bel. Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10 Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; [To Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus] which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain, of

Britain, By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the

To ask of whence you are. Report it.

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen;

modest.

Unless I add we are honest. Cym. Bow your knees.

Arise my knights o' th' battle; I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly

Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,

And not o' th' court of Britain.

Cor. Had, great King! 25 To sour your happyness I must report The Oucen is dead.

Who worse than a physician Weild this report become? But I consider By med'cine he may be prolong'd, yet death

Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her

Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd I will report, so please you; these her

Can trip me if I err, who with wet cheeks 35 Were present when she finisn'd.

Cym. Prithee sav. Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only

Affected greatness got by you, not you; Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the Married your royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this: 40 And but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did contess she had

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and,

ling'ring, By inches waste you. In which time she

purpos'd.

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show; and in time, When she had fitted you with her craft, to work

Her son into th' adoption of the crown; But failing of her end by his strange absence,

Grew shameless-desperate, open'd, in de- To say 'Live, boy'. Ne'er thank thy spite

Of heaven and men, her purposes, re-59 pented

The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,

Despairing, died.

Heard you all this, her women? Cym. Lady. We did, so please your Highness. Mine eyes Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;

Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart.

That thought her like her seeming. It had been vici vis To have mistrusted her; yet, O my

daughter! That it was folly in me thou mayst say,

And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; Pos-THUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that

The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss

Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have Than I to your Highness; who, being born granted;

So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us.

We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth I'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer. Augustus lives to think on't; and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born, Let him be ransom'd. Never master had 85 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true, So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join With my request, which I'll make bold

your Highness Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton Creatures may be alike; were't he, I am harm 90

Though he have serv'd a Roman. him, sir,

And spare no blood beside.

I have surely seen him Cym. His favour is familiar to me. Boy, Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore

master. Live;

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou will. Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give

Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner. The noblest ta'en.

I humbly thank your Highness. Imo. Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad.

And yet I know thou wilt.

No, no! Alack, Imo. There's other work in hand. I see a thing

Bitter to me as death; your life, good master.

Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me, 105 He leaves me, scorns me. Briefly die their iovs

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.

Why stands he so perplex'd?

What wouldst thou, boy? Cym. love thee more and more; think more and more

Know'st him thou What's best to ask. look'st on? Speak, 110
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy

friend? Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin to me

Am something nearer.

vour vassal.

Wherefore ey'st him so? Cym. Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please

To give me hearing.

Cvm. Ay, with all my heart. And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youih, my page : freely.

[Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart. Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death? One sand another Not more resembles—that sweet rosy lad Who died, and was Fidele. What think

you? Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further. He eyes us not: forbear.

sure

Save He would have spoke to us. Gui. But we saw him dead. Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

> Pis. [Aside] It is my mistress. Since she is living, let the time run on To good or bad.

[Cymbeline and Imogen advance. Cym. Come, stand thou by our side; 129 Scene 51 CYMBELINE

Make thy demand aloud. [To lachimo] Sir. step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely, Or, by our greatness and the grace of it, Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside] What's that to him Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say

How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that

Which to be spoke would torture thee. Cvm. How? me? 14

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter

Which torments me to conceal. By villainy I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel, Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd 145 Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

That paragon, thy daughter, For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits

Quail to remember—Give me leave, I faint. Cym. My daughter? What of her? Renew thy strength;

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature

Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time—unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour !- it was in Romeaccurs'd

The mansion where !-- 'twas at a feast--O, would

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least Those which I heav'd to head !- the good Posthumus-

What should I say? he was too good to be Where ill men were, and was the best of all Amongst the rar'st of good ones-sitting sadly.

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy For beauty that made barren the swell'd

boast Of him that best could speak: for feature.

laming The shrine of Venus or straight-pight I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon— Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,

Fairness which strikes the eye-

Cvm. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall, Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus.

Most like a noble lord in love and one That had a royal lover, took his hint:

And not dispraising whom we plais'd-

He was as calm as virtue—he began His mistress' picture; which by his tongue

being made, And then a mind put in't, either our brags

Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Nay, nay, to th' purpose. Cvm.Iach. Your daughter's chastity-there it begins.

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams 180 And she alone were cold; whereat I. wretch,

Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he

Upon his honour'd finger, to attain In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight.

No lesser of her honour confident Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring: And would so, had it been a carbuncle

Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it 100

Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design. Well may you, sir, Remember me at court, where I was taught Of your chaste daughter the wide difference 'Twixt amorous and villamous. Being thus quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain Gan in your duller Britain operate Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent; And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd That I return'd with simular proof enough To make the noble Leonatus mad, By wounding his belief in her renown With tokens thus and thus; averring notes Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet-

O cunning, how I got it !—nay, some marks Of secret on her person, that he could not But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

Methinks I see him now-

Post. [Coming forward] Ay, so thou dost, Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, Egregious murderer, thief, anything That's due to all the villains past, in being, To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,

Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send Was of more danger, did compound for her A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would out For torturers ingenious. It is I That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth The present pow'r of life, but in short time amend All offices of nature should again By being worse than they. I am Posthu- Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it? mus, Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead. That kill'd thy daughter; villain-like, Bel. My boys. That caus'd a lesser villain than myself, There was our error. A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple This is sure Fidele. 60 Gui. Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself. lady from you? Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, Think that you are upon a rock, and now The dogs o' th' street to bay me. Every Throw me again. [Embracing him. Hang there like fruit, my soul. villain Post. Re call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and Till the tree die! How now, my flesh? my child? Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen! 225 Cym. What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen, act? Imogen, Imogen! Peace, my lord. Hear, hear! Wilt thou not speak to me? Imo. Your blessing, sir. Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou Imo. [Kneeling] scornful page, To Guiderius and Arviragus] There lie thy part. [Strikes her. She falls. Though you did love this youth, I blame O gentlemen, help! ve not: Mine and your mistress! O, my lord You had a motive for't. My tears that fall Posthumus! 230 Cym. Prove holy water on thee! Imogen, You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, Thy mother's dead. help! Mine honour'd lady! Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord. Does the world go round? Cym. O, she was naught, and long of her Post. How comes these staggers on me? it was Wake. my mistress! That we meet here so strangely; but her Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to Is gone, we know not how nor where. strike me To death with mortal joy. Pis. My lord. Pis. How fares my mistress? Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. O, get thee from my sight; 236 Lord Cloten. Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, Upon my lady's missing, came to me 275 With his sword drawn, foam'd at the hence! mouth, and swore, Breathe not where princes are. The tune of Imogen! If I discover'd not which way she was gone, Cym. It was my instant death. By accident Pis. Lady, The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if I had a feigned letter of my master's That box I gave you was not thought by me Then in my pocket, which directed him 480 A precious thing! I had it from the Queen. To seek her on the mountains near to Cvm. New matter still? Milford: Imo. It poison'd me. Where, in a frenzy, in my master's gar-O gods! Cor. ments. out one thing which the Queen Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts I left confess'd, With unchaste purpose, and with oath to ' If Which must approve thee honest. violate Pisanio My lady's honour. What became of him 285 Have' said she 'given his mistress that I further know not. confection Gui. Let me end the story: Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd I slew him there. As I would serve a rat. Cvm.Marry, the gods forfend! Cym. What's this, Cornelius? I would not thy good deeds should from Cor. The Queen, sir, very oft importun'd my lips Pluck a hard sentence. Prithee, valiant

> youth, Deny't again.

> > Cym. He was a prince.

I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

Gui.

To temper poisons for her; still pretending

Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose

The satisfaction of her knowledge only In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs.

Scene 5] CYMBELINE

Gut. A most incivil one. The wrongs he And blood of your begetting. did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me

With language that would make rum the sea.

If it could so toar to me. I cut oft's head. And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this tale of mine.

I am sorry for thee. By thine own tongue thou ait condemn'd. and must

Endure our law. Thou'rt dead.

That headless man I thought had been my lord.

Cym.

Bind the offender, 300 And take him from our presence.

Stay, sir King. This man is better than the man he slew. As well descended as thyself, and hath More of thee merited than a band of

Clotens

Had ever scar for. [To the Guard] Let his arms alone:

They were not born for bondage.

Why, old soldier, Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent As good as we?

In that he spake too far. 300 Arv. Cym. And thou shalt die tor't.

We will die all three: Bel. But I will prove that two on's are as good As I have given out nim. My sons, I must For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,

Though haply well for you.

Your danger's outs. Arv. Gui. And our good his.

Have at it then by leave! 315 Thou hadst, great King, a subject who Was call'd Belarius.

What of him? He is Cym. A banish'd traitor.

He it is that hath

Assum'd this age; indeed a banish'd man; I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence, 320 The whole world shall not save him. Not too hot.

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons, And let it be confiscate all, so soon As I have receiv'd it.

Cvm. Nursing of my sons? Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's

my knee. Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;

Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir, These two young gentlemen that call me father.

And think they are my sons, are none of They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

Cym. How? my issue? Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, o'd Morgan,

An, that Belanus whom you sometime banish'd.

Your pleasure was my more offence, my punishment 334

Itself, and all my treason; that I sufier'd Was all the haim I did. These gentle princes-

For such and so they are-these twenty vears

Have I train'd up; those arts they have 25 1

Could put into them. My breeding was, sir, as

Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Eumphile. 340

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these childien

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't. Having ieceiv'd the punishment before

For that which I did then. Beaten for lovalty

Excited me to treason. Their dear loss, 345 The more of you 'twas telt, the more it shap'd

Unto my end of stealing them. gracious sir.

Here are your sons again, and I must lose Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.

The benediction of these covering heavens Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy

To inlay h aven with stars.

Cvm. Thou weep'st and speak'st. The service that you three have done is more

Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children.

If these be they, I know not how to wish A pair of worthier sons. Be pleas'd awhile. Bel.

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus. Your younger princely son; he, sir, was

lapp'd In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand

Of his queen mother, which for more probation

I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star; It was a mark of wonder.

This is he, Bel. 305 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.

It was wise nature's end in the donation, To be his evidence now.

Cym. A mother to the birth of three? Ne er mother Rejoic'd deliverance more. Blest pray you! be. That, after this s'tange starting from your orbs. You may reign in them now! O Imogen, Thou hast lost by this a kingdom. Imo. No, my lord; I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers, Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter But I am truest speaker! You call'd me brother. When I was but your sister: I you brothers. When we were so indeed. Did vou e'er meet? Cym. Arv. Ay, my good lord. Gui. And at first meeting lov d. Continu'd so until we thought he died. 380 Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

O rare instanct! When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment Hath to it circumstantial branches, which

Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you? And when came you to serve our Roman

captive?

How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither? Inese.

And your three motives to the battle, with I know not how much more, should be demanded.

And all the other by-dependances. From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place

Will serve our long interrogatories. See, Posthumus anchors upon Imogen: And she, like harmless lightning, throws

her eye On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting

Each object with a joy; the counterchange 1- severally in all. Let's quit this ground, And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. [To Belarius] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd Save these in bonds. Let them be joyful too.

For they shall taste our comfort.

My good master. I will yet do you service.

Happy be you! Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought.

O, what am I? He would have well becom'd this place and grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post I am, sir. The soldier that did company these three In poor beseeming; 'twas, itment for The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, I had you down, and Speak, lachimo. might

Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling] I am down again; But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee.

As the, your force did. Take that life. beseech you, Which I so often owe; but your ring first, And here the bracelet of the truest princess

That ever swore her faith. Post. Kneel not to me. The pow'r that I have on you is to spare

you: The malice towards you to forgive you.

Live. And 'eal with others better.

Cvm. Nobly doom'd! 420 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law: Pardon's the word to all.

You holp us, sir, As you did mean indeed to be our brother: Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my lord of Rome.

Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd, Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found

This label on my bosom; whose containing Is so from sense in hardness that I can Make no collection of it. Let him show His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus! Sooth. Here, my good lord. Read, and declare the meaning. Luc.

Sooth. [Reads] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp; 441 The fit and apt construction of thy name, Being Leo-natus, doth import so much. [To Cymbeline] The piece of tender air, thy

virtuous daughter, Which we call 'mollis aer', and 'mollis aer' We term it 'mulier'; which 'mulier' I Is this most constant wife, who even now

Scene 57 CYMBELINE

Answering the letter of the oracle, Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about

With this most tender air.

This hath some seeming. 450 Cvm. Sooth. The loity cedar, royal Cymbeline. Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' th' point

stol'n,

For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd.

To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue Promises Britain peace and plenty.

An., Caius My peace we will begin. Lucius,

Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar And to the Roman empire, promising To pay our wonted tribute, from the which We were dissuaded by our wicked queen, Whom heavens in justice, both on her and hers.

Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the pow'rs above do

The harmony of this peace. The vision 465

Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke

Of vet this scarce-cold battle, at this instant

Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle, From south to west en wing soaring aloft, sun

Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,

Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite His favour with the radiant Cymbeline. Which shines here in the west.

Laud we the gods:

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils From our bless'd altars. Publish we this

peace To all our subjects. Set we forward; let A Roman and a British ensign wave

Friendly together. So through Lud's Town march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter Our peace we'll ratify: seal it with feasts. Set on there! Never was a war did cease, Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a [Exeunt peace.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GOWER, as Chorus.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS,
ESCANES,
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.
CLEON, Governor of Tharsus
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON, a 'ord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
Marshal.

A Fander. Boult, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, wife to Cleom.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

THE SCENE: Dispersedly in various countries.

ACT ONE

Antioch. Before the palace.

Enter GOWER.

To sing a song that old was sung, From ashes ancient Gower is come, Assuming man's infirmities, To glad your ear and please your eyes. It hath been sung at festivals, On ember-eves and holy-ales; And lords and ladies in their lives Have read it for restoratives. The purchase is to make men glorious; Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius. Ιo If you, born in those latter times, When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes, And that to hear an old man sing May to your wishes pleasure bring, I life would wish, and that I might 15 Waste it for you, like taper-light. This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat; The fairest in all Syria--I tell you what mine authors say. This king unto him took a fere, Who died and left a female heir, So buxom, blithe, and full of face, As heaven had lent her all his grace; With whom the father liking took, And her to incest did provoke. Bad child! Worse father! To entice his own To evil should be done by none. But custom what they did begin Was with long use account no sin. The beauty of this sinful dame Made many princes thither frame To seek her as a bed-fellow, In marriage-pleasures play-fellow; Which to prevent he made a law-

To keep her still, and men in awe—
That whoso ask'd her tor his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life.
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.

What now ensues to the judgment of your
eye

I give, my cause who best can justify.

[Exit.

Scene I. Antioch. The palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and
Enlowers

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, and Followers.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake. Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul Embold'ned with the glory of her praise, Think death no hazard in this enterprise. 5 Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like

a bride [Music. For the embracements even of Jove himself;

At whose conception, till Lucina reigned, Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence:

The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king

Of every virtue gives renown to men. 44
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from
thence

Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath could never be her mild companion.

Scene 1] PERICLES

You gods that made me man, and sway Nor ask advice of any other thought in love,

That have inflam'd desire in my breast 20 To taste the fruit of you celestial tree, Or die in the adventure, be my helps, As I am son and servant to your will. To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be [Aside] Sharp physic is the last. But, O you touch'd:

For death-like dragons here affright thee

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view

And which, without desert, because thine eye Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must

Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself, Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire, 35 Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale.

That, without covering, save you field of stars.

Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars:

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist For going on death's net, whom none resist. Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught

My frail mortality to know itself, And by those fearful objects to prepare This body, like to them, to what I must; For death remembered should be like a mirror,

Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.

I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do, Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe.

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did; So I bequeath a happy peace to you And all good men, as every prince should do;

My riches to the earth from whence they came:

love to you.

Thus ready for the way of life or death, I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion then; Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,

As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60 Per. Like a bold champion I assume the Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's lists.

But faithfulness and courage. IReads. The Ruddle.

I am no viper, vet I feed On mother's flesh which did me breed. I sought a husband, in waich lubour I found that kindness in a father. He's father, son, and husband mild: I mother, wife, and yet his child. How they may be, and yet in two, As you will live, resolve it you.

powers

That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts.

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually. Her countless glory, which desert must If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?

Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill. But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt:

For he's no man on whom perfections wait That, knowing sin within, will touch the

You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings:

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music.

Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken:

But, being play'd upon before your time. Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime. 85 Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy Life,

For that's an article within our law As dangerous as the rest. Your time's exou'd:

Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great King.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act; Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do. He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:

[To the Princess] But my unspotted fire of For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind.

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; And yet the end of all is bought thus dear, The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd

By man's oppression, and the poor worm doth die for't.

their will:

PERICLES Act 1

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth For by his fall my honour must keep high.

It is enough you know; and it is fit, What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred: Then give my tongue like leave to love my

head.

Ant. [Aside] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning. But I will gloze with him .-- Young Prince

of Tyre. Though by the tenour of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting, We might proceed to cancel of your days; Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise. 115 Forty days longer we do respite you; If by which time our secret be undone, This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son; And until then your entertain shall be 119 As doth befit our honour and your worth. [Exeunt all but Pericles.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover

When what is done is like an hypocrite, The which is good in nothing but in sight! If it be true that I interpret false, Then were it certain you were not so bad 125 As with foul incest to abuse your soul; Where now you're both a father and a son By your untimely claspings with your child-

Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father-

And she an eater of her mother's flesh By the defiling of her parent's bed; And both like serpents are, who, though they feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed. Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees those men I34

Blush not in actions blacker than the night Will shun no course to keep them from the In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful light.

One sin I know another doth provoke: Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke. Poison and treason are the hands of sin, Ay, and the targets to put off the shame. 140 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear.

By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning. For which we mean to have his head. He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,

Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin In such a loathed manner;

Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your Highness call? Ant. Thaliard, you are of our chamber. and our mind partakes

Her private actions to your secrecy : And for your faithfulness we will advance

vou. Thaliard, behold here's poison and here's

gold; We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kıll him.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why. Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord. 'Tis done.

Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow shot from a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark his eye doth level at. so thou never return unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length I'll make him sure enough. So, farewell to your Highness. 170

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [Exit Thaliard] Till Pericles be dead My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[Exit.

SCENE II. Tyre. The palace. Enter PERICLES with his Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us. [Exeunt Lords. Why should this change of thoughts, The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy. Be my so us'd a guest as not an hour

night, The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch, Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here.

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits.

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind, That have their first conception by misdread,

Have after-nourishment and life by care; And what was first but fear what might be done

And therefore instantly this prince must Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

die;

And so with me. The great Antiochus—

'Gainst whom I am too little to contend. Since he's so great can make his will his act-Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence:

Nor boots it me to say I honour him, If he suspect I may dishonour him: And what may make him blush in being

known, He'll stop the course by which it might be

known. With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land. And with th' ostent of war will look so huge Amazement shall drive courage from the

state: Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist. And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence :

Which care of them, not pity of myself-Who am no more but as the tops of trees 30 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them-

Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,

And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS and all the Lords.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 Lord. And keep your mind till you return to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him, For flattery is the bellows blows up sin; The thing the which is flattered but a spark, To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order, Fits kings as they are men, for they may err. When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace.

He flatters you, makes war upon your life. Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

[Kneels. Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook What shipping and what lading's in our

haven, And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords]

Helicanus, thou 50 oved us. What seest thou in our Hast moved us.

looks? Hel. An angry, brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence 55 They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power To take thy life from thee. Hel. I have ground the axe myself:

Do but you strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.

Sit down. Thou art no flatterer. I thank thee for't; and heaven forbid That kings should let their ears hear their

faults hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince, Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant

What wouldst thou have me do? Hel. To bear with patience

Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus.

That ministers a potion unto me

That thou wouldst tiemble to receive thyself.

Attend me, then: I went to Antioch, Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty, From whence an issue I might propagate Are aims to princes and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder: The rest-hark in thine ear-as black as

incest; Which by my knowledge found, the sinfui

father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth. But thou know'st this.

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. Which fear so grew in me I hither fled Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than the years;

And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,

That I should open to the list'ning air How many worthy princes' bloods were shed

To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope. To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with

arms. And make pretence of wrong that I have

done him; When all, for mine, if I may call offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not

innocence; How durst thy tongue move anger to our Which love to all, of which thyself art one, Who now reprov'dst me for't-

Hel. Alas, sir! 95 Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

PERICLES Act 1

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts

How I might stop this tempest ere it came; And, finding little comfort to relieve them, I tho that it princely charity to grieve them.

Her. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear, And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, Who either by public war or private treason Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while Till that his rage and anger be forgot, Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me, Dar serves not light more faithful than I'll

Per. I do not doubt thy faith; But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the carth.

From whence we had our being and our birth. Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then,

and to Tharsus Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee: And by whose letters I'll dispose myself. The care I had and have of subjects' good On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thme Now message must return from whence it oath:

Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Tyre. The palace. Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home. 'Tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his eath to be one. Husht! here comes the lords of Tyre.

Fnter HELICANUS, ESCANES, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure :

His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Does speak sufficiently he's gone to travel. Thal. [Aside] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied as Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves. He would depart, I'll give some light unto von.

Being af Authoch-

That [Aside] V/hat from Antioch? Hel. Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not.

Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so;

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd.

To show his soriow, he'd correct himself: So buts hims if unto the shipman's toil. With whom each minute thieatens life or death.

Thal. [Aside] Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now although I would: But since he's gone, the King's seas must

please He scap'd the land to perish at the seas. I'll present myself .- Peace to the Lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come With message unto princely Pericles: But since my landing I have understood Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels.

came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, Commended to our master, not to us: Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire-As friends to Antioch, we may teast in Tyre. [Exeunt

Scene IV. Tharsus. The Governor's house. Enter CLEON the Governor of Tharsus, with DIONYZA his wife, and Others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others' griefs See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it: For who digs hills because they do aspire 5

Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are!

Here they are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes, But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher

rise. Cle. O Dionyza, Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it.

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish? Our tongues and sorrows to sound deep Our woes into the air; our eyes to weep? Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;

Scene 41 PERICLES

That, if heaven slumber while their For comfort is too far for us to expect. creatures want.

They may awake their helps to comfort them. I'll then discourse our woes, telt several A portly sail of ships make hitherword. years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,

A city on whom plenty held full hand.

For Riches strew'd herself even in her streets:

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wond'ied at: Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd.

Like one another's glass to trim them by ; Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the

sight. And not so much to feed on as delight; 20 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true!

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change

These mouths who but of late earth, sea, and air,

Were all too little to content and please, 35 Although they gave their creatures in abundance.

As houses are defil'd for want of use. They are now stary'd for want of exercise. Those palates who, not yet two summers

vounger. Must have inventions to delight the taste, Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it. Those mothers who to nouzle up their babes Thought nought too curious are ready now To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.

So sharp are hunger's teeth that man and wife Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life. Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;

Here many sink, yet those which see them fall

burial.

Is not this true? witness it.

And her prosperities so largely taste. With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!

The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

55

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor? Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neigh-

bouring shore.

Cle. I thought as much. Che sorrow never comes but brings an heir That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours: some neighbouring nation. Taking ad antage of our misery, Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their

power. To beat us down, the which are down

already; And make a conquest of unhappy me.

Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for by the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace.

And come to us as favourers, not as foes. Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.

But bring they what they will and what they can,

What need we fear?

Our ground's the lowest, and we are halfway there.

Go tell their general we attend him here, To know for what he comes, and whence he comes.

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit. Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist:

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles, with Attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are. Let not our ships and number of our men Be like a beacon fir'd t' amaze your eyes. We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre. And seen the desolation of your streets; 89 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, But to relieve them of their heavy load; And these our ships you happily may think Have scarce strength left to give them Are like the Troyan horse was stuff'd within

With bloody veins, expecting overthrow. Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you! [They kneel. And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise. We do not look for reverence, but for love, And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify, Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,

The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!

Till when—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—

Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

ACT TWO

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king His child iwis to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.

Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious.
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes. What need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon. Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home, Not to eat honey like a drone From others' labours; for though he strive To killen bad, keep good alive; And, to fulfil his prince' desire, Sends word of all that haps in Tyre: How Thaliard came full bent with sin And had intent to murder him; And that in Tharsus was not best Longer for him to make his rest. He, doing so, put forth to seas, Where when men been, there's seldom ease; For now the wind begins to blow: Thunder above and deeps below Makes such unquiet that the ship Should house him safe is wreck'd and split; And he, good prince, having all lost, By waves from coast to coast is toss'd. All perishen of man, of pelf, Ne aught escapen but himself; Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad, Threw him ashore, to give him glad. And here he comes. What shall be next, Pardon old Gower—this longs the text. [Exit.

Scene I. Pentapolis. An open place by the seaside.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly man

Is but a substance that must yield to you; And I, as fits my nature, do obey you. Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks, 5 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath

Nothing to think on but ensuing death. Let it suffice the greatness of your powers To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes; And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave.

Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

2 Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master? 15 1 Fish. Look how thou stirr'st now. Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

3 Fish. Faith, master, I am thirking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls! It grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpas how he bounc'd and tumbled? They say they're half fish, half flesh. A plague on them! They ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land—the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale: 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'th' land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [Aside] A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly I would have kept such a jangling of the bells that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

Per. [Aside] Simonides!

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [Asule] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men, And from their war'ry empire recollect 50 All that may men approve or men detect!—Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen!

2 Fish. Honest—good fellow! What's that? If it be a day fits you, scratch't out of the calendar, and nobody look after it. 55

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind

In that vast tennis-court hath made the

For them to play upon entreats you pity

him: He asks of you that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to

knew;

But what I ain want teaches me to think

A man throng'd up with cold; my veins

are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your
beip;

Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

I Rish. Die quoth-a? Now gods turbid't! And i have a gown here! Come, put it on; ktep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome tellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for houdays, nich for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and hopjaks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg. 86

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all! For if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

Per. [Aside] How well this honest muth becomes their labour!

1 Fish Haik you, sir; do you know where ye are?

Per Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is call'd Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be call'd for his peaceable reign and good

government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his

government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-moriow is her birthday, and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desites, I could wish to make one there. 110

1 Fish. O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help! Here's a fish hangs in the net like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! Bots on't! 'Tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armout.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my closses

Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; 120

And though it was mine own, part of my heritage

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his lite:

'Keep it, may Pericles. It hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death;' and pointed to this brace

brace
'For that it sav'd me, keep it. In like
necessity—

The which the gods protect thee from !—
may't defend thee!'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't

again—
I thank thee for't. My shipwreck now's no

Since I have here my father's gift in his

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king; 135

I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,

And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman And if that ever my low fortune's better, 140 I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do'e take it, and the gods

give thee good on't !

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters; there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them. 150

Per. Believe't, I will.
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm.
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my filend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide. Thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;

This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. Pentapolis. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them we are ready; and our daughter here,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs

Sits here like beauty's child, whom nature

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose mer t's ess.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are

He lov'd me A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
having of it; So princes their renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain

The labour of each knight in his device. 15

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour,
I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father:

And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun; 20 The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi'.

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

The Second Knight passes by.

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father:

And the device he bears upon his shield 25
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;

The motto thus, in Spanish, Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.

The Third Knight passes by.

Sim. And what's the third?
Thai. The third of

Thai. The third of Antioch; And his device a wreath of chivalry; The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex'. 30

The Fourth Knight passes by.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A hurning torch that's turned upside down;

The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit'.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,

Wh ch can as well inflame as it can kill. 35

The Fifth Knight passes by.

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried:

The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides'.

PERICLES as Sixth Knight basses by.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his

present is
A withered branch, that's only green at
top:

top; The motto, 'In hac spe vivo'.

es Sim. A pretty moral;
20 From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may Envy the great nor shall the low despise. flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend; For by his rusty outside he appears To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished. 3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust. Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us

The outward habit by the inward man. But stay, the knights are coming. We will

withdraw Into the gallery. [Exeunt.

[Great shouts within, and all cry The mean knight!

Scene III. Pentapolis. A hall of state. A banquet prepared.

Enter King Simonides, Thaisa, Ladies, Lords, Knights, from tilting, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights!

merit.

To say you're welcome were superfluous. To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a title-page, your worth in arms Were more than you expect, or more than's

Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast; You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you my knight and guest; To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10 And crown you king of this day's happiness. Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here I hope is none that envies it. 14 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed; And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' th' feast-

For, daughter, so you are—here take your place.

Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Your presence gads our days. Honour we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above. Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes

Per. You are right courteous knights. Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

[Aside] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts.

These cates resist me, he not thought upon. That. [Aside] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury. Wishing him my meat.—Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman: Has done no more than other knights have

done; Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass, 35 That. [Aside] To me he seems like dia-

mond to glass. Per. [Aside] Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was; Had princes sit like stars about his throne. And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40 None that beheld him but, like lesser lights, Did vail their crowns to his supremacy: Where now his son's like a glowworm in the

night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men; He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they

Sim. What, are you merry, knights? 1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim-As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips-

We drink this health to you. Knights. We thank your Grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile.

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy, As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

What is't Thai.

To me, my father? Sim. O, attend. my daughter: Princes, in this, should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that comes 61 To honour them;

And princes not doing so are like to gnats, Which make a sound, but kill'd are wond'red at.

Therefore to make his entertain more sweet, Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me Unto a stranger knight to be so bold: He may my proffer take for an offence, 24 Since men take women's gifts for impud-

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [Aside] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him we desire to know of him

Of whence he is, his name and parentage. 75 Thai. The King my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

That. And further he desires to know of

Of whence you are, your name and parent-

Per. A gentleman of Tyre-my name, Pericles:

My education been in arts and arms: Who, looking for adventures in the world, Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men, And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles.

A gentleman of Tyre.

Who only by misfortune of the seas, Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore. Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune.

And will awake him from his melancholy. Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles And waste the time which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd, Will very well become a soldier's dance. I will not have excuse, with saying this Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads. Since they love men in arms as well as beds. [They dance.

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too; And I have heard you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies trip; And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied

Of your fair courtesy. [The Knights and Ladies dance] Unclasp, unclasp. Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done

well, [To Pericles] But you the best.-Pages and lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!-Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure. Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love, And that's the mark I know you level at.

Therefore each one betake him to his rest . To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Tyre. The Governor's house. Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No. Escanes: know this of me-Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:

For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous capital offence. Even in the height and pride of all his glory.

When he was seated in a charjou

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him, A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up

Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk

That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall

Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though This king were great, his greatness was no guard

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward. 15

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference

Or council has respect with him but he. 2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without

reproof. 3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not

second it ! 1 Lord. Follow me, then. Lord Helicane,

a word. Hel. With me? and welcome.

day, my lords. 1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to

the top, And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? Wrong not your prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane; But if the prince do live, let us salute him,

Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; And be resolv'd he lives to govern us, Or, dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral, And leave us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure;

Scene 4] PERICLES

And knowing this kingdom, if without a Not minding whether I dislike or not head.

Like goodly buildings left without a roof. Soon fall to ruin, your noble self. That best know how to rule and how to reign. We thus submit unto-our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40 Hel. By honour's cause, forbear your suffrages.

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear. Take I your wish, I leap into the seas, Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease. A twelvemonth longer let me entreat you 45 To forbear the absence of your king; If in which time expir'd he not retuin, I shall with aged patience bear your yoke. But if I cannot win you to this love, Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50 And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return, You shall like diamonds sit about his crown. 1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will

not yield:

And since Lord Helicane enjoincth us. We with our travels will endeavour ir.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Pentapolis. The palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, reading of a letter, at one door. The Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not under- But bent all offices to honour her! take

A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known, Which from her by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly fied her

To her-chamber that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery.

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd. And on her virgin honour will not break it. 3 Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [Exeunt Knights.

Sim. So, They are well despatch'd. Now to my daughter's letter.

She tells me here she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light. 'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well. Nay, how absolute she's in't.

Well, I do commend her choice; And will no longer have it be delay'd Soft! here he comes . I must dissemble of

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Soutenales! Sim. To you as much, sir! I am ochoid ing to you

For your sweet music this last night 1 do Protest my ears were never better ted With such deligniful pleasing nain on i.

Per. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend:

Not my desert.

Sun. Sir, you are music's most in 30 Per. The worst of all her scholar, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing: What do you think of my daughter, sir? Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not? 35 Per. As a fair day in summer-wondrous

Sim. Su, my daughter thinks very wed oi vou:

Ay, so well that you must be her master. And she will be your scholar: therefore

look to it. Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. Sun. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [Asule] What's here? A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre. 'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life. --O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord, 45 A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not. Never did thought of mine levy offence; Nor never did my actions yet commence A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Traitor! Per.

Sim. Ay, traitor. Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the King-

That calls me traitor I return the lie. Sim. [Aside] Now, by the gods, I do

applaud his courage. Per. My actions are as noble as my

thoughts. That never relish'd of a base descent. came unto your court for honour's cause. And not to be a rebel to her state

And he that otherwise accounts of me, This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No? Here comes my daughter, she can witness

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair, Resolve your angry father if my tongue Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe To any syllable that made love to you.

Thái. Why, sir, say if you had, Who takes offence at that would make me

glad ?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremp-

tory? [Aside] I am glad on't with all my heart.— I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection. Will you, not having my consent, Bestow your love and your affections Upon a stranger?—[Aside] who, for aught I know,

May he, nor can I think the contrary, As great in blood as I myself .-Therefore, hear you, mistress: either frame Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you, Either be rul'd by me—or I will make V011-

Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy,

And for further grief-God give you joy! What, are you both pleas'd?

Yes, if you love me, sir. Thai. Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed? Both. Yes, if't please your Majesty Sim. It pleaseth me so well that I will see you wed;

And then, with what haste you can, get Exeunt. you to bed.

ACT THREE Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout; No din but snores the house about, Made louder by the o'er-fed breast Of this most pompous marriage feast. The cat, with eyne of burning coal, Now couches fore the mouse's hole: And crickets sing at the oven's mouth, Ave the blither for their drouth. Hymen hath brought the bride to bed, Where, by the loss of maidenhead, A babe is moulded. Be attent, And time that is so briefly spent With your fine fancies quaintly eche. What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets 1252

them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords Then enter THAISA. kneel to Pericles. with child, with LYCHORIDA, a nurse. The King shows her the letter; she rejoices She and Pericles take leave of her father. and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch 15 Of Pericles the careful search. By the four opposing coigns Which the world together joins, Is made with all due diligence That horse and sail and high expense Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre-Fame answering the most strange inquire-To the court of King Simonides Are letters brought, the tenour these: Antiochus and his daughter dead. 25 The men of Tyrus on the head Of Helicanus would set on The crown of Tyre, but he will none. The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress; Says to 'em, if King Pericles Come not home in twice six moons. He, obedient to their dooms, Will take the crown. The sum of this. Brought hither to Pentapolis, Y-ravished the regions round, 35 And every ore with claps can sound 'Our heir-apparent is a king! Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?' Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre. His queen with child makes her desire- 40 Which who shall cross ?-along to go. Omit we all their dole and woe. Lychorida, her nurse, she takes, And so to sea. Their vessel shakes On Neptune's billow; half the flood Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood Varies again; the grizzled north Disgorges such a tempest forth That, as a duck for life that dives, So up and down the poor ship drives. The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near, Does fall in travail with her fear; And what ensues in this fell storm Shall for itself itself perform. I nill relate, action may 55

The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. 60 Scene I. Enter Pericles, a-shipboard.

[Exit.

This stage the ship, upon whose deck

Conveniently the rest convey; Which might not what by me is told.

In your imagination hold

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell: and thou that hast

brass.

Having call'd them from the deep! O, still Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders; gently quench

Thy numble sulphurous flashes !- O. how, Lychorida,

How does my queen?-Thou stormest venomously:

Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle

Is as a whisper in the ears of death, Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs

Of my queen's travails!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Now, Lychorida! Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place.

Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece Of your dead queen.

How, how, Lychorida? Per. Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen-A little daughter. For the sake of it, Be manly, and take comfort.

O you gods! Why do you make us love your goodly gifts, And snatch them straight away? We here below

Recall not what we give, and therein may Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir, even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life! For a more blusterous birth had never babe; Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world

That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven, can make.

To herald thee from the womb.

Even at the first thy loss is more than can Thy portage quit with all thou canst find here.

Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you! Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;

It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love

Upon the winds command, bind them in Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer, I would it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bolins there.-Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself. 2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not. 46

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield'er; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lvc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had. my dear;

Th' unfriendly elements No light, no fire. Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the

Where, for a monument upon thy bones, And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida. 64 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper. My casket and my jewels; and bid

Nicander Bring me the satin coffer. Lay the babe Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say Suddenly, A priestly farewell to her.

woman. [Exit Lychorida. 2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready. Mariner, say what

Per. I thank thee. coast is this?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus. Per. Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus! There will I visit Cleon, for the babe Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it Go thy ways, good At careful nursing. 80

mariner: I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Ephesus. Cerimon's house.

Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men. Such strong renown as time shall never raze. 'T'as been a turbulent and stormy night. Serv. I have been in many; but such a

night as this,

Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead eie you return:

There's nothing can be minist'red to nature That can recover him. [To Philemon] Give this to the pothecary.

And tell me how it works.

[Exeunt all but Cerimon.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship. Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir, Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea

Shook as the earth did quake; The very principals did seem to rend, And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you most sweetly in my sense. so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. 20 1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early

Shake off the golden slumber of repose. 'Tis most strange

Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.

I hold it ever Cer. Virtue and cunning were endowments

Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend; But immortality attends the former, Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever Have studied physic, through which secret

By turning o'er authorities, I have, Together with my practice, made familiar To me and to my aid the blest infusions 35 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones; And I can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me

A more content in course of true delight Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:

And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Well said, well said! The fire and cloths. Cerimon

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

1 Ser. So. lift there.

Cer. What's that?

1 Serv. Sir, even now did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest. 'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look upon't.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Čeī. Whate'er it be, 55 'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight.

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold.

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 Gent. Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

1 Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir. as toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open. Soft! It smells

2 Gent. A delicate odour. Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it. O you most potent gods! What's here? A corse!

1 Gent. Most strange! Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices. A passport too. Apollo, perfect me in the characters! [Reads from a scroll.

Here I give to understand— If e'er this coffin drives a-land— I, King Pericles, have lost This queen, worth all our mundage cost. Who finds her, give her burying; She was the daughter of a king. Besides this treasure for a ice, The gods requite his charity! 80

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart That ever cracks for woe! 'This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night; For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within.

Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. Exit a servant.

Death may usurp on nature many hours, And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian

That had nine hours lien dead, Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and

The rough and woeful music that we have,

Scene 21 PERICLES

Cause it to sound, beseech you. The vial once more. How thou stirt'st, thou block! The music there! I pray you give her air.

Gentlemen,

This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth

Breathes out of her. She hath not been entranc'd

Above five hours. See how she gins to blow Into life's flower again! 1 Gent. The heavens.

Through you, increase our wonder, and set up Your fame for ever. Cer. She is alive. Behold,

Her evelids, cases to those heavenly jewels Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds Of a most praised water do appear, To make the world twice rich. Live, and make

Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature, Rare as you seem to be. [She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana, where am I Where's my lord? What world is this? 2 Gent. Is not this strange? 1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours! Lend me your hands: to the next chamber

bear her: Get linen. Now this matter must be look'd

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come; and Æsculapius guide us! [Exeunt, carrying her away.

Scene III. Tharsus. Cleon's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:

My twelve months are expire, and Tyrus stands

In a litigious peace. You and your lady Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods

Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally, Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dio. O your sweet queen! That the strict Fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her ! We cannot but obey The powers above us. Could I rage and

roar As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,

For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so.

I charge your charity withal, leaving her

The infant of your case; beseeching you 15 To give her princely training, that she may Be manner'd as she is born.

Cls. Fear not, my lord, but think

Your grace, that fed my country with your

For which the people's prayers still fall upon vou.

Must in your child be thought on. 15 neglection

Should therein make me vile, the common body,

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty. But if to that my nature need a spur, The gods revenge it upon me and mine To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you; 25 Your honour and your goodness teach me

Without your vows. Till she be married, madam.

By bright Diana, whom we honour all, 28 Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain, Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.

Good madam, make me blessed in your care In bringing up my child.

I have one myself, Who shall not be more dear to my respect Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers. Cle. We'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge c' th' shore,

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears.

Lychorida, no tears.

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. Exeunt.

Scene IV. Ephesus. Cerimon's house. Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels.

Lay with you in your coffer; which are At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea I well remember. Even on my eaning time: but whether

there Delivered, by the holy gods,

I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles.

My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again, A vestal livery will I take me to, And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak.

PERICLES [Act 4

Diana's temple is not distant far, Where you may abide till your date expire.

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine 15 Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all; Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[Exeunt.

ACT FOUR

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre, Welcom'd and settled to his own desire. His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus. Unto Diana there a votaress. Now to Marina bend your mind. Whom our fast-growing scene must find At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters; who hath gain'd Of education all the grace, Which makes her both the heart and place Of general wonder. But, alack, That monster Envy, oft the wrack Of earned praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife. And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench tull grown, Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid Hight Philoten; and it is said For certain in our story, she Would ever with Marina be. Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk With fingers long, small, white as milk; Or when she would with sharp needle wound The cambric, which she made more sound By hurting it; or when to th' lute She sung, and made the night-bird mute, That still records with moan; or when She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Dian; still This Philoten contends in skill With absolute Marina. So The dove of Paphos might with the crow Vie feathers white. 'Marina gets All praises, which are paid as debts. And not as given. This so darks In Philoten all graceful marks That Cleon's wife, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to stead, Lychorida, our nurse, is dead: And cursed Dionyza hath The pregnant instrument of wrath Prest for this blow. The unborn event 45 I do commend to your content; Only I carry winged time Post on the lame feet of my rhyme; Which never could I so convey Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50 Dionyza does appear, With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

Scene I. Tharsus. An open place near the seashore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dio. Thy oath remember; theu hast sworn to do't.

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing in the world so

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dio. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.

Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will 10b Tellus of her weed, To strew thy green with flowers. The yellows, blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds, Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave
While summer days do last. Ay me! poor maid.

Born in a tempest, when my mother died, This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20 Whirring me from my friends,

Dio. How now, Marina! Why do you keep alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you?

Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have

A nurse of me. Loid, how your favour's chang'd 25
With this unprofitable wee! Come,

Give me your flowers. On the sea margent Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there, And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.

Come,

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dio. Come, come; I love the king your father, and yourself,

With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here. When he shall come, and find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted, He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;

Blame both my lord and me that we have taken

PERICLES

Scene 11 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreyou, Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve That excellent complexion which did stea The eyes of young and old. Care not for me I can go home alone. Well, I will go; Mar. But yet I have no desire to it. Dio. Come, come, I know 'tis good for Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least. Remember what I have said. I warrant you, madam Teon. Dio. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while. Pray walk softly; do not heat your blood What! I must have care of you. My thanks, sweet madam Mar. [Exit Dionyza Is this wind westerly that blows? South-west. Mar. When I was born the wind was north. Was't so? Tem. Mar. My father, as nurse says, did never But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling His kingly hands hauling ropes; And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea That almost burst the deck. Leon. When was this? Mar. When I was born. Never was waves nor wind more violent; And from the ladder-tackle washes off A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one 'wolt out? And with a dropping industry they skip

From stern to stern; the boatswain whistles, and

Themaster calls, and trebles their confusion. Leon. Come, say your prayers.

What mean you? Mar. Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious, for 70 The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn To do my work with haste.

Why will you kill me? Mar.

Leon. To satisfy my lady. Mar. Why would she have me kill'd? Now, as I can remember, by my troth, 75 I never did her hurt in all my life. I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn To any living creature. Believe me, la, I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly; I trod upon a worm against my will, But I wept for it. How have I offended, Whereinmy death might yield her any profit, Or my life imply her any danger? My commission Leon.

Is not to reason of the deed, but do't. Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

show

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately When you caught hurt in parting two that fought.

Good sooth, it show'd well in you. Do so now:

Your lady seeks my life; come you between.

And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn, And will dispatch. Seizes her.

Enter Pirates. 1 Pırate. Hold, villain!

[Leonine runs away. 2 Pirate. A prize! a prize! 3 Pirate. Half part, mates, half part! Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exeunt Pirates with Marina. Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing tnieves serve the great pirate Valdes,

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go: There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further.

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her.

Not carry her aboard. If she remain, Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. Exit.

Scene II. Mytilene. A brothel. Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly. Mytilene is tull of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of We have but poor three, and creatures. they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we

shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards-as, I think, I have brought up some eleven-

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market? Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces,

they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they are too The poor unwholesome, o' conscience. Transvivanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast meat for worms. But I'll [Exit. go search the market.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O. our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well

as we.

Pand. As well as we! Ay, and better too: we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boult. [To Marina] Come your ways.-My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not. Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece you see. If you like her, so; if

not. I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities? 45 Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a

thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you Wite, shall have your money presently. take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [Excust Pander and Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of herthe colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and He that will give most shall have her first'. Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. TExit. Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack,

so slow I

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard sign. thrown me

For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one? Mar. That I am pretty.

part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Band. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure. Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a'woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar An honest woman, or not a woman. Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling! I think shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me! Bawd. It it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's return'd.

Reguter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her haus; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me how dost thou find the inclination of the people,

especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so wat'red that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow

with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do ou know the French knight that cowers i' th' hams

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her tomorrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this

Bawd. [To Marina] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; Bawd. Come, the gods have done their to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity 20 in your lovers; seldom but that pity

begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. 722

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home. These blushes of hers must be quench'd with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult, I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one. I like the manner of your garments well.

Boull. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be

chang'd yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature fram'd this piece she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Bult. I warrant vou, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some

to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me. Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you will you go with us?

Scene III. Tharsus. Cleon's house.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dio. Why are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon ! Dio. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' th' earth th' justice of compare! O villain

Leonine! Whom thou hast pois'ned too.

If theu hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact. What canst thou When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dio. That she is dead. urses are not te Fates.

To foster it, not even to precerve. She died at might; I'll say co. Who can cress it .

Unless you blay the make procent. And for an honest altrabate cry out

She died by foul play'.

Ó, go to. Well, well. Cle. Of all the faults beneath the heavens the gods

Do like this woist.

Dio. Be one of those that thinks The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence. And open this to Pericles I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are. And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his prime consent, he did not

flow

From honourable sources.

Dro. Be it so, then. Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead.

Nor none can know. Leonine being gone. She did distain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes. None would look on But cast their gazes on Marina's face:

Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a mawkin,

Not worth the time of day, If pierc'd me thorough:

And though you call my course unnatural. You not your child well loving, vet I find 'i gleets rue as an enterprise of kindness Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Me. Heavens torgive it! Dio. And as for Pericles, What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

And yet we mourn: her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dio. You are like one that superstitiously Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[Exeunt.

10 SCENE JV. Before Marina's monument at Tharsus.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't; Wherefore she does—and swears she'll Making, to take our imagination,

From bourn to bourn, region to region. By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one langauge in each several clime Where wir scenes seem to live. I do beseech you

To learn of me, who stand i' th' gaps to teach you

The stages of our story. Pericles Is now again thwaiting the wayward seas, Attended on by many a lord and knight, To see his daughter, all his life's delight. Old Helicanus goes along. Behind Is left to govern it, you bear in mind, Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late Advanc'd in time to great and high estate. Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought

thought;

grow on-

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile. Dumb show.

Enter Pericles, at one door, with all his Train: CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina, whereat Pericles makes lamentain, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon and Dionyza.

See how belief may suffer by foul show! This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;

And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears

Never to wash his face nor cut his hairs; He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears A tempest which his mortal vessel tears, 30 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Dionyza. [Reads the inscription

on Marina's monument. 'The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here, Who withered in her spring of year. She was of Tyrus the King's daughter, On whom foul death hath made this

slaughter: Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,

Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o' th' earth; Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'er-

flowed, Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestowed:

never stint-Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainv So well as soft and tender flattery. Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead.

And bear his courses to be ordered By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play

His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50 And think you now are all in Mytilen.

SCENE V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

! Gent. Did you ever hear the like? 2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a This king to Tharsus—think this pilot place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. I'm to have divinity preach'd So with his steerage shall your thoughts there! Did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals

I Gent. I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. Exeunt.

Scene VI. Mytilene. A room in the brothel. Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie, upon her! She's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole We must either get her generation. lavished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavalleria and make our swearers priests.

Pand. Now the pox upon her greensickness for me!

Bawd. Faith there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lvs. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your Honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Scene 67 PERICLES

Lvs. You may so: 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! Wholesome iniquity have you, that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would but there never came her like in

Mytilene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness. thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but-

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [Exit Boult.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk—never plucked yet, I can assure vou.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you. Leave

Bawd. I beseech your Honour, give me a word, and I'll have done leave: presently.

Lvs. I beseech vou, do.

Bawd. [Aside to Marina] First, I would have you note this is an honourable man. Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may

worthily note him. Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his Honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult. Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall

Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier coo, sir, it now I be one 75 Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you're of honourable parts, and

are the governor of this place. 50 Lys. Why, hath your principal made

known unto you who I am

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lvs. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not sec thee, or else look triendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now:

If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? more: be sage.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune

Have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came. Diseases have been sold dearer than

physic-

That the gods Would set me free from this unhallowed

place. Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i' th' purer air!

Lys. I did not think Thou couldst have spoke so well: ne'er

dreamt thou couldst. Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's

gold for thee: Persever in that clear way thou goest, 105

And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows sayour vilely. Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,

I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

Hold, here's more gold for thee.

A curse upon him, die he like a thief. That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Hear from me, it shall be for thy good. 125

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your Honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door keeper! As hath been belch'd on by infected lunes. Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it.

Would sink and overwhelm you. Away!

(Exit.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chasti'v, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth: undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me? 125 Built. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come

vour ways, I say.

Re-enter BAWD.

Bawd. How now! What's the matter? Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysnnachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods. 135 Bawd. Mairy, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too. 130

Band. Boult, take her away; use her at Crack the glass of her thy pleasure. virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Haik, hark, you gods! Away with her. Bawd. She conjures. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry, come up, my dish of come your ways. chastity with rosemary and bays! IExit.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me? Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Bowlt. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be? Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my

master, or, rather, my mistress. art.

Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change; Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib; To the choleric fisting of every rogue Thy ear is liable; thy food is such

Boult. What would you have me do? Go 118 to the wars, would you, where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and

have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty

Serve by indenture to the common hangman.

Any of these ways are yet better than this: For what thou professest, a baboon, could

he speak,

Would own a name too dear. That the gods Would safely deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me. Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance.

With other virtues which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars. Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again

And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee. If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance hes little amongst them. But since my master ard mistress have bought you, there's no gon g but by their consent. Therefore I will mal e them acquainted with your purpose and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes and chances

Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays; Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou Nature's own shape of bud, bird, branch, or berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses; Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry; That pupils lacks she none of noble race, Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place :

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Scene 11 PERICLES

Where we left him on the sea. We there him I made to it, to know of whence you are. In lost:

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrıv'd

Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies. In your supposing once more put your sight.

Of heavy Pericles, think this his bark: Where what is done in action, more, if

Shall be discover'd; please you sit and [Exit. hark.

On board Pericles' ship, off SCENE I. A pavilion on deck with a Mytilene. curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mytilene] Where is Lord Helicanus? He can resolve

O, here he is.

Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene, And in it is Lysimachus the Governor. Who craves to come aboard. What is your

will? Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls. Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call? Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth

would come aboard;

I pray greet him fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge. Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords.

with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors. Tvr. Sail. Sir.

This is the man that can, in aught you would. Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

čou wish me well. Lys. Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs. Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us.

Hel. First, what is your place? Lys. I am the Governor

Of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir.

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King:

A man who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his dis-temperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat; But the main grief springs from the loss Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight—he will not speak To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [Pericles discovered] This was a goodly person Till the disaster that, one mortal night, Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all hail! The gods preserve you!

Hail, royal sir! Hel. It is in vain: he will not speak to

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,

Would win some words of him.

'Tis well bethought. Lys. She, questionless, with her sweet harmony And other chosen attractions, would allure, And make a batt'ry through his deafen'd parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd.

She is all happy as the fairest of all, And, with her fellow maids, is now upon The leafy shelter that abuts against The island's side. [He whispers First Lord,

who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus. Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since vour kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you

That for our gold we may provision have, Wherein we are not destitute for want, But weary for the staleness.

Lvs. O sir, a courtesy Which if we should deny, the most just gods For every graff would send a caterpillar, And so inflict our province. Yet once more Let me entreat to know at large the cause Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you. 62 But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, with MARINA and another Girl.

O. here is Lys.

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one! My daughter might have been: my queen's Is't not a goodly presence?

She's a gallant ladv. 65 Hel. Lys. She's such a one that, were I well assur'd

Came of gentle kind and noble stock,

I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient. If that thy prosperous and artificial feat Can draw him but to answer thee in aught, Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir. I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery. Provided

That none but I and my companion maid Be suffered to come near him.

Come, let us leave her; Lvs. And the gods make her prosperous! [Marina sings.

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

No, nor look'd on us. Mar. Lys. See, she will speak to him. Mar. Hail sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum. ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes But have been gaz'd on like a comet. She

speaks. My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state.

My derivation was from ancestors Who stood equivalent with mighty kings; But time hath rooted out my parentage, And to the world and awkward casualties Bound me in servitude. [Aside] I will desist; But there is something glows upon my cheek, And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak'.

Per. My fortunes-parentage-good parentage-

To equal mine !-was it not thus? What say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you turn your eyes upon me.

are like something that-What You countrywoman?

Here of these shores?

No, nor of any shores. Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping. My dearest wife was like this maid, and

such a one

square brows:

stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;

As silver voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like. And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno: Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes

them hungry The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger. From the deck

You may discern the place.

Where were you bred? And how achiev'd you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe? Mar. If I should tell my history, it would

Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Prithee speak. Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou lookest

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace T20 For the crown'd Truth to dwell in. I will

believe thee. And make my senses credit thy relation

To points that seem impossible; for thou lookest

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?

D dst thou not say, when I did push thee back-

Which was when I perceiv'd thee-that thou cam'st

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did. Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou

said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine. If both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts

Did warrant me was likely.

Tell thy story; Per. If thine consider'd prove the thousand part Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I 135 Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?

How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina. O. I am mock'd. And thou by some incensed god sent hither Scene 11 PERICLES

To make the world to laugh at me. Mar. Patience, good sir.

Or here I'll cease. Per.

Nay, I'll be patient. Thou little know'st he'v thou dost startle me

To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name

Was given me by one that had some power. My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter

And call'd Marina?

You said you would believe me But, not to be a troubler of your peace, 15 I will end here.

But are you flesh and blood Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Call'd Marina For I was born at sea.

At sea! what mother? 155 Per. Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;

Who died the minute I was born. As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft Delivered weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little! [Aside] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad tools withal. This cannot be My daughter's buried.-Well, where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to th' bottom of your story.

And never interrupt you.

You scorn; believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave-

How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in Tharsus leave me :

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, 170 Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't.

A crew of pirates came and rescued me: Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir, Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be

You think me an impostor. No, good faith:

I am the daughter to King Pericles.

If good King Pericles be. Per. Ho. Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord? 180 Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general. Tell me. if thou canst. What this maid is, or what is like to be.

That thus hath made me weep ? Hel.

I know not; but Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene Speaks nobly of her.

Lvs. She never would tell Her parentage; being demanded that

She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd

Give me a gash, put me to present pain, 190 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me O'erbear the shores of my mortality, And drown me with their sweetness come hither.

Thou that beget'st him that d d thee beget; Thou that wast born at sea buried at Tharsus.

And found at sea again! O Helicanus. Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud

As thunder threatens us. This is Marina. What was thy mother's name? Tell me but

For truth can never be confirm'd enough. Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,

What is your title? Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me

My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest vou said

Thou hast been godlike perfect, The heir of kingdoms and another life To Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than

To say my mother's name was Thaisa? Thaisa was my mother, who did end The minute I began.

210 Per. Now blessing on thee! Rise; thou art my child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus-

She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been

By savage Cleon. She shall tell thee al! : When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge

She is thy very princess. Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the Governor of Mytilene, Who, hearing of your melancholy state, Did come to see you.

I embrace you. Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.

O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,

How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none. Per. None?

1265

This, my last boon, give me,

1266

The music of the spheres! List, my For such kindness must relieve me That you aptly will suppose Marina. What pageantry, what feats, what shows. Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him way. What minstrelsy, and pretty din. The regent made in Mytilen Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear? Lys. My lord, I hear. [Music. To greet the King. So he thrived. That he is promis'd to be wived Per. Most heavenly music! 10 To fair Marina; but in no wise It mips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [Sleeps. Till he had done his sacrifice, As Dian bade; whereto being bound, Lys. A pillow for his head. The interim, pray you, all confound. So, leave him all. Well, my companion-In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, friends. If this but answer to my just belief, And wishes fall out as they're will'd. I'll well remember you. At Ephesus the temple see, Our king, and all his company. [Exeunt all but Pericles. That he can hither come so soon, DIANA abbears to Pericles as in a vision. Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [Exit. Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus. Hie SCENE III. Ephesus. The Temple of Diana: thee thither, And do upon mine altar sacrifice. THAISA standing near the altar as High There, when my maiden priests are met Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of together: 240 Before the people all, Ephesus attending. Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy Enter Pericles, with his Train: Lysimawife. CHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Ladv. To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command, And give them repetition to the life. I here confess myself the King of Tyre: Or perform my bidding or thou liv'st in woe; Who, frighted from my country, did wed Do it, and happy—by my silver bow! Awake and tell thy dream. At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa. Disappears. At sea in childbed died she, but brought Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine, I will obey thee. Helicanus! forth A maid-child, call'd Marina; who. Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, goddess. MARINA, &c. Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen Hel Sir ? Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there He sought to murder; but her better stars to strike The inhospitable Cleon; but I am Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose For other service first: toward Ephesus shore Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us. [To Lysimachus] Shall we refresh us, sir, Where, by her own most clear rememupon your shore, brance, she And give you gold for such provision Made known herself my daughter. 255 Voice and favour! As our intents will need? Thai. You are, you are—O royal Pericles! Lys. Sir, With all my heart; and when you come [Swoons. ashore Per. What means the nun? She dies! Help, gentlemen! I have another suit. Cer. Noble sir, You shall prevail, Per. 259 If you have told Diana's altar true, Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems You have been noble towards her. This is your wife. Lys. Sir, lend me your arm. Per. Reverend appearer, no; [Exeunt. I threw her o'erboard with these very arms. Per. Come, my Marina. Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you. Per. 'Tis most certain. Scene II. Ephesus. Before the Temple of Cer. Look to the lady. O, she's but over-Diana. tov'd. Enter Gower. Early in blustering morn this lady was Gow. New our sands are almost run: Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin, Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and More a little, and then dumb.

plac'd ber

Scene 31 PERICLES

Here in Diana's temple. Per.

May we see them? Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you

to my house, Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is

Recovered. Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord, Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake.

Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest.

A birth and death?

The voice of dead Thaisa! Thai, That Thaisa am I, supposed dead And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Now I know you better. Thai. When we with tears parted Pentapolis, The King my father gave you such a ring. (Shows a ring.

Per. This, this! No more, you gods! your present kindness Makes my past miseries sports. You shall

do well That on the touching of her lips I may Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus

buried A second time within these arms!

My heart Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to Thaisa. Per. Look who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina, For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest and mine own! Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen! Thai. I know you not. Per. You have heard me say, when I did

fly from Tyre, I left behind an ancient substitute. Can you remember what I call'd the man? I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then. Per. Still confirmation.

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he. Now do I long to hear how you were found: How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle. 5% Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord—this man Through whom the gods have shown their power-that can

From first to last resolve you.

The gods can have no mortal officer

More l.ke a god than you. Will you deliver How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord. Beseech you, first, go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came plac'd here in the temple: No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision ! Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This Prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter.

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now, This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form ; And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd.

To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify. Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good

credit, sir, My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves Will in that kingdom spend our following days.

i eign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead's the way. [Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter vou have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward: In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen, Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen.

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast.

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last. In Helicanus may you well descry

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty; In reverend Cerimon there well appears 94

The worth that learned charity aye wears. For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,

That hun and his they in his palace burn; The gods for murder seemed so content 100 To punish—although not done, but meant. So, on your patience evermore attending, Reverend sir, New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. Exit.

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE HENRIE WRIOTHESLEY. EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE.

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure mee for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onelye if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take advantage of all idle houres, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heire of my invention prove deformed, I shall be some it had so noble a god-father: and never after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harvest, I leave it to your Honourable survey, and your Honor to your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty. Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,

Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase; Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to sco.n.

Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him.

And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began, 'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare.

Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man.

More white and red than doves or roses are ; Nature that made thee, with herself at

Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed.

And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow: If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know. Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,

And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd So soon was she along as he was down, satiety, But rather famish them amid their plenty,

Making them red and pale with fresh Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth variety---

A summer's day will seem an hour but short.

Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm, The precedent of pith and livelihood, And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm. Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess

good. Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force

Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein. Under her other was the tender boy. Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain, With leaden appetite, unapt to toy:

She red and hot as coals of glowing fire, He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough Nimbly she fastens-O, how quick is love!

The steed is stalled up, and even now To tie the rider she begins to prove: Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust.

And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

19 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips;

he frown.

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And gins to chide, but soon she stops his

And kissing speaks, with lustful language bloken:

'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open'.

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears

Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks; 5

Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs

To fan and blow them dry again she seeks
He saith she is immodest, blames her
miss:

What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast, 55 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,

Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste, Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone; Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin.

And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey, Panting he lies and breatheth in her face; She feedeth on the steam as on a prey, And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,

Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers, 65

So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net, So fast'ned in her arms Adonis lies; Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,

Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats, For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale; Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets, 75 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale; Being red, she loves him best; and being

Being red, she loves him best; and being white,

Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot cnoose but love;

And by her fair immortal hand she swears From his soft bosom never to remove Till he take truce with her contending tears,

Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;

And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin, 85 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave, Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in; So offers he to give what she did crave; But when her lips were ready for his pay, He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat 91 More thirst for drink than she for this good turn:

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get; She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn. 'O, pity,' gan she cry 'flint-hearted

boy! 95
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now, Even by the stern and direful god of war, Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow, Who conquers where he comes in every jar:

Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,

And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance, His batt'red shield, his uncontrolled crest, And for my sake hath leain'd to sport and dance,

To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest, Scotning his churlish drum and ensign red.

Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overrul'd I overswayed, Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain; Strong-temper'd steel his stionger strength obeyed,

Yet was he servile to my cov disdain.

O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might.

For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight!

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine;

Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—

The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine. What seest thou in the ground? Hold up thy head;

Look in mine eyeballs; there thy beauty lies.

Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kiss? Then wink again.

And I will wink; so shall the day seem night.

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain:

Be bold to play; our sport is not in sight.

These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean

Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip hows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted;

Make use of time, let not advantage slip; Beauty within itself should not be wasted.

Fair flowers that are not gath'red in their prime

Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkledold,

Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,

O er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold, Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice, 136

Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;

Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning; 140 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,

My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;

My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,

Would in thy palm dissolve or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear, Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green, 146 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,

Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire.

Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie: These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me:

Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky

From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should think it heavy unto
thee? x56

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?

Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?

Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected; Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.

Narcissus so himself himself forsook, And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear, Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use, Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear:

Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse.

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;

Thou wast begot—to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,

Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? By law of nature thou art bound to breed, That thine may live when thou thyself art dead:

And so in spite of death thou dost survive,

In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat, For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,

And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat, With burning eye did hotly overlook them; Wishing Adonis had his team to guide, So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite, 181 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,

His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,

Like misty vapours when they blot the sky, Souring his cheeks, cries 'Fie, no more of love!

The sun doth burn my face; I must remove'.

'Ay me,' quoth Venus 'young, and so unkind!

What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone! I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind Shall cool the heat of this descending

I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs; If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,

And lo, I lie between that sun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little
harm:

Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;

And were I not immortal, life were done Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel? Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth.

Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?

O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind, She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind!

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this? 205 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?

What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?

Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute.

Give me one kiss; I'll give it thee again, And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,

Well-painted idol, image dull and dead, Statue contenting but the eye alone,

Thing like a man, but of no woman bred! Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion.

For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,

And swelling passion doth provoke a pause; Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;

Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:

And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak.

And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand:

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground; Sometime her arms infold him like a band; She would, he will not in her arms be bound:

And when from thence he struggles to be gone,

She locks her lily fingers one in one.

' Fondling,' she saith ' since I have hemm'd

thee here Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer; Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in

dale: dry,

Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough, 235 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain.

rough.

To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:

Then be my deer, since I am such a park; No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain, That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple. Love made those hollows, if himself were slain.

He might be buried in a tomb so simple;

Foreknowing well, if there he came to he. Why, there Love hy'd and there he could not die.

These levely caves, these round enchanting

Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus

liking. Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?

Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?

Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,

To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she sav?

Her words are done, her woes the more increasing:

The time is spent, her object will away, 255 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.

'Pity!' she cries 'Some favour, some remorse!'

Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,

A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud. 260 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,

And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree.

Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds, And now his woven girths he breaks asunder:

The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds.

Graze on my lips; and if those hills be Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:

The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth, Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging

Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end; Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and His nostrils drink the air, and forth again, As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:

His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire, Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps, With gentle majesty and modest pride; Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps, As who should say Lo, thus my strength is tried.

And this I do to captivate the eye Of the fair breeder that is standing by'.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir, His flattering 'Holla' or his 'Stand, I say'?

What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur? 255

For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
Nor nothing else with his proud sight
agrees.

Look when a painter would surpass the

In limning out a well-proportioned steed, His art with nature's workmanship at strife,

As if the dead the living should exceed; So did this horse excel a common one

In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long, 295

Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,

High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;

Look what a horse should have he did not lack,

Save a proud rider on so proud a back. Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;

Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run or fly they know not
whether;

For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,

Fanning the hairs, who wave like feath'red wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her; She answers him as if she knew his mind; Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,

She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,

Spurps at his love, and scorps the heat

Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,

Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent, He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume, Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent; He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.

His love, perceiving how he was enrag'd, Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him, When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,

With her the horse, and left Adonis there.

As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,

Out-stripping crows that strive to overfly them.

All swol'n with chafing, down Adoms sits, Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast; And now the happy season once more fits

That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;

For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong,

When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd, Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;

So of concealed sorrow may be said:

Fiee vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is
mute,

The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow Even as a dying coal revives with wind, And with his bonnet hides his angry brow, Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,

Taking no notice that she is so nigh, For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view How she came stealing to the wayward boy! To note the fighting conflict of her hue! 345 How white and red each other did destroy! But now her cheek was pale, and by and

It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the

Now was she just before him as he sat, And like a lowly lover down she kneels; 350 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat, Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels;

His tend'rer cheek receives her soft hand's print
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between

Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing! His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen

Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing;

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain

With tears which chorus-like her eyes did rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand, A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow, Or ivory in an alabaster band; So white a friend engirts so white a foe.

This beauteous combat, wilful and un willing,

Showed like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:

Of Gairest mover on this mortal round, Would thou wert as I am, and I a man, My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound!

For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,

Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee'.

'Give me my hand' saith he. 'Why dosthou feel it?'

'Give me my heart,' saith she 'and thou shalt have it.

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it;

Then love's deep groans I never shal regard,

Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so.
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:

For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,

Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd; Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,

Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, fied to the tree,

Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair
fee.

He held such petty bondage in disdain,
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,

395

Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed, Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,

But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,

His other agents aim at like delight? 400 Who is so faint that dares not be so bold To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy; And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee, To take advantage on presented joy; 405 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.

O, learn to love! The lesson is but plain, And once made perfect never lost again'.

'I know not love,' quoth he 'nor will not know it,

Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it. 470 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it. My love to love is love but to disgrace it;

For I have heard it is a life in death, That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?

Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?

If springing things be any jot diminish'd, They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.

The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young

Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong. 420

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,

And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat; Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;

To love's alarms it will not ope the gate.

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears.

Dismiss your vows, your leigned tears, your flatt'ry;

For where a heart is hard they make no batt'ry.'

What! canst thou talk?' quoth she 'Hast thou a tongue?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!

Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;

I had my load before, now press'd with bearing: 430 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh

sounding, Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's

deep-sore wounding.

Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would

love
That inward beauty and invisible;

Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move

Each part in me that were but sensible.

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,

Yet should I be in love by touching thee.
Say that the sense of feeling were bereit
me.

And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440

1273

And nothing but the very smell were left He cheers the morn and all the earth

Yet would my love to thee be still as much: For from the stillitory of thy face excelling

Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

'But. O. what banquet wert thou to the taste,

Being nurse and feeder of the other four! Would they not wish the feast might ever last,

And bid Suspicion double-lock the door, Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome

Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd Which to his speech did honey passage yield;

Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field, Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds, Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herde

This ill presage advisedly she marketh. Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth, Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh, Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, Or like the deadly bullet of a gun, His meaning struck her ere his words

And at his look she flatly falleth down, For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:

A smile recures the wounding of a frown. But blessed bankrupt that by love so thriveth!

The silly boy, believing she is dead, Claps her pale cheek till clapping makes ıt red:

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent. For sharply he did think to reprehend her. Which cunning love did wittily prevent. Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her! For on the grass she lies as she were slain.

Till his breath breatheth life in her again. He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks.

He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard, He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks

To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:

He kisses her; and she, by her good will, Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day: Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth.

Like the fair sun when in his fresh array 1274

relieveth: And as the bright sun glorifies the sky.

So is her face illumin'd with her eye:

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd.

As if from thence they borrowed all their

Were never four such lamps together mix'd. Had not his clouded with his brows' repine: But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light.

Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she 'in earth or heaven.

Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire? What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?

Do I delight to die, or life desire? But now I liv'd, and life was death's

annoy; But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me! Kill me once again. Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,

Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain That they have murd'red this poor heart of

mine: And these mine eyes, true leaders to their

queen, But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!

O, never let their crimson liveries wear! And as they last, their verdure still endure. To drive infection from the dangerous year!

That the star-gazers, having writ on death.

May say the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,

What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?

To sell myself I can be well contented, So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good

dealing: Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips

Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from

And pay them at thy leisure, one by one. What is ten hundred touches unto thee? Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?

Say for non-payment that the debt should double,

Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

'Fair queen,' quoth he 'if any love you Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard owe mc.

Measure my strangeness with my unripe Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much vears: 524

No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears.

sticks fast,

Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary

His day's hot task hath ended in the west; The owl, night's herald, shrieks; 'tis very late:

The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest:

And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light

Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say "good night", and so say

If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.' 'Good night' quoth she; and, ere he says 'adıeu

The honey fee of parting tend'red is:

Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace:

Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew

The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,

Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew.

Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth.

He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth.

Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

filleth:

Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey, 549 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth; Whose vulture thought doth pitch the Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make price so high

That she will draw his lips' rich treasure

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil. With blindfold fury she begins to forage; Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil. 555

And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage:

Planting oblivion, beating reason back, honour's wrack.

embracing,

handling, Before I know myself, seek not to know me; Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,

The mellow plum doth fall, the green Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,

He now obeys and now no more resisteth. While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,

And yields at last to every light impression? Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,

Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.

Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward.

But then wooes best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over.

Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.

Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover:

What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept

Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him: The poor fool prays her that he may depart. She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him: Bids him farewell, and look well to her

heart. The which, by Cupid's bow she doth

protest. He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding 'Sweet boy,' she says 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,

And glutton-like she feeds, yet never For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.

Tell me, love's master, shall we meet tomorrow?

the match?

He tells her no; to-morrow he intends To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she, whereat a sudden

pale, Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,

Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,

Forgetting shame's pure blush, and And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;

She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,

He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love, 59
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter.

All is imaginary she doth prove;

He will not manage her, although he mount her.

That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy, To clip Elysium and to lack her joy. 600

Even so poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,

Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw;
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,

As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.

The warm effects which she in him finds missing 60

She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be. She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd; Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;

She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.

'Fie, fie,' he says 'you crush me; let me go;

You have no reason to withhold me so.'
'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she' sweet

boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt
the boar.

614

O, be advis'd! Thou know'st not what it is With javelin's point a churlish swine to

Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,

Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes; His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;

His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes; Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way.

And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed, 625 Are better proof than thy spear's point can

enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;

Being ireful, on the lion he will venter.

The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,

As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine, To which Love's eyes pays tributary gazes; Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,

Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage—wondrous
dread!—

Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!

Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.

Come not within his danger by thy will. They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.

When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,

I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

' Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?

Sawest thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?

Grew I not faint? And fell I not downnight? 645

Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie, My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,

But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy

Doth call himself Affection's sentinel; 650 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny, And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"

Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire, As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy, 655

This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,

This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,

That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,

Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,

That if I love thee I thy death should fear; 660

And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye The picture of an angry chafing boar, Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth

An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore; Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed 665

Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed, That tremble at th' imagination?

The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,

And fear doth teach it divination: 670
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar tomorrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;

Uncouple at the timorous flying hare, Or at the fox which lives by subflety, 675 Or at the roe which no encounter dare. Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the

And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind 'I am,' quoth he 'expected of my friends;

Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles, 680
How he outruns the wind, and with what

care

He cranks and crosses with a thousand

doubles.

The many musits through the which he

goes

Are like a labylinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep, To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,

And sometime where earth-delving comes keep,

To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of
deer.

Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear. 690

For there his smell with others being mingled,

The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,

Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled

With much ado the cold fault cleanly out.
Then do they spend their mouths; echo
replies,

As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill, Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear.

To hearken if his foes pursue him still; Anon their loud alarums he doth hear; 700 And now his grief may be compared well To one sore sick that hears the passinghell.

^c Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch

Turn and return, indenting with the way; Each envious briar his weary legs do scratch, 705

Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay; For misery is trodden on by many, And being low never relieved by any.

Lie quietly and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not

To make thee hate the hunting of the boar.

Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize, Applying this to that, and so to so; For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where; quoth he

'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends.
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?'
quoth she.

' I am,' quoth he 'expected of my friends; And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.' 'In night,' quoth she 'desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing
trips,

And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.

Rich preys make true-men thieves; so do thy lips 724

Make modest Dian cloudy and forloin, Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:

Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine, Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason

For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine. 730

Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,

To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies

To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,

To mingle beauty with infirmities, 735
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyranny

Of mad mischances and much misery:

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint, Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood, 740

The marrow-eating sickness whose attaint Disorder breeds by heating of the blood, Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,

Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies 745 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under.

Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,

Whereat th' impartial gazer late did 'What have you urg'd that I cannot wonder.

done.

As mountain snow melts with the midday

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity, Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns That on the earth would breed a scarcity And barren dearth of daughters and of

Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night 755

Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave Seeming to bury that posterity

Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,

If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ? If so, the world will hold thee in disdain

 So in thyself thyself art made away-A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife.

Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slav,

Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life. Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets.

But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon 'you will fall again

Into your idle over-handled theme; The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain, And all in vain you strive against the stream;

For, by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse.

Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand

And every tongue more moving than your

Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,

Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown: For know, my heart stands armed in

mine ear,

And will not let a false sound enter there,

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run Into the quiet closure of my breast; And then my little heart were quite undone, In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.

No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan.

But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

reprove?

Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:

I hate not love, but your device in love. That lends embracements unto everv

stranger. You do it for increase! O strange excuse. When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

' Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled. Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name:

Under whose simple semblance he hath fed Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame: Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves.

As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain. But Lust's effect is tempest after sun: 800 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain:

Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain. Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.

Love surfeits not: Lust like a glutton

dies. Love is all truth: Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;

The text is old, the orator too green. Therefore, in sadness, now I will away: My face is full of shame, my heart of teen; Mine ears that to your wanton talk

attended burn themselves for having so Do offended.' 8ro

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace

Of those fair arms which bound him to her bieast,

And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;

Leaves Love upon her back, deeply distress'd.

Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore

Gazing upon a late-embarked friend. Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,

Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;

So did the merciless and pitchy night Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood, Or stomsh'd as night-wand'rers often are, Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;

Even so confounded in the dark she lay, Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,

That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled, 830

Make verbal repetition of her moans; Passion on passion deeply is redoubled: 'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note, And sings extemporally a woeful ditty—
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote:

837

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty. Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe, And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,

For lovers hours are long, though seeming short;

If pleas'd themselves, others, they think delight

In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport.

Their copious stones, oftentimes begun End without audience and are never done.

846

For who hath she to spend the night withal But idle sounds resembling parasits, Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,

Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? 85 She says ''Tis so'; they answer all ''Tis so';

And would say after her, if she said ' No '.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest, From his moist cabinet mounts up on high, And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast 855

The sun ariseth in his majesty;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair goodmorrow: 850

'O thou clear god, and patron of all light, From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,

There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother

May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other'.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove, 865 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn, And yet she hears no tidings of her love; She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn.

Anon she hears them chant it lustily, And all in haste she coasteth to the cry. And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her
face,

872

Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;

She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,

Like a milch doe whose swelling dugs do ache 875

Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay; Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder

Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way, The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds

Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase, But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,

Because the cry remaineth in one place, 885 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud.

Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope
him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her
heart. Soo

Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,

With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part;

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,

They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy; 895 Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd, She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,

And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear
no more—

And with that word she spied the hunted boar.

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red.

Like milk and blood being mingled both together,

A second fear through all her sinews spread, Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:

This way she runs, and now she will no further, 905

But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;

She treads the path that she untreads They bid thee crop a weed; thou pluck'st a again:

Her more than haste is mated with delays. Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,

Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting,

In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds hound,

And asks the weary caitiff for his master; And there another licking of his wound, 915 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign

plaster; And here she meets another sadiy scowling,

To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise.

Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim.

Against the welkin volleys out his voice; Another and another answer him,

Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,

Shaking their scratch d ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amazed At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,

Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,

Infusing them with dreadful prophecies: So she at these sad signs draws up her breath. And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

' Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean, Hateful divorce of love,'-thus chides she Death-

' Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean

To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath, Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set

Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead-O no, it cannot be, Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.

O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see, But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940 Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false

Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

' Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,

And hearing him thy power had lost his power. The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke:

flower.

Love's golden arrow at him should have fled.

And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

' Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee? Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see? Now Nature cares not for thy mortal

vigour, Since her best work is ruin d with the

11gour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair, 955 She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices. stopp'd

The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair

In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd: But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain,

And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!

Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye: Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrew-

Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry:

But like a stormy day, now wind, now raın,

Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe. As striving who should best become her grief:

All entertain'd, each passion labours so That every present sorrow seemeth chief.

But none is best. Then join they all together. 071

Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollow:

A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so

The dire imagination she did follow This sound of hope doth labour to expel: For now reviving joy bids her rejoice, And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide, Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;

Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside. Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass

wash the foul face of the sluttish ground.

Who is but drunken when she seemeth Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear, drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange

Not to believe, and yet too credulous! Thy weal and woe are both of them ex tremes;

Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous: The one doth flatter thee in thought unlikely,

In likely thoughts the other kills the quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hat wrought:

Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame: It was not she that call'd him all to nought Now she adds honours to his hateful name She clepes him king of graves, and grav for kings.

Imperious supreme of all mortal things

'No, no,' quoth she 'sweet Death, I did but jest;

Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear When as I met the boar, that bloody beas Which knows no pity but is still severe. 1000 Then, gentle shadow-truth I mus confess-

I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decesse.

"Tis not my fault; the boar provok'd my tongue:

Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander, 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong

I did but act; he's author of thy slander. Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet

Could rule them both without ten women's wit.

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,

Her rash suspect she doth extenuate; 1010 And that his beauty may the better thrive, With Death she humbly doth insinuate;

Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories

His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

To be of such a weak and silly mind To wail his death who lives, and must not die

Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind! For he being dead, with him is beauty slain.

And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

' Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves:

Thy coward heart with false bethinking

grieves. Even at this word she hears a merry horn.

Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure away she flies: The grass stoops not, she treads on it so

light; And in her haste unfortunately spies The foul boar's conquest on her fair

delight; Which seen, her eyes, as murd'red with the view.

Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew:

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit.

Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain.

And there, all smoth'red up, in shade doth Long after fearing to creep forth again;

So at his bloody view her eyes are fled Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light

To the disposing of her troubled brain; 1040 Who bids them still consort with ugly night,

And never wound the heart with looks again:

Who, like a king perplexed in his throne, By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes; As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground, Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes.

Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd

'O Jove,' quoth she 'how much a fool In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white With purple tears that his wound wept was drench'd.

No flow'r was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,

But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth. Over one shoulder doth she hang her head; Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth; She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to 1001 bow:

Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound
seem three;
106

And then she reprehends her mangling eye
That makes more gashes where no bleach
should be.

His face seems twain, each several limb

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,

And vet' quoth she 'behold two Adons dead.

My signs are blown away, my salt tears gone,

Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead;

Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!

So shall I die by diops of hot desire.

' Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!

What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?

Whose tongue is music now? What canst thou boast

Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh
and trim;

But true-sweet beauty hv'd and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear;

Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:

Having no fair to lose, you need not fear:

The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair:

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on, Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;

The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,

Play with his locks. Then would Adonis weep;

And straight, in pity of his tender years, They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him.

To recreate himself when he hath song, The tiger would be tame and gently hear him. If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,

And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the blook, The fishes spread on it their golden gills; When he was by, the birds such pleasure took

That some would sing, some other in their buils

Would bring him mulberries and ripeted cherries;

He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and uichin-snouted bear, Tios Whose downward eye still looketh for a

grave, Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he

wore:
Witness the entertainment that he gave.
If he did see his face, why then I know

If he did see his face, why then I know He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slam: He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear, Who did not whet his teeth at him again, But by a kiss thought to persuade him there:

And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine

Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must

confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him

first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'

With this, she falleth in the place she stood,

And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale; She takes him by the hand, and that is cold; She whispers in his ears a heavy tale, 11.5 As if they heard the worful words she told;

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes, Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in darkness lies;

Two glasses where herself herself beheld A thousand times, and now no more reflect, Their virtue lost wherein they late excell'd, And every beauty robb'd of his effect.

'Wonder of time,' quoth she 'this is my spite,

That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend: It shall be waited on with jealousy,

Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end, Ne'er settled equally, but high or low, That all love's pleasure shall not match his wee.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud, Bud and be blasted in a breathing while, The bottom poison, and the top o'eistraw'd With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:

The strongest body shall it make most weak,

Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing, and too full of riot, Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures:

The staring ruffian shall it keep in quier, Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:

It shall be raging mad, and silly mild, Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;

It shall not fear where it should most mistrust:

It shall be merciful, and too severe, miss And most deceiving when it seems most just;

Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,

Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events, And set dissension 'twixt the son and site, Subject and servile to all discontents, 1161 As dry combustious matter is to fire.

Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,

They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd Was inclted like a vapour from her sight,

And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd

A purple flow'r sprung up, check'ied with white,

Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood

Which in tound drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flow's to smell.

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath:

And says within her bosom it shall dwell, Since he himself is reft from her by death:

She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears

Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flow'r,' quoth she 'this was thy father's guise—

Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire— For every little grief to wet his eyes.

To grow unto him elf was his desire, riso And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast:

Thou ait the next of blood, and 'tis thy right.

Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest: riss My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;

There shall not be one minute in an hour Wherem I will not kiss my sweet love's flow'r.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose
swift aid

Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies

In her light charlot quickly is convey'd, Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen

Means to itamure heiself, and not be seen.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY. EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: wherof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I have of your Honourable disposition. not the worth of my untutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to doe is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duety would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship: To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murd'red, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suifrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea; during which siege, the principal men of the aimy meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinus, the King's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant numour they all posted to Rome; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and reveiling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravish'd her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and, bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post, Borne by the trustless wings of false desire, Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host.

And to Collatium bears the lightless fire Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire 5 And girdle with embracing flames the waist

Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the

This bateless edge on his keen appetite; 1284

When Collatine unwisely did not let To praise the clear unmatched red and white

Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight, Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties.

With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he tne night before, in Tarquin's tent, Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state-Haply that name of 'chaste' unhap'ly set What priceless wealth the heavens had him

In the possession of his beautious mare; Reck'ning his fortune at such high-proud rate.

That kings might be espoused to more fame.

But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few! And, it possess'd, as soon decay'd and done As is the morning's silver-melting dew 2; Against the golden splendour of the sun! An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:

Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms, Are weakly fortress'd from a world of

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made
To set fouth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher

Of that ich jewel he should keep unknown

From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sov'ieignty Suggested this proud issue of a king; For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be. Perchance that envy of so rich a thing, Biaving compare, disdainfully did sting 40 His high-pitch'd thoughts that meaner

His high-pitch'd thoughts that meaner men should yount

That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His alt-too-timeless speed, it none of those.
His honour, his aftairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swirt intent he goes 4.
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant
cold.

Thy hasty spring still blasts and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived, Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame, Within whose face beauty and virtue strived

Which of them both should underprop her fame:

When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled, From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:

Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's

Which virtue gave the golden age to guld 60 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;

Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,

When thame assail'd, the red should terce the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue'.
white;

Or either's colour was the other queen, Proving from world's minority their right; Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,

The sovereignty of either being so great That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's
field.

In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses; Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd, 74

The coward captive vanquished doth yield To those two armies that would let him go

Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue—

The niggard produgal that prais'd her so— In that high task bath done her beauty wrong, so

Which far exceeds his barren skill to show; Therefore that praise which Collatine doth

Enchanted Tarquin answers with sur-

In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil, \$5 Little suspecteth the false worshipper; For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear.
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely
guest,

Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate, Hidling base sin in pleats of majesty; That nothing in him seem'd inordinate, 94 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye, Which, having all, all could not satisfy;

But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store That cloy'd with much he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes Could pick no meaning from their parling looks, 200

Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Witi in the glassy margents of such books.
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd
no hooks:

Nor could she moralize his wanton sight, More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame, And this ambitious foul infirmity, Won in the fields of fruitful Italy: And decks with praises Collatine's high

name.

Made glorious by his manly chivalry. With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.

Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express.

And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither He makes excuses for his being there. No cloudy show of stormy blust'ring weather

Doth vet in his fair welkin once appear: Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear, Upon the world dim darkness doth display.

And in her vaulty prison stows the Day. For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, Intending weariness with heavy sprite; For, after supper, long he questioned 122 night.

Now leaden slumber with life's strength Now serves the season that they may doth fight:

And every one to rest themselves betake, Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining; Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, Though weak-built hopes persuade him to

abstaining; 130 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining; And when great treasure is the meed

proposed. Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond

That what they have not, that which they possess

They scatter and unloose it from their boud, And so, by hoping more, they have but less; Or, gaining more, the profit of excess

Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain That they prove bankrupt in this poorrich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life With honour, wealth, and ease in waning age;

And in this aim there is such thwarting strife

That one for all or all for one we gage: As life for honour in fell battle's rage: 145 Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost

The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be The things we are for that which we expect; 1286

TEA In having much, torments us with defect Of that we have; so then we do neglect The thing we have and, all for want of

Make something nothing by augmenting

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin

make. Pawning his honour to obtain his lust: And for himself himself he must forsake-Then where is truth if there be no selftrust?

When shall he think to find a stranger just. When he himself himself confounds, betrays

To sland'rous tongues and wretched hateful days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night. When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eves :

No comfortable star did lend his light. With modest Lucrece, and wore out the No noise but owls' and wolves' deathboding cries:

surprise The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead

and still. While lust and murder wake to stain and

kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm: Is madly toss'd between desire and dread: Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm:

But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,

Doth too too oft betake him to retire, Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth. That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,

Whereat a waven torch forthwith he lighteth,

Which must be lode-star to his lustful eve: And to the flame thus speaks advisedly: 180 As from this cold flint I enforc'd this

So Lucrece must I force to my desire '.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate The dangers of his loathsome enterprise, And in his inward mind he doth debate 185 What following sorrow may on this arise; Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise His naked armour of still-slaughtered

lust, And justly thus controls his thoughts

unjust: Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not

To darken her whose light excelleth thine: And die, unhallowed thoughts, before you blot

With your uncleanness that which is divine: Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:

Let fair humanity abhor the deed That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining

aıms! O foul dishonour to my household's grave! O impious act including all foul harms! A maitial man to be soft fancy's slave! 200 True valous still a true respect should have;

Then my digression is so vile, so base, That it will hve engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive And be an eyesore in my golden coat; 205 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive

To cipher me how fondly I did dote: That my posterity, sham'd with the note. Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no

To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I if I gain the thing I seek? A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy. Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week? Or sells eternity to get a toy?

For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown, Would with the sceptre straight be

strucken down?

' If Collatinus dream of my intent, Will he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent— This siege that hath engist his marriage, This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,

This dying virtue, this surviving shame, Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O. what excuse can my invention make When thou shalt charge me with so black a

Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints

Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?

The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed:

And extreme fear can neither fight nor But coward-like with trembling terror

die.

'Had Collatious kill'd my son or sire, Or lain in ambush to betray my life, Or were he not my dear friend, this desire Might have excuse to work upon his wife, As in revenge or quittal of such strife;

But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend The shame and fault finds no excuse nor

Shameful it is-ay, if the fact be known; Hateful it is-there is no hate in loving: I'll beg ner love-but she is not her own--The worst is but denial and reproving. My will is strong, past reason's weak

removing-

Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation 'Tween flozen conscience and hot-bulning will.

And with good thoughts makes dispensation.

Urging the worser sense for vantage still: Which in a moment doth confound and kill All pure effects, and doth so far proceed That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he 'She took me kindly by the hand And gaz'd for tidings in my cager eyes, Feating some hard news from the warlike band

Where her beloved Collatinus lies. O how her fear did make her colour rise!

First red as roses that on lawn we lay, Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand in my hand being lock'd

Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear! Which struck her sad, and then it taster rock'd

Until her husband's welfare she did hear; Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer That had Narcissus seen her as she stood Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses? All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;

Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses; Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth: And when his gaudy banner is display'd. The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die! Respect and teason wait on wrinkled age ! My heart shall never countermand mine 276

Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;

My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize; Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'. 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear But all these poor forbiddings could not Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.

Away he steals with open list'ning ear, Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust; Both which, as servitors to the unjust, 28° So cross him with their opposite per-

suasion

That now he yows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits, And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine. That eve which looks on her confounds his wits:

That eye which him beholds, as more divine.

Unto a view so false will not incline:

But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart, Which once corrupted takes the worser part:

And therein heartens up his servile powers, Who, flatt'red by their leader's jocund

Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours; And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,

Paying more slavish tribute than they owe. By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece'

The locks between her chamber and his will.

Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward, But, as they open, they all rate his ill, Which drives the creeping thief to some

The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;

Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;

They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way, Through little vents and crannies of the place

The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,

And blows the smoke of it into his face. Extinguishing his conduct in this case;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch.

Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch: 315

And, being lighted, by the light he spies Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks; He takes it from the rushes where it lies, And griping it, the needle his finger pricks, As who should say 'This glove 10 wanton tricks 320

Is not inur'd. Return again in haste: Thou seest our mistress ornaments are The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl chaste '.

stav him:

He in the worst sense consters their denial: The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,

He takes for accidental things of trial: Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial, Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth

Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he 'these lets attend the time,

Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,

To add a more rejoicing to the prime, And give the sneaped birds more cause to

Pain pays the income of each precious

thing: Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates. shelves and sands.

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,

Which with a yielding latch, and with no more.

Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought. So from himself implety hath wrought

That for his prey to pray he doth begin, As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer. Having solicited th' eternal power, That his foul thoughts might compass his tair fair.

And they would stand auspicious to the hour,

Even there he starts—quoth he 'I must deflow'r. The powers to whom I pray abhor this

How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!

My will is back'd with resolution.

Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution: Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolu-

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night Covers the shame that follows sweet delight '.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,

And with his knee the door he opens wide. will carch.

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied. Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside; But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing.

Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks, 365 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed. The curtains being close, about he walks, Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head. By their high treason is his heart misled, Which gives the watchword to his hand

Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon 370

To draw the cloud that hides the silver

moon.

Look as the fair and fiery-pointed sun, Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;

Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun To wink, being blinded with a greater light; Whether it is that she reflects so bright

That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;

But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died, Then had they seen the period of their

Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side
In his clear bed might have reposed still;
But they must ope, this blessed league to
kill:

And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight

Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight. 385

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under, Coz'ning the pillow of a lawful kiss; Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,

Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is;
Where, like a virtuous monument, she
lies.

To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was, On the green coverlet; whose perfect white Show'd like an April daisy on the grass, 395 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night. Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light.

And canopied in darkness sweetly lay, Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath—

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!— Showing life's friumph in the map of death, And death's dim look in life's mortality. Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,

As if between them twain there were no strife.

But that life hy'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,

A pair of maiden worlds unconquered, Save of their lord no bearing yoke they

And him by oath they truly honoured. 410 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred.

Who like a foul usurper went about From this fair throne to heave the owner

What could he see but mightily he noted? What did he note but strongly he desired? What he beheld, on that he firmly doted, And in his will his wilful eye he tired. 417 With more than admiration he admired

Her azure veins, her alabaster skin, Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey, Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied, So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay, His rage of lust by gazing qualified; Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by

her side, 425 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains, Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins;

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,

Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting, In bloody death and ravishment delighting, Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,

Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.

Anon his beating heart, alarum striking, Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye, 435

His eye commends the leading to his hand; His hand, as proud of such a dignity, Smoking with fride, march'd on to make his stand

On her bare breast, the heart of all her land; Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,

Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, must'ring to the quiet cabinet Where their dear governess and lady lies, Do tell her she is dreadfully beset, 444. And fright her with confusion of their cries: She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold.

Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking.

That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite

Whose grim aspect sets every joint ashaking-

What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking, From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth

The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears.

Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies; She dares not look; yet, winking, there

Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eves. Such shadows are the weak brain's for-

Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights.

In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast-

Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!-May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd. Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall. Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser pily.

To make the breach and enter this sweet

First like a trumper doth his tongue begin To sound a parley to his heartless toe, 471 Who o'er the white sheet peers her white; chin.

The reason of this rash alarm to know, Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;

But she with vehement prayers urgeth still

Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy tace, That even for anger makes the hly pale And the red rose blush at her own disgrace, Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale. Under that colour am I come to scale 481 Thy never-conquered fort. The fault is

For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to

chide: 484 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night, Where thou with patience must my will The poisonous simple sometime is comabide,

My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,

Which I to conquer sought with all my might:

But as reproof and reason beat it dead. By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring: I know what thorns the growing rose detends:

I think the honey guarded with a sting: All this beforehand counsel comprehends. But Will is deaf and hears no heedful

triends:

Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty. And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul, What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed:

But nothing can Affection's course control. Or stop the headlong tury of his speed. I know repentant tears ensue the deed

Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity; Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade, Which, like a talcon tow'ring in the skies, Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade.

Whose crooked beak threats if he mount be dies.

So under his insuiting falchion lies Harmiess Lucietia, marking what he tells With trembling tear, as towl hear falcon's bells.

'Luciece, quoth he 'this night I must enjoy thre.

If thou deny, then force must work my way, For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee; That done, some worthless slave or thine I'll slav.

To kill thine honour with thy life's decay; And in thy dead aims do I mean to place hun.

Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

' So thy surviving husband shall remain The scornful mark of every open eye; 520 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain.

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy: And thou, the author of their obloquy,

Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes.

And sung by children in succeeding times.

' But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend: The fault unknown is as a thought unacted; A little harm done to a great good end For lawful policy remains enacted.

pacted

In a pure compound, being so applied, His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's By heaven and earth, and all the power of

Tender my suit; bequeath not to their lot The shame that from them no device can

The blemish that will never be forgot; Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's

For marks descried in men's nativity Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause: While she, the picture of pure piety, Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws.

Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws.

To the rough beast that knows no gentle

Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat.

In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains biding,

From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,

Which blows these pitchy vapouis from their biding.

Hind'ring their present fall by this divid-

So his unhallowed haste her words delavs.

And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,

While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse panteth:

Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly. A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:

His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth

No penetrable entrance to her plaining. Tears harden lust, though maible wear with raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed In the remorseless wrinkles of his face; Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed, Which to her oratory adds more grace.

She puts the period often from his place, And midst the sentence so her accent breaks

That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove, By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath.

By holy human law, and common troth,

both.

That to his borrowed bed he make retire. And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth the 'Reward not hospitality With such black payment as thou have pretended:

Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee:

Mar not the thing that cannot be amended; End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended. He is no woodman that doth bend his

To strike a poor unseasonable doc.

'My husband is thy friend-for his sake spare me;

Thyself art mighty-for thine own sake leave me;

Myself a weakling-do not then ensuare me; Thou look'st not like deceit-do not deceive

My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans.

Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my grouns:

All which together, like a troubled ocean. Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threat'ning heart:

To soften it with their continual motion: For stones dissolv'd to water do convert. O, if no harder than a stone thou art,

Melt at my tears, and be compassionate! Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee: Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?

To all the host of heaven I complain me Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.

Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,

Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;

For kings like gods should govern everything.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine

When thus thy vices bud before thy spring! If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage, What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?

O, be rememb'red, no outrageous thing From vassal actors can be wip'd away:

Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear, By her untimely tears, her husband's love, But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:

With foul offenders thou perforce must 'Thou art' quoth she 'a sea, a sovereign bear.

When they in thee the like offences prove. If but for fear of this, thy will remove; For princes are the glass, the school, the book.

Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do leok.

' And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?

shame?

Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discein Authority for sin, warrant for blame, To privilege dishonour in thy name?

Thou back'st reproach against longliving laud,

And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd. ' Hast thou command? By him that gave

it thee. From a pure heart command thy rebel will;

Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity, For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.

Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil, When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say

He learn'd to sin and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were To view thy present trespass in another. Men's faults do seldom to themselves

appear; Their own transgressions partially they smother:

This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.

O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,

Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier; I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal; 640 Let him return and flatt'ring thoughts retire:

His true respect will prison false desire, And wipe the dim mist from thy doting evne.

That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine'.

'Have done;' quoth he 'my uncontrolled But she hath lost a dearer thing than

Turns not, but swells the higher by this let. Small lights are soon blown out; huge fires abide,

And with the wind in greater fury fret. The petty streams that pay a daily debt To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,

Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

king;

And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgovern-

Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood. If all these petty ills shall change thy good. Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,

And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

Must he in thee read lectures of such 'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave:

Thou nobly base, they basely dignified: 660 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:

Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride.

The lesser thing should not the greater hide: The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's

But low shrubs wither at the cedar's 100t. 'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to the

state'-'No more;' quoth he 'by heaven, I will not hear thee!

Yield to my love: if not, enforced hate. Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:

That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee Unto the base bed of some rascal groom, To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light. For light and lust are deadly enemies: 674 Shame folded up in blind concealing night. When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.

The wolf hath seiz'd his prev: the poor lamb cries

Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd

Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet told:

For with the nightly linen that she wears He pens her piteous clamours in her head, Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed. O, that prone lust should stain so pure a

The spots whereof could weeping purify, Her tears should drop on them perpetu-

ally.

life,

And he hath won what he would lose again. This forced league doth force a further strife.

This momentary joy breeds months of pain, This hot desire converts to cold disdain; Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,

And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

1292

Look as the full-ted hound or gorged hawk, He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear: Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight, 695 Make slow pursuit, or altogether bank The prey wherein by nature they delight; So surfeit-taking Taiquin fares this night:

His taste delicious, in digestion souring, Devours his will, that hy'd by toul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit Can comprehend in still imagination! Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt. Ere he can see his own abomination. While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,

Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek.

With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace.

Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek, Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case. The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,

For there it revels; and when that decays.

The guilty rebel for remission prays. 71:

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome, Who this accomplishment so hotly chased; For now against himself he sounds this doom,

That through the length of times he standdisgraced;

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced. To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares.

To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says her subjects with foul insurrection Have batter'd down her consecrated wall, And by their mortal fault brought in subiection

Her immortality, and made her thrall To living death and pain perpetual:

Which in her prescience she controlled

But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Ev'n in this thought through the dark night he stealeth.

A captive victor that hath lost in gain: 730 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,

The scar that will despite of cure remain, Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain. She bears the load of lust he left behind, And he the burthen of a guilty mind. 735

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence, She like a wearied lamb lies panting there: He scowls and hates himself for his offence. She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear.

She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;

He runs, and chides his vanish'd loath'd deheht.

He thence departs a heavy convertite. She there remains a hopeless castaway: He in his speed looks for the moining light:

She prays she never may behold the day. For day ' quoth she ' night's scapes doth open lav :

And my true eyes have never practis'd how

To cloak offences with a cunning brow. 'They think not but that every eye can see

The same disgrace which they themselves behold:

And therefore would they still in-darkness be.

To have their unseen sin remain untold; For they their guilt with weeping will un-

And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,

Upon my cheeks what helpless sham: I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest, And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind. She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,

And bids it leap from thence, where it may find

Some purer chest to close so pure a mind. Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night:

O comfort-killing Night, image of hell! Dim register and notary of shame! Black stage for tragedies and murders fell! Vasi sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame! Bland muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!

Grim cave of death! whisp'ring conspuator.

With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night! Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime. Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light, Make war against proportion'd course of time;

Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb 775 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed, Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;

Let their exhal'd unwholesome breath: make sick 739 The life of purity, the supreme fair, 78a

1293

Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick; And let thy musty vapours march so thick That in their smoky ranks his smoth'red

May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child, 785

The silver-shining queen he would distain; Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd.

Through Night's black bosom should not peep again;

So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their
pilgrimage. 791

Where now I have no one to blush with

To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine.

To mask their brows and hide their infamy; But I alone alone must sit and pine, 795 Seasoning the earth with show'rs of silver brine.

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,

Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O Night, thou furnace of foul reeking smoke,

Let not the jealous Day behold that face Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak

Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are

made 804 May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day The light will show, character'd in my brow, The story of sweet chastity's decay, The impious breach of holy wedlock vow;

Yea, the illiterate, that know not how \$10 To cipher what is writ in learned books, Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,

And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;

The orator, to deck his oratory,

Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;

Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame, Will tie the hearers to attend each line, How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputa-

For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted; If that be made a theme for disputation,

The branches of another root are rotted, And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted That is as clear from this attaint of mine As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot

How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas, how many bear such shameful blows.

Which not themselves but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me, From me by strong assault it is bereft. 835 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee, Have no perfection of my summer left, But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious

theft.
In thy weak hive a wand'ring wasp hath

crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack— Yet for thy honour did I entertain him; Coming from thee, I could not rut him

bee kent.

Coming from thee, I could not put him back.

For it had been dishonour to disdain him;

Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue—O unlook'd-for
evil,

846

When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?

Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?

Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute

That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold 855 Is plagu'd with cramps and gouts and painful fits,

And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold, But like still-pining Tantalus he sits, And useless barns the harvest of his wits,

Having no other pleasure of his gain 860 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it, when he cannor use

And leaves it to be mast'red by his young; Who in their pride do presently abuse it. Their father was too weak, and they too strong,

To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed

Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring; weeds take reot with Unwholesome precious flow'rs; 570

The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing; What virtue breeds iniquity devours.

We have no good that we can say is ours, But ill-annexed Opportunity 875

Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great! 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's

treason: Thou sets the wolf where he the lamb may get;

Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season:

"Is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason:

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,

Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath: Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thaw'd:

Thou smotherest honesty, thou murth'rest troth:

Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd! Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud. Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,

Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, Thy private feasting to a public fast, Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,

Thy sug'red tongue to bitter wormwood taste;

Thy violent vanities can never last. How comes it then, vile Opportunity, 893 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend. And bring him where his suit may be

obtained?

When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?

Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained? The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps:

The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds Justice is feasting while the widow weeps Advice is sporting while infection breeds; Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's

rages.

Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee.

A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid: They buy thy help, but Sin ne'er gives a fee:

He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid As well to hear as grant what he hath said. My Collatine would else have come to me When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by

'Guilty though - of muider and of theft, Guilty of perjecy and suboination. Guilty of tieason, torgery, and shift, 020 Guilty of incest, that abomination:

An accessary by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come. From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,

Swift subtle post, cairier of grisly care, Eater of youth, false slave to false delight. Base watch of woes, sin's packhorse, virtue's snare:

Thou nursest all, and murd'rest all that are. O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time! Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant Opportunity Betrav'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?

Cancell'd my fortunes and enchained me To endless date of never-ending woes? Time's office is to fine the hate of foes, To eat up errors by opinion bred,

Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed. 'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,

To unmask talsehood, and bring truth to light.

To stamp the scal of time in aged things, To wake the morn, and sentinel the night, To wrong the wronger till he render right; To ruinate proud buildings with thy

hours. And smear with dust their glitt'ring golden tow'rs;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments.

To feed oblivion with decay of things, To blot old books and alter their contents,

To pluck the guills from ancient ravens' wings, But they ne'er meet with Opportunity. To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish

> springs: To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel, And turn the giddy round of Fortune's

wheel: 'To show the beldam daughters of her

daughter. To make the child a man, the man a child,

To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter, To tame the unicorn and lion wild, To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,

1295

To cheer the ploughman with increaseful Such wretched hands such wretched blood crops,

And waste huge stones with little waterdrops.

* Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrim-Unless thou couldst return to make amends?

One poor retiring minute in an age Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends.

Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends O, this dread night, wouldst thou one For greatest scandal waits on greatest hour come back.

I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to Eternity, With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:

Devise extremes beyond extremity

To make him curse this cursed crimeful night: Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright

And the dire thought of his committed evil

Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances.

Atflict him in his bed with bedrid groams; Let there bechance him pitiful mischances To make him moan, but pity not his moans. Stone him with hard'ned hearts harder than stones;

And let mild women to him lose their mildness.

Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair, Let him have time against himself to rave, Let him have time of Time's help to despair,

Let him have time to live a loathed slave, Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave; And time to see one that by alms doth live

Disdain to him disdained scraps to give. 'Let him have time to see his friends his

And merry fools to mock at him resort;

Let him have time to mark how slow time In time of sorrow, and how swift and short

His time of folly and his time of sport: And ever let his unrecalling crime

Have time to wail th' abusing of his time. 'O Time, thou tutor both to good and

bad. Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!

At his own shadow let the thief run mad. Himself himself seek every hour to kill!

should spill;

For who so base would such an office have

As sland'rous death's-man to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,

To shame his hope with deeds degenerate. The mightier man, the mightier is the thing That makes him honour'd or begets him hate:

state. The moon being clouded presently is

miss'd.

But little stars may hide them when they

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire

And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away: But if the like the snow-white swan desire, The stain upon his silver down will stay.

Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly. But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out. idle words, servants to shallow fools! Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators! Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools, Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters:

To trembling clients be you mediators. 1020 For me, I force not argument a straw. Since that my case is past the help of

In vain I rail at Opportunity. Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night ;

In vain I cavil with mine infamy. In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite: This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.

The remedy indeed to do me good Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?

Honour thyself to rid me of this shame; For if I die my honour lives in thee.

But if I live thou liv'st in my defame. Since thou couldst not defend thy loval dame.

And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe. 1035

Kill both thyself and her for yielding so'.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth

To find some desp'rate instrument of death, But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth

To make more vent for passage of her breath,

1296

Which thronging through her lips so Lends light to all fair eyes that light will vanisheth

As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes.

Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she 'I live, and seek in vain

Some happy mean to end a hapless life. 1045 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain, Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife; But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;

So am I now-O no, that cannot be; Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O. that is gone for which I sought to live.

And therefore now I need not fear to die. To clear this spot by death, at least I give A badge of fame to slander's livery; A dving life to living infamy. 1055

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,

To burn the guiltless casket where it lay ! Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know

The stained taste of violated troth;

will not wrong thy true affection so To flatter thee with an infringed oath: This bastard graff shall never come to growth:

He shall not boast who did thy stock nollute

That thou art doting father of his fruit. Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought.

Vor laugh with his companions at thy state; But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought

Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy

For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 1069 And with my trespass never will dispense, Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint, Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses; My sable ground of sin I will not paint To hide the truth of this false night's abuses.

My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices.

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale.

Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

by this, lamenting Philomel had ended the well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow, 1080

and solemn night with slow-sad gait descended

To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow

borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see. And therefore still in night would cloist'red be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies. And seems to point her out where she sits weeping:

To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eve of eyes,

Why pry'st thou through my window? Leave thy peeping;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping; 1000

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,

For day hath nought to do what's done by night'.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees. True grief is fond and testy as a child.

Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees. Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them

mild:

Continuance tames the one; the other

Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still

With too much labour drowns for want of

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care, 1100 Holds disputation with each thing she views.

And to herself all sorrow doth compare: No object but her passion's strength

renews. And as one shifts, another straight ensues. Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no

words: 1105 . Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy

Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;

For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy; Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110 Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore; He ten times pines that pines beholding food:

To see the salve doth make the wound ache more:

reat grief grieves most at that would do it good:

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood, Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows :

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit Than they whose whole is swallowed in knows. TT 20

'You mocking birds,' quoth she 'your tunes entomb Within your hollow-swelling feathered

breasts.

And in my hearing be you mute and dumb. My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ; A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests. Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears; Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment.

Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair. As the dank earth weeps at thy languish-

So I at each sad strain will strain a tear. And with deep groans the diapason bear; For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still.

While thou on Tereus descants better skill.

'And whiles against a thoin thou bear'st thy part To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I.

To imitate thee well, against my heart Will fix a sharp knife to affight mine

Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die. These means, as frets upon an instru-1140

Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

' And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day.

As shaming any eye should thee behold. Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,

That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,

Will we find out; and there we will unfold To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds.

Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at

Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me: That cannot tread the way out readily: So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better,

When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she 'alack, what were it,

But with my body my poor soul's pollution? They that lose half with greater patience My shame be his that did my fame conbear it

confusion.

That mother tries a merciless conclusion Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,

Will slay the other and be nurse to none

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer.

When the one pure, the other made divine? Whose love of either to myself was nearer. When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?

Av me! the bank pill'd from the lofty pine, His leaves will wither and his sap decay; So must my soul, her bank being pill'd away.

' Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted. Her mansion batter'd by the enemy; 1171 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted.

Grossly engirt with daring infamy: Then let it not be call'd impiety

If in this blemish'd fort I make some Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

' Yet die I will not till my Collatine Have heard the cause of my untimely

death: That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine. Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.

My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath. Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,

And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife That wounds my body so dishonoused. 1185 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life: The one will live, the other being dead.

So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred: For in my death I murther shameful scorn.

My shame so dead, mine honour is new born.

' Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, What legacy shall I bequeath to thee? My resolution, love, shall be thy boast, By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.

Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe:

And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin

'This brief abridgment of my will I make: My soul and body to the skies and ground; My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound:

found:

And all my fame that lives disbursed be The weak oppress'd, th' impression of To those that live and think no shame of me

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will. How was I overseen that thou shalt see it My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.

Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say " So be it "

Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee: 1210

Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had

And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eves.

With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid. 1214 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies:

fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so

As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure goodmorrow

With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,

And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow. For why her tace wore sorrow's livery: But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-echpsed so, Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set.

Each flower moist'ned like a melting eve: Even so the maid with swelling drops gan

Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky. Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light.

Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand. Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling: One justly weeps; the other takes in hand No cause but company of her drops spilling. 1236

Their gentle sex to weep are often willing; Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts.

then they drown their eyes, or And break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds, And therefore are they form'd as marble will: 1241 strange kinds

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skıll.

Then call them not the authors of their ill.

No more than wax shall be accounted evil

Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain.

Lays open all the little worms that creep: In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.

Through crystal walls each little mote will

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks.

Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flow'r.

But chide rough winter that the flow'r hath kıll'd.

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,

Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd

With men's abuses! those proud lords to blame

Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view. Assail'u by night with circumstances strong Of present death and shame that might

ensue By that her death, to do her husband

wrong. Such danger to resistance did belong 1265 That dying fear through all her body

spread: And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak

To the poor counterfeit of her complaining. 'My girl,' quoth she 'on what occasion break 1270

Those tears from thee that down thy cheeks are raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;

If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went '-and there she stay'd Till after a deep groan-' Tarquin from

hence?' Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid

'The more to blame my sluggard negligence.

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense: Myself was stirring ere the break of day, And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold. She would request to know your heaviness.'
O, peace!' quoth Lucrece 'If it should be

The repetition cannot make it less, 1285 For more it is than I can well express; And that deep torture may be call'd a

When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen-Yet save that labour, for I have them here. What should I say ?—One of my husband's

Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear A letter to my loid, my love, my dear. Bid him with speed prepare to carry it; The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write, First hovering o'er the paper with her quill. Concert and grief an eager combat fight; What wit sets down is blotted straight with will :

This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: Much like a press of people at a door. Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy

Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee, Health to thy person! Next vouchsaie t afford-

If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see-Some present speed to come and visit me. So I commend me from our house in grief :

My woes are tedious, though my words are brief'.

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe. Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly. 1311 By this short schedule Collatine may know Her grief, but not her grief's true quality; She dares not thereof make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse, Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear

excuse.

When sighs and groans and tears may grace So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan. the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter

With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told:

For then the eye interprets to the ear 1325 The heavy motion that it doth behold. When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear: Deep sounds make lesser noise than

shallow fords. And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ

At Ardea to my lord with more than haste'.

The post attends, and she delivers it. Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast As lagging fowls before the northern blast. Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:

Extremity still uigeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low: And blushing on her, with a steadfast eve Receives the scroll without or yea or no. And forth with bashful innocence doth hie. But they whose guilt within their bosoms

Imagine every eye beholds their blame: For Luciece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, siliy groom God wot, it was defect Of spirit, life, and bold audacity. Such harmless creatures have a true respect To talk in deeds, while others saucily Promise more speed but do it leisurely.

Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust. That two red fires in both their faces blazed; She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's lust,

And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed:

Her carnest eye did make him more amazed: The more she saw the blood his cheeks repienish,

The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she th.nks till he return again, And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. The weary t-me she cannot entertain, 1361 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:

That she her plaints a little while doth

Pausing for means to mourn some newer wav. 1365

At last she calls to mind where hangs a In speech, it seem d, his beard all silver

Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Trov : Before the which is drawn the power of Greece

For Helen's rape the city to destroy,

Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy; Which the conceited painter drew so

proud. 1371 As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand amentable objects there, In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life: Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear Shed for the slaught'red husband by the 1376 wife;

The red blood reek'd to show the painter'strife:

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ash lights.

Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer Begrim'd with sweat and smeared all with dust:

And from the towers of Troy there would appear

The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,

Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust. Such sweet observance in this work was 135-

That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty You might behold, triumphing in their faces :

In youth, quick bearing and dexterity; And here and there the painter interlaces

Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble

That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art Of physiognomy might one behold! 1395 The face of either cipher'd either's heart; Their face their manners most expressly told:

In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd; But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor

As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight, Making such sober action with his hand That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the Many she sees where cares have carved sight.

Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips

did fly

Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces. Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,

All jointly list'ming, but with several graces, As it some mermaid did their ears entice: Some high, some low—the painter was so

The scalps of many, almost hid behind. To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head. 1415

His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's ear;

Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;

Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear: And in their rage such signs of rage they

As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there; Concert deceitful, so compact, so kind, That for Achilles' image stood his spear, Gup'd in an armed hand; himself, behind Was left unseen, save to the eve of mind: A hand, a toot, a tace a leg, a head, Stood to: the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,

Stood many Troyan mothers, sharing joy To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield:

And to their hope they such odd action vield

That through their light joy seemed to appear,

Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strond of Dardan where they fought,

To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran, Whose waves to imitate the battle sought With swelling ridges; and their ranks began

To break upon the galled shore, and than Retire again, till meeting greater ranks join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks. They

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come. To find a face where all distress is stell'd. some, 1445

But none where all distress and dolour 'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies. dwell'd.

Till she despairing Hecuba beheld.

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,

Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 2450 Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign :

Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;

Of what she was no semblance did remain Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,

Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed. Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes, And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's

Who nothing wants to answer her but cries And bitter words to ban her cruel foes: 1460 The painter was no god to lend her those: And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong

To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she 'without a sound.

I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,

And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound.

And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,

And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long ;

And with my knife scratch out the angry

Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies. 'Show me the strumpet that began this

stir.

That with my nails her beauty I may tear. Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur This load of wrath that burning Troy doth

bear. Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here; And here in Troy, for trespass of thine

The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

 Why should the private pleasure of some one

Become the public plague of many moe? Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480 Upon his head that hath transgressed so: Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe. For one's offence why should so many

To plague a private sin in general?

Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus sounds:

Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies. And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds.

And one man's lust these many lives confounds.

Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,

Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted

For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,

Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell: So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell

To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd

sorrow: She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round.

And who she finds forlorn she doth lament. At last she sees a wretched image bound That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;

His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,

So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill To hide deceit, and give the harmless show An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still.

A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;

Checks neither red nor pale, but mingled so That blushing red no guilty instance gave,

Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have:

But, like a constant and confirmed devil, He entertain'd a show so seeming just, And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil, That jealousy itself could not mistrust 1516 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust

Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,

Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story The credulous old Priam after slew;

Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shin- Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails ing glory

Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry. And little stars shot from their fixed 1525

their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd. And chid the painter for his wondrous skill:

So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill; 1530 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing

Such signs of truth in his plain face she

belied.

'It cannot be' quoth she 'that so much

She would have said 'can lurk in such a look

But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,

And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot 'took :

'It cannot be 'she in that sense forsook, And turn'd it thus : 'It cannot be, I find, But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted. So soher-sad, so weary, and so mild,

As if with grief or travall he had fainted, To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd With outward honesty, but yet defil'd 1545 With inward vice. As Priam him did

cherish.

So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how list'ning Priam wets his eyes, To see those borrowed tears that Sinon

sheds. Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?

For every tear he falls a Troyan bleeds; His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds ;

Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity

Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless

For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold, And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell:

These contraries such unity do hold So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth 1560

That he finds means to burn his Trov with water'.

That patience is quite beaten from her

She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails. Comparing him to that unhappy guest 1565 When their glass fell wherein they view'd Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er: 'Fool! fool!' quoth she 'his wounds will not be sore."

Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd. Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow.

And time doth weary time with her complaining. She looks for night, and then she longs for

morrow, That she concludes the picture was And both she thinks too long with her remaining.

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining;

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom siceps;

And they that watch see time how slow it creeps. 1575

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought

That she with painted images hath spent, Being from the teeling of her own grief brought

By deep surmise of others' detriment, 1579 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured.

think their dolour others have To endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back, Brings home his lord and other company; Who finds his Luciece clad in mouining brack. 1585

And round about her tear-distained eve Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the skv.

These water-galls in her dim element Foretell new storms to those already speut.

Which when her sad-beholding husband 1590

Amazedly in her sad face he stares: Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw.

Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares. He hath no power to ask her how she fares; Both stood like old acquaintance in a

trance. 1595 Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

Only to flatter fools, and make them bold; At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,

And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,

And tell thy grief, that we may give redress'.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire

Ere once she can discharge one word of woe;

At length address'd to answer his desire, She modestly prepares to let them know Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;

While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her
words.

1610

And now this pale swan in her wat'ry nest Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.

'Few words' quoth she 'shall fit the trespass best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending:

In me moe woes than words are now depending;

And my laments would be drawn out too long

To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say. Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed A stranger came and on that pillow lay 16-0 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;

And what wrong else may be imagined By foul enforcement might be done to me From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight, 1625

With shining falchion in my chamber came A creeping creature, with a flaming light, And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,

And entertain my love; else lasting shame On thee and thine this night I will inflict, If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine"
quoth he

"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter
thee,
I'st thee,
I found you where you did

And swear I found you where you did fulfil

The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill The lechers in their deed: this act will be My fame, and thy perpetual infamy".

'With this I did begin to start and cry, And then against my heart he set his sword, Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641 I should not live to speak another word. So should my shame still rest upon record, And never be forgot in mighty Rome Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,

And far the weaker with so strong a fear.

My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;

No rightful plea might plead for justice there.

His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,

And when the judge is robb'd, the pissoner dies.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find:
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,

Immaculate and spotless is my mind; That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd

To accessary yieldings, but still pure Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, With head declin'd and voice damm'd up with woe,

With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,

From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow The grief away that stops his answer so; But wretched as he is he strives in vain;

What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste, Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride Back to the strait that forc'd him on so

night,

Nith shining falchion in my chamber came In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
past;

Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,

To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,

And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:

'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth

Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.

My woe too sensible thy passion maketh More feeling-painful. Let it then suffice To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,

For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend

Be suddenly revenged on my foe,

Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost A harmful knife, that thence her soul undefend me

From what is past. shalt lend me

For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you, fair lords,' quoth she,

Speaking to those that came with Collatine. 'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine: rear

For 'tis a meritorious fair design

To chase injustice with revengeful arms: Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms'.

At this request, with noble disposition 1695 Each present lord began to piomise aid. As bound in knighthood to her imposition. Longing to hear the hateful toe bewray d. But she, that yet her sad task hath not said.

The protestation stops. 'O speak,' quoth

from me?

'What is the quality of my offence, Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?

May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,

My low-declined honour to advance? 1705 May any terms acquit me from this chance? The poisoned fountain clears itself again; And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say Her body's stain her mind untainted clears:

While with a joyless smile she turns away The face, that map which deep impression

Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears. 'No, no,' quoth she 'no dame hereafter

living By my excuse shall claim excuse's 1715 giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,

She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he' she says,

But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;

Till after many accents and delays,

Untimely breathings, sick, and short assays, She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis

That guides this hand to give this wound to me'.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast

sheathed. The help that thou That blow did ball it from the deep unrest 1685 Of that polluted prison where it breathed.

Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die; Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed

Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly

Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny. Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed.

Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed. Himself on her self-slaught'red body threw, And from the purple fountain Brutus drew The murd'rous knife, and, as it left the

place. 1735 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in

chase: And bubbling from her breast, it doth

divide In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood

Circles her body in on every side, Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood 'How may this forced stain be wip'd Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood. Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd.

> And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face Of that black blood a wat'ry rigol goes, 1715 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place;

And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes, Corrupted blood some watery token shows; And blood untainted still doth red abide.

Blushing at that which is so putrified. Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius

cries. 1751 That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.

If in the child the father s image lies, Where shall I I ve now Lucrece is unlived? Thou wast not to this end from me derived. If children predecease progenitors, We are their offspring, and they none of

Poor broken glass, I often did behold In thy sweet semb.ance my old age new born;

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old. Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-

worn: O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn.

And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass, That I no more can see what once I was!

O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer, If they surcease to be that shou'd survive.

1305

Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,

And leave the falt'ring feeble souls alive? The old bees die, the young possess their

Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and

Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts Collatine as from a dream, And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place; And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,

And counterfeits to die with her a space; Till manly shame bids him possess his breath.

And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his

1780 tongue; mad that sorrow should his use Who.

control. Or keep him from heart-easing words so

long, Begins to talk; but through his lips do

throng Weak words, so thick come, in his poor

heart's aid. That no man could distinguish what he

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced

tore.

This windy tempest, till it blow up rain, Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more:

At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er: Then son and father weep with equal strile.

Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his, Yet neither may possess the claim they lay. The father says 'She's mine'. 'O, mine she is i'

Replies her husband. 'Do not take away My sorrow's interest: let no mourner

He weeps for her, for she was only mine, And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O.' quoth Lucretius 'I did give that life Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.

'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine 'she was my wife,

I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath This said, he struck his hand upon his kill'd.'

'My daughter!' and 'My wife!' with And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow; clameurs fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life, Answer'd their cries, 'My daughter!' and 'My wife!'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe.

Began to clothe his wit in state and pride, Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. He with the Romans was esteemed so 1811

As silly jeering idiots are with kings. For sportive words and utt'ring foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by Wherein deep policy did him disguise, 1815 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he

'arıse; Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool.

Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,

For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?

Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds.

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so. To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

But through his teeth, as if the name he 'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy

In such relenting dew of amentations. But kneel with me, and help to bear thy

To rouse our Roman gods with invocations That they will suffer these abominations-Since Rome herself in them doth stand

disgraced-By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now by the Capitol that we adore. And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained.

By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,

By all our country rights in Rome maintained,

And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife.

We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

breast,

And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

Who, wond'ring at him, did his words When they had swoin to this agained doom, allow; 1845 They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow And that deep vow which Brutus made

before

He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

thence.

To show her bleeding body thorough Rome, And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence; Which being done with speedy diligence, The Romans plausibly did give consent To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF. THESE. INSUING. SONNETS. MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE. AND. THAT. ETERNITIE. PROMISED.

> BY. OUR. EVER-LIVING. POET. WISHETH.

THE WELL-WISHING. ADVENTURER. IN. SETTING.

FORTH.

т. т.

1

From fairest creatures we desire increase, That thereby beauty's rose might never die, But as the riper should by time decease, His tender heir might bear his memory; But thou, contracted to thine own bright

eyes, Feed'st thy light's flame with self-sub-

stantial fuel.

Making a famine where abundance lies, Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel. Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament

And only herald to the gaudy spring, Within thine own bud buriest thy content, churl, mak'st waste in And, tender niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be, To eat the world's due, by the grave and

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field. Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now, Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held. Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies, Where all the treasure of thy lusty days, 6 To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,

If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine

Shall sum my count, and make my old excusé'

Proving his beauty by succession thine! This were to be new made when thou art

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

3

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest

Now is the time that face should form another;

Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest. Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb

Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? Or who is he so fond will be the tomb Of his self-love, to stop posterity? Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee Calls back the lovely April of her prime: 10 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,

Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time, But if thou live rememb'red not to be. Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy? Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend.

And, being frank, she lends to those are free. Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse

The bounteous largess given thee to give? Profitless usurer, why dost thou use So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live? For having traffic with thyself alone.

Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive. Then how when nature calls thee to be gone.

What acceptable audit canst thou leave? Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with

Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame

The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell Will play the tyrants to the very same, And that unfair which fairly doth excel; For never-resting time leads summer on s To hideous winter, and confounds him

there: Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where.

Then, were not summer's distillation left A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass, 10 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,

Nor it, nor no temembrance what it was: But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet.

Leese but then show: their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface In thee thy summer eie thou be distill'd; Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place

With beauty's treasure ere it be self-kill'd. That use is not forbidden usury Which happies those that pay the willing

That's for thyself to breed an other thee,

Or ten times happier, be it ten for one; Ten times thy self were happier than thou

If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee. 10 Then what could Death do if thou shouldst depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity? Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too

To be death's conquest and make worms thine heli.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light Lifts up his buining head, each under eve Doth homage to his new-appearing sight, Serving with looks his sacred majesty: And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill.

Resembling strong youth in his middle age. Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still, Attending on his golden pilgrimage; But when from highmost pitch, with weary

Like feeble age he reeleth from the day, 10 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are From his low tract and look another way;

So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon, Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy? If the true concord of well-tuned sounds, 5 By unions married, do offend thine ear, They do but sweetly chide thee, who con- In one of thine, from that which thou

founds

Mark how one string, sweet husband to Thou mayst call thine when thou from

Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother.

Wno, all in one, one pleasing note do sing: Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one.

Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none'.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eve

That thou consum'st thyself in single life? Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,

The world will wail thee like a makeless wife:

The world will be thy widow, and still weep That thou no form of thee hast left behind. When every private widow well may keep, By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mınd.

Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend

Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,

And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it. No love toward others in that bosom sit. That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

10

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to

Who for thy self art so unprovident. Giant, if thou wilt, thou ait belov'd of many,

But that thou none lov'st is most evident: For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous

That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire.

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate Which to repair should be thy chief desire. O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!

Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ? Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind, Or to thy self at least kind-hearted prove;

Make thee an other self for love of me. That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

11

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st

departest;

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st

youth convertest.

Strikes each in each by mutual ordering; 10 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;

Without this folly, age, and cold decay. 6
If all were minded so, the times should
cease,

And threescore year would make the world away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,

Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish.

Look whom she best endow'd she gave the

Mhich bounteous gift thou shouldst in

bounty cherish; She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant

thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that
copy die.

12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,

And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;

When I behold the violet past prime, And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white; When lofty trees I see barren of leaves, 5 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd, And summer's green all girded up in sheaves Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;

Then of thy beauty do I question make That thou among the wastes of time must

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,

And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can
make defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

13

O that you were yourself! But, love, you are

No longer yours than you your self here live.

Against this coming end you should prepare, And your sweet semblance to some other

And your sweet semblance to some other give.

So should that beauty which you hold in

lease 5
Find no determination; then you were

Find no determination; then you were
Your self again, after your self's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form
should bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay, 9
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrifts! Dear my love, you know You had a father: let your son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck, And yet methinks I have astronomy; But not to tell of good or evil luck, Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality; Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell, 5 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind.

Or say with princes if it shall go well By off predict that I in heaven find; But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive, And, constant stars, in them I read such

As truth and beauty shall together thrive, If from thy self to store thou wouldst convert.

Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

15

When I consider every thing that grows Holds in perfection but a little moment, That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,

Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height

decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay

Sets you most rich in youth before my
sight,

Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay

To change your day of youth to sullied night;

And all in war with Time for love of you, As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightler way Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time? And fortify your self in your decay With means more blessed than my barren

rhyme?

Now stand you on the top of happy hours,

Now stand you on the top of nappy hours, And many maiden gardens, yet unset, 6 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers.

Much liker than your painted counterfelt; So should the lines of life that life repair, 9 Which this, Time's pencil or my pupil pen, Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair, Can make you live your self in eyes of men.

To give away your self keeps your self still:

And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were fill'd with your most high deserts? Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb

Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes 5 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,

The age to come would say 'This poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces'.

So should my papers, yellowed with their age,

Be scorn'd, like o'd men of less truth than tongue;

And your true rights be term'd a peet's

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song.

But were some child of yours alive that time,

You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; And every fair from fair some time declines, By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade 9 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade.

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws, And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's

And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st, And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time.

To the wide world and all her fading sweets; But I forbid thee one most heinous crime: O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow.

Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;

Firm in thy course untainted do allow For beauty's pattern to succeeding men. Yet, do thy worst, old Time. Despite thy

wrong, My love shall in my verse ever live young

20

woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,

Hast thou, the Master Mistress of my passion;

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth; A man in hue all hues in his controlling, Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell adoting,

And by addition me of thee defeated By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse, Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his veise; Who heaven itself for ornament doth use, And every fair with his fair doth rehearse, Making a couplement of pioud compare 5 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write, And then believe me, my love is as fair to As any mother's child, though not so bright As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's au. Let them say more that like of hearsay

well:

I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

22

My glass shall not persuade me I am old So long as youth and thou are of one date; But when in thee time's furrows I behold, Then look I death my days should expiate. For all that beauty that doth cover thee 5 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart, Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;

How can I then be elder than thou art?

O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary, As I not for myself but for thee will; 10 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;

Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage Who with his fear is put besides his part, Or some fielce thing replete with too much rage.

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to
decay,

O'ercharg'd with builden of mine own love's might.

O, let my looks be then the eloquence And dumb presagers of my speaking breast; Who plead for love, and look for recompense,

More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ!

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

24

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his
skill

To find where your true image pictur'd lies, Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still, That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me 10 Are windows to my breast, where through

the sun
Delights to peep, to ga.: therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their

They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

25

Let those who are in favour with their stars Of public honour and proud titles boast, Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars.

Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread

But as the marigoid at the sun's eye;

5

But as the marigoid at the sun's eye; And in themselves their pride lies buried, For at a frown they in their glory die. The painful warrior tamoused for fight, After a thousand victories once foil'd, 10 Is from the book of honour razed quite, And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.

Then happy I, that love and am beloved Where I may not remove nor be removed.

26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit;
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine 3
May make seem bare, in wanting words to
show it,

But that I hope some good conceit of thine In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving Points on me graciously with fair aspect, to And puts apparel on my tattered loving To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;

Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

77

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed, The dear repose to limis with travel tired; But then begins a journey in my head To work my mind when body's work's expired;

For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,

Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight a
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old
tace new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,

For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

28

How can I then return in happy plight That am debarr'd the benefit of rest? When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,

But day by night and night by day oppress'd?

And each, though enemies to either's reign, Do in consent shake hands to torture me, The one by toil, the other to complain

How far toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the 'ay, to please him, thou art bright
And dos' him grace when clouds do bit
t 'e heaven;

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night, When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,

And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

29

When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eves.

I all alone beweep my outcast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries.

And look upon myself, and curse my fate, Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least; Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising.

Haply I think on thee, and then my state, Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

20

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

I summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow, 5 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd

woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd

And mean th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er to The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan, Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,

All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

31

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving
parts,

And all those friends which I thought buried.

How many a holy and obsequious tear 5
Hath dear religious love stoi'n from mine
eye,

As interest of the dead, which now appear But things remov'd that hidden in thee

Thou art the grave where buried love doth

Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone, Who all their parts of me to thee did give; That due of many now it thine alone.

Their images I lov'd I view in thee, And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey. These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,

Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,

And though they be outstripp'd by every pen.

Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,

Exceeded by the begint of happier men.

O, then vouchsare me but this loving thought:

'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought.

To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his

33

love'.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride With ugly rack on his celestial face,

And from the forlorn world his visage hide, Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace. Even so my sun one early morn did shine With all triumphant splendour on my brow;

But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,

The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;

Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

37

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous As a decrepit father takes delight day,

And make me travel forth without my cloak.

To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way, Hiding thy brav'ry in their rotten smoke? 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face, For no man well of such a salve can speak That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace.

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief; Though thou repent, yet I have still the

Th' oriender's sorrow lends but weak relief To him that bears the strong offence's cross. Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,

And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

35

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud:

Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and

And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud. All men make faults, and even I in this, Authorizing thy trespass with compare, Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss, Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are; For to the sensual fault I bring in sense-Thy adverse party is thy advocate— And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence; Such civil war is in my love and hate

That I an accessary needs must be To that sweet thief which soully robs from me.

36

Let me confess that we two must be twain. Although our undivided loves are one; So shall those blots that do with me remain, Without thy help, by me be borne alone. In our two loves there is but one respect, Though in our lives a separable spite, Which though it alter not love's sole effect, Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee, Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee

shame: Nor thou with public kindness honour me. Unless thou take that honour from thy

But do not so; I love thee in such sort As, thou being mine, mine is thy good To see his active child do deeds of youth. So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite. Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth:

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit.

Or any of these all, or all, or more. Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit. I make my love engrafted to this store. So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd. Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give

That I in thy abundance am suffic'd. And by a part of all thy glory live. Look what is best, that best I wish in

This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

38

How can my Muse want subject to invent. While thou dost breathe that pour'st into my verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent For every vulgar paper to rehearse? O, give thyself the thanks if aught in me Worthy perusal stand against thy sight; For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee.

When thou thy self dost give invention light?

Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth

Than those old nine which rhymers invocate: And he that calls on thee, let him bring torth

Eternal numbers to outlive long date. If my stight Muse do please these curious

days, The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

39

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing, When thou art all the better part of me? What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?

And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?

Even for this let us divided live. And our dear love lose name of single one, That by this separation I may give That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.

O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,

Were it not thy sour lessure gave sweet To entertain the time with thoughts of love;

1314

Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth. If I lose thee, my loss is my love's main. disceive.

And that thou teachest how to make one t vain.

remain!

40

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all:

What hase then then more than thou hadst before?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call:

All mine was thine before thou hadst this

Then if for my love thou my love receivest. I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest: But yet be blam'a, if thou thyself deceivest By wilful taste of what thyself refusest. I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief, Although thou steal thee all my poverty; And yet love knows it is a greater grief To bear love's wrong than hate's known

injury. Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows.

Kill me with spites: yet we must not be foes.

41

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits When I am sometime absent from thy heart.

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits. For still temptation follows where thou art. Centle thou art, and therefore to be wor, Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed; And when a woman woos, what woman's son

Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed? Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear.

And chide thy beauty and thy straying vorth.

Who lead thee in their riot even there Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth:

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee, Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief. And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly; That she hath thee is of my wailing chief, A loss in love that touches me more nearly. Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye: Thou dost love her because thou know'st I love her.

And for my sake even so doth she abuse me, Suff'ring my friend for my sake to approve her.

And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss:

Both find each other, and I lose both twain. By praising him here who doth hence And both for my sake lay on me this cross.

But here's the joy: my friend and I are one:

Sweet flattery I then she loves but me alone.

43

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,

For all the day they view things unrespected:

But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,

And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed: Then thou whose shadow shadows dorn

make bught, How would thy shadow's form form happy

show To the clear day with thy much clearer light.

When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so! How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made

By looking on thee in the living day, When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade

Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stav i

All days are nights to see till I see thee.

And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought.

Injurious distance should not stop my way: For then, despite of space, I would be brought

From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.

No matter then, although my foot did stand

Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee. For nimble thought can jump both sea and

As soon as think the place where he would be.

But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought.

To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,

But that, so much of earth and water wrought.

I must attend time's leisure with my moan, Receiving nought by elements so slow But neavy tears, badges of either's woe.

The other two, slight air and purging fire, Are both with thee, wherever I abide; The first my thought, the other my desire, These present-absent with swift motion slide.

For when these quicker elements are gone In tender embassy of love to thee, My life, being made of four, with two alone Sinks down to death, oppress'd with

melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured

By those swift messengers return'd from thee,

Who even but now come back again, assured

Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.

This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight
grow sad.

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war How to divide the conquest of thy sight; Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,

My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.

My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie.

A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes; But the defendant doth that plea deny, And says in him thy fair appearance lies. To 'cide this title is impanelled

A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;

And by their verdict is determined

And by their verdict is determined

The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's
part—

As thus: mine eye's due is thine outward part, And my heart's right thine inward love

47

of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took, And each doth good turns now unto the other.

When that mine eye is famish'd for a look, Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother:

With my love's picture then my eye doth feast.

And to the painted banquet bids my heart; Another time mine eye is my heart's guest, And in his thoughts of love doth share a

part;
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts
canst move.

And I am still with them, and they with thee;

Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight

48

How careful was I when I took my way, Each trifle under truest bars to thrust, That to my use it might unused stay From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!

But thou, to whom my sewels trifles are, 5 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,

Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care, Ait left the prey of every vulgar thief. Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest, Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,

Within the gentle closure of my breast, From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part:

And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I tear,

For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

49

Against that time, if ever that time come, When I shall see thee frown on my defects, When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum, Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects; Against that time when thou shalt strangely

And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,

When love, converted from the thing it was, Shall reasons find of settled gravity— Against that time do I ensconce me here Within the knowledge of mine own desert, And this my hand against myself uprear, it To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws.

Since why to love I can allege no cause.

50

How heavy do I journey on the way, When what I seek—my weary travel's

Doth teach that ease and that repose to say 'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!'

The beast that bears me, tired with my wee, Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me, As if by some instinct the wretch did know His rider lov'd not speed being made from

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on 9 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide. Which heavily he answers with a groan, More sharp to me than spurring to his side;

For that same groan doth put this in my mind:

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

1316

54

Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed. From where thou art why should I haste me By that sweet ornament which truth doth thence?

Till I return, of posting is no need. O, what excuse will my poor beast then

When swift extremity can seem but slow? Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;

In winged speed no motion shall I know. Then can no horse with my desire keep pace:

Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,

Shall weigh no dull flesh in his fiery race; But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade:

Since from thee going he went wilful slow

Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

52

So am I as the rich whose blessed key Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,

The which he will not ev'ry hour survey For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Therefore are teasts so so'emn and so rare. Since seldom coming, in the tong year set, Like stones of worth they thinly placed are, Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you as my chest. Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,

To make some special instant special blest By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,

Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

53

What is your substance, whereof are you made.

That millions of strange shadows on you Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,

And you, but one, can every shadow lend. Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit Is poorly imitated after you;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set, And you in Grecian tires are painted new. Speak of the spring and foison of the year: The one doth shadow of your beauty show, The other as your bounty doth appear, And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part, heart.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem

give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem For that sweet odour which doth in it

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dve As the perfumed tincture of the roses. Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:

But for their virtue only is their show. They lived unwoo'd, and unrespected fade; Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so: Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth.

When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.

55

Not marble nor the gilded monuments Or princes shall outlive this pow'rful rhyme;

But you shall shine more bright in these contents

unswept stone, besmear'd with Than sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn. And proils root out the work of masonry, Nor Mars his sword not war's quick fire shall burn

The living record of your memory. 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,

Even in the eyes of all posterity That wear this world out to the ending

doom. So, till the judgment that yourself arise, You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

56

said

Thy edge should blunter be than appetite, Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd, To-morrow sharp'ned in his former might. So, love, be thou; although to-day thou

fill Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness.

To-morrow see again, and do not kill The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness. Let this sad int'rim like the ocean be Which parts the shore where two con

tracted new But you like none, none you, for constant Come daily to the banks, that, when they

Return of love, more blest may be the view; Or call it winter, which, being full of care, Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

57

Being your slave, what should I do but tend

Upon the hours and times of your desire? I have no precious time at all to spend, Nor services to do, till you require.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour, 5

Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you.

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour, When you have bid your servant once adieu;

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought

Where you may be, or your affairs suppose, But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought

Save where you are how happy you make those.

So true a fool is love that in your will, Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

58

That god forbid that made me first your slave

I should in thought control your times of pleasure,

Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,

Being your vassal bound to stay your leisure!

O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each
check

Without accusing you of injury Be where you list; your charter is so

strong
That you will; to you it doth belong

Your self to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;

Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

59

If there be nothing new, but that which is Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,

Which labouring for invention bear amiss The second burthen of a former child! 4 O, that record could with a backward look, Even of five hundred courses of the sun, Show me your image in some antique book, Since mind at first in character was done! That I might see what the old world could

To this composed wonder of your frame; Whether we are mended, or whe'er better they,

Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days

To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end; Each changing place with that which goes before.

In sequent toil all forwards do contend. Nativity, once in the main of light, 5 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight, And Time that gave doth now his gift contound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow, Feeds on the rarries of nature's truth, And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

61

Is it thy will thy image should keep open My heavy eyelids to the weary night?

Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken.

While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee So far from home into my deeds to pry, To find out shames and idle hours in me, The scope and tenour of thy jealousy? O no! thy love, though much, is not so great:

It is my love that keeps mine eye awake; Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat To play the watchman ever for thy sake.

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere.

From me far off, with others all too near.

62

sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye, so And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine, so, No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define d As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,

Beated and chopt with tann'd antiquity, 10 O fearful meditation! Where, alack, Mine own self-love quite contrary I read; Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest Self so self-loving were iniquity.

"Tis thee, my self, that for myself I praise, Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

63

Against my love shall be as I am now, With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn :

When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow

With lines and wrinkles: when his youthful

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night: 5 And all those beauties whereof now he's

Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight. Stealing away the treasure of his spring-For such a time do I now fortify Against confounding age's cruel knife, That he shall never cut from memory My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's

His beauty shall in these black lines be

And they shall live, and he in them still green.

64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand detaced

The rich proud cost of outworn buried age; When sometime lofty towers I see downrased.

And brass eternal slave to mortal rage; When I have seen the hungry ocean gain 5 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main. Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:

When I have seen such interchange of state. Or state itself confounded to decay: Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate-That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea.

But sad mortality o'ersways their power, How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea, Whose action is no stronger than a flower? O, how shall summer's honey breath hold

A gainst the wrackful siege of batt'ring days, When rocks impregnable are not so stout, Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?

he hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? O, none, unless this miracle have might, That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry: As, to behold desert a beggar born. And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity. And purest faith unhappily forsworn, And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd. 5 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted, And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd, And strength by limping sway disabled, And art made tongue-tied by authority, And folly, doctor-like, contiolling skill, 10 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity, And captive good attending captain ill-

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live And with his presence grace impiety, That sin by him advantage should achieve. And lace itself with his society? Why should talse painting imitate his cheek,

And steal dead seeming of his living hue? Why should poor beauty indirectly seek Roses of shadow, since his rose is true? Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is. Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively

veins? For she hath no exchequer now but his, And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had

In days long since, before these last so had.

68

Thus is his check the map of days outworn, When beauty hy'd and died as flowers do now,

Before these bastard signs of fair were born. Or durst inhabit on a living brow; Before the golden tresses of the dead, The right of sepulchres, were shorn away To live a second life on second head, Ere beauty's dead ficece made another gay. In him those holy antique hours are seen, Without all ornament, itself and true, Making no summer of another's green, Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;

And him as for a map doth Nature store, To show false Art what beauty was of vore.

1319

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view

Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend.

All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due.

Utt'ring bare truth, even so as foes commend.

Thine outward thus with outward praise i

But those same tongues that give thee so thine own

In other accents do this praise confound By seeing farther than the eye hath shown. They look into the beauty of thy mind, And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds:

Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds.

But why thy odour matcheth not thy show.

The soil is this—that thou dost common grow.

70

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect.

For slander's mark was ever yet the fair; The ornament of beauty is suspect,

A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air. So thou be good, slander doth but approve Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time; For canker vice the sweetest buds dot's love, And thou present'st a pure unstained prime. Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days.

Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd; Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd.

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,

Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell Give warning to the world that I am fled From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.

Nay, if you read this line, remember not 5
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be
forgot,

If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse, 9 When I perhaps compounded am with clay, Do not so much as my poor name rehearse, But let your love even with my life decay: Lest the wise world should look into your moan,

And mock you with me after I am gone.

72

O, lest the world should task you to recite What ment ha'd in me, that you should love

After my death, dear love, forget me quite, For you in me can nothing worthy prove; Unless you would devise some virtuous lie, To do more for me than mine own desert, And hang more praise upon deceased I. Than niggard truth would willingly impart, O, lest your true love may seem false in this.

That you for love speak well of me untrue, My name be builed where my body is, in And live no more to shame nor me nor you!

Fo. I am sham'd by that which I bring

forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing
worth.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day 3 As after sunset fadeth in the west, Which by and by black night doth take

away.
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, 10
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd

by.

This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

74

But be contented. When that fell arrest Without all bail shall carry me away, My life hath in this line some interest, Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.

When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee. 6
The earth can have but earth, which is his
due;

My spirit is thine, the better part of me. So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life, The prey of worms, my body being dead? The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,

1320

Too base of thee to be remembered. 12
The worth of that is that which it contains,

And that is this, and this with thee remains.

75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life, Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his
treasure;

Now counting best to be with you alone, Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;

Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,

And by and by clean starved for a look; 10 Possessing or pursuing no delight Save what is had or must from you be took. Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day. Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride? So far from variation or quick change? Why, with the time, do I not glance aside To new-found methods and to compounds

strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name.
Showing their birth, and where they did
proceed?

O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,

And you and love are still my argument; 10 So all my best is dressing old words new, Spending again what is already spent; For as the sun is daily new and old, So is my love still telling what is told.

77

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,

Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste; The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear.

And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show

Of mouthed graves will give thee memory; Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know

Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look what thy memory cannot contain

Commit to these waste blanks, and thou

shalt find

Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,

To take a new acquaintance of thy mind. These offices, so oft as thou wilt look, Shall profit thee, and much enr.ch thy book.

78

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse, And found such fair assistance in my verse, As every alien pen hath got my use, And under thee their poesy disperse. Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high

Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing

And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,

And neavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the
style.

And arts with thy sweet graces graced be; But thou art all my art, and dost advance As high as learning my rude ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid, My verse alone had all thy gentle grace; But now my gracious numbers are decay'd And my sick Muse doth give another place. I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument beserves the travail of a worther pen. Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent He robs thee of, and pays it thee again. He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give, And found it in thy cheek; he can afford No praise to thee but what in thee doth live. Then thank him not for that which he

doth say, Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

80

O, how I faint when I of you do write, Knowing a better spirit doth use your name And in the praise thereof spends all his might

To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!

But since your worth, wide as the ocean is, The humble as the proudest sail doth bear, My saucy bark, inferior far to his, On your broad main doth wilfully appear. Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,

Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat, He of tall building and of goodly pride.

Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this: my love was my
decay.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten
From hence your memory death cannot
take,

Although in me each part will be forgotten Your name from hence immortal life shal have.

Though 1, once gone, to all the world must die;

The earth can yield me but a common grave,

When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie Your monument shall be my gentle verse. Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read; And tongues to be your being shall rehearse When all the breathers of this world are dead.

You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,

Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

82

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse, And therefore mayst without attain o'er-

The dedicated words which writers use Of their fair subject, blessing every book. Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue, 5 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.

And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd

What strained touches rhetoric can lend, in Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;

And their gross painting might be better us'd

Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

83

I never saw that you did painting need, And therefore to your fair no painting set; I found, or thought I found, you did exceed The barren tender of a poet's debt; And therefore have I slept in your report, s That you your self, being extant, well might show

How far a modern quill doth come too short,

Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute, Which shall be most my glory, being dumb; For I impair not beauty, being mute, 11 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes

Than both your poets can in praise devise.

84

Who is it that says most which can say more

Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?

In whose confine immured is the store Which should example where your equal grew?

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell 5 That to his subject lends not some small glory:

But he that writes of you, if he can tell That you are you, so digmiles his story. Let him but copy what in you is writ, Not making worse what nature made so clear.

And such a counterpart shall fame his wit, Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,

Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still.

While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,

Reserve their character with golden quill And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd. I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,

And, like unlettered clerk, still cry' Amen' To every hynn that able spirit affords In polish'd form of well-refined pen. Hearing you prais'd, I say 'Tis so, 'tis true'.

And to the most of praise add something more;

But that is in my thought, whose love to you,

Though words come nindmest, holds his

Though words come nindmost, holds his rank before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,

Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse, Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you, That did ray tipe thoughts in my brain inhearse,

Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write s Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead? No, neither he, nor his compeers by night

Giving him aid, my verse astonished. He nor that affable familiar ghost Which nightly gulls him with intelligence, As victors, of my silence cannot boost:

I was not sick or any feat from thence.

But when your countenance fill'd up his line.

Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled

87

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,

And like enough thou know'st thy estimate
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;

My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thy self thou gav'st, thy own worth then
not knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;

So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,

Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter:

In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

88

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light, And place my ment in the eye of scorn, Upon thy side against myseli I'li fight, And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted.

Upon thy part I can set down a story Ot faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted; That thou, in losing me, shall win much

glory.

And I by this will be a gainer too;

For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,

The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all
wrong.

89

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,

And I will comment upon that offence; Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;

Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so

To set a form upon desired change, As I'll myself disgrace, knowing thy will. I will acquaintance strangle and look strange.

Be absent from thy walks, and in my congue

Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,

Lest I, too much prorane, should do it wrong,

And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,

For 1 must ne'er love him whom thou

dost hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;

Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,

And do not drop in for an after-loss. Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this

sorrow, 5 Come in the rearward of a conquei d wee; Give not a windy night a rainy morrow

To linger out a purpos'd overthiow. If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last.

When other petty griefs have done their spite,

But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem

Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

0.1

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill.

Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;

Some in their garments, though new-tangled ill;

Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure, 5

Wherein it finds a joy above the rest; But these particulars are not my measure; All these I better in one general best. Thy love is better than high buth to me, Picher than wealth, prouder than garments'

Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost, to
Of more delight than hawks and horses be;

And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast—
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take

All this away, and me most wierched make.

95

But do thy worst to steal thy self away, For term of life thou art assured mine; And life no longer than thy love will stay, For it depends upon that love of thine. 4 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs. When in the least of them my life hath end. I see a better state to me belongs Than that which on thy humour doth

depend.

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind. Since that my life on thy revolt doth he.

O what a happy title do I find, Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-tair that fears no blot?

Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

93

So shall I live, supposing thou art true, Like a deceived husband; so love's face May still seem love to me, though alter'd new-

Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.

For there can live no hatred in thine eye; Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In many's looks the false heart's history Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;

But heaven in thy creation did decree That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell:

Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,

Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

They that have power to hurt and will do

That do not do the thing they most do show, Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,

Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow-They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces, s And husband nature's riches from expense: They are the lords and owners of their faces, Others but stewards of their excellence. The summer's flow'r is to the summer sweet Though to itself it only live and die; But if that flow'r with base infection meet, The basest weed outbraves his dignity.

deeds :

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame

Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose. Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name! O, in what sweets dost thou thy sine enclose!

That tongue that tells the story of thy days. Making lascivious comments on thy sport. Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise: Naming thy name blesses an ill report. O. what a mansion have those vices got .

Which for their habitation chose out thee, Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot. And all things turns to fair that eyes can see! Take heed, dear heart, of this large

privilege; The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his

edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness:

Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport ; Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and

Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.

As on the finger of a throned queen The basest jewel will be well esteem'd: So are those errors that in thee are seen To truths translated and for true things deem'd.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,

If like a lamb he could his looks translate! How many gazers mightst thou lead away. If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !

But do not so; I love thee in such sort. As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like a winter hath my absence been From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year! What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !

What old December's bareness everywhere! And yet this time remov'd was summer's time.

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase, Bearing the wanton burden of the prime. Like widowed wombs after their lord's decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit; For summer and his pleasures wait on thee, For sweetest things turn sourcest by their And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring, When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim.

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing, That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell 5

Of different flowers in odour and in hue, Could make me any summer's story tell, Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white, Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose They were but sweet, but figures of delight, Drawn after you, you pattern of all those. Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away, As with your shadow I with these did play.

99

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy
sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.

The lily I condemned for thy hand, And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair; The roses fearfully on thorns did stand, One blushing shame, another white despair; A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,

And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath; But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from
thee.

100

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long

To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?

Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects

light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight

redcem

Sing to the car that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face
survey,

If Time have any wrinkle graven there; 10 If any, be a satire to decay,

And make Time's spoils despised everywhere,

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;

So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

101

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd? Both truth and beauty on my love depends; So dost thou too, and therein dignified. Make answer, Muse. Wilt thou not haply

'Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd:

Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay; But best is best, if never intermix'd'? Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?

Excuse not silence so; for't lies in thee so To make him much outlive a gilded tomb, And to be piais'd of ages yet to be.

And to be plais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse. I teach thee how

To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

102

My love is strength'ned, though more weak in seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear; That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish every where.

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,

When I was wont to greet it with my lays; As Philomel in summer's front doth sing, And stops her pipe in growth of riper days. Not that the summer is less pleasant now I han when her mournful hymns did hush

the night, 10 But that wild music burthens every bough, And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue.

Because I would not dull you with my song.

103

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth, That, having such a scope to show her pride,

The argument all bare is of more worth Than when it hath my added praise beside! O, blame me not, if I no more can write! s Look in your glass, and there appears a face That over-goes my blunt invention quite, Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

Were it not sinful then, striving to mend, To mar the subject that before was well? For to no other pass my verses tend Than of your graces and your gifts to tell:

And more, much more, than in my verse can sit

Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old, For as you were when first your eye I ey'd, Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold

Have from the torests shook three summers' pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow aurumn turn'd

In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
burn'd.

Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are

Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand, Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;

So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,

Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer

105

dead.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show.
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind, s
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy contin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other
words;

And in this change is my invention spent, Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,

Which three, till now, never kept seat But makes antiquity for aye his page; in one.

Finding the first conceit of love the

106

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow, "
I see their antique pen would have express'd

Even such a beauty as you master now. 1326

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining
eyes,

They had not skill enough your worth to sing;

For we, which now behold these present days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

107

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control, Suppos'd as torfeit to a confin'd doom. 4 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd, And the sad augurs mock their own pres-

Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd, And peace proclaims olives of endless age. Now with the drops of this most balmy time

My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes, Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.

And thou in this shalt find thy monu-

When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

108

What's in the brain that ink may character Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?

What's new to speak, what new to register, That may express my love or thy dear merit?

Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine, 5

I must each day say o'er the very same; Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,

Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.

So that eternal love in love's fresh case Weighs not the dust and injury of age, 10 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place, But makes antiquity for ave his page:

Finding the first conceit of love there bred.

Where time and outward form would show it dead.

109

O, never say that I was false of heart, Though abtence seem'd my flame to qualify! As easy might I from my self depart As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:

That is my home of love. If I have rang'd. None else to me, nor I to none alive. Like him that travels, I return again, Just to the time, not with the time ex-

chang'd,

So that my self bring water for my stain. Never believe, though in my nature reign'd All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood, That it could so preposterously be stain'd To leave for nothing all thy sum of good; For nothing this wide universe 1 call 13

Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

110

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there And made myself a motley to the view, Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what

is most dear.

Made old offences of affections new. Most true it is that I have look'd on truth Askance and strangely; but, by all above, These blenches gave my heart another youth.

And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.

Now all is done, have what shall have no

Mine appetite I never more will grind On newer proof, to try an older friend, A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,

Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

111

O. for my sake do you with Fortune chide, The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds, That did not better for my life provide Than public means which public manners breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdu'd To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd; Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink Potions of eisel, gainst my strong infection:

No bitterness that I will bitter think, Nor double penance, to correct cor action.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure

Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

112

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow:

For what care I who calls me well or ill, So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow? You are my all the world, and I must strive To know my shames and praises from your tongue;

That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.

In so protound abysm I throw all care Of others' voices that my adder's sense 10 To critic and to flatterer stopped are. Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:

You are so strongly in my purpose bred That all the world besides inethinks are dead.

113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind: And that which governs me to go about Doth part his function, and is partly blind, Seems seeing, but effectually is out; For it no form delivers to the heart Of bird, of flow'r, or shape, which it doth latch:

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part, Nor his own vision holds what it doth

catch:

For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight, The most sweet favour or deformed'st cieature.

The mountain or the sea, the day or night, The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.

Incapable of more, replete with you, My most true mind thus mak'th mine eye untrue.

114

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,

Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?

Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true, And that your love taught it this alchemy To make of monsters and things indigest 5 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble, Creating every bad a perfect best

As fast as objects to his beains assemble? O, 'tis the first; 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing, And my great mind most kingly dunks it uv.

Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,

And to his palate doth prepare the cup.

If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie; Even those that said I could not love you dearer:

Yet then my judgment knew no reason why

My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.

But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents

Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of And, sick of welfare, found a kind of kings,

Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st To be diseas'd ere that there was true intents.

Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things-

Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny, Might I not then say 'Now I love you best

When I was certain o'er incertainty, Crowning the present, doubting of the rest? Love is a babe: then might I not say so, To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove. O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, That looks on tempests and is never shaken; It is the star to every wand'ring bark, Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge or doom. If this be error, and upon me prov'd, I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

117

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all Wherein I should your great deserts repay; Forgot upon your dearest love to call, Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day; That I have frequent been with unknown minds.

And given to time your own dear ourchas'd right:

That I have hoisted sail to all the winds Which should transport me farthest from your sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down. And on just proof surmise accumulate; 10 Bring me within the level of your frown, But shoot not at me in your wakened hate; Since my appeal says I did strive to The humble salve which wounded bosoms prove

The constancy and virtue of your love.

118

Like as to make our appetites more keen With eager compounds we our palate urge, As to prevent our maladies unseen We sicken to shun sickness when we purge; Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness.

To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding, 1328

meetness

needing.

Thus policy in love, t' anticipate The ills that were not, giew to faults

assured. And brought to medicine a healthful state. Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,

Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

110

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears. Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within, Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears, Still losing when I saw my self to win! What wretched errors hath my heart committed,

Whilst it hath thought it self so blessed never!

How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted

In the distraction of this madding fever! O benefit ot ill! Now I find true

That better is by evil still made better: 10 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew, rows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

So I return rebuk'd to my content. And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

120

That you were once unkind befriends me

And for that sorrow which I then did feel Needs must I under my transgression bow. Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.

For if you were by my unkindness shaken. As I by yours, y'have pass'd a hell of time: And I, a tyrant, have no lessure taken To weigh how once I suffered in your crime. O that our night of woe might have remem-

My deepest sense how hard true sorrow hits, And soon to you, as you to me, then tend'red

fits!

But that your trespass now becomes a fee:

Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

121

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed, When not to be receives reproach of being, And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed

Not I ' our techng, but by others' seeing. w should offere' false adulterate eves Give salutation to my sportive blood? Or o my in littles why are trailer states, Which in their wills count bad what I think good:

No; I am that I am; and they that level At my abuses recken up their own. I may be straight though they themselves be bevel;

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not

be shown, Unless this general evil they maintain: All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

122

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain Full character'd with lasting memory, Which shall above that idle rank remain Beyond all date, even to eternity; Or at the least so long as brain and heart 5 Have faculty by nature to subsist; Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd. That poor retention could not so much hold.

Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score; : Therefore to give them from me was I hold, To trust those tables that receive thee more To keep an adjunct to remember thee Were to import forgettumess in me.

123

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.

Thy pyramids built up with newer might To me are nothing novel, in flung strange; They are but dressings of a tormer sight. Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire What thou dost foise upon us that is old, And rather make them born to our desire Than think that we before have heard them told.

Thy registers and thee I both defy. Not wond'ring at the present nor the past, For thy records and what we see doth lie, Made more or less by thy continual haste.

This I do vow, and this shall ever be: I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

124

If my dear love were but the child of state, It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd.

As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate, Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident; It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls Under the blow of thralled discontent. Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls. It fears not Policy, that heretic, Which works on leases of short-numb'red hours,

But all clone stands hugely politic, That it not grows with heat nor drowns

wich show'rs. To this a witness call the fools of time. Which die for goodness, who have my'd for crime.

Wele't aught to me I bore the canopy. With my extern the outward honouring, Or hid great bases for eternity,

Which proves more short than waste or Tuining ?

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favoui Lose all, and more, by aying too much

ient. compound sweet For torgo, ne simple

sa our-Pitiful thavers, in their gazing spent? No, let me be obsequious in thy heart, And take fliou my oblation, poor but free. Which is not mixed with seconds, knows no

2116 But initial render, only me for thee. Hence, the "moorn'd informer! A true scaul.

When it ast impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

126

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle

Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st

Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;

If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack, 5 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back.

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill

May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.

Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure! She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure;

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be.

And her quietus is to render thee.

127

In the old age black was not counted fair, Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name; But now is black beauty's successive heir, And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;

For since each hand hath put on nature's

Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd I have seen roses damask'd, red and white. face.

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower.

But is protan'd, if not lives in disgrace. Therefore my mistress' brows are raven

At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack, My mistiess when she walks treads on the Sland'ring creation with a false esteem.

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their

That every tongue says beauty should look so.

128

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st

Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st

The wirv concord that mine ear confounds. Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap To kiss the tender inwaid of thy hand Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!

To be so tickled, they would change their state

And situation with those dancing chips 10 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait.

Making dead wood more blest than living hps.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this. Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

129

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame Is lust in action; and till action, lust Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame.

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust; Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight; 5 Past reason hunted, and, no sooner had, Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait, On purpose laid to make the taker mad-Mad in pursuit, and in possession so: Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme; A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very wee; Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream. All this the world well knows; yet none

knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun; Coral is far more red than her lips' red; If snow be white, why then her breasts are Beshrew that heart that makes my heart dun;

head.

But no such roses see I in her cheeks: And in some perfumes is there more delight Than in the breath that from my mistress

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know black, 9 That music hath a far more pleasing sound; Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem 'I grant I never saw a goddess goground.

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare

As any she belied with false compare.

131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art. As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel:

For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart

Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.

Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold

Thy face hath not the power to make love groan.

To say they err I dare not be so bold. Although I swear it to myself alone. And, to be sure that is not false I swear. A thousand groans, but thinking on thy

One on another's neck, do witness bear Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place. In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds.

And thence this slander, as I think. proceeds.

132

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me. Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,

Have put on black, and loving mourners be, Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain. And truly not the morning sun of heaven 5 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east, Nor that full star that ushers in the even Doth half that glory to the sober west, As those two mourning eyes become thy

O, let it then as well beseem thy heart xe To mourn for me, since mourning doth thes grace,

And suit thy pity like in every part. Then will I swear beauty herself is black, And all they foul that thy complexion

lack.

133

to groan If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her For that deep wound it gives my friend and me l

Is't not e lough to torture me alone,
But slav: to slavery my sweet'st friend
roust be?

Me from ny self thy cruel eye hath taken, s And my next self thou harder hast engrossed;

Of him, my self, and thee, I am forsaken; A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed.

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward, But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail:

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;

Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol.

And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,

Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

134

So now I have confess'd that he is thine, And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will; My self I'll forfeit, so that other mine Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still. But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free, 5 For thou art covetous, and he is kind; He learn'd but surety-like to write for me Under that bond that him as fast doth bind. The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take, Thou usurer that put's forth all to use, xo And sue a friend came debtor for my sake; So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;

He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will.

And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus. 4
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in
thine?

Shall will in others seem right gracious, And in my will no fair acceptance shine? The sea, all water, yet receives rain still, And in abundance addeth to his store; 10 So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will One will of mine, to make thy large Will more.

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill; Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

136

If thy soul check thee that I come so near, Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will, And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there; Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil. Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love, say, fill it full with wills, and my will one.

In things of great research to the prove

Among a number one is re-kosem nero.

Then in the number let rie pass untola,
Though in thy store's account I one must
be:

For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold That nothing me, a something sweet to thee;

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,

And then thou lov'st me, for my name is Will.

137

Thou blind fool, I ove, what dost thou to mine eyes

That they behold, and see not what they see?

They know what beauty is, see where it lies, Yet what the best is take the worst to be. If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks, 5 Be anchor'd in the bay where all mea ride, Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks.

Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot.

Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?

Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not, To put fair truth upon so foul a face? In things right true my heart and eyes

In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,

And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138

When my love swears that she is made of truth.

I do believe her, though I know she lies, That she might think me some untutor'd youth.

Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me
young, 5

Although she knows my days are past the best.

Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue; On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.

But wherefore says she not she is unjust? And wherefore say not I that I am old? 100, love's best habit is in seeming trust,

And age in love loves not to have years told.

Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

139

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy
tongue;

Use power with power, and slay me not by art.

Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,

Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.

What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might

Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?

Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows

Her pretty looks have been mine enemies; And therefore from my face she turns my foes,

That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.

Yet do not so; but since I am near slain, Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

140

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;

Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express

The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be
near.

No news but health from their physicians know.

For, if I should despair, I should grow mad, And in my madness might speak ill of thee.

Now this ill-wresting world is grown so had Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied, Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

141

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes, For they in thee a thousand errors note; But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise.

Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote. Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted:

Nor tender feeling to base touches prone, Nor taste nor smell desire to be invited To any sensual feast with thee alone; But my five wits nor my five senses can Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,

Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man, Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch

Only my plague thus far I count my gain, That she that makes me sin awards me pain. 142

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate, Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving. O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,

And thou shalt find it merits not reproving; Oi, if it do, not from those lips of thine, 5 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments, And seal'd talse bonds of love as oft as

Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.

Be it lawful I love thee as thou lov'st those Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee.

Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows, Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,

By self-example mayst thou be denied!

143

Lo as a careful huswife runs to catch One of her feathered creatures broke away, Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay; Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,

Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent

To follow that which flies before her face, Not prizing her poor infant's discontent; So run'st thou after that which flies from thee.

Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind; But it thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,

And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will.

If thou turn back and my loud crying

144

I wo loves I have, of comfort and despair, Which like two spirits do suggest me still; The better angel is a man right fair. The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill. To win me soon to hell, my female evil 5 Tempteth my better angel from my side, And would corrupt my saint to be a devil, Wooing his purity with her foul pride. And whether that my angel be turn'd fiead, Suspect I may, yet not directly tell; 10 But being both from me, both to each friend.

I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in
doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

1332

Those lips that Love's own hand did make Breath'd forth the sound that said 'I hate' To me that languish'd for her sake; But when she saw my woeful state, Straight in her heart did mercy come, Chiding that tongue that ever sweet Was us'd in giving gentle doom; And taught it thus anew to greet: 'I hate' she alter'd with an end That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend From heaven to hell is flown away:
'I hate' from hate away she threw, And say'd my lite, saying 'not you'.

146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth, [My sinful earth] these rebel pow'rs that thee array,

Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,

Painting thy outward walls so costly gay? Why so large cost, having so short a lease, 5 Dost thou upon thy tading mansion spend? Shall worms, inheritors of this excess, Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end? Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's lose.

And let that pine to aggravate thy store; 10 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross; Within be fed, without be rich no more. So shalt thou teed on Death, that feeds

on men.

And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

147

My love is as a fever, longing still For that which longer nurseth the disease; Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill, Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please. My Reason, the physician to my Love, 5 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept, Hath left me, and I desperate now approve Desire is death, which physic did except. Past cure I am, now reason is past care, And frantic mad with evermore unrest; 10 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are.

At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought
thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

148

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head, Which have no correspondence with true sight!

Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled, That censures falsely what they see aright?

li that be tair whereon my false eyes dote, 5
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's—no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be
true.

That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?

No marvel then though I mistake my view: The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,

Lest eyes well seeing thy foul faults should find.

149

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hatch thee that I do call my friend? 5
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn
upon?

Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend Revenge upon myself with present moan? What merit do I in myself respect That is so proud thy service to despise, ro

When all my best doth worship thy defect, Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:

Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

150

O, from what pow'r hast thou this pow'rful might

With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the he to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace
the day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things

That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of

That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds? Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,

The more I hear and see just cause of hate? O, though I love what others do abhor, With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:

If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me, More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

151

Love is too young to know what conscience is:

Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

Then, gentle cheater, uige not my amiss, Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.

For thou betraying me, I do betray 5 My nobler part to my gross body's treason; My soul doth tell my body that he may Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason.

But, using at thy name, doth point out thee As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pude.

He is contented thy poor drudge to be.
To stand in thy affair, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

152

In loving thee hou know'st I am forsworn, But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;

In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith

In vowing new hate after new love bearing. But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse

thee, When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most; For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee.

And all my honest faith in thee is lost;
For I have swoin deep oaths of thy deep kindness.

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy; And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blind

Or made them swear against the thing they see:

For I have sworn thee fair—more perjur'd I,

To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

153

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep. A maid of Dian's this advantage found, And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep; In a cold valley-fountain of that ground; Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love

A dateless lively heat, still to endure, 6 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove

Against strange maladies a sovereign cure. But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired.

The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;

I, sick withal, the help of bath desired, And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest, But found no cure. The bath for my

help hes
Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress'
eyes.

154

The little love-god, lying once asleep, Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand, Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep

Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand

The fairest votary took up that fire 5 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd:

And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well
by,

Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual, Growing a bath and healthful remedy 12 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall.

Came there for cure, and this by that I prove:

Love's fire heats water, water cools not

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

From off a hill whose concave womb re- Crack'd many a ring of posted gold and worded

A plaintful story from a sist'ring vale, My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded.

And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale: Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale, Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain. Storming her world with sorrow's wind and

Upon her head a platted hive of straw. Which fortified her visage from the sun. Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw

The carcase of a beauty spent and done. Time had not scythed all that youth begun, Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's feli rage.

Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne, Which on it had conceited characters, Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears, And often reading what contents it bears; As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe, 20 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,

As they did batt'ry to the spheres intend; Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied To th' orbed earth; sometimes they do extend

Their view right on: anon their gazes lend To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd, The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat, Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride; For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat.

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside; Some in her threaden fillet still did bide, And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,

Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet. Which one by one she in a river threw. Upon whose weeping margent she was set: Like usury, applying wet to wet, Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall Where want cries some but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one, Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood:

bone.

Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud : Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,

With sleided silk feat and affectedly Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy, 49

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes. And often kiss'd, and often gan to tear; Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,

What unapproved witness dost thou bear! Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents. Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh, Sometime a blusterer that the ruffle knew Of court, of city, and had let go by The swiftest hours observed as they flew. Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew; And, privileg'd by age, desires to know In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat. And comely distant sits he by her side; 63 When he again desires her, being sat, Her grievance with his hearing to divide. If that from him there may be aught applied

Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage. "Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says 'though in me you behold

The injury of many a blasting hour. Let it not tell your judgment I am old: Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power. I might as yet have been a spreading flower,

Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But woe is me! too early I attended A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace— O I one by nature's outwards so commended That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face. Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place:

And when in his fair parts she did abide, She was new lodg'd and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;

And every light occasion of the wind Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls. What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find: Each eye that saw him did enchant the

mind: For on his visage was in little drawn

¥335

A LOVER'S COMPLAIN'S

What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his civin; His phœnix down began but to appear, Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin, Whose bare out-brang'd the web it seem'd to wear;

Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear:

And nice affections wavering stood in doubt If best were as it was, or best without.

' His qualities were beauteous as his torm, For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;

Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm As oft 'twixt May and April is to see, When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.

His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth Did livery falseness in a pride of truth. 105

'Well could he ride, and often men would say

"That horse his mettle f om his rider takes: Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, What rounds, what bounds, what course.

what stop he makes! " re-And controversy hence a question takes, Whether the horse by him became his deed, Or he his manage by th' well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went: His real habitude gave life and grace To appertainings and to ornament, 115 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case. All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,

Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120 All kind of arguments and question deep, All replication prompt, and reason strong, For his advantage still did wake and sleep. To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,

He had the dialect and different skill, 125 Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted, To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain

In personal duty, following where he haunted.

Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,

And dialogu'd for him what he would say, Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get, To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;

Like fools that in the smoothafton set. The goodly objects which obvious they find Of lands and makens tooks to the in thought assigned.

And abouting it, thee measures to bestow them

Than the true goves landlord which doth owe than.

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,

Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart. My woeful self, that did in freedom stand, And was my own fee-simple, not in part, What with his art in youth, and youth in art,

Threw my affections in his charmed power, Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did, Demand of him, nor being desired yielded; Finding myself in honour so forbid, rso With safest distance I mine honour shielded. Exper ence for me many bulwarks builded Of preofs new-bleeding which remain'd the foil

Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent

'But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent The destin'd ill she must herself assay? Or torc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,

To put the by-past perils in her way? Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay; For when we rage, advice is often seen 160 By blunting us to make our wits Liore keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood.
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbod the sweets that seem so
good 164

For fear of harms that preach in our behoof. O appetite, from judgment stand aloof! The one a pa ate hath that needs will taste, Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last".

'For further I could say "This man's untrue",

And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling:

Heard where his plants in others' orchards

Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling; Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling; Thought characters and words merely but art.

And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city, Till thus he gan besiege me: "Gentle

maid, Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,

And be not of my holy vows afraid. That's to ye sworn to none was ever said;

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

For feasts of love I have been call'd unto, Till now did ne'er invite nor never woo.

"All my offences that abroad you see Are errors of the blood, none of the mind; Love made them not; with acture they may be,

Where neither party is nor true nor kind They sought their shame that so their shame did find:

And so much less of shame in me remains By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,

Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed.

Or my affection put to th' smallest teen, Or any of my leisures ever charmed. Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed:

Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,

And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.
"Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,

Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood; Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me

Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood—

Effects of terror and dear modesty,

Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"And, lo, behold these talents of their

With twisted metal amorously empleach'd, I have receiv'd from many a several fair, Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd, With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd, And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,

Whereto his invis'd properties did tend; The deep-green em'rald, in whose fresh regard

Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend; The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend

With objects manifold; each several stone, With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot, Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender, Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,

But yield them up where I myself must render—

That is, to you, my origin and ender; For these, of force, must your oblations be, Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand 225 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of

praise;
Take all these similes to your own command.

Hallowed with sighs that burning lungs did raise:

What me, your minister, for you obeys, Works under you; and to your audit comes Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun, Or sister sanctified, of holiest note, Which late her noble suit in court did shun,

Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote; 235

For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence
remove

To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave

The thing we have not, mast'ring what not strives,

Paling the place which did no form receive, Playing patient sports in unconstrained gives!

She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her
might.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true! The accident which brought me to her eye Upon the moment did her force subdue, And now she would the caged cloister fly. Religious love put out religion's eye. 250 Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd, And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell! 253

The broken bosoms that to me belong Have emptied all their fountains in my well, And mine I pour your ocean all among. I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,

Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold
breast.

"My parts had pow'r to charm a sacred nun, 260

Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace, Believ'd her eyes when they t' assail begun, All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,

In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,

For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impressest, what are precepts worth

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame, All melting; though our drops this diff'r-How coldly those impediments stand forth. Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ! Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shaine,

And sweetens, in the suff'ring pangs it bears, The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

" Now all these hearts that do on mine depend.

Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine.

And supplicant their sighs to you extend, To leave the batt'ry that you make 'gainst nane.

Lending soft audience to my sweet design, And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath.

That shall prefer and undertake my troth ". 'This said, his wat'ry eyes he did dismount,

Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face: Each cheek a river running from a fount

With brinish current downward flow'd apace.

O, how the channel to the stream gave grace! Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing

That flame through water which their hue encloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies In the small orb of one particular tear I But with the mundation of the eves What rocky heart to water will not wear? What breast so cold that is not warmed here?

O cleft effect I cold modesty, hot wrath, Both fire from hence and chill extincture bath.

'For lo. his passion, but an art of craft, Even there resolv'd my reason into tears; There my white stole of chastity I daff'd, Shook off my sober guards and civil fears: Appear to him as he to me appears,

ence bore : His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter. Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives.

Of burning blushes or of weeping water, Or swooning paleness: and he takes and leaves.

In either's aptness, as it best deceives. To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes, Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aım. 370

Showing fair nature is both kind and tame; And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would main.

Against the thing he sought he would exclaim:

When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,

He preach'd pure maid and prais'd cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd, That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,

Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd. Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?

Ay me! I tell; and yet do question make What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that injected moisture of his eye, O, that false fire which in his cheek so glowed.

O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,

O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestowed.

O, all that borrowed motion, seeming owed. Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd, And new pervert a reconciled maid!

When my love swears that she is made of Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook

I do believe her, though I know she les, That she might think me some untutor'd vouth.

Unskilful in the world's false forgeries. Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,

Although I know my years be past the best, I sm ling credit her false-speak ng tongue, Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest. But wherefore says my love that she is voung?

And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10 O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue, And age in love loves not to have years told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me.

Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair, That like two spirits do suggest me still; My better angel is a man right fair, My worser sp.rit a woman colour'd ill. To win me soon to hell, my female evil Tempteth my better angel from my side, And would corrupt my saint to be a devil. Wooing his purity with her fair pride. And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend, Suspect I may, yet not directly tell; For being both to me, both to each friend, I guess one angel in another's hell. The truth I shall not know, but live in

doubt.

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument.

Persuade my heart to this false perjury? Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove, 5 Thou being a goddess. I forswore not thee: My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love; Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is; Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine.

Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is: If broken, then it is no fault of mine. If by me broke, what fool is not so wise To break an oath, to win a paradise?

With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,

Did court the lad with many a lovely look, Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear: 5 She show'd him favours to allure his eye: To win his heart she touch'd him here and there:

Touches so soft still conquer chastity.

But whether unripe years did want conceit. Or he refus'd to take her figured proffer, 10 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait. But smile and jest at every gentle offer.

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and

He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed;

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;

Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder:

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire. Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice

his dreadful thunder, Which, not to anger bent, is music and

sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O, do not love that wrong.

To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn, And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade.

When Cytherea, all in love forlorn, A longing tarriance for Adonis made Under an osier growing by a brook,

1339

A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen. Hot was the day; she hotter that did look For his approach that often there had been. Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by, And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim.

The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,

Yet not so wistly as this queen on him. He, spying her, bounc'd in whereas he

stood: 'O Jove,' quoth she 'why was not I a

flood?

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle; Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is brittle:

Softer than wax, and vet, as iron, rusty; 4 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined, Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!

How many tales to please me hath she coined,

Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!

Yet, in the midst of all her pure protestings,

Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all, were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,

She burn'd out love, as soon as straw outburneth:

She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,

She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning. Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

If music and sweet poetry agree, As they must needs, the sister and the brother, Then must the love be great 'twixt thee

and me, Because thou lov'st the one, and I the

other. Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly

touch

Upon the lute doth ravish human sense; Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound

That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music,

And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd

Whenas himself to singing he betakes, One god is god of both, as poets feign: One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove. For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and

Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill. 5 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds: She, silly queen, with more than love's good will.

Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.

'Once ' quoth she 'did I see a fair sweet vouth

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,

Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth! See in my thigh,' quoth she 'here was the sore.

She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one.

And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd. soon vaded,

Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring! Bright orient pearl, alack, too fimely shaded!

Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree, And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have: For why thou lefts me nothing in thy will. And yet thou lefts me more than I did crave:

For why I craved nothing of thee still. 10 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thre!

Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

Venus, with Adonis sitting by her Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him. She told the youngling how god Mars did try her.

And as he fell to her, she fell to him. 'Even thus' quotin she 'the warlike god

embrac d me. And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms. 'Even thus' quoth she 'the warlike god

unfac'd me As if the boy should use like loving charms. 'Even thus' quoth she 'he seized on my

And with her lips on his did act the seizure; Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the And as she fetched breath, away he skips, And would not take her meaning nor her My heart doth charge the watch; the pleasure.

Ah! that I had my lady at this bay. To kiss and clip me till I run away!

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:

Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care; Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather:

Youth like summer brave, age like winter

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short: Youth is numble, age is lame; Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and

cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee.

O, my love, my love is young! Age, I do defy thee. O sweet shepherd, hie thee,

For methinks thou stays too long.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good. A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly: A Gower that dies when first it gins to bud; A brittle glass that's broken presently; 4 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower, Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found, As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh, As flowers dead lie withered on the ground, As broken glass no cement can redress: 10 So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever lost. In spite of physic, painting, pain, and

14

cost.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share!

She bade good night that kept my rest

And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care, To descant on the doubts of my decay. 'Farewell,' quoth she 'and come again

to-morrow. Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile, In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:

'T may be she joy'd to jest at my exile; may be again to make me wander thither-

'Wander', a word for shadows like myself As take the pain but cannot pluck the pelf. Love, whose month was ever May,

east!

morning rise Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.

Not daring trust the office of mine eyes. While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and

maık. And wish her lays were tuned like the lark:

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty.

And drives away dark dreaming night. The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty; Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight:

Sorrow chang'd to solace, and solace mix'd with sorrow:

For why she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon; But now are minutes added to the hours:

To spite me now, each minute seems a moon: Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;

Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three.

That liked of her master as well as well might be,

Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could see,

Her fancy fell a-turning. Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight;

To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain

That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain.

Alas, she could not help it! Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,

Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away.

Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay: **15**

For now my song is ended.

On a day, alack the day!

Spied a blossom passing fair. Playing in the wanton air. Through the velvet leaves the wind. All unseen, gan passage find: That the lover, sick to death, Wish'd himself the heaven's breath. 'Air,' quoth he 'thy cheeks may blow; Air, would I might triumph so ! But, alas, my hand hath sworn Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn; Vow, alack, for youth unmeet, Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. Thou for whom Jove would swear Juno but an Ethiope were; And deny himself for Jove, Turning mortal for thy love.

My flocks feed not, My ewes breed not, My rams speed not, All is amiss; Love is dying, Faith's defying, Heart's denying, Causer of this. All my merry jigs are quite forgot, All my lady's love is lost, God wot. Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love, There a nay is plac'd without remove. One silly cross Wrought all my loss. O frowning Fortune, cursed fickle dame!

For now I see Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

All fears scorn I, Love hath forlorn me, Living in thrall; Heart is bleeding, All help needing. O cruel speeding, Fraughted with gall ! My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal; My wether's bell rings doleful knell; My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd, Plays not at all, but seems afraid. 30 With sighs so deep, Procures to weep, In howling wise, to see my doleful

plight. How sighs resound

Through heartless ground,

In black mourn I.

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not, Sweet birds sing not, Green plants bring not Forth their dye. Herds stand weeping, Flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs back peeping Fearfully. All our pleasure known to us poor swains. All our merry meetings on the plains. All our evening sport from us is fled, All our love is lost, for Love is dead. Farewell, sweet lass; Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.

Poor Corydon Must live alone;

Other help for him I see that there is none.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame. And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst

Let reason rule things worthy blame, As well as fancy, partial wight: Take counsel of some wiser head. Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell, Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk. Lest she some subtle practice smell-A cripple soon can find a halt: But plainly say thou lov'st her well. And set her person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy ways: Spare not to spend, and chiefly there Where thy desert may merit praise By ringing in thy lady's ear. The strongest castle, tower, and town, The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust, And in thy suit be humble-true; 20 Unless thy lady prove unjust, Press never thou to choose a new. When time shall serve, be thou not slack To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent, Her cloudy looks will calm ere night; And then too late she will repent That thus dissembled her delight; And twice desire, ere it be day,

That which with scorn she put away. 30

What though she strive to try her strength, And ban and brawl and say thee nay? Her feeble force will yield at length. When craft hath taught her thus to say: 'Had women been so strong as men, 25 In faith, you had not had it then '.

The wiles and guiles that women work, Dissembled with an outward show, The tricks and toys that in them lurk, 40 The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft, A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men To sin, and never for to saint; There is no heaven—be holy then— When time with age shall them attaint. Were kisses all the joys in bed, One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough—too much I fear; Lest that my mistress hear my song; 50 She will not stick to round me on th' ear, To teach my tongue to be so long. Yet will she blush, here be it said, To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

19

Live with me, and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That hills and valleys, dales and fields, And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks, And see the shepherds feed their flocks, By shallow rivers, by whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses, With a thousand fragrant posies, A cap of flowers, and a kirtle Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A belt of straw and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs. And it these pleasures may then move, 15 Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER

If that the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move, To live with thee and be thy love.

20

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.

She, poor bird, as all forloin. Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn. TO And there sung the dolefull'st ditty. That to hear it was great pity. 'Fie, sie, fie!' now would she cry;
'Teru, Teru!' by and by; That to hear her so complain 15 Scarce I could from tears refrain: For her griefs, so lively shown, Made me think upon mine own. Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain ; None takes pity on thy pain: Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee: Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee. King Pandion, he is dead: All thy friends are lapp'd in lead; All thy fellow birds do sing, 25 Careless of thy sorrowing. Even so, poor bind, like thee, None alive will pity me. Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd, Thou and I were both beguil'd. 30 Every one that flatters thee Is no friend in misery. Words are easy, like the wind; Faithful friends are hard to find. Every man will be thy friend 35 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend: But if store of crowns be scant. No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call, And with such-like flattering, 40 'Pity but he were a king'. If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice: If to women he be bent, 43 They have at commandement; But if Foitune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown. They that fawn'd on him before Use his company no more. He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need; If thou sorrow, he will weep; If thou wake, he cannot sleep. Thus of every grief in heart 55 He with thee doth bear a part. These are certain signs to know Futhful friend from flatt'ring foe.

THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE

15

\$5

30

33

LET the bird of loudest lay, On the sole Arabian tree, Herald sad and trumpet be, To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shricking harbinger, Foul precurrer of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict Every fowl of tyrant wing, Save the eagle, feath'red king: Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white, That defunctive music can, Be the death-divining swan, Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow, That thy sable gender mak'st With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st. 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. 20

Here the anthem doth commence: Love and constancy is dead; Phœnix and the turtle fled In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd as love in twain Had the essence but in one; Two distincts, division none: Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder; Distance, and no space was seen 'Twixt this turtle and his queen; But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine That the turtle saw his right Flaming in the phœnix' sight: Either was the other's mine. Property was thus appalled, That the self was not the same; Single nature's double name Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded, Saw division grow together, To themselves yet either neither, Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried 'How true a twain Seemeth this concordant one! Love hath reason, reason none, If what parts can so remain'.

Whereupon it made this threne To the pheenix and the dove, Co-supremes and stars of love, As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity, Grace in all simplicity, Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest; And the turtle's loyal breast To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity— 'Twas not their infirmity, It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be; Beauty brag, but 'its not she: Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair That are either true or fair; For these dead birds sigh a prayer, a sufficiently catholic attitude to understand and appreciate his character. But a series of episodes in which he is represented as intervening in person to quell the 'ill May-day' riot of 1517 so disturbed the licenser that after marking several passages for omission he turned back and wrote at the beginning of the manuscript:

'Leave out the insurrection wholly and the cause thereof and begin with Sir Thomas More at the Mayor's sessions with a report afterwards of his good service done being Sheriff of London upon a mutiny against the Lombards. Only by a short report and not otherwise at your own perils.—Tyllney'.

The constant danger of attack on the foreign colonies in London from riotous native elements was too present to the ficenser's mind to

Brother Arther watchin[s] Seriant Safes veoman lete heare

Shreiue moor moor more Shreue moore [ev]en by the rule you haue among yor fealues Comand still audience [S]urrey Sury moor moor peace peace scilens peace	45 Fol. 81
Comand full audience [S]urrey Sury moor moor	
moor moor	50
	50
peace peace feilens peace	50
	5-
You that have voyce and Credyt wt the -mw nymber Comaund them to a filnes	
a plaigue on them they will not hold their peace the deule Cannot rule them	
Then what a rough and ryotous charge haue you to Leade those that the deule Cannot rule good masters heare me speake	55
J byth mas will we moor thart a good howskeeper and J thanck thy good worship for my Brother Arthur watchins	
peace peace	60
look what you do offend you Ciy vppo that is the peace; not [on] of you heare present had there such fellowes lyvd when you wer babes that coold haue topt the peace, as nowe you woold the peace wherin you haue till nowe growne vp had bin tane from you, and the bloody tymes coold not haue brought you to theife the state of men also poor thinge what is yt you haue gott	65
	You that have voyce and Credyt wt the my nymber Comaund them to a stilnes a plaigue on them they will not hold their peace the deule Cannot rule them Then what a rough and ryotous charge have you to Leade those that the deule Cannot rule good masters heare me speake J byth mas will we moot thart a good howskeeper and J thanck thy good worship for my Brother Arthur watchins peace peace look what you do offend you Cry vppo that is the peace; not [on] of you heare present had there such fellowes lyvd when you wer babes that coold have topt the peace, as nowe you woold the peace wherin you have till nowe growne vp lad bin tane from you, and the bloody tymes coold not have brought you to theise the state of men

33 Safet] af seems to me to have disappeared entirely except perhaps for the extreme tail of the f.

45 This line with the rule above it was added later.

59 wastching c altered, apparently from the beginning of h

allow him to pass episodes which showed historical precedent for such attempts. At some stage in the struggle to fit the play for official favour the author or authors sought the help of Shakespeare, not as some unknown or prentice playwright, but as one whose dexterity and experience would supply the resource required.

Shakespeare's scene opens with the rioters led by Lincoln crying out against the foreigners. To them enters a Sergeant-at-Arms, followed by the Lord Mayor with the Earls of Surrey and Shrewsbury and Sir Thomas More. The crowd cry down the Mayor and Earls but are willing to give More a hearing. The interpretation of the typographical detail of the transcript will be clear from Dr. Greg's own analysis:

'The author wrote the text, at any rate of the first two pages, continuously, dividing the speeches by rules but without indicating the

D Bett	marry the removing of the straingers wen cannot choose but much helpe advauntage the poor handycrastes of the Cytty	70
moor	graunt them removed and graunt that this yot y noyce hath Chidd downe all the matie of Jugland ymagin that you fee the wretched ftraingers	
	their babyes at their backe, and their poor lugage plodding tooth porte and coffe for transportacion and that you fytt as kinge in your defyres aucthoryty quyte fylenct by yor braule and you in ruff of yor yo opynions clothd	75
	what had you gott; Jle tell you, you had taught how infolenc and firong hand shoold prevayle how orderd shoold be quelld, and by this patterne not on of you shoold lyve an aged man for other russians as their fancies wrought	80
	w th fealf fame hand fealf reafons and lealf right woold shark on yo ^u and men lyke ravenous fishes woold feed on on another	85
Doll	before god thate as trewe as the gospell	
Bette lincoln	nay this a found fellowe J tell you lets mark him	
moor	Let me fett vp before yor thoughts good freinde on supposytion, which if you will marke you shall pceaue howe horrible a shape your ynnovation beres, first tis a sinn which oft thappossle did forwarne vs of vrging obediene to aucthory[t] and twere me no error yf J told you all you wer in armes gainst g[ou	
The D appears to	have been crossed out by both D and C. we handweraffed the e is reno	esented

70 The D appears to have been crossed out by both D and C.

71 handyerafter] the e is represented only by a small blot between t and 5 72 noyee] y altered from not 73 matie] sie, by a slip from matie i.e. matiefie (cf. l. 121).

75 and was crossed out, and not interlined to replace it, by D.

Neither M not T notices the alteration.

80 gatt,] so T: M prints a comma, but the original seems to have 'y'

82 orders'] so T: M orders: doubtful, but in either case an error for order 85 hand] there is a very small dot after this word, some stop may possibly be intended.

83 hand? there is a very small dot after this word, some stop may possibly be intended.

93 your? M, T yo' but the reading though indistinct is hardly open' to question.

94 verging] so M: T verging (an accidental slip).

APPENDIX

THIS transcript, reproduced in type-facsimile, of 147 lines from the manuscript of the play of Sir Thomas More, is included by the generous permission of Sir Walter Greg, who made it, and the syndics of the Cambridge University Press. It can be studied with complete advantage only in the context for which Dr. Greg designed it—namely, Shakespeare's Hand in Sir Thomas More, a study from all angles of the authorship of these lines by a group of scholars who proved, beyond reasonable question, that Shakespeare wrote them, and that chance has preserved for us, in addition to the six, possibly seven, genuine signatures, this

*By Alfred W. Pollard, W. W. Greg, E. Maunde Thompson, I. Dover Wilson and R. W. Chambers. Cambridge University Press, 1923.

Lincolne	Peace heare me, he that will not see [a red] hearing at a harry Fe grote, butter at a levenpence a pou[nde, meale at] ny ne shilling (a Bushell and Beess at sower nob[les a stone, lys]t to me	o1.8ª
other Geo bett	yt will Come to that passe yf strain[gers be su]fferd mark him	
Linco	our Countrie is a great eating Country, argo they eate more in our Countrey then they do in their owne	5
other betts clow	by a half penny loff a day troy waight	
Line	they bring in straing rootes, which is meerly to the videoing of poor prentizes, for whate a watrie a forry psnyp to a good hart	
oth william	trash trash,: they breed fore eyes and tis enough to infect the Cytty w1 the palsey	10
Lin	nay yt has infected yt wt the palley, for there basterde of dung as you knowe they growe in Dvng haue infected vs, and yt is our infeccion will make the Cytty shake which ptly Coms through the eating of psnyps	15
o Ciown·betts Enter	trewe and pumpions togeather	
feriant	what fay you to the mercy of the king do you refuse yt	
Lin	you woold haue [vs] vppon thipp woold you no marry dowenot, we accept of the kinge mercy but wee will showe no mercy vppo the straingers	20
feriaunt	you ar the simplest thinge that en stood in such a question	
	prenty prentiffes fymple downe w th him	

3 Beeff] the first e has been altered from some other letter. 5 Linco] in has two minims only but the first is dotted. 8 of the final curl of the f has been carried round in such a way as to resemble o to william] m has two minims only. traft, .] so T, but the lower dot may be accidental: M prints a semi-colon. 12 dung] un has five minims. 17 The initial letter of the speaker's name, whether it be regarded as minuscule (T) or majuscule (M), is certainly of an Italian type. T have perhaps by an accidental slip; the word occurs elsewhere eight times always spelt have, Dyce read have here, and the very obscure original seems to me to have u rather than w 19 Howe] w blotted,

22 The marginal and interlined words were added later. prenty] n is represented by one minim only, and y is doubtful.

1345

extensive specimen of the dramatist's handwriting. Though only a comparison of the transcript with a facsimile of the original will make clear the full implications of this discovery, the reader has here before him a fragment of the master's composition, transcribed with a care that will permit him to understand more adequately than any description the difficulties confronting Heminge and Condell in their editorial labours. The 147 lines occupy both sides of a leaf of paper and one side of a second leaf, and form part of a scene Shakespeare contributed to a piece by some fellow playwrights. The original author or authors had difficulty with the licenser of plays. That official was not troubled by the play's protagonist being More, a martyr to the cause of Catholicism: a Protestant audience under the Protestant Elizabeth had

all Sher Maior	prentifies fymple prentifies fymple Enter the L maier Surrey Shrewfbury hold in the kinge name hold	25
Surrey	fiende masters Countrymen	
mayer	peace how peace J A- Charg you keep the peace	
Shro.	my masters Countrymen	
Sher Williamson	The noble Earle of Shrewfbury lette hear him	30
Ge bette	weele heare the Earle of Surrey	
Line -	the earle of Shrewfbury	
bett <i>e</i>	weele heare both	
all	both both both	
Line	Peace J fay peace ar you men of Wildome at or what ar you	35
Sure	But what you will have them but not men of wildome	
ali	weele not heare my L of Surrey, all no no no no no Shrewfbury fhr	
moor	whiles they ar ore the banck of their obedyene thus will they bere downe all thinge	40
Linc	Shreiff moor sprakes shall we heare shreef moor speake	
Doll	Lette heare him.a keepes a plentyfull shrevaltry, and a made my	
26 Sher] this must be a	slip for Shre 27 The rule has been accidentally omitted after this certainly seems to be o but D always writes Shrewfoury elsewhere. 10 C	

²⁶ Sher] this must be a slip for Shre

27 The rule has been accidentally omitted after this link.

29 Shro] the last letter certainly seems to be o but D always writes Shrewfoury (seemser.]0 C wrots his alteration on the top of D's original.

30, 12 Shrewfoury M. T Shrewtoury 38 all so...

Shrewfoury] so M: T Shrewtoury (the letter is indistinguishable).

40 thing? I am unable to read the end of this word.

42 shrewaltry, I so M: T shrewaltry, but it is clearly a comma I think.

blunders that mar the Good Quartos and that must have stood in the transcripts prepared by scriveners working from Shakespeare's papers. The three pages of Sir Thomas More here transcribed must, when they were new and fresh, have presented an appearance that might reasonably be described as scarcely blotted; but careful study can discover beneath the discolourings and blurrings that now overlay them the many pitfalls that would await a printer. We need not therefore be surprised, though we may regret, that even with Shakespeare's papers in their possession Heminge and Condell did not succeed in giving us the perfect text. Only the most unrelaxing vigilance and supervision can arrest the brood of error that haunt the printing-house and the copyist's desk alike. The three pages from Shakespeare's own hand may show the reader some of the loopholes through which those intruders have found their way into Shakespeare's text.

-all- Linco weele be ruld by you master moor yf youle stand our

freind to pcure our pdon

moor Submyt you to theife noble gentlemen

entreate their mediation to the kinge gyve vp yor fealf to forme obay the maiestrate

and there no doubt, but mercy may be found yf you fo feek [yt]

1.47 found] un has three minims only you malformed. ye] M u: T omits. D certainly wrote something after seek and the addition seems to me to improve the sense. The visible traces can be read ye (hardly 1t), but at the same time they are rather widely separated from the preceding word, and it is possible that they represent an S or some other sign indicating that the original text was to resume at this point.

FINAL NOTE ON CERTAIN READINGS IN LL. 103-14.

103 bis. (deleted)] The curious symbol superimposed on this word has certainly not the form of the & usual in English hands. It may, however, I think, be a loose attempt at rendering the print form of ampersand, which though rare is not unknown in manuscripts of the period. Since the ink in which the symbol is written is identical with that of the original writing, it seems unlikely that a second hand is involved in the alteration. This also applies to the contraction mark of malie in 1. 101.

z to and your.] Thotes: 'a word was underlined for insertion between these two words, but it appears to have been wiped out while the ink was still wet. The traces of the letters seem to suggest bend.' It appears that and was crossed out and the word, whatever it was, interlined to replace it. But the whole alteration, which was probably never completed, has been crased. The traces are very illegible, but to me they suggest the letters by a rather than bend.

113 warrs T warrs noting that the writer 'altered warrs to warrs by interlining a long s.' I am not myself able to detect any indication of a final s, and believe the supposed f to be the upward curl of the regular English final s.

112-4. In these difficult lines, if the original writer intended the interlined words in in to yo' obedienc: as a substitute for the two half-lines why even...by obedienc (as has been suggested) one would have expected him to delete the latter. But, with the substitution of hurly for evarrs he left the passage as it was, and must, I think, have meant it to stand. I conjecture that a stop was intended after feet in I. 111, and that in in to yo' obedienc: should be inserted between ryot; and why. The whole passage is clumsy but I no longer think, as I was once inclined to do, that the author was conscious of having left it in confusion.

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GLOSSARY

Mer Wiles Wilk., 3.714, to reject, Hen 8, 2.1v.81 abject, adj., despised, Hen. 8, 1.1.127, servile, Mer. Ven., 4.192; noun, contemptible thing. Jul Caes., 4 i 37. abode, to foretell, Hen. 8, 1.1.93. abortives, untimely births, John, 3.iv 158. abrain, auburn, Cor. 2 in.18. abridgement, what cuts short or passes the time, Hem., 2.1 415; Md. N. Dr., 5.1.39. abrook, to tolerate, 2 Hen. 6, 2 iv 10 abruption, abrupt breaking off Troil, and Cres. 3.11 63. Absey-book, a book to teach the ABC of a subject, John, 1.1.196. 5 3.vii 25; positive, Ham., 5.1.133; decided, M. Meas., 3.1.5 aby, to pay penalty for, Mid. N. Dr., 3.1.175. accite, to summon, Titus, 1.2.7, to exert, 2 Hen. 4, 2.11 56. accommodate, to furnish or equip 2 Hen. 1, 3.0.65
accomplice, comrade (but not in crime),
1 Hen 6, 5.0.9.
accomplish, to arm completely. Hen. 5,
4. Prol 12; to furnish, Rich. 2, 2, 1177.
ache, pronounced 'aiteh' at Much Ado.
3.1v.48, where it is represented by H.
Acheron, one of the five rivers of the lower
world, but called a lake at Tilus, 4 m.44,
stands for hell itself at Mac. 3.v.15.
acknown, be not acknown, admit no knowledge of.
10th 3 m.1223 Oth., 3.ni.323. aconitum, poison from wolf's-bane. 2 Hen. 4, 4.iv.48.
action-talking, sheltering behind the law,
Lear, 2.u.16.
acture, action. Lor. Comp., 185.
Adam (i) the picture of old Adam, because the
officer had a coat of strong leather, and Adam,
after the Fall, wore skins, Com. Err., 4.in 13.
(ii) Adam Bell, famous as an archer, Much
Ado, 11.224; Rom. and Jul., 2.1.13. Ado, 1.1.224; Rom. and Jul., 2.1.13.

damant, very hard substance, 1 Hen. 6.
1.1v.52; lode-stone, Mid. N. Dr., 2.1.195.

addiction, natural inclination, Oth., 2.1.59.

addiction, description or title acquired by habits or service, Troil. and Cres., 2.10 241.

address, to prepare, As You Like, 5.1v.150; to equip, Troil. and Cres., 5 x.14.

advartisement, information, warning, 1 Hen. 4,
3.0.172; (U.S. Well., 4.0.1.197.

advice, thought, Two Gent. Ver., 2.1v.203, 204.

aedile, Roman official responsible for public order and public works. Crn., 3.1.172.

aery, nest and young of early, kich. 3, 1.10.264; applied to the young actors of the boys companies, Ham., 2.1.335.

affect, aim at., co., 3.0.11; love, Tw. Night. affect, aim at. cor., 3.m.1; love, Tw. Night. 2.v.22
nflection, affectation, L. Lub. Lost, 5.1.4.
affect, confirm. Wice, 4.iv.31.
afflance, irrust. Cym., I.v., 18.
afflance, irrust. Cym., I.v., 18.
affly, to trust, betroth, Trius, 1.i.4:; Tum.
Shrew, 4.iv.49.
agate, small figure like that cut on stone of
scal-ring, 2 Hen. 4, 1.0.16.
Agenor. King of Tyre and father of Europa,
Tum. Shrew, 1.i 163.
aglet-baby, small figure on lace-tag, Tum.
Shrew, 1.ii.77.

abate, to shorten, Mid. N. Dr., 3.11.132; to except. L. Lab. Lod. 5.11.540, to lessen, Tam. Shrew, Ind. 1.155.
abhor, to disgust. Oth., 4 n.163; shudder from, Mer Wurs Win., 3.v 14, to reject. Hen 8. 2.iv.81
abject, adj., despised, Hen. 8, 1.1.127, service, Mer. Ven., 4.192; noun, contemptible thing, Mer. Ven., 4.192; noun, contemptible thing, Jul Caes., 4 1 37.
abode, to foretell, Hen. 8, 1.1.93.
abram, auburn, Cor, 2 m.18.
abrain, auburn, Cor, 2 m.18.
abrain, auburn, Cor, 2 m.18.
alreidest, dearct of all. 2 Hen. 6, 1.128.
Alcoto, one of the Funes, 2 Hen. 4, 5 v 37.
a-life, identify, Win. Tale, 4.1v.255.
All-hallowings, 1st. Nov., Mer Wives Win., 1.1.146. 1.1.185 All-hallown summer, sammer lasting into winter and so vigour of manhood in age, 1 Hen. 4, 1.ii 153. all hid, hide and seek, L. Lat. Last, 4.ni.74. allicholy, melancholy, Mer Wiles Wil Wines Win., Almain, German, Oth., 2 ni 77. Armain, German, Oth., 2 nl 77.
sims drink, taken on another's behalf, Ant.
and Cleo., 2 vn 5.
annes-ace, both aces, lowest throw with two
die All's Well 21.172.
amoort, all amort, almost dead, Tam. Shrew,
4.nt.36. anchor, hernut, Ham., 3 4.214. ancient, from ensign or standard-bearer, Oth., 1 : 33. angel, gold coin stamped with image of angel, with about ten shillings, Mer. Ven., 2. Oth. 1.111.122, Anthropophagi, cannibals Oth. Inthropopha innan, Mer. Wives 1 antic, odd, unusual, Ham., 1.v.172. antic, odd, unusual, Ham., 1.v.172.
antre, eave, Oth., Lin.140.
appellant, challenger, Rich. 2, Lin.4.
apple-john, a sound but wither'd-looking
apple, 1 Hen. 4, 3 m.4.
aqua-vitse, whisky. Mer. B'nes B'nn., 2.1.271.
Aquilon, north wind, Troil, and Cres., 4.v.9.
Arabian bird, phoenix, Ant. and Cleo., 3.ii.12.
arch, patten, Lear, 2.159.
argal, argo, erpo, therefore, Ham., 5.i.12.
Ariachne, Arachne, changed to a spider for
pide in her weaving by Athene, Troil, and
Cres., 5.ii.150.
arms-ganut (doubtful), Ant. and Cleo., 1.v.48. arma-gaunt (doubtful), Ant. and Cleo, 1.v.48. armipotent, strong in arms, L. Lab. Lost, 5.11.536. 5.11.1531.

Arthur (1) Arthur's share, display of archery by Landon commany culled Prime Arthur's Knights, 2 Hen. 4, 3.11.272. (ii) Arthur's Knights, 2 Hen. 4, 3.11.272. (ii) Arthur's howen, mais propism for Abraham's bosom, Hen. 5, 2.1d.3. artist, learned practitioner, Troil, and Cres., 1.11.24. Assimage, ass. Troil and Cres. 2.1.43.
Astraea, moddens of Justice, Titus, 4.111.4.
astone, unite. Cr., 4.v. 73.
Airppos, one of the Fates, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.189.
auxicular, through the car, Lear, 1.11.88. bacare, go back, Tum. Shrew, 24.73. back-friend, the officer who arrests you from balind, Cum Err., 4 ii.37. backsword-man, a single-stick performer, backsword-man, single-stick performer, 21/en, 4, 3.i.63. back-trick, a movement in some dance, Tw. Night, 1.iii.115. baffle, to proclaim one a perjured knight, 11/en, 4, 1.ii.915; shame, Tw. Night, 2.v.142. bait, to set on dogs to worry an animal, as in a butting-blace, 2 Hen. 6, 5.1.150; to catch as with a bait, Com. Err., 2.1.94.

speakers. He then read it through, inserting the prefixes and at the same time making certain additions to the text, some words at the beginning of 1. 22, at the end of 1. 38, and the whole of 1. 45.... The addition of the speakers' names was certainly perfunctory, especially on the first page, but, apart from the unsatisfactory condition of the deleted passage on the third, I do not find any evidence of haste or carelessness in composition'.

The scene, however, does not stand in its final state exactly as Shakespeare left it. The heavier type indicates additions and alterations by a second hand, that of a playhouse reviser who tried to clarify and pull together certain details of the original. One instance only of his efforts can be commented on here: he has deleted ll. 112-14 and substituted a phrase of his own. Shakespeare's omission of punctuation

ali	marry god forbid that	Fol.9ª
moo	nay certainly you ar for to the king god hath his offyc lent of dread of Justyce, power and Comaund hath bid him rule, and willd you to obay and to add ampler masse to this he god hath not le only lent the king his figure	100
	his throne has fword, but gyven him his owne name calls him a god on earth, what do you then ryfing gainst him that god himsealf enstalls but ryfe gainst god, what do you to you sowles in doing this o desperat as you are.	105
	wash your foule mynds wt teares and those same hand? that you lyke rebells lyst against the peace list vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees that make them your feet to kneele to be forgyven is safer warrs, then euer you can make	110
	in in to yo' obediene whose discipline is ryot; why even yo' warrs hurly- tell me but this cannot peed but by obediene what rebell captaine as mutyes ar incident, by his name can still the rout who will obay the a traytor or howe can well that pelamation sounde when ther is no addicton but a rebell to quallyfy a rebell, youle put downe straingers	315

101 and] n has three minims. 102 only] so M: T souly (withdrawn; see above, p 76, note) 103 his (deleted)] so M: T hys (withdrawn; see above, p. 76, note). The & is really written on the top of his t 10 and] for an attempted alteration see final note. not between the lines. x11 There is a slightly wider space after feet and a break may have been intended as in 1. 95. to kneele 3 to M: T fo kneele (an accidental misprint due to a broken letter). 112-4 With the exception of the single word warrs (which he crossed out, adding hurly in its place) these lines were left standing by D. All the other deletions are in darker ink, presumably by C, who added the interlined words in the third line. 113 warrs | 50 obedience] T omits the stop, but I do not think that M: T warre altered to warrs (see final note). 117 founde | un has three minims only. the mark can be accidental. 118 ther] r altered from ir.

marks and capital letters, his insertion of the phrase 'in in to your obedience' and the extra-metrical nature of the conclusion of l. 114 puzzled the reviser. He took the phrase 'to kneed to be forgiven' with what goes before instead of with what follows, and in his determination to have it all tidy scored out the troublesome passage and inserted a join of his own contriving.

Had this manuscript gone as it stands to the printer it needs no imagination to picture the difficulties that would have confronted the compositor. It is true that these three pages were composed by Shakespeare in circumstances very different from those in which he wrote his own plays. But the handwriting, with all the difficulties and irregularities recorded in Dr. Greg's notes, would be the same; there would be the same minimum of punctuation and capitalization, and possibly, in places, the same insertions, extra-metrical lines, and loose ends. These by themselves would be sufficient to explain many of the

kill them cutt their throts poffelle their howfes and leade the matic of lawe in hom	120
to flipp him lyke a hound, fayong tay nowe the king	
as he is element, yf thoffendor moorne	
shoold fo much com to short of your great tre pas	
as but to banysh you, whether woold you to-	125
what Country by the nature of you error	
shoold gyve you harber go you to friaunc or flanders	
to any Jarman pvince, to spane or portugall	
nay any where why-you that not adheres to Jugland	
why you must neede be straingers, woold you be pleased	130
to find a nation of fuch barbarous temper	•
that breaking out in hiddious violence	
woold not afoord you, an abode on earth	
whett their detested knyves against you throtes	
fpurne you lyke dogge, and lyke as yf that god	135
owed not nor made not you, nor that the elament?	-33
yur	
wer not all appropriat to their Comforty.	
but Charterd vnto them, what woold you thinck	
to be thus vfd, this is the straingers case	
and this your momtanish inhumanyty	140
The state of the s	

fayth a faies trewe letts 46 do as we may be doon by

'xxx matiel contraction mark omitted as in 1 77. 122 Joseng M. I saying but there is no doubt of the reading. The substituted words, interlined by D, were deleted by C 123 clement,] M, T print a comma only, but there seems clearly to be a point after it. 125 The writing avoids a small hole in the paper. 127 flanders] the r is malformed. 130 fliningers, T's comma is better than M's point, but the mark may be accidental. 111 barbarous] second r altered from b (not from k as T suggests). 136 elamente] T adds a comma but the mark is in the paper only. 237 their] M, T ther but there is little doubt of the reading. 140 all] belongs properly to the next line where T prints it. momtanish T mountanish noting 'un only three minims's the writer's intention is quite obscure. inhumanyty] so M: T adds a point but it appears to be no more than a flick of the tail of y 141 vs] M and T both describe the deletion as being in modern ink, but on re-examination I am unable to distinguish it from that of other deletions and therefore ascribe it to C. The writer probably intended lett we but forgot to cross out the s

cocke, perversion of 'God', in oaths, 2 Hen. 4, vi.1.
cocket rice, see basilsk
cockle, the tares that grow with the corn so of evil disposition, Cor., 3 1.70
cockle shell, scaliop shell worn by pilgrims returning from shrine of St. James of Compostella in Spain, Ham. 4.v.25
cockney, useless tellow, Tw. Night, 4 113
Cocytus, one of the five rivers of the under world, Titus, 2 in 236
cockin, the crist. Titus, 5 in 190.
cog, choirt, wheedle, Timon. 5 1.93
cognizance, a device worn by a gentleman's returners, so a token, 1 Hen. 6, 2.v.108.
coirn. Diojecting corner, Mac., 1 vi.7. returning from shrine of St. James of Compostella in Spain, Ham 4.7.25 cockney, useless fellow, Tw Night, 4:13 Cocytus, one of the five rivers of the under world, Titus, 2 in 236 coffin, in crust Titus, 5:1:190. cog, cleat, wheedle, Timon. 5:1.93 cognizance, a device worn by a gentleman's retainers, so a token, 1 Hen 6, 2.1v.108. coign, projecting corner, Mac., 1 vi.7. coil, troublesome adain, Ham, 3:167. coistrel, knave, Tw Night, 1:11:37. Colbrand, Danish gnant, conquered by Sir Guy The 129 crts-3.do, Portuguese gold coin stamped with a crts-3.do, Portuguese gold coin stamped with a crts-3. Oth, 3 to 23. cry, pack of hounds or rascals, Cor., 3.m.121. cry a.m., good shot 1. John, 2.1.196. cullion, low fellow, Hen. 5, 3.11.20 culverin, cannon, long in proportion to its catibre, 1. Hen. 4, 2 in 50. cunning (i) noun knowledge, skill, (ii) adj., letried, clever (not always in bad sense as to-day). Rom and Jul. 4.11.2. Crust's flower, love-in-idleness, the pansy, Alw. N. Dr., 2, 168 and 4.1.70. cursosity, critical examination, Lear, 1.1.6. cursous, cuteful, Alw. Well, 1.m.20; finely made, 1 cn and Adv., 734. carret, sharp in tone or temper, Tw. Night, 3 in 39 coistrel, knave, Tw. Nufnt, 1.111 37.
Colbrand, Danish gnant, conquered by Sir Guy of Watwick, Hen. 8, 5 1v.20.
collection, interacce, Ham., 4.v.9.
collied, overcast and troubled, Oth., 2.111.198.
Colme-kill, Iona (Columba's cell), Mac. 2.1v 33.
coloquintida, drug from bitter-apple, Oth. 1.11.347.
Colossus, huge bronze statue of Apollo at harbour of Rhodes, Jul. Caes., 1.11.136.
colour, (often) deceitful appearance, Two Gent Ver, 4.11 3.
commart, bargain, agreement, Ham., 11.93.
combination, alliance, trady, Hen. 8, 1.1.169.
comedie, ningle, Ham., 3.11.67
commodity, profit, John, 2.1.574; merchandise.
competitor, partner, Aul. and Cleo., 5 1 12. .111.317. curst, commodity, profit, John, 2:1.574; merchandise. competitor, partner, Aul. and Ulco., 5:1:12. complexion, appearance as governed by the predominant 'humour', L. Lab Lost, 1:1.81 compt, reckoning and so Day of Judgment. Oth., 5:1.276. com, learn, Jul Caes., 4:11.97 conceit, thought, Mer. Ven., 1:1.92. congied, taken ceremonious farewell, All's cynic, blunt fellow like Diogenes, Jul. Caes., 4.111 131. Congled, take cypress, garment of crape, Tw. Night, 3.1.118. conscience, knowledge (shading off when of right and wrong into modern meaning), Ham. daft, put off, thrust aside, 1 Hen. 4, 4.1.96. Dazonet, Arthur's fool, 2 Hen. 4, 3.n.272. Damascus, regarded as the place where Cain killed Abel, 1 Hen. 6, 1 m 39. dareing horse, a performing horse called Monocco exhibited by its owner lanks about 1530, L. Lub. Lost, 1 m 53 dancing-rapier. For show only, Titus, 2.1.39. Dayhne, a nymph loved by Apollo and turned to a laurel tree, Mid. N. Dr., 2 1.231 dare (fowling term) to render the bird immobile by day ling it, by some device Hen. 5, 4 m 36. 3.1.83 constringe, drawn together, Troil. and Cres . 5 n.171 contraction, pledged faith, Ham., 3.iv.46. conversion, promotion, John, 1.1.189. convince, overpower, Mac., 1 vii 61. cony-catch, to cheat, Mer. Wites Win., 1.in.31. copatain, high-crowned hat, Tam. Shrew, 5.1.57. copatain, aga-crowned hat, Tam. Shrew, 5 1.57. copp'd, pointed, Per., 1.1.101. copy, example to follow, as at head of a copybook, All's Well, 1.1.46; notion of pattern combined with that of tenure, by copyhold, Mac., 3.1.38. to a laurel tree, Mid. N. Dr., 2,231
dare flowing term) to render the bird immobile
by daz ling it by some device, Hea. 5, 4.1.36.
darraign, set in order, 3 Hen. 6, 2 in 72.
daub, keep up the pretence, Lean, 1.153.
daubery, pretence, Mer. Wives Wim., 4.ii 155.
dav-bed, couch, Tw. Noght, 2.v.40., 4.ii 155.
dearth, value, Ham., 5.ii 117.
death-practist d, marked for death by his
enemies, Lear, 4.v.277
death-token, the mank of the plague and so
of death, Troil, and Gres, 2.iii.172.
debile, freble, Cor., 1.x.43.
deboshed, debauched, Lear, 1.iv.241.
decimation, execution of every tenth man,
Timon, 5.iv.31.
deck, pack of cards, 3 Hen. 6, 5.i.44.
decoret, heat up, Hen. 5, 3.v.20.
detunctive, tunered, Phoenix, 13.
degree, the principle of order by which persons
(or objects) stand in proper relation to one
another. Troil. and Cres. 1.ii.109.
deiate, dilate, express at length, Ham., 1.ii 38.
delation, expression of accusation, Oth., 3.ii.127.
demerit, 111.226.
denier. Erench copper coin of sexual value. coranto, a dance, Hen. 5, 3.v.33.

Coranto, a dance, Hen. 5, 3.v.33.

Corinth, Corinthian, life in Corinth was supposed to be very gay, 1 Hen. 4, 2.v.11.

corky, pithless, Lear, 3.vii.28.

cornet, body of mounted troops, 1 Hen. 6, 4.nii.25.

corollary, some extra, Tem., 4.1.57.

corporal, a senior rank in Shakespeare's day, L. Lub. Lost, 3.11.77.

costard, head, from name for large apple, Rich. 3, 1.v.151.

cote, pass (from coursing, when one dog outruns the other). Ham. 2.i.315.

Cotswold, Cotsall, this district in Gloncestershire was famous for its coursing contests, Mer. Wires Wim. 14.80.

counter, used with hundry when dogs follow the scent in the wrong direction, play on this meaning and counter—debtors' prison in Com. Err., 4.1.39. counterfeit, portrait, Mer. Ven., 3.ii.115.
counterfeit, portrait, Mer. Ven., 3.ii.115.
countergate, debtors' prison, Mer. Wives
Win., 3.iii.67.
courage, disposition, desire, comrade (as Folio
reads for 'courage' at Ham., 1.iii.65).
court-hand, style of script used in legal
documents, 2 Hen. 6, 4.ii.89. 1.111.88 denier, French copper coin of small value, Ruch. 3, 1.ii.251.

dependency, objects depending, Cym., 2.iii.118.

depose (1) set aside, Rich. 2, 3.1156; (11) assert on onth, M. Meas., 5.1196, (111) examine on oath, Fich. 2, 1.111.30.

deputation, office of deputy. Troil. and Cres., 1.11.152; 1 Hen. 4, 4 11.87.
dern, dark, Leor, 3, v11.62.
derogate, unworthy, to prove unworthy of position or descent, Lear, 1.11v.239.
descant, comment (from the term that refers to the upper and more elaborate part of a musical composition), Rich. 3, 3, v11.49
determinate, purposed, conclusive, Tw. Night 2.1.3; Oth, 4.11.236.
determination, decision, Troil. and Cres., 6.21.175. 2.i.170.

determine, end. Cor., 3.ii.43.
deuce-ace, throw of two and one at dice,
L Lab. Lest, 1.i.46.
dexter, right, Troit and Cres., 4.v.128.
dial, watch, As You Like, 2.vi.2b.
diapason, bass part, Lucree, 1132.
difference, distinction of rank or descent o character, All's Well, 2.iii.19.
diffidence, distrust, 1 Hen. 5, 3.iii.19.
digression, transgression, L Lab. Lost, 1.ii.11.
dilate, see delate.
dilemmas, alternatives, All's Well, 3.vi.67 2.ni.170. dilate, see delate.
dilemmas, alternatives, All's Well, 3.v.67
disaster, unfavourable aspect, Ham. 1.1.118
discandy, melt, Ant. and Cleo., 4.x.1.22.
discernings, faculties requisite for judgment
Lear, 1.1v.227.
discontinortable, discouraging, Rich. 2, 3 n 36
discontent, one not satisfied with his con
ditions, Ant. and Cleo., 1 iv 33.
discourse, power or process of reasoning.
Ham., 4.v.36; Troil. and Cres., 5.1.110.
discover, to reveal what is known to it.
speaker, Rom. and Jul., 3.1139, to find out.
Rich. 2, 2.11.33.
discovery, reyelation. Ham., 2.n.293. discovery, revelation, Hant., 2.n.293. discreet, induscreet, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.240. disguise, state of drunkenness, Ant. and Cleo. 2.vn.122. disme, tenth man, Troil. and Cres., 2.0 19.
dismount, draw sword from its scabbard
Tw. Nujtl, 3iv.213.
dispark, open land to public use, Rich. 2, 3.,23 Tw. Nylnt, 3.1v.113.
dispork, open land to public use, Rtch. 2, 3.1.23
dispose, noun, disposal, Truo (tent. Ver.
2.vii.86; disposition, Troil. and Cres., 2.tii.159
verb, arrange, John, 3.iv.11.
disposer, one who has the matter in her
control, Troil. and Cres., 3.1.81.
disposition, arrangement, Oth., 1.18.236; behaviour, mood, Ham., 1.v.172.
disposition, arrangement, Oth., 1.18.236; behaviour, mood, Ham., 1.v.172.
disposition, arrangement, Oth., 1.18.236; between fonces, Rom. and Jul., 2.1v.21.
distemperature, lack of order and so inclemency in weather or illness in man,
Mid. N. Dr., 2.1.106; Per., 5.1.27.
distinction, judgment, Troil. and Cres.,
3.1.26; the clear and true apprehension of
the matter, Cym., 5.v.384.
distinctly, in several separate parts, Tem.,
1.1.200. 1.1.200.
distinguishment, distinction, Win. Tale, 2.1.86.
distinguishment, distinction, Win. Tale, 2.1.86.
distract, adv., divided, and so divided in mind,
crazed, Loc. Comp., 231; Jul. Caes., 4.1.153,
verb, to divide out, Oth., I.H.323.
distrain, to take legal possession of goods, etc.,
to cover debt, to take over, Rich. 2, 2.11.131.
distressful, earned by toil and swent, Hen. 5,
A 1986 4.1.266. diverse, unorthodox in Hen. 8, 5.10.1°. diverse, diverse, unorthodox in Hen. 8, 5.10.1°. division, proper disposition of forces, Oth... 1.1.23; decorative claboration of a musical theme, I Hen. 4, 3.1.210. doctrine, precept, principle, learning, L. Lab. Lost, 1.11.546.

document, a piece of instruction, Ham., 4.v.175.

dominical, letter which was printed in red in the blinding, no a reference to the lady's har and complexion, L. Lab. Lost, 5 ii.41. doorn, pairment, 2 Hen. 6, 31.281; day control of the months of the second of the lady of the second of the lady of the second of the lady and possible the second of the second o doublet and hose, the dees of a man, here doublet and hose, the dees of a man, here his characteristics, 1.5 You Like, 3 ii.204; 9 Hen. 6, 'vn 47, implies that plan men hive to see amply dressed without a cloak. dout, external, Hen 5, 4 m.11. dowles, cores, ineu, 1 Hen, 1, 3, m.68. dowles, tother, Tem, 3 m.65 dorr, m., ar, atrul, Win. Tale, 4, iii. 2. drachaia, silver com of antiquity. Jul. Caes 1. 21... draught, respond, Pimon, 5.1.100, draw dry-toot, to tinck by the scent of the footnatic, Com. Fir., 1.11 39, drawer, tap ter. I Hea. 1, 21v.7. dribbling, talling wide of the mark, M. Meas., drift, de tra, intention, Rom and Jul., 4.1.114; Thod. and tres., 3 in.113, throllery, impactshow, Tem., 3.in.21, drimble, to move slowly, Mer. Wites Win., 3.4 . 120 3.1.130 ducat, gold com of about ten smilings value, it than after com, Ham., 2 1.382, dudgoon, kind of wood used in dugger-hits, so the full itself. Mac., 2 1.16 duclle, the fulles and efficient of duclling, it lab. Lect. 1.1.163. dump, tackmeholy tune, Two Gent. Ver., 3.ii.85. durance, a ting nature, Com. Err., 4.nl.24. eager, harr, cutture, physically or mentally, Flock, 2, 1, 19, neud, Hum, 1, 1, 69, eagerly, reinducesty, Hen 8, 4, 1, 21, eagerly, reinducesty, Hen 8, 4, 1, 21, eagerly, reinducesty, Hen 8, 4, 1, 21, eagerly, the property of the property of the physical egregious, nonoue, cym. 5.7.21, eisel, vinegar, Hum. 5.70, eid. old use, M. Mras, 5.136, eid. old use, M. Mras, 5.136, eid. old use, M. Mras, 5.136, eid. ongle, Lear, 2.11.10, eid. ongle, Lear, 2.11.10, eid. ongle, Lear, 2.11.10, eid. ongle, Lear, 2.11.10, eid. 1.iv.90. chm, used as a prop for vines, Com. Err., 2.3.173, cmbarquements, restraints, Cor. 1. x.22, cmbossed (1) swellen. As fou Like, 2.vii.67; (ii) with mouth evered with foam from exertom, Fam. Shrew, Ind.1.15.
cmpiric, empiricutic, unprofessional or quack practitioner and ins type of prescription. All's Well, 2.3.121; Cor., 2.1.110.
cmulous in both good and bad sense) seeking praise or glory. Trail, and Cres., 2.ii.225.
cnew, to drive, as the falcon, the prey into the water. M. Mans., 3.1.92.
cnifooff d. became the vassal of, gave himself up to, 1 Hen. 4, 3.1.69.
cngine, centrivance, weapon of war, Trail, and elm, used as a prop for vines, Com. Err., 2.ii.173. engine, contrivence, weapon of war, Troil, and Cres., 1 in. 208; Oth., 4.1.216. engineer, ingener, an inventive mind in words or of devices of war, Oth., 2.1.65. ensconce, take shelter, Mer. Wives Win., 3.14.77. enseamed, greasy, Ham., 3.iv.92. entertain, receive, as a follower, Lear, 3.vi.78. hiphesian, companion, Mer. Wives Win., 4.v.16. epithes, epitheton, expression, Ola., 1.1.14.

3.h.33.

Sandy, to exchange blows or words or looks (as strokes in a raily at tenns). Lear, 1.iv 83 bank, sea-shore, Trod. and Cres. 1 in.328, sandbank, Mac. 1 vi 6; to take in (as banker at game), John, 5.ii.104

Barhason, a devil, Mer. Wires Win. 2 ii.265 barbed, protected on breast and flanks, of horse, Rich 3, 1.1.0.

barhil, difficult, Tw. Night, 1.iv 40.

barm, cast, Mid. N. Dr., 2.i.38.

barne, child, Much Ado, 3.iv 42.

barnacle, a goose Ten., 4.1 247.

Bartholomew, -ide, 24th August, Hea. 5, 5.ii.303; boar-pig, kind sold at Bartholomew fair, 2 H.n. 4 2 iv 221.

base, course, as st game of prisoners' base,

base, course, a as at game of prisoners' base,

Cym., 5 m 20.

base-court, lower court of castle (as basse-cour in French), Rich 2, 3,46,176.

bases, cloth extensions to knee, worn by mounted knights, Per., 2,1,159.

Basilisco, character in play of 'Solimen and Perseda', John, 11,244.

basilisk, the fahled cockatrice that kills with its look, Win. Tale, 1,1,388; cannon, Hen 5. 5 11 17

basimeeu, corruption of 'baisez ma queue', 2 Hen. 6, 4.vn. 26.
basta, enough! Tam. Shrew, 1.1.193.
bastard, sweet wine from Spain, 1 Hen. 4,

2 17.25.

bate, beat or flutter like a bird's wings, Rom. and Jul, 3.h.11, to blunt or weaken, Timon, 3.111.26.

3.11.26.

bat-fowling, catching birds at night by dazzing them with a light, Tem., 2.1.176.

batler, wooden instrument for use in washing clothes, 4s You Like, 2.1v.46.

batten, cat voraciously, Ham., 3.iv.67.

bavin, brushwood, easily kindled, 1 Hen. 4,

bavin,

bawbling, of little account. Tw. Night, 5.1.48. bawcock, stout fellow (French, beau coq), Hen 5, 3.ii.24.

bay, to pursue with barking, to bring the quarry to a stand, Mid. N. Dr., 4.1.110.

beagle, a small type of bound, Tw. Night,

beagle, a 2.111.168.

Z.III.168.
beam, in contrast to the 'niote', as in Matthew's gospel, L. Lab. Lost, 4.III.158.
bear, to obtain, Oth., 1.III.23; to regard with hate, Jul Caes., 2.I.215.
bear-herd or bear-ward (berrord), one who keeps a bear for exhibition, Much Ado, 2.I.34.
bearing-cloth, christening robe, 1 Hen. 6, 11.11.12

beated, (perhaps) lined or wrinkled, Son., 62,

beaver, (perhaps) lined or wrinkled, Son., 62, 10. beaver, face-piece of helmer, Ham. 1.in, 229, the helmer as a whole, 1 Hen. 4, 4.i 104. bediam (1) an asylim, the word being derived from Bethlehem, the name of the London hospital, 2 Hen. 6, 5.i.131; (ii) a crazed per on, John 2.i.183.

beetle (1 co.) Lene 4, 1.4.215. (n) overhanging Rom. and Jul., 1.iv.32

beldam, a grandmother, old woman Lucrece.

953.
be-lee'a, cut off from the wind and so stationary, Oth., 1,30.
bell (book and candle), expression used in excommunication, John, 3.iii.12.
bell-wether, sheep carrying bell round neck to guide the flock, As You Like, 3.ii.11.
be-mete, to thrush, Tam. Shrew, 4.iii.112.
bench, the seat of authority, or those who sit in it, Cor., 3 i.106.

bend, glance. Jul Cace 1 n 123, benevolence, a loan exacted by the king on the metext that the payment is a gesture of good will, Ruh. 2, 2, 1230 beray, to belout, Tutus, 2 m, 222.

bergomask, a rustic dance, Mid N. Dr., 5.1 350. berrord, see bear-herd

beshrew (a good-natured imprecation), plague on or curse whatever follows, Rom. and Jul., 5 u 26.

peteem, to allow, Ham, 1 a 141
Bevis, of Southampton, whose products were told by the early romancers, Hen 8, 1 a 38.
bezonian, a needy rascal, 2 Hen, 6, 4 a 134, bias, oblique course, like the curve made by the bowl, Ham, 2.165.
bifold, twofold, Trod, and Cres, 5 a 142.
biganny, marriage with a widow as in Rich, 3 vii.189
biggen, picking a 2.2.

biggen, night-cap 2 Hen 4, 4 v 27.

bilbo, a sword good swords w Bilbao, Mer. Wues Wu., 3 v 98 were made in

bilboes, nons for mutinous sailors. Ham, 5 ii.6. bill, a weapon like a pole-axe, biles, the troops

billoes, Hons for manious sames, Ham, J. A.o. bill, a weapon like a pole-axe, biles, the troops so armed, Lear, 4.vi.91
bird-both, blunded arrow for shooting birds, L. Lab. Lost, 4.in 19
bisson, blind, blinding, Ham., 2.ii 500.
Black Monday, Roster Monday, Mer Ven., 2.v.21 (from storm of 1360 when English troops outside Paris suffered greatly).
blank (1) white spect in centre of target, aiming point, Ham, 4.142, (n) a document to be filled in as the holder decides, Rich. 2, 2.1.550.
blazon, (1) coat of arms, Mer. Wues Win, 5.v.62. (n) from the meaning of describing a coat of arms it comes to mean merely a description or amouncement, Ham, 1.v.21.
blear, to hoodwink, Tam. Shrew, 5.1.104.
block, wooden shape on which hats are moulded, Much. Alo. 1.1.63

block, wooden shape on which hats are moulded. Much Ado. 1.1.63 blood-bolter'd, the hair, matted with blood.

blood-bolter'd, the hair, matted with blood, Man, 4, 1, 123.
blow, to puff up, Tw. Night, 2, v40; to burst, ind. and Cleo., 4, v134, to defile with their (files') eggs, Int. and Cleo., 5 ii 60.
blue-cost, 2 Hen. 4, 5, 1, 20.
blue-cosps, the Scots with their blue-bonnets, 1 Hen. 4, 2 v. 347.
bob, a hit or quip. As You Like, 2, vii. 55.
bodement, omen, Max. 4, 196.
bodkin, dieger, Ham., 3 i 76.
boggler, sellishly unstable, Ant. and Cleo., 3 iii 110.
bollen, swollen, Lacrece, 1117.

bollen, Swollen, Lucrece, 1417.

bolt, short blunt-headed arrow, Hen. 5, 3, vii.119.

bolt, to sitt, Win. Talc. 4, v. 356.

bolter, for sitting flour, I Hen. 4, 3, 11, 69.

bombard, leather bottle for drink, I Hen. 4,

2.15 436. bombast, cotton-wool stuffing, L. Lab. Lost, 5.11.769

bona-roba, showy wanton, 2 Hen. 4, 3.ii.22. bones, tural musical instrument, Mid. N. Dr., 4127; bobbins, Tio. Napht, 2.iv.41. boot, something extra thrown in. Troil. and Ores, 4.v.40; plunder 2 Hen. 6, 4.i.13. boct-hose, a stocking covering the leg like a pack-boot. Tam. Shiew 3.ii.63.

Boreas, north wind, Froil, and Cres., 1.iii.38. bosky, with trees and undergrowth, Tem, 4 i.81.

botch (i) noun, carcless bit in work, Mac., 3.1.133; (ii) rerb, to patch. Ham., 4.v.10. bottom, (i) valley, Yen, and Ad., 236; (ii) ship, Mer. Ven, 1.1.12; (iii) ball of thread, with

mer. Ven. 1.1.42. (iii) ball of thread, with the meaning to wind on a core like a ball of thread. Two Gent. Ven. 3.15.3. bourn, boundary, but brook in Lear, 3.vi 25. bow hand, the left hand that holds the bow, L. Lab. Lost, 4.1.126.

brace, armour for the arms, hence armour as Caputol, it, o'e of Jupiter at Rome, Jul. Caes. brach, a kind of hound, Lear, 3 vi 68.

bravery, show of courage, Oth, 11101, display as of clothes or feelings, Tam Shreve, kickel brawl, a dance, L. Lab. Lost, 3.18 breese, cadily, Ant and Cleo, 3.18 Briarcus, a hundred-handed grant, Troil, and

Cres., 1.u 28.

brib'd, stolen, Mer. Wives Win., 5 v 22. brinded, stilped, Mac., 4 i 1. broach, to pierce (broach a cask), Timon 2 i 178, open a discussion, or enter on som-2 v 1/8, open a discussion, or enter on sombusiness, Ant. and Cleo, 1 v.165.

brock, badger, Tu. Nuht, 2.v.95.

brooch, an ornament so applied to one who is

Broven, an ornament of the content of the Puritan sect which adopted the principles propagated by Robert Browne about 1580, Tw. Nyht,

bruit, noun, report, hearsay, Troil, and Cres. bruit, noun. report, hearsay, Troil. and Cres. 5,1x,4; verb, publish broadcast, Ham. 1,11,127 bubukle, a portmanteau word from 'bubo', an abscess, and carbuncle. Hen. 5, 3 vi.99 buck, the pile of soiled clothes for washing, 2. Hen. 6, 4 i 46; ang. washing, Mer. Wites Win., 3,11,115, basket, dirty clothes basket. Mer. Wives Win., 3 vi.126, buck, a stag. Troil. and Cres., 3,1110; named by sportsmen according to the year of the sea.

by sportsmen according to the year of its age
1st fawn, 2nd pricket, 3rd soren, 4th sore
5th buck of the first head, 6th a buck
L. Lab. Lost, 4 n 54 sqq. plays upon these

Bucklersbury, the street where the anothe-caries sold herbs, Mer. Wwes Win., 3.m.62. buckram, coarse linen specially treated, buckram, coarse 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.186.

buff, strong leather from ox-hide, used for jacket of soldiers, bailiffs, Com. Err., 4.11.36

bully, often prefixed to express administron or affection, Mid. N. Dr., 4.1i.18.
bum-bally, ballift, Tw. Night, 3.iv.168.
burden, bass accompaniment to tune, As You Like, 3.ii.232, refrain, Tem., 1.ii.336.
burgonet, light heimet 2 Hen. 6, 5.ii.200.
buss, noun and verb, kiss, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.258.
buzzard, a bawk of a type useless for falconry, Tam. Shrew, 2.i.206.

cacodemon, evil spirit, Rich. 3, 1.iii.144. caddis, garter-tape, Win. Tale, 4.iv.205. cade, herring-barrel, 2 Hea. 6, 4.iv.32. cadent, falling, Lear, 1.iv.285. Cadmus, founder and king of Thebes, Mid. N. Dr., 4.i.109.

caduceus, Mercury's wand, Troil. and Ures.

2.iii.11.

Cain-coloured, reddish, the traditional colour of his han, Mer. Wires Win., 1.iv 21.

Calipolis, wife of Muly Mahamet in Pecle's 'Aleazar', 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.169.

caliver, musket, 1 Hen. 4, 4.ii.19.

call, decoy, John, 3.iv.174.

callat, contemptuous term for a woman, Win.

Callat, contemptuous term for a woman, Win.

Cambyses vein, in the style of the old play 'Cambyses, King of Percia', 1 Hen. 4, 2.1v. 376. canary (i) sweet wine from the Canaries, Tv. Night, 1.lii.72; (ii) Spanish dance, All's Well,

canker, ulcer-like evil or sore, 2 Hen. 6, 1.ii.18; evil that like caterpillar destroys promise of

evil that fire carerphiar destroys promise of our nature, Ham., 5.i.69.
canon, church law, then any rule, e.g., grammatical, as in Cor., 3.1.90.
cantic, a part cut out, Ami. and Cleo., 3.x.6.
canton, song. Tw. Night, 1.v.254.
canzonet, short song, L. Lab. Lost, 4.ii.115.
cap-a-pe, from head to foot, Ham., 1.ii.200.

carocchia, currenton, Treat and Cres, 4.4.31, carack, paleon, Otto, 1 ii 50.

only 65.

carpet, consideration, for services not on the field of bettle, Tw. Noht., 31v 224

Catainan, a Chimanian, Tw. Noht., 2 m.73.

cataplasin, positive, Ham, 4.vn.143

catch, ma real composition for several voices,

The Noht, 2 m.86

cater, and real composition for several voices, Tu Nuffit, 2 m.8; attenders, Mer Ven, 2.1.119, cater-cousins, latinates, Mer Ven, 2.1.119, cater-mountain, a spotted creature as in Bistop 5 version of Jer., and 23, May a man of Inde change ins skinne, and the catte of the mountaine her spots, Tem, 4.1.260, cautel, decert, Itam, 1.1.15.
cautelous, crafty, Jul. Caes, 2.1129.
cavary, saited toe of sturgeon, Ham., 2.1.480, cerecioth, winding sheet, Mer Ven., 2.1.151, chace, term from temns, Hen. 5, 1.1.266, chempaign, flat country where view is excharged to challenge, Mac. 3.1.71.
changeling, chief left by the fairness for one that adopted by the fairness, chief and country where rich and country change in the results of the fairness.
change on some Ann., 2.1 414.
chape, the evaluated or its metal point, All's 43-61, 441, 1.735.

chaples, with lower jaw gone, Ham., 5.1.87. chapman, merchant, L. Lab. Lost, 2.1.16. character, noun, writing; verb, to write, Ham.,

chare, chore. Ant. and Cleo., 4.zv.75. chare, chore. An. and theo., 4.2v. to. charge-house (doubtful) perhaps a school, L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.70. Chartreux, the Charterhouse in London,

Chartreux, the

Hen. 8. Th. 148.
Chaudron cutrails. Mac. 4.1.33.
chequin, gold com. Per., 4.11.25.
cheveril, fixable leather, costly manipulated,
Tw. Vight, 3.1.1.
chewet, a jackdine, and se applied to the
talkative, I Hen. 4. 5.1.29.
chopine, shoc with high sole, Ham., 2.11.422.
chopine, row or packdine, Tem., 2.1257.
chrisom, a child still in its christening-robe,
Hen. 5, 2.11.11.
chrysolite, a precious green stone, Oth.,
5.11.118.

cicatrice, a mark of, or like, a scar, Cor.,

cinquepace, brisk dance, Tw. Night, 1.iii.122. Cinque-ports, five English channel ports,

cinque-pace, brisk dance, Tw. Night, 1.iii.122. Cinque-pacts, five English channel ports, Hen. 8, 4.i.49. Circe, the enchantress, a draught from whose cup turned men to swine. Com. Err., 5.1270. citizen, city-bred, Cym., 4.ii.8, cittern, a guitar-like instrument, often with a curiously carved head. L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.603. clack-dish, heagan's wooden disk with lid for checking M. Mens., 3 ii.118. clearstories, upper range of windows in cathedral, Tw. Night, 4.ii.37. clears, cond., Mad. N. Dr., 5.ii.93. clerk, scholar, Mid. N. Dr., 5.ii.93. clerk, scholar, Mid. N. Dr., 5.ii.93. clerk, scholar, Mid. N. Dr., 5.ii.94. cling, shrivel up, Mac., 5.v. 40. clinquant, glittering, Hen. 8, 1.i.19. cliper, one who pares off the edges of cola of the realm, Hen. 5, 4.1.225. clisterpipe, syringe, Oth., 2.i.175. clout, mark at archery, 2 Hen. 4, 3.ii.45.

with Hning; but Falstaff provided the stuffing himself, Hen 5, 4,vn 16.

Greek, light fellow or wench, Tw. Nuph. 4:17

Greensleeves, a ballad tune not trading to godliness, Mer. Wates Win.. 2:155

grievance, inconvenience, affletion, Tuo Gent Ver., 1.1.17.

grieve, report. Leav. A in 52

Ver. 1.1.17.
grieve, regret, Lear, 4 in 53.
gripe, vulture, Lucree, 513.
grize, step, Tw. Night, 3 1.121. Oth., 1.in.200.
groat, fourpenny piece, Mer. Waes Win., groat,

T.1.139
ground, the theme in the bass over which the descant (4.7) is constructed, so the subject to be elaborated, Rich 3, 3.vn 19
groundling, one who stood in the yard of the theatre, the cheapest part, Hum. 3.n.10
guard, trimming to a garment, M Meas, 3.1.98; guarded, ornamented, Hen. 8, Prol. 16, velvet-quards, the women wearing them, 1 Hen. 4, 3.1.257.
guardant, protector, 1 Hen. 6, 4 vii 9.

guardant, protector, 1 Hen. 6, 4 vii 9, guardant, protector, 5, 4 ii.60, guidon, pennant, Hen. 5, 4 ii.60, guidon, Dutch com, but for money generally, Com Err., 1.18.

guise, style, custom, 2 Hen. 6, 1.ul.40. guises, heraldic name for 'red', Ham., 2.u.451 gurnet, fish with large head, 1 Hen. 4, 4.u.12. gust, taste, Son., 114, 11. gyes, fetters, Ham., 4.vul.21.

h, see ache, Much Ado, 3.0.48.
habiliments, costume, Tam. Shrew, 4.ii 166.
habit, costume, (sometimes combined with idea of corresponding) demeanour, As You Like, 3.ii.279.
habited, dressed, Titus, 2 iii.57.
habited, and the Lor. Comp., 114.
hack, of doubtful meaning, Mer. Wires Win., 2.145.

hackney, promiscuous wench, L. Lab Lost,

nackney, promiseuous wench, L. Lab Lost, 3.1.29.
naggard, wild female hawk in training, Tam. Shrew, 4.1.177; so as adv., of woman discobedient or unfaithful, Oth., 3 ii.204.
naggled, with many wounds, Hen. 5, 4 vi.11 hair, against the hair, contrary to nature, Troil. and Cres., 1.ii.27; coirrer's hair, supposed to come to life in water, Ant. and Cleo., 1.ii.187.
nalberd, axe like weapon with long handle, Rich. 3, 1.ii.40.
haleyon (from Haleyone, changed with her husband Coyx to a type of kingdisher; their breeding season in winter was supposed to be favoured with fine weather) calm, happy, 1 Hen. 8, 1.ii.131; a dead kinglisher if hung up was supposed to act as a weather-cock, Lear, 2.ii.73.
half-check'd. applied to inefficient or deficient bit. Tam. Shrew, 3.ii.53.
half-faced, thin faced (like the profile on the groat. a thin coin), John, 1.i.92; half seen, 2 is 1.63.

half sword, most closely engaged, 1 Hen. 4.

half sword, most 2.iv.157.
halidom, holidame, an eath (on hely relies) reduced by Shakespeare's time to a mere asservation, Two Gent. Ver., 4.ii.131.
Hallowmas, 1st Nov. (All Saints' Day),

Hallowmas, 1st Nov. (All Saints' Day), Rech. 2, 5,130.
hand fast, marriage contract, Cym., 1, v.78.
handsaw (dialect form of 'heronshaw') heron, Ham. 2,1375. hangers, straps supporting scabbard, Ham., 5.11.154.

Cor, 31.275; cries on haioc, the heap of claim speaks of an indiscriminate slaughter, Ham, 5 11 356

hay (1) home thrust in fencing, Rom and Jul, 2 iv 26, (ii) country dance, L. Lab Lost, 5 i 134

hazard, game with dice, Hen. 5, 3 vii 83; 11sk, Cor., 2 iii 253, term from tennis indicating a scoring stroke, Hen. 5, 11 263, head, muster of men, usually soldiers, noters at Ham. 1 vi 93

headland, part of field left, for convenience of working, unploughed till the very end, 2 Hen. 4,5113

4,5.113
hebona (Folio reads hebenon) a poison (perhaps henbane, although there seems some reterence to chount, Ham 1.v.62
Hecate, divinity of classical antiquity, associated with ghost world and worshipped in triform shape at eross roads; triple Hecate, as Cynthia in heaven. Diana on earth, and Proserpine in hell, Mid. N. Dr., 5.1373.
hectic, continuous fever, Ham. 4.m.66, hedge-pig, hedgehog, Mac. 4.12. hett, heaving, Win. Tale, 2.145
hemp-seed, destined for the hangman's hempen rope, 2 Hen. 4, 21.56, heft, grasp. or possibly occasion (hint), Ham.

hent, grasp, or possibly occasion (hint), Ham, 3 in 88.

herbs of grace, rue, Ham, 4.v.179. Hercules, and his load, the sign hung outside the Globe Theatre showed Hercules carrying the world on his shoulders, Ham., 2 ii 357. Herod, out-herods Herod, to overact even more than the ranting charactery of Herod in the

maracle plays, Ham., 3 in 13. hest, command, L. Lab Lost, 5.1i.65. hide fox, warning in game of Inde-and-seek, Ham., 4 in 29.

hide fox, warning in game of hide-and-seek, \$Ham. 4 n 29.
high and low, dice loaded to throw high or low numbers, \$Mer. Wives Wim.. 1 ni.83.
hight, named, \$L. Lah. Lost, 1 n 168.
hind, female deer, 4s You Lole, 3 n 91.
hint (sometimes spelf 'hent' as at \$Oth (Q1) 1.ni.142), occasion, \$Tem. 1 n.134.
hipped, lame, owing to injury to hip-bone, \$Tam. Shrew, 3.n 46.
Hiren, pun on 'non' and Hyrin (Irene) a character in a play by Peele, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.165.
hive, straw hat. Lo. Comp., 8.
hoar, whitsh, \$Ham., 1.vn 168.
Hobbididence (with Obdieut, Mahu, Modo, Flibberdigibbet), flends, \$Lear, 4.1.61.
hoby-horse, 'the figure of a horse' fastened round the wast of a morris dancer; the annex sof this particular character in the dance were offensive to the Puntans, and the part canne to be omitted, \$Ham., 3 h.130; a loase character, \$L. Lab. Lost, 3 1.27 holding, consistency, \$All's Well, 4 il.27; chorus of song, \$Ant. and \$Cleo,, 2.vn.109.
holidame, see haldom.
holy-ale (a coinage, by analogy with 'churchale,' to by yme with 'festival'; the text has

holidame, see haldom.
holy-ale (a coinage, by analogy with 'churchale', to rhyme with 'feetival'; the text has 'holy dayes'), festivity, Per., 1. Gower.6.
holy-rood day, 14th Sept., the feast of the iloly Cross, 1 Hen. 4, 1.1.52.
holy thistle, see Carduus Benedictus.
honey stalks, clover stalks, Titus, 4.1v.91.
honorificabilitudinitatibus, stock example of long word, L. Lab. Loss, 6.1.37.
hood, to blindfold hawk (when unhooded it bates), Hen. 5, 3.vii.108.
hoodman blind, blind-man's-buff, Ham., 3.iv.77.

hangers, straps supporting scabbard, Ham., 5.ii.154.

harbinger, foregunner, Hum., 1.i.122.

Harry ten shillings, half-soverign coined in reign of Henry VII, 2 Hen. 4, 3.ii.216.
hatchment, tablet showing the coat of arms of the deceased, Ham., 4.v.210.
haught, haughty, 3 Hen. 6, 2.i.169.
haughty, ambitious, Rich. 3, 4.ii.37.
havoc, general slaughter, Jul. Cass., 3.i.274;

hoy, ferry, small vessel, Com. Err., 4.m 35. hugger mugger, secretly and without due form, Ham., 4.v.81 hull, to furl sails and drift with the tade, Tw. Night, 1.v.191; so of the mind, Hen. 5. 2.v.199.

2.1v.199.

humorous, humid, Rom, and Jul., 2.1.51.
humorus, corresponding to the four elements carth, air, ine, water) were the four humours—black bile, blood, bile, phlegin According as one or other predominated in a man's system so his temperament wacholeric or pullegmatic or melan holy, and his complexion in keeping. The term waverworked, and parodied in Nym's use of it, e.g. Mer. Wites Wite, 1.1.120.
hunts-up, song to rouse hunters, warning of daybreak, Rom. and Jul., 3.v 34.
hurricano, waterspout, Lear, 3 in 2.
Hydra, many-headed monster, Olh, 2.in.295
Hydra, whose presence was invoked at Greek

Hydra, many-headed monster. Oth. 2.in.295
Hymen, whose presence was nwoked at Greek
marriages, so regarded as god of mairiage; the
torch was one of his symbols, Tem., 4.123.
hyperbole, figure of speech characterised by
exaggeration. L. Lab. Lost. 5.ii.497.
Hyperion, god of the sun, Ham., 1.ii.140.
Hyrcania, south-east shore of Caspian sea;
regarded as wild country and home of savage
beasts; the Hyrcanian beast, the tiger. Ham.,
2.ii.444. (Virgil mentions tigers of Hyrcania.)
hysterica passio, hysteria, Lear, 2.iv.58.

Icarus, son of Daedalus, father and son imprisoned by Minos of Crete escaped by using artificial wings; Icarus flew too near the sun, the wax of his wings melted and he fell into the Aegean Sea. 3 Hen. 6, 5-vi.21.
ice-brook, as giving the keenest temper to the sword-blade, Oth., 5:11.256.
Iceland dog, type of pet dog, used in derision at Hen. 5, 2:1.40.
idea, image, Rich. 3, 3.vii.13.
idea, of March, 15th March, Jul Caes. 1.in.18.
ignominy, ignomy, disgrace. Troil, and Cres., 5 x.33.

5 x.33. illness, ruthlessness, Mac., 1.v.17. ill-temper'd, the humours being badly mixed, Jul. Uses, 4.iii.114 (see humour). illustrious, dim 'not instrous), ('pm., 1.vl.108. imbar, to defend, Hen. 5, 1.ii.91. imbar, to defend, Hen. 5, 1.ii.91. imbrue, cover with blood, Mal. N. Dr., 5.i.335. immediately, for that particular case, Mid. 5mmineace, threaten'd evil, Troil and Cres., 3.x.13.

immioment, of no moment, Ant. and Cleo.,

5.11.165. immures, walled confine, Troil. and Cres,

1 rol., 8. impale, empale, encircle, Troil. and Cres..

5.vii.5. impasted, made into a crust, Ham., 2.u.453. impasted, charge, ground of question, 3 Hcn. 6,

1.1v.60. impeachment, interference. Hen. 5, 3.vi.137; inss. Two deal. Ver., 1.iii.15. inpertinency. impertinent, what is beside the point, Lear, 4.vi.175; Tem., 1.ii.138. impetioes monsense formation by fool, Tw. Nyll, 2.lii.25. impitious, relentless and impetuous, Ham.,

4.V.V.
implorator, one who begs, Ham., 1.iii,129.
impone (Q2 impawn) to stake, Ham., 5.ii.146.
importance, importunity, Tre. Nuch., 5.ii.350.
important, importunate, Lear, 1.iv./h.
importune, require, M. Meas., 1.i.57.
imposition, charge, M. Meas., 1.i.182.
imposition, especit swelling, so gathering of
unlealthy features in body poutic, Ham.,

iraprese, device, family crest, Rick. 2, 3.1.25. 1300

impress, call up or levy for war, Mac., 4.195, impugn, question the process, Mer. Ven., 4.174.

impure, the second of the devil are come versions of 'meanate', 1411.39.

Insputation, prestige, Troil, and Cres., 1.111.39.

Incapable, unable to realise, Ham., 4.vil. 179;

be yout the capacity, Cor., 4.vil. 21, 179;

Incarnate, in human form, Hen. 5, 2.11.32,

Incarnate, in human form formations used of the devil are come versions of 'mearnate',

mearnation and similar formations used of the dvpi are conne versions of 'mearnate', inch, 1-let, Mac, 1 in 63, income, arrival, Lucrete, 334, incomprehensible, beyond all bounds, 1 Hen. i, 1.11.179.

income, arrival. Lucrece, 334, incomprehensible, beyond all bounds, 1 Hen. 1, 1.11.179.

incontinent, at once (with pun on normal sense), As You Like, 5 il.36.
Incony, fine, L. Lut, Lest, 3, 128.
Incony, fine, L. Lut, Lest, 3, 128.
Incony, fine, L. Lut, Lest, 3, 128.
Indent, to zigzag, Ven. and Ad., 704; ffrom zigzag tear on matching halves of agreement) make a pact with, 1 Hen. 4, 1.11.37.
Index, catalogue of contents of work, so indication of what is to follow, Ham., 3.1.02.
Indigested, unshaped, 3 Hen. 6, 5.71.51.
Indigested, unshaped, 3 Hen. 6, 5.71.51.
Indigested, unshaped, 3 Hen. 6, 1.11.66.
Indirectly, casually, 1 Hen. 4, 1.11.66.
Indirectly, casually, 1 Hen. 4, 1.11.66.
Individable, seene individuals, Lear, 4.71.271.
Individable, seene individuals, Lear, 4.71.271.
Individuals of place is observed, Ham., 2.1.395.
Industrious, skilling presented, John, 2.1.376.
Industrious, skilling presented, John, 2.1.376.
Industrious, skilling presented, John, 2.1.376.
Industrious, which is the continual of a man, unifinals specimen, 1166.
Informal, Without reason, M. Meas, 3.19.
Informal, without reason of coulting indicate, dape, W. M. Tale, 4.10.204; thread, Per, V. Frol.8.
Inland, familiar with good society, As You

v. Fra. 8.
inland, familiar with good society, As Fou Like, 3.11.322 (inland, near centres of culture), insane, causing madness, Mac. 1.11.84, insinuate, to assume a cordial form of address, Ruch. 2, 4.1.165.
insisture, of doubtful meaning, Trail, and Cree.,

1.11.87. instalment. stall, Mer. Wives Win., 5.v.61. instance, reason, Hom. 3.11.17; example, proof Ham. 4.v.159; 2 Hen. 4. 3.1.103; instruction, significance, Ohn. 4.1.41; intelligent, informative, communicative, Lear, 3.vii.11.

3.vi.1.
4.vi.1.
4.vi.1

Jack, often used to indicate contempt, Rich. 3, i.ii.53; with reference to knave at early, 7cm., 4.i.197; figure on clock, Rich. 3, 4i.118; associated with 'Jill' as common name and an measure of drink, Tam. Strent, 4.143; the keys of the virginal (though the jacks were really only attached to the keys), Son., 128, 5.

GLOSSARV

hooped petticoat. Mer. Wines

equinox, equal poise, as day and Light are equal at the equinox, Oth., 2.44.116.

ergo, therefore, Com. Err., 4.41.51.

eringo, candied sweetmeat, Mer. Writz Win.

5 v 18

ext. vid. 411.61.

W. M., 3.111 55. Easth or the state of the s eringo, canded sweetheab, Mer. White Wit. 5 v 18 escoted, maintained, Ham., 2.1i.342. esperance, hope, Lear, 4.1.4; Porry's cattle-cry, 1 Hen. 4, 5 n 97 estridge, o-trich, 1 Hen. 4, 4.1.98. even Christian, fellow Christian, Ham., 5.1.28 evitate, avoid, Mer. Wites Win., 5 v.215. exactly, completely. Ham., 1.1i.200. except, object, play on legal phrase 'except as before excepted' at Tw. Naph, 1 in 6 exception, objection, Ham., 5.11223 excitement, encouragement, Ham., 4 v.58. excrement, what grows from the body as mals or hair, Ham., 3:v.121. exempt, separated from, free from, As Fou Lide, 2.1.5, Thomon, 4.1i.31. exhalation, meteor, Jul. Caes, 2.1.44. exhale, draw (your sword), Hen. 5, 2.1.60. exhibition, a maintenance allowance, Two Cent. 1 er., 1.1ii 69 exispent, crisis, Jul. Caes., 5,1.19. favour, mercy, Ant. and Clco. 3 km.133; charm, Oth., 4.m 20, token of someone's favour, Rich 2, 5 m.18, features, Jul. Caes., 21.76. feat, neat becoming, Tem., 2 : 264. featily, with neutriess and arrilly. Tem., 1 in 379. featily, figure (not face), Nuch Ado, 3 : 60. fedary, federary, accomplice, Win Tale, 2 : 1.90 fee, sold in fee, sold with absolute and perpetual possession. Ham., 4 : 1.22. fee-grief, grief possessed by some individual, Mac, 4 : 1.1.96; fee-sumple, the most complete and absolute form of tenure or possession, Rom. and Jul., 3 : 3 : 3 : 4. 3.1.31. 3.1.31. feeder, servant. Ant. and Cleo., 3 xm.109. felicitate, happy, Lear, 1.1.74. fere, spouse, Per., 1. Prol.21. ferm-seed, reputed to make the possessor invisible. I Hen. 4, 2.1.86. festinate, speedy, Lear, 3 vn.10. fetch, device, Hom., 2.1.38 tettle, make ready, Hom. and Jul., 3.v.163. fco., fig. figo., contemptous expression, often accompanied by insulting gesture, 2 Hen. 4, 5 m.117. exigent, crisis, Jul. Caes., 5.1.19. exorciser, exorcist, one who calls up spirits Cym., 4.11 277. expectancy, one in whom hopes are placed, $Ham_{*}, 3.1.152$ Mam., 3.115

expedience, haste, purpose requiring haste, Ant. and Cleo., 1.i.172.

expiate (literally ender—the hour of execution has come, Rich. 3, 3 in 23 expostulate, to discuss, Ham., 2 in 86. exposture, exposure, Cor., 4.1.36. express (as in 'express likeness') true to divine pattern, Ham., 2.11 304. expressure, description, Two. Night, 2.11.147 exsufficate, purfed out, Oth., 3.11.186. extemporal, extempore, L. Lab. Lost, 5.11.47. extirp, to weed out, M. Meas., 3.11 95. extravalate, descended, 3 Hen. 6, 2.11 142. extravalate, descended, 3 Hen. 6, 2.11 142. extravalate, descended, externagant, wandering, 5 un.117 extravagancy, extravagant, wandering. eyas, young hawk in training, Ham., 2.li 335; so eyas-musket of a boy at Mer. Wives Win., 3 in. 18. eve-glass, lens of eye, Win. Tale, 1.ii.268. face, to trum a garment, Tam. Shrew, 4.in 122 face royal, telers to other, on gold coin called royal, 2 Hen. 4, 11, 122 face royal, a weeked, 3Hen. 11 ett., 2.in.28, fact, what has been done, action, Mac., 3.vi.10; way of acting, Win. Tale, 3.1.83, faction, a party, group, Jul. Cass., 2.i.77, fadge, come off, Tw. Night, 2.i.31, fading, retrum of popular song, Win. Tale, 4.vi.193, fairing, uposent. L. Lab. Log. Lab. fitchew, poiceat, applied to a courtezan, Oth.,
4.144.
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6.1 4.1v.193.
fairing, present, L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.2.
failing, fill fairing, fill fantastico, foolish conceited individual, Rom. vid Jul., 2.1v.28.
fantasy, nere fancy, Ham., 1.1.54; musings prompted by responsibility or care, Jul. Caes., 2.1.231. 2.1.231.
fap, drunk, Mer. Wires Win., 1.1.160.
farborough, third borough, constable, L. Lab.
Lost, 1.1.82.
farced, stuffed out with the appearance of
dignity, Men. 5, 4.1.259
fardel, pack or burden, Ham., 3.1.76.
farrow, litter of pigs, Mac., 4.1.65.

foin, thrust with rapier, Mer. Wites Win., 2.di.22.
foison, harvest, Tem., 4.1110.
fondly, foolshly, 2 Hen. 4, 4 ii.119.
foot-cloth, saddle-cloth hanging almost to ground, 2 Hen. 6, 4.151. foin, thrust with rapper, Mer. Wites Win., 2.11.22. foison, harvest, Tem. 4. 1110. fondly, foolvshly, 2 Hen. 4, 4 11.119. foot-cloth, saddle-cloth hanging almost to ground, 2 Hen. 6, 4164. farpish, foolish, Lear, 1.1v.165. force (see 'farce') stuff, Trol. and Cres., 2.11 217. forehorse, leading horse as in a taudem, All's 10 tll, 2.1.30, forgetive (perhaps from 'forge' cp Mer Wives W.m., 4.11.199) shaping, inventive, 2 Hen 4, 4 min.98 fosset-seller, vendor of taps (faucets) for barrels, Cor., 2:65. iosset-seiler, vendor of taps (flucets) for barrels, (Cr., 2, 165.
fox, a sword (some makes were marked with a wolf's head), Hen 5, 4.1v 9
fracted, broken, Hen 5, 2.1121
frampold, unpleasant, Mer. Wues Win., 2.11.82
frank, sty, 2 Hen 4, 2.11.140.
franklin, freeholder but not numbered among the county families, Cym., 3 v 76
frayed, frightened. Troil. and Cres., 3 u 31
freshes, springs of fresh water, Tem., 3.1161.
fret, to stop the string (with a pun on the normal meaning of 'fret'), Ham., 3.11.362.
frets, the pourts marked on the neck of a stringed instrument where the fingers may stop the string, Lucrece, 1140.
frieze, coarse cloth, Oth., 2.1.126.
frippery, old clothes shop, Tem., 4.1.225.
frontier, advanced fort, 1 Hen. 4 2.in.49;
frontier fortress, Ham., 4.iv.16. frontlet, band on forehead, so frown at Lear, 1.iv.187. trush, to batter, Troil. and Cres., 5.vi 29. fullam, kind of loaded dice, Mer. Wires Win., fustian (i) coarse cloth; (ii) ranting, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.179. fustilarian, (comic formation) 2 Hen. 4, 2.1.58. gaberdine, kind of cloak, Mer. Ven., 1.iii.107. gad, sharp metal point, Titus, 4.i.104; upon the gad, on the spur of the moment, Iear, 1.ii.26. age, pledge, as glove thrown down to pledge the owner to combat, Rich. 2, 4.1.25. gainsay, to forbid, to prevent, Trul. and Cres, 4.y.132. Galen, Greek who became physician to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; his voluminous writings on medical topics were authoritative in Shakespeare's day, All's Well, 2.11.11. grall, bile; as the liver was supposed to provide gall, blie; as the liver was supposed to provide the capacity for resentment and courage it signifies manly spirit at Ham., 2.4.572. Gallian, French, Cym., 1.vi.65. galliard, a lively dance usually in triple time, Tw. Night, 1.111.125. galliass, large type of galley, Tam. Shrew, galliass, large type of galley, Tam. Shrev. 2.1.370, gallimaufry, hotch potch, Win. Tale, 4.1v.321. gallow, to terrify, Lear, 3.1.44. gallowglass, heavy-armed footman in army of Irish or from Scottish isles, Mac., 1.1.13. gamut, musical scale, Tam. Shrew, 3.1.65. garboil, disturbance, Ani. and Chen., 1.116. gaskins, wide breeches, Tw. Night, 1.v.22 gasted, frightened, Lear, 2.1.55. gastness, signs of fear, Oth., 5.1.106. gaudy night, feast, Ant. and Chen., 3.rili.183. gawds, gay trifles, Mid. N. Dr., 1.1.33. gawds, gay trifles, Mid. N. Dr., 1.1.33. gaze, centre of attraction, Mac., 5.vhi.24. geck, butt, Tw. Night, 5.1.330. geniny, twin pair, Mer. Vires Win., 2.11.8. generosity, the well born, and so acting like a gentleman, Ham., 4.vil.135. genius, the spirit that is assigned to each individual as a guardian, Mac., 3.1.55; eo peculiar bont or nature, Tw. Night, 3.iv.123. genius, small horse, Oth., 1.114. Lab. Lost, 1.1.127.

erman, germane, akin, Olh., 1.1.114; cousin-german, ilist cousin, Troil. and Cres., 4 v.121; related to the matter in hand, Ham., 5 n.155. german, 1.11. 11. glance, 2.vn.57. 5.in.24. 2.11.110.

germen, germ, seed, Lear, 3.1i S.
gest (1) warlike feat, int and Cleo., 4.vm.2;
(1) time limit, Win. Tale, 1.m 41.
ghostly, concerned with spiritual welfare, ghostly, concerned with spiritual wel Rom and Jul., 3.m 19
gib, male cat, Ham., 3 vv.19e
gig, whipping-top, L. Lab. Los', 4.ml.163,
giglet, -ot, a wanton, M. Meas, 51315,
gillyvor, gillytlower, B m. Tale, 4 lv.82,
gimmaled, jointed, Hen. 5, 4 m.19 gimmer, links in mechanism of clock, 1 Hen. 6 saturcal comment, As You Like ZNROG. glass, hour glass, Tem., 1.h.240, glass, hour glass, trem, 4.vn.470, glaze, glare, Jul. Cars., 1.m.21, gleek, to joac, (.ibr. Mol. N. Dr., 3.1134, globe, head, Ham., 1.v.97, gloss, explanation, excuse so for our globe, hand, Hann., 1,v.97.
gloss, explaintion, excuse, so fair outward show, Timon, 1,ii 16.
gloze, to exchain, Hin. 5, 1,ii.40; to comment decelifially. Titus, 4,iv.35, 4,ii.40; to comment gobbet, portions of the h. 2 Hen. 6, 4,i.85.
God-den. God-esoden and similar forms) (for give vou god even | Rom. and Jul., 16,5 and 3,v.17). God dild you, God yield, or repay, you! Ham. 1.v.40. good year, a common exclamation, without any particular meaning, Mer. Wires Win., Liv.110; used in an imprecation, Lear, 5.ii.24,
gorbellied, fat, overfeel, 1 Hen. 4, 2 ii.85.
Gordian knot, an oracle foretold that the man
who could unlease this intreate knot, in the
acropolis of Gordian, would be ruler of the
East; Alexander the Great cut it; so of
solving a problem. Hen. 5, 1.1.45.
gorget, armour for throat, Troil, and Cres.,
1.ii 174. Gorgon, a fabulous monster believed able to turn the beholder to stone, Mac., 2.11.70, googself, like good Christians, Mac., 3.1.87, goos, gore, Tenc., 4.1 180, goost, one associated with parents at baptism gossip, one associated with parents at bapasm of the rebild, a gadparent, Hen. 8, 5.v.12; friend, woman fond of idle talk, Titus, 4.ii.151, gossiping, enjoying the gossips feast at the rebitth of the last sons, Com. Frr., 5.i.418, gourd, londed dice, Her. Wives Win., 1.iii.32, gourd, londed dice, Her. Wives Win., 1.iii.32, gourd, from, Muc., 24, 16.
government, self-control, conduct, Oth., gour, grop, Mar., 2.146, government, self-control, conduct, Oth., 3.11.269; accordance with musical requirements, Mat. N. Dr., 5.1.123, graceful, blest with the grace of God, Win. Tate, 5.1.171, sold, from the grace of God, Win. graff, shoot, scion, Per., 5.1.59, graff, to insert shoots and so to incorporate, Mar., 4 11.51. Mac., 4.111.51. Mac. 4.111.51; grafter, the tree from which the shoot for grafting has been taken, Hen. 5, 3.v.9. grain, in grain, dyed in a colour that will not wash out. Tw. Night, 1.v.222; against the grain, contrary to inclination, Cor., 2.111.230. gramercy, expression of thanks, Mer. Ven., grange, a lonely house in the country, Oth., 1.i.107. grate, to fret, annoy, Ant. and Cleo., 1.118. gratulate, gratifying M. Meas., 5.1.527 sreasily, indecently, L. Lab Lost, 4.1.130. great, great morning, broad day, Tvol. and Cres., 4.1111; great belly doubted, one stuffed

1.1.127.

GLOSSARY

Jack-a-lent, dummy set up at Lent as a cock shy, Mer. Wites Win., v 123.

Jack-an-agnes, a monitey, Hen. 5, 5.11141

yean fellow, All's Well, 3.v, 82.

jade, poor class of horse, Tam. Shrew, 1.11.245

jakes, privy, Lear, 2.11.51, Tam. Shrew, 1.11.245

jakes, privy, Lear, 2.11.51, Tam. Shrew, 1.11.245

jakes, privy, Lear, 2.11.51, Tam. Shrew, 1.11.245

jaunce, a going backwards and forwards on tiresome journey, Ram. and Jul., 2 v 26.

jay, bedizzened wench, Cym., 3.v.47,

jealous, suspicious, Oth., 3.v.186, on guard against, Lear, 5.15.56,

jealous-hood, perhaps just fealous woman Rom. and Jul., 4 v 1.7

jealousy, fear, Tw. Night, 3.11.8,

jeanet, gennet, Spenish horse, Oth., 1.1.114

Ven. and Ad., 260.

jerk, sharp stroke of wit or whip, L. Lab. Lost

jerkin, sleeveless jacket worn over doublet for hard wear often made of leather, 2 Hen. 4 2.11.165

iesses, straps on the legs of hawk employed in sport, Oth, 3.111.265, iet, strut, Cym. 3.111.5; (jut) intrude upon Trius, 2.1.64

jig, brisk dance, Much Ado, 2.1.62; customary after-piece with dancing to a play, Ham. 2 11 494.

Jill, see Jack.
Jockey, familiar form of Jack or John, Rich. 3
5.m.301.

Jones, Infiniar form of Jack of John, Roch. 3
5.11.301.

joint-ring, gimmal-ring, in two or more parts,
Oth., 4.11.71 (see gimmal-bit).

joint-stool (joint, jointd) stool carefully
carpenter'd, Rom. and Jul., 1.v.5.

jordan, chamber-pot, 1 Hen. 4, 2+18.

journal, daily. Cym., 4.11 (0)

Jovial. star, Jupiter's planet which conferred
on those who were born when it was in the
ascendant a jovial nature, Cym., 5.1v.105.

Judas, tradition gave him red hair, As You
Like, 3.1v.7.

Jug. shortened form of Joan, Lear, 1.v.221.

jump, noun, harard, Anl. and Cleo. 3 vin 6;
1erb, to risk, Mac., 1.vin.7; adverb, precisely,
Ham., 1.105.

juvenal, youth, L. Lab. Lost, 1.ii.8.

karn, contrary, Cor., 3.1.304.

kecksy, hemlock-like weed, Hen. 5, 5.11.52.
keech, roll of fat; of butcher's wife, 2 Hen. 4, 21.90; of butcher's son, Her. 8, 11.55.
keel, cool, keep pot from boiling over, L. Lab Lost, 5.11.901.
ken, range of vision, 2 Hen. 4, 4.1.151.
kendal green, coarse cloth made in Westmorland, 1 Hen. 4, 21v.215.
kennel, channel, gutter, 2 Hen. 6, 4.1.71.
kern, light armed Irish soldier, Rich. 2, 2.1.156.
kernel, seed, pip, All's Well, 2.11.253.
kersey, coarse woollen cloth, L. Lab. Lost, 5.11.413.

kerner, scoarse woollen cloth, L. Lab. Lost, 5.11413. kettle-drum, Ham., 5.11.267. kabe, chilblain on heel, Ham., 5.11.137 (lack of everyond and respect).

ceremony and respect). The development of the control of the contr

knot-grass, a weed thought to check the growth of animals, so derisively at Mid. N. Dr., 3.11.329.

knotted, curious-knotted, elaborately laid out, L Lab. Let., 11.235

Label, tag to a document to take the seni, flom and Jul, 41.57
labras, lips (labra). Afer. Wries Wins. 1.147.
lace, to term a gament with, Aluch Ado, July 18. thread, streak, Rom and Jul., 3 v s. laced multon, courtesan, Tuc Genl. Ver, 1.195.
lackey, to follow the movements of the tide as tooman his master, int and Cleo, 1 v.40.
lackey mpty by ladding, 3 Hen 6, 3.1.139
lady, suggests for legge in Folio as meaning lag, late la of papile, Tionon 3 vis 80
lag, late la of papile, Tionon 3 vis 80
lag, late la of lag, late than, Lear, 1 ii 6.
Lannmas-tade, list Agy before Lammas, Rom, and Jul., 1.11.18.
lampass, disease of horses, Tam Shrew, 3.1.48.
lampass, disease of horses, Tam Shrew, 3.1.48.
lampass, disease of horses, Tam Shrew, 3.1.48.

lampass, disease of horses, Tam Shrew, 3.11.48. iandrakers, theves, 1 Hen. 4, 2.171. lank, to shrink, Ant. and Cieo., 1.1v.71. lank, to shrink, Ant. and Cieo., 1.1v.71. lankern, a vaulted chamber in a turret, Rom. and Jul., 5.11 84. lap, to wrap, Cym., 5, v.360; lapp'd in proof, clad as in impenetrable armour, Mac., 11.55. Lapland, regarded as the haunt of witches and sorrorers Com. Er. 4 in 11.

Lapland, regarded as the hann of witches and sorcerets, Com. Err., 4.111.11.

Lapse, lapsed, arrested, Tw. Night, 3.11.36; lapsed in time and passion, having allowed passion to tall off and time to pass idly, Ham., 3.1v.107.

Lard, to latten, enrich, Timon, 4.11.12; to cover. Ham., 4.v.36.

Laich, to catch, Mac., 4.11.195; to wound, Lear, 2.1.52; to touch, Mad N. Dr., 3.11.36; lath, dayer of lath, of wood, Tw. Night, 4. 11.12; so sarcastically of real weapon, Titus, 2.141.

Latten, an alloy hke brass, Mer. Wives Win., 1.1.16.

1:116.
lattice, red lattice, indicated ale-house, 2 Hen. 4, 2:176.
land, hymn, Ham., 4:vi.178
land, cleating in forest, 3 Hen. 6, 3.i.2.
lavoit, lavoita, lively dance, Hen. 5, 3:v 33.
law-day, meeting of court Olh. 3 in 144.
lazar, a leper or an afflicted person, Ham, lazar, a

lawr. a leper or an affilied person, Ham, 1.v.72. leaguer, camp, All's Well, 3 v1.22. leaguer, counce, brother, in the tapsters (for hounds were three to yarrin, three tapsters (for hounds were three to yarrin, 11 lea. 4, 2.1v.6. leasing, lving, The North, 11 lea. 4, 2.1v.6. leasing, lving, The North, 11 lea. 4, 2.1v.6. leer, complexion, Talus, 4 n.119, chance, Mer. Wers B m. 1. m.42. lees, sediment in wine, Troil, and Cres., 4.151. leet, court under jurisdiction of lord of the manor, Tam. Shrew, Ind., 18.5. legion, name taken by unclean spirit in Mark, v.9. for we are many, so host of flends, Tw. Night, 3.1v.80. legitimation, legitimacty, John, 1.1.248. legger, ambassador, representative, M. Meas, (19m. 1.v. 10 lendings, Olym. 1.v. 10 lendings, Olym. 1.v. l

let, noun, impediment, Hen. 5, 5.1i.65; vib.

prevent, Ham., Liv.85.
Lethe, 'the ever of oblivion' in the underworld, roots itself in ease on Lethe whart, as indifferent to the past, Ham, 1.v.33.

letter, officet the letter, employ alliteration, L. Lab Loot 4.n.51.

lettexed, learned, L. Lab, Los', 5.i.10

level, noun ann (from gunnery), Hen. 8, 1.ii.2, verb ann at, Ant and Clo., 5.ii 333.
lettexed, learned of the best of the letter, employ alliteration, L. Lab Loot 4.n.51.

level, noun ann (from gunnery), Hen. 8, 1.ii.2, verb ann at, Ant and Clo., 5.ii 333.
lettexed, learned of the latter over birth, Per., 1.ii.2, verb ann at, Ant and Clo., 5.ii 333.

level, of the base of the latter formula in which those impression of the formula in which those impression of the latter of the latter of the latter of the latter over birth, Per., 1.ii. 2, verb ann at, Ant and Clo., 5.ii 333.

level, of the base of the latter formula in which those impression of the formula in which those impression of the latter of the latte

5.mi.21

lewd, of the baser sork, Much Ado 5:1316
lewdster, lecherous person, Mer. Wires II in.,
5:ni.21
liable, subject to, influenced by, John, 2:1.490.
libbard, leopard, L. Lut. Lost, 5:n.514.
libel, lying publication, Rich 3: 1.133.
liberal, becoming the free man or gentleman,
3 Hen 6, 1:143; liberal arts, those suitable
for a gentleman, Tem., 1:173; going beyond
manners, gross, Mer. Ven., 2:11170.
liberty, hecare, M. Meas., 1:hi.29; liberties,
individual's rights, Per., 1:hi.112; the law of wria
and the liberty classical rule and freedom from
these canons of composition, Ham., 2:h.337.
lief. beloved, 2 Hen. 6, 3:1:164; had as hef,
would as willingly, Ham., 3:h.3.
lifter, pun on weight-lifter and thief, Troil.
and Cres., 1:h.112.
lighten, onlighten, 2 Hen. 4, 2:1:187.
lighting, lightening, a rally of the spirit,
Rom. and Jul., 5:ii 30.
lity-liver'd, cowardly Lear, 2:ii.15 (see liver).
limbeck, alembic for distilling, Mac., 1:vii.67.
limbeck, alembic for distilling, Mac., 1:vii.67.
limbeck, slembic sparrum, the unbaptised and
the virtuous pagans were received here after
death, slang for prison Hen. 8, 5:v.61.
lime, limed, held, as a bird with birdlime,
Ham., 3:u.68, to doctor wine or sack with
lime, wer Wins. 1:iii.14.
line-grove, grove of lime-trees, Tem., 5:1.10.
link, torch, i Hen. 4, 3:h.12; material of,
used as blacking, Tam. Shreve, 4:1:118.
linscock, staff supporting the match with
which the gunner touched off the cannon,
Hen. 5, 3:Chor.33
list, strip of cluta, Tam. Shreve, 3:ii.64; space
enclosed for combat, Mac., 3:ii.64; space
enclosed for combat, Mac., 3:ii.64; space

Hen. 5, 3.Chor.33

Hen. 5, 3.Chor.33

Hist, strip of cloto. Tam, Shrew, 3.H.64; space cuclosed for combat, Mac., 3.1.70. Histle, yielding, I Hen. 6, 4.V.1.21. Histle, yielding, I Hen. 6, 4.V.1.20. Histle, yielding, I Hen.

4 m. 70. livery, me my livery, to take proceedings to texain inheritance, Roch. 2, 2.m. 129. livery, to dress as with a nerry. Lar. Comp., 105 lockram, coarse kind of men. Cor., 2.1.199. lode-star, guiding-star. Mat. N. Dr., 1.1.183. lodge, ludi 'd. flatten'd. Mac., 4.1.55. loggats, little logs of wood thrown at mark, 11m., 53.90.

London-stone (the central milestone of Roman London from which distances were reckoned ancient stone in Cannon Street, 2 Hen. 4.11.2.

long purples, kind of orchis. Ham., 4,vli.170. long-staff, sepenny strikers, those who would commit robbery with violence for petty sums,

1 Hen 1, 2. 71. loof, luff. And and Clep., 3.x.18.

loon, lown, useless fellow, Mac., 5.iii.11, looped, full of holes, Lear, 3.iv.31. loose, at his rery time, at the moment of discharge, I. Lah. Lost, 5.ii.730. lop. smaller branches, Hen. 8, 1.ii.96.

here, cam 1 Hen 6 5 w 141 Lud s town, Lordon the name of the nythical King Lud is precived in Ludgate), Cym., 3.172

lune, and fit Wim. Inde, 2.n.30.

Lupercal, Roman festival on 15th February, councited with terting rates, Jul. Cass., 3 n.95

lurch, to deprive. Cor., 2 n 99. lurc, dummy bird to entice hawk to return, Tam Shrep, 4.1.176.

Inxurious, laservious, Mac, 4.m.58.

Machiavel, regarded as the type of ruthless schemer, 3 Hen. 6, 3.n 193.

maculate, spotter, impure L. Lab. Lost,

1 n.88; maculation, impurity, Troil, and Cres.,

madrigal, song (though the 'madrigal' was a part-song of a very special type), Mer. Wives H'in., 3 1.16.

maggot-pie, magpie. Mgc., 3.iv.125 magnanimous, Troil. and great-hearted. C'res. 2 0 200. magnifico. Venetian magnate, Mer. Ven.

Maid Marian, personage in the morris dance, 1 Hen. 4, 3.iii.114 coail, mail'd up. shrouded in. 2 Hen. 6, 2.iv.31.

main, mai'' a up, shrouded in, 2 Hen. 6, 2.iv, 31, main, the number nominated before casting the dice at the game of lazard, 1 Hen. 4, 4.147; so main chance, 2 Hen. 4, 3.143. main-course, mainsul, Tem., 1.133, main-quisse, mainsul, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv, 193, strongly, Ham., 4 vil. 9

maior, y viss. major premise in syllogism. 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv, 478. make, male and make, husband and wife, Lear, 4,111.34.

malt-worm, boozer, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.322, mammer, stammer, bestatt, 0th. 3.ii.71, mammer, toli, Rom. and Jul., 3.v.185, mammock, pull in pieces, Cor., I.li.65 man, i) to provide a manservant, 2 Hen. 4, 1.i.1.5; (ii) to tame a hawk, Tam. Strete, 4.i.177

manage, training or handling of a lice, 5, 5, 11, 24; L. Lab. Lost, 5, 11, 482.

mandragora, mandrake, a nurcotic, Oth., 3.in.331, Ant. and Clen. 1.v.4; the root was thought to resemble the shape of a man and shrick when term from the earth, Rom. and Jul., 4.ii.47.

manner, the stolen article when found on the thet. For caught in the act, 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.306;
L. Latt. Lond, 1.i.199 (where the company of a wenne, was the uniawini possossion).

mansiomry, abode, Mac., 1.vi.5.
mantle, scum on stagmant w ter, Lear, 3.iv.131.
mapperry, mere staff-work. Troit and Ores.,
1 iii.205.

marches, the English districts adjacent to soutland and Waley, Hen. 5, 1.ii.140. marchpane, a sweetmeat like marzipan, Rom. and Jul., 1.v.7.

margent, margin of book, L. Lab Lost, 5.11.8, commentary or explanation written in margin, Ham., 5.11.152.

mark, a sum of money (not a coin) value 1.5. 4d., Hen. 8, 5. 170.

marmoset, small monkey, Tem., 2.11.160.

Martin, Saint Markin's summer, supposed to run from about 25rd Oct. 111th Nov., St. Martin's day, 1 Hen. 6, 1.11.131.

Martlemas, Martunnas, 11th Nov.; animals that could not be fed through the winter were killed at this season, 2 Hen. 4, 2.11.98.

martlet, house martin. swallow, Mac., 1.v.14.

mary-bud, margold bud, Cym., 2.11.23

mast, acorns, 100d for swine, Timon. 4.11 417.

mastic, meaning doubtful, perhaps censorious Troll. and Cres., 1,111.73. Ham., 5.11.152. Troil. and Cres., 1.iii.73.

mate, outwit, 2 Hen. 6, 3.i.265, bewilder. Mac., 5.1.76. Mac., 5.1.76.

maugre, m spite of, Tw. Night, 3.i.148.

maund, basket, Lov. Comp., 36.

mazard, head, Ham., 5.187.

meacock, feeble. cowardry Tam. Shrew, 2.i.305.

meal, stain, M. Meas., 4.ii 79.

mean, middle part, tenor or alto, L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.328; singer of such a part, Win. Tale

4 iii 42. 4.iii.42. 4.iii.42.

mechanic, manual worker, Cor., 5.iii.33.

medicine, of chemical preparations other than medicinal, Oth., 1.ii.61; that great med'cine, the elixir of life or alchemist's stone that turned all to gold, so figuratively at Ant. and Ciec., 1v.36; the physician, Mac., 5.ii.27.

meed, meetly, not bad, Anc. and Cleo., 1.iii.81.

meiny, train, company, Lett, 2.iv.34.

melancholy, of various kinds, see As You Like, 4.i.10. 4.1.10. memorize, make memorable, Mac., 1.ii.41. mercatante, merchant, Tam. Shrew, 4.ii.63. Mercury, messenger of the gods, so messenger, Mer. Wives Win, 2.ii.72: patron of rogues and cheats, Win. 7 ale, 4.iii.25. mere, complete, absolute, Mer. Wites Win., 4.v.58.

mess, four, usual number in sub-divisions of company at banquet, L. Lab. Lost., 4 iii.203.

metaphysical, subernatural, Mac., 1.v.26.
mete, measure, 2 Hen. 4, 4.iv.77; mete-yard, measuring stick, Tam. Shrew. 4.iii.149; alm at, L. Lab. Lost, 4.1.125.

metheglin, spiced drink, L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.233, mew, shu up, Mid. N. Dr., 1.i.71.
micher, truant, 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.396.
miching mallecho, skulking mischief (mallecho'a Spanish word for 'evil deed'), Ham., 3.ii.132. ('malecho' a Spailish word to Ham., 3.ii.132.

might, might not merd, the intention not the performance, Mid. N. Dr., 5.1.92.

milch, used of weeping, Ham., 2 ii.511.

Mile-end, Green, where train-bands drilled, 2 Hen. 4, 3.ii.271.

Liver'd. cowardly, Lear. 4.1.50. milk-liver'd, cowardly, Lear, 4.ii.50.
milliver, vendor of gloves, hats, etc., 1 Hen. 4. .Bi.36. nill-sixpence, milled coin, not hammered as older pleose, Mer. Wires Win, 1.1.139. mineral, posson, Oth., 2.1.291. minlish, trim and teat, Tear, 3.v1.43. minlish, of smallest size, Mid. N. Dr., 3.11.329 3.1.22*.

minute-lacks, creatures of the minute, or busy about nothing, Tumm, 3v.197.

minutely, every minute, Mac., 5.1.13.

mirable, wonderful, Troil. and Ures., 4.v.142.

Bisarthropos, the hater of mankind, Timon,

misgraffed, unsuitably mated, Mid. N. Dr.

misprision (i) undervaluing, scorning, All's Well, 2.iii.150; (ii) mistaking, Mid, N. Dr., 3.ii.90.

missive, messenger, Mac., 1.v.5.

1.i.137.

mistress, at game of bowls, the jack, Troil. mobled, muffled Ham., 2.11.496, model, plan, 2 Hen. 4, 1.11.42; copy, Ham., 5.11.50, imperfect mainfestation of, Hen. 5, 2 Choral. modern, ordinary, commonplace. As You Like, 2.vn.156; modern grace, common attractions, All's Well, 5 m.214. All's Well, 5 m.214.

modest, reasonable, Tv. Napht, 1.v.169.
module, copy, All's Well, 4 m.94.
moduley, copy, All's Well, 4 m.94.
moduley, copy, All's Well, 4 m.94.
mome, dolt, Com. Err., 3 1.32.
Monarcho, title assumed by mad Italian as
emperor of the world, so of those with such
notions, L. Lab. Lost, 4.1.92.
Monmouth cap, commonly worn by soldiers
and sailors, Hen. 5, 4.vu.97.
Lionstruosity, the great 'snag', Troil. and
Cres., 3.1.78. Cres., 3.11.78. montant, fencing term for particular thrust, Mer Wires Win., 2.11.25. Mer Wires Win., 2.ii.25.

monumental, ray, a momento from the possessor's ancestors, 4ll's IVell, 4.ii.16.

moonish, fickle. As You Like, 3.ii.376.

Moor Ditch, melancholy of Moor Ditch, occasioned by the smell of the ditch, especially when heng cleaned out, 1 Hen. 4, 1.ii.75.

mop, grimace, Tem., 41.47.

mope, wander in body or mind, Tem., 5.i.240; Ham., 3 iv.81.

Morisco. a morris-dancer (supposed of Moorish Flam., 3 iv.81.

Morisco, a morris-dancer (supposed of Moorish origin), 2 Hen. 6, 3.1.365

morris, morris-dance, costume dance of fantastic kind; characters included Robin Hood, Maid Marian, 1/1's Well, 2.1.23; Hen. 5, 2.iv 25 (see hobby horse); nime men's morres, a game played on squares cut in the tuff, Mul. N. Dr., 2.198.

mort, the note on the horn that announces the death of the deer, Win. Tale, 1.ii.118.

mortise, hold the mortise, remain with timbers unloosened, Olin, 2.1.9.

mose, in the chine, of horses, glanders, Tam. mose, in the chine, of horses, glanders, Tam. Shrew, 3.11.48. Shrew, 3.11.48.

mot, motto, Lucrece, 830.
mother, hystoria, Lear, 2 iv.55.
motion, puppet-show, Win. Tale, 4.111.91.
motley, fool's particoloured costume, Lear,
1.iv.145; one who plays the 101, Son., 110, 2.
mould, earth, Hen. 5, 3.11.21.
moulten, having moulted, 1 Hen. 4, 3.1.152,
mountebank, to gain by false statements,
Cor, 3.11.132.
mouse to salze in the jame and mouse, to seize in the jaws and rend, John, 2.. 354. 2...354.
mow, grimace, Ham., 2.ii.360.
muniments, defences, implements, Cor., 1.i.116.
murdering-piece, small cannon for grapeshot, Ham., 4.v.92.
mure, wall. 2 Hen. 4. 4.iv.119.
kunrain, plague, Troil. and Cres. 2.i.19.
muscadel, strong sweet wine, Tam. Shrew,
2.ii.182. 3.ii.168 musit, gaps through which here runs when hunted. Ven. and Ad., 683.
musik, secretion from musk-deer, Mer. Wives Win., 2.i.60. Win., 2.1i.60.

musk-cat, musk-deer, All's Fell, 5.1i.19.

muss, a scramble, Ant. and Cleo, 5.xii.91.

mutine, reb. to rebel, Ham. 3i.v.83; noun.

mutineer, Ham., 5.ii.5.

mutiny, reb, contend, Ant. and Cleo, 3.xii.81,

nunn, dispute, L. Lab. Lost, 1.1.107.

mutual; common (as in 'Our Mutual Friend'),

Mer. Ven., 5.i.77.

mutuality, exchange (of intimary), Oth. 2.1 258

mystery, craft, calling, M. Meas., 4.ii.25; Timon, 4.iii.452.

nail, measure of length for cloth, one-sixteenth of a ward. Tam. Shrew, 4.11.108.
naked, unarmed, Oth., 5 it.261, naked bed, maked, as was the habit, in bed, Ven. and Ad,

napless, threadbare, Cor., 2 1.224 (the candidates really wore whitened garments to look as fine as possible; North's instranslation here misled Shakespeare, nave, hub of wheel, Ham., 2 il 190.

nayward, opposite belief, Win. Tale, 2.1.61.
nayword, between the Win. 5.115

Nazwarte of Nazareth, Mer. Fen, 1.1.11.30 (the term Nazarene' was introduced by the Authorized Version of 1611).

neaf, fist, 2 Hen. 4, 2.1v.176.
Nazarethan, hore-ache, venereal disease, Troil. and Cres., 2.1il.17.
near_legged, before, fore-legs close, Tam.

near-legged, before, fore-legs close, Tam. Shrew, 3 11.52.

nest, 311.52.
nest, animal, ox, cow, calf, Win Tale, 1.H.125;
nest's leather, shoe leather, Jul. Caes, 1.i.26.
neb, mouth, Win. Tale, 1.H.183.
nesze, nesze, Md. N. Dr., 2.i.56.
nephew. a relation—cousin, etc., 1 Hen. 6.

2.761
Neredes, see-nymphs, fifty daughters of Nereus, Ant. and Cleo., 2.h.210.
nether-stocks, stockings, 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.111
nonden nether-stocks, the stocks, Lear, 2.iv.10
nics, coy, shy, mannerly, fastidious, All's Well
5.115; nice venches, those affecting shyness wantons. L. Lab Lost, 3.1.20
nicely, subtly, ingenlously, Rich. 2, 2.i.84.
niceness, reserve, Cym., 3.iv.164.
Nicholas, Saint, patren saint, of boys and scholass, Two Gent. Per., 3.1.292; Sain Nicholas Clerks, highway robbers, 1 Hen. 3
2.1.60. 2 1.60.

24.60. nick, out of all nick, beyond reckening (nick-nick, out of all nick, beyond reckening). Two Gent 1 etc., 4.h.73; in the nick, at the appropriatione (to settle the bill), Oth., 5.ii.3.20. nickitows, dressing-gown, Nac., 2.ii.70. nimble-pinion d, swift winged, Ram. and Jul

noble, a gold coin worth 6s. 8d.. Rich. 2, 1.1.8s the aristocratic party, Cor., 3.1.29. noise, often applied to musical sounds. Ant. and

noise, oven applied to musical sounds, Ant. and (120., 4.11.12, the men who rake the noise the band, 2 Hen. 4, 2.1v.11.
noie, head, Mid. N. Dr., 3.11.17.
nonce, for this particular purpose or occasion Ham. 4.vi.160.

non-come, logberry's term is of doubtft meaning. Mach. Ado, 3.v.57.
nonparell, without an equal, Tw. Night 1.v.238.

nook-shotten, all corners and angles, Hen.

nook-snotten, an corners and angles, ttek.
3 v.14.
nose-hearb, scented plant, All's Well, 4.v.17.
novum, a game with dice, in which throws contine and fire were important, L. Lab Lost 5 ii.549 (the five characters were to enact the Nine Worthurs).

The Michael 1 to 27.

nuncio, messenger, Tw. Night, 1.iv.27. nut-hook, beadle, 2 Hen. 4, 5.iv.8.

O. this wooden O, the theatre (perhaps Ti Clobe), Hen. 5, 1.Chor.13; this hille O, ti globe itself, the earth, Ant. and Clen. 5.1i.8 ym first oes and eyes of light, the stars, Mr. Dr., 3.ii.188.

osthable, that can be trusted to take an oath Timon, 4.iii.135.

ob., abbreviation of 'obolus', a half-penny, 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.521.

obiection, accusation, 2 Hen. 6, 1.iii.153.

obiection, accusation, 2 Hen. 6, 1.iii.153.

obiection, accusation, beinged, Aier. Ven., 2.vi.7.

Observance constitutions for the control of the cont

oblivious, causing forgetfulness, Mac., 5.iii.43. obliquy, shame, Mil's Well, 4.ii.44. obscens, abominable, Rick. 2, 4.i.131.

becquious, showing proper duty, M. Meas. 2. 1v.28, duty or love for the dead, Ham., 1.11.52. beservance, attention required by respect or love, Troil, and Cres., 1.11.31. bservant, one quick to attend to master's wishes, Lear, 2.1.98. bservation, of a rite, Mul. N. Dr., 4.1.101; of life itself and compliance with its requirements, John, 1.1.208. bserve, Th. observed of all observers, of all courtiers the most reverenced, Ham., 3.1.154. bstruct, obstacle, Ant. and Cleo., 3.vi.61. bstruct, obstacle, Ant. and Cleo., 3.vi.61.

indrance.

death. but off.

M. Meas, 3.1.120 occasion, happenings, 2 Hen. 1, 4.1.72; so an opportunity or a reason for something, he married but his occasion (took the chance of opportunity of a coasion (took the chance of marriage merely to further his interests), Ant. and Cleo., 2.vi. 127; quarrelling with occasion, deliberately misunderstanding the situation, Mer. Ven., 3.v.48.

occulted, hidden, Ham., 3.i. 78.
occupation, voice of occupation, vote of the manual worker, Cor., 4.vi. 98.
occupy, as odious as the word 'occupy', because it was employed largely in an indecent sense (e.g. Rom. and Jul., 2.iv. 98), 2. Hen., 1, 2.iv. 129, 163, Ud's, form of 'tool' in oaths and exclamations. 18 Fon Inke, 3.v. 43, Oth., 5.ii. 72.
oclilades, inviting giances, Mer. Wives Win., 1.iii. 57; Lear, 4.v. 25.
octilourish'd, decorated outwardly, Tu,

1.10 57; Lear, 18925.
O'erflourish'd, decorated outwardly, Tw.
Nytht, 3.18, 354.
O'erparted, given too difficult a part, L. Lab.
Lost, 5.11, 578.

o'erpicturing, excelling in beauty what the magination has pictured, Ant. and Cleo...

2.11.204. o'er-sized, besmear'd, Ham., 2.ii.456, o'er-teemed, exhausted with child-bearing, Ham., 2.ii.502.

Itam. 2.11.502.
o'er-wrested, seeming, exaggerated acting, Troll. and Gres., 1.111.157.
off-capp'd, stood bare-headed, Oth., 1.1.10.
office, function, service, Rich. 2, 2.11.137, the functionary, Itam., 3.17.3.
old, wold, Lear, 3.1v.118.
old, extreme (in some form), Tam. Skrew, 3.11.31, Mac., 2.112.
oneyer, meaning doubtful, 1 Hen. 4, 2.1.74.
opposite, adversary, Tw. Night, 3.1v.255.
opposition, single oppositions, single combats,

opposition, single oppositions, single combats, Cym., 4 i.13.

opposition, single oppositions, single combats, Cymn., 4:113.

opposition, single oppositions, single combats, Cymn., 4:113.

orb., crock., Mid. N. Dr., 2:19 (fairy rings); the crole or sphere in which the planets were supposed to move, Hom. and Jul., 2:Ii.110. ordinance, what has been ordained in the past or is ordained for the future, Jul. Cacs., 1:Ii.66; Cymn., 4:Ii.146; rank, Cor., 3:Ii.12. ordinant, provident, Ham., 5:Ii.48. ordinant, provident, Ham., 5:II.48. ordinant, med (from usme given to meal in a tavern), Ant. and Cleo., 2:Ii.229. orgilous, proud. Troit. and Cres., 5:II.149. orticos, prayer. Ham., 3:II.89. orticos, prayer. Ham., 3:II.89. orticos, how, uspearance, Mer. Fen., 2:II.181. ostentation, display, Ham., 4.v.21. other above, appearance, Mer. Fen., 2:II.181. orticos, ornaments, 2:II.80. orgilous, ornaments, 2:II.80. orgilous, ornaments, 2:II.80. orgilous, orgilous, III.81. Orgilous, III.81.

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out-peer, excel, Cym, 3.v1.86.
out-vie, to outbid (as at eards), Tam. Shrew, 2.1.377.

overscutch'd, huswifes, well-whipped whores, so hardened to the trade, 2 Hen. 4, 3.11 308. overture, disclosure, declaration, Tw. Night, 1.v.196.

owe, to possess, Lear, 1.i 202.

oyes (Fr. oyez) the call of the public crief to secure attention, Mer Wives Win., 5.v.39

ace, training (as of horses), discipline, All's Well, 4.v.60; verb, to train, Per., 4.v.62. act, to plot, Titus, 4.n.156, pack'd, con federate, Much Ado, 5.1.285; Com. Err. pack, pack, to plot. Titus, 4.11.156, pack'd, confederate, Much. Ado, 5.1.285; Com. Err., 5.1.219, to manupulate the eards dishonestly, to cheek, Ant. and. Cleo., 4 xiv.19.
packing, plotting, Tam. Shrew, 5.1 105.
paddock, tood, Ham., 3.vv.190; paddock calls the witch's lamiliar spirit, Mac. 11.3.

Lie witch's tamiliar spirit, Mac., 1.1.9. pageant (the wagon on which a scene in the Miracle plays was stated at the various stations appointed for performance) so of a ship, Mer. Ven., 1.1.11; a show, sometimes with the notion of unreality or deception, Tem., 4.1.155; Oth., 1.1.113.

pain, punishment, Son., 141, 14; toil, L. Lab. Lost, 1.1.73.

paint, punishment, Son., 141, 14; ton, L. Lao.
Lost, 1.1.73.
paintul, paintul uarrior, enduring toil and
danger, Son., 25.9.
painted, specious, felse, Ham., 3.1.53.
painted, choth, canvas hangings painted with
figures and moral sentences were a cheap painted cloth, canvas hangings painted with figures and moral sentences were a cheap substitute for figured tapestries, 2 Hen 4, 2.1.142; right painted cloth, the answer taken from the motioes, etc. on the hangings, As You Luke, 3.1.258; Lucrec, 246.
paiock, possibly peacock, Ham., 3.11.278.
paiabras, paucas pallabris, few words, Tam. Shrew, Ind.1.5; Much Ado, 3.v.16.
pale, palsade, so figuratively at Ham., 1.1v 28, Troil. and Cres., 2.11.243, with idea of winter's whiteness at Win. Tale, 4 lin., verb, to encircle, 3 Hen. 6, 1.1v.103 (with the crown).

crown).

palirey, horse, Tilus, 5.ii.50. palisado, defence work of stakes. 1 Hen. 4. 2.iii. 19.

2.iii.19.
pall (1) fail, Hxm., 5.ii.9; pall'd fertunes, ruined prospects, Ant. and Cleo., 2.vii.81. (n) to shroud, Mac., 1.v.48.
pallet, bed, 2 Hen. 4, 3.i.10.
palliament, robe, Titus, 1.i.182.
palmy, loft; flourishing, Ham., 1.i.113.
paiter, deal falsely, Mac., 5.viii.20.
pantaloon, originally a stock character in Italian comedy; withered dotard—so figure of old age, As You Like, 2.vii.158.
Pantheon, temple at Rome (to all the Gods), Titus, 1.i.242.

Pantheon, temple at Rome (to all the Gods), Titus, 1.1.242. paper, to serve with a writ or communication, Hen. 8, 11.30.

Men. 8, 1.1.30.

Paracelsus, Swiss alchemist of early 16th century; criticised academic medical opinion as represented in Galen; Both of Galen and Paracelsus, all schools of medical thought, All's Well, 2.iii. 11.

paradox, contrary to general opinion, Ham., 3.i.144; absurd statement, Oth., 2.i.138.

paragon, paragon'd, regarded as perfect example of kind, Hen. 8, 2.iv.230; paragons description, surpasses attempts to describe ideal, Oth., 2.i.62; compare, Ant. and Cleo., 1.v.71.

Larcel, part. Oth., 1.iii.15t; group, Mer. Fen.

1.v.71. parcel, part, Oth., 1.iii.154; group, Mer. Ven., 1.iii.97; verb, (perhaps) add to, Ant. and Cleo., 5.ii.162; parcel, d, particular, Rich. 3, 2.ii.81. pard, panther or leopard, Tem., 4.i.260. Paris balls, tennis balls, Hen. 5, 2.iv.131. Paris garden, a bear-garden (for in this liberty on the Bankside was situated the ring for bear balting), Hen. 8, 5.iv.2. parish-top, kept to provide recreation in cold weather, Tw. Night, 1.iii.38.

paritor, summoner to the Bishop's court (the pranks in-pured by Cupid giving him most work), L. Lab Losd 3, 176.

parle, conversation (with pun on 'parle' = truce for discussion of terms), Ham., 1, in. 123;

anary parle, perhaps just a sharp encounter, Ham, 1.1.62

Parlous, perilous, As You Like, 3.11.40; shrewd, Rich. 3. 21v.35. parliacett, spen maeti, 1 Hen. 4, 1.11.58. parlial, a parlial stander, the accusation of partially, Rech. 2, 1 111.241.

partialize, affect with partiality, Rich. 2 1 : 120

natially, affin'd, bound by desire to favour a colleague, Oth., 2 in.210
parti-coated, moley, the garb of the fool, L tab. Lost, 5.1.754.
partisan, a blade mounted on a long pole, common weapon for guards. Ham, 1.1.110.
Partlet, Dame Partiet, traditional name for the lien, Nin Tale, 2.in.75.
party-verdict, individual's contribution to common decision. Nucl. 2, 1.11.234.

party-vertict, maintenars contribution to common decision, Rich 2, 1.m.234.

pash (1) nown, head, if in. Tale, 1.i.128; (1) rerb, strike, Trail. and Cres, 2.m.198.

passado, a lunge in rapier fighting, Rom. and

(ii) rcrb, strike, Troil. and Crcs, 2.3.1.198, assado, a lunge in rapier fighting, Rom. and Jul., 3.1.82.

assant (of heraldic figures), walking, Mer. Wires Wim., 1.1.17.

passion, Christ's sufferings (in oaths, etc.), Mer. Wires Wim., 3.1.57; physical or mental pain, 1 Hun. 4, 3.1.35; love, Tulus, 2.1.36, a passionate speech, Mid. N. Dr., 5.1.307; Ham., 3.1.19, verb, feel sorrow, Tem., 5.1.24.

passy, measures pavin (from Italian passamezzo pavaha), a variety of pavan, which was slow and stately, Tw. Night, 5.1.192.

patchery, rognery, Troil. and Crcs., 2.iii.67.

patent, rimm, patent, privilege of liberty as maid, Mid. N. Dr., 1.80.

patine, circular metal plate (patine, plate used in the Eucharist), Mer. Fen., 5.1.59.

atronage, maintain, 1 Hea. 6, 3.1.18.

aul's, known as well as Paul's, as familiar as the old St. Paul's cathedral which was the 'Bond Street of London' till the days of the Commonwealth, the haunt of idders and centre of commorce, 1 Hea. 4, 2.17.508.

pavin, see passy.

pavin, see passy.

representation of the Crucifixion.

Dax, representation of the Crucifixion, or reliquary, ki-sed by the celebrant and people at mass, Hen. 5, 3 v. 39.

peach, to give away one's confederates, 1 Hen. 4, 2.1.43; proclaim, M. Meas., 4.1n. 10.

peaks, to droop in spirit or strength, Ham., 2.11.561; Mac., 1.1in.23.

pearl, cataract (with play on usual sense), Two Gent. Ver., 5.11.12, 20cks, you o'er the pales, pitch you over the railings, Hen. 8, 5.1v.".

peculiar, belonging to particular individual, personal, M. Meas., 1.11.86; Troil. and Cres., 2.1il.161.

pedant. schoolmaster. Tw. Night. 3.1i.79:

zin.101.
pedant, schoolmaster, Tw. Night, 3.ii.79;
pedascule pedant, Tam. Shrew, 3.i.48.
pedi'd, tonsured, 1 Hea. 6, 1.iii.30.
peise, peised well, well balanced, John, 2.1.575;
peise the time, make it heavy and slow, Mer.
Yen., 3.ii.22.

pelican (the pelican was supposed to feed her young with her blood), Ham., 4.v.143.
Pelion, the glants placed mount Ossa on mount Pelion in their attempt to scale the mount of the pelican flow. State of the pelican flow.

hoavens, Mam., 5.1.247.
politing, pelling vars, poor fighting, Troil. and Cres., 4v.257; paltry, Lear, 2.11.18.
pendulous, suspended overhead. Lear, 3.iv.66.
pensioners, royal body-guard, formed by Henry VIII, Mer. Wires Wim., 2.11.70.
Pepin, father of Charlemagne, and so someone who lived long ago. L. Lab. Lost, 4.1.113.

perdu, a soldier on a post or task of special danger, so as good as lost, Lear, 4.vii 35.

peregrinate, with the affectations of one who pertegrinate, with the anectations of one who has seen the world, L. Lab. Lost, 5:112.

peremptory, determined, Cor., 3.1.286

perfect, certain, Cym., 3.171; perfet soul, sound conscience, Oth., 1.1.31; verb, to matricet, M. Maas, 4.11.188.

perfection, performance, Troil, and Cres., 3 ii.83.

perfection, Mach. Ado, 1 ii.50.

perfume, Much. Ado, 1 ii.50.

perfume, Much. Ado, 1 ii.50.

perfume, Much. Ado, 1 ii.50.

perfume, a claume coursed on the person.

periapt, a charm carried on the person, 1 Hen. 6, 5,m,2.

1 Hen. 6, 5.11.2.

Perfure, now, a perjurer, L Lab. Lost, 4 iii.43;

perjur'd note, the paper pinned to the perjurer

setting out his guilt, L Lab. Lost, 4.11.121.

peroration, "Indied harangue, 2 Hen. 6, 1.1.100.

perpend, ponder, As You Like, 3.1.60.

Persian, rich and ornate, Lear, 3.v.1.79 (Edgar

being in rags).

perspective, a picture that appeared coherent and intelligible only from one particular point of yiew, Rich. 2, 2.1.18; illusion, Tw. Night, v i.200

v 1.203.

pertaunt-like, 'pertaunt' was perhaps a
winning declaration at the card game of
Post and Pair-perhaps a hand of four
Queens (see Dr. Percy Simison's letter,
2 L.S., 24 Feb. 45), L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.67.

petar, a boomer charge for blowing in gates,

perar, a nome or charge for blooming and Ham., 3.1v 207.

pew, per-fellow, associate, Rich. 3, 4.v.58.

phantasime, a fantastic follow, L. Lab. Lost,

phantasma, mahtmare, Jul. Caes., 2.i.65. pheeze, castigate, Tam. Shrew, Ind.i.1; Pheazar, comm. formation, Mer. Wites Win.,

1 hi 9
Philip, name for sparrow, John, 1.i.231.
Philip and Jacob, 1st May, feast of Philip and James, M. Meas., 3.i.189
Philip, Saint, Saint Philip's daughters, the daughters of Philip the Evangelist (Acts xxi, 8-9) had the gift of prophecy, 1 Hen 6, 1 li.143.
Philippan, sword Philippan, the sword he used in the "ctory at Philippi, Ant. and Cleo., 2.v.23.

2.v.23.

Philomel-a, the nightingale; according to the legend. Pandion, king of Attica, had two daughters Philomel and Proene; Procne was married to Tereus who ravished Philomel and cut out her tongue to conceal has sin, she was changed to a nightingale, Titus, 4.1.48.

philosopher, philosopher's two stones, even better than the philosopher's stone that was supposed to turn base metals to gold, 2 Hen. 4, 34, 1296.

supposed to turn base means to good, 2 2200., 3.16.290. Phoebe. Pheobus, the moon-goddess, the sunged, Mid. N. Dr., 1.1.209 and 1.11.29 (Phibbus). phoemis, a unique wonder, Hen. 8, 5.v.40. phraseless, beyond description, Loc. Comp.,

225.
physical, good for the health, Jul. Caes., 2.1.261.
pia mater, brain, Tw. Night, 1.v.108.
pick, picht, Car., 1.1.198.
picked, threat. L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.11.
pickers and stealers, hands ('to keep my hand from picking and stealing' Calechism), Ham., 3.1.327.

Ham., 3.11.377.
pick-thank, toady, 1 Hen. 4, 3.11.25.
Pickt-hatch, a quarter of ill-repute in London,
Mer B vices Win., 2.11.16.
pigeon-liver'd, spiritless, tame, Ham., 2.11.572.
pight, pitched, Troil, and Cres., 5.1.24; fixed,
sear, 2.1.65.

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4.1.129, pin and we catalact, blindness, Wim. Tale, 1.n.291, pin buttock, narrow buttock, All's Well, 2 n 17

buttock, All's Well, 2 n 17
purfold, pound for stray animals. Lear, 2 n 8,
pink'd, pink'd porringer a cap. Hen 8, 5.1v.45.
pioned, pioned and intiled brims, meaning
doubtful, Tem., 4.164
pip, a pn out, thirty-two when thirty-one (at
card came) is needed Tam. Shew, 1 n.32
pipe-wine, wine from cask, Mer W wes Win.,
3 n 77.

pismire, ant, 1 Hen. 4, 1.11.240. pitch, height, Ham., 3 1 86.

pitch, heard, nam., o 100.

place, prade of place, the height from which
hawk strikes, Mac, 2 iv 12.

placket, 8th in pettroout to allow it to shp on,
so woman. Troil, and Cres, 2 in 19.

so woman Troil, and Cres, 2.m 19

plain-song, the very plane-song of it, the simple
truth, Hin. 5, 3.11.5

planched, of boards, M. Meas, 4, 1.28,

plantage, vegetation (supposed to be affected
by planes of moon), Troil, and Cres, 3.11.173,

plantain, plant with boad flat leaves, thought

and the manufacture of the control of the supposed to the manufacture.

plantain, plant with Droad flat leaves, thought good for wounds, L. Lah. Lost, 3.1.68. plantation, settlement, Tem., 2.1.137. plash, pool, Tam. Shrew, 1.1 23. plate, silver com, Ant. and Cleo., 5.ii.92. plate, to cover with armour, Lear, 4.vi 165; plated Mars, armed for battle, Ant. and Cleo.

plausive, pleasing, acceptable, Ham., Liv.30; plausive, cuming, AUS Well, 41,25; pleached, linch placked alley, the boughs closely intertwined, Much Ado. Lil 8; pleached arms, folded arms, Ant. and Cleo. 4xiv.73; pleasse-man, toady, L. Lab. Lost, 5 ii.483; pleurisy, a plethora or excess, Ham., 4.vii.117, plighted, wrapped as in pleats, folded, Lear, 1, 259.

pignted, wrapped as in pleats, folded, Lear, 11.280.

Plume, plumage, Ten., 3.ii.65; plume up, dress up, express, Oth., 1.iii.387, plume up, dress up, express, Oth., 1.iii.387, plume pluck'd, dispossessed, Rich. 2, 4.i.108.

Point, point of war, trumpet-call, 2. Hen. 4, 4.i.52; lace for keeping hose attached to doublet, 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.207 (pun on 'point' sword point); armed at point exactly, completely, Ham., 1.i. 200; (in falconry) the height to which the hawk climbs before striking, 2 Hen. 6, 2.i.5; point-detries, in all particulars, precisely, The. Night, 2.v.145.

Poise, weight, Lear, 2.i.129, ...aumentum, Troil, and Cres., I.iii.399, ...aumentum, Troil, and Cres., I.iii.399, poke, pecket, As You Like, 2.vii.20.

Poking-sticks, for ruffs 11 in. Tule, 4.iv.223.

Polacks, Poles, Ham. 1.i.63.

Pole-clipt, vineyard, the poles perhaps for the vimes to climb on. Tem., 4.i.68.

Politic, publica authors, writers on state affairs, politics, publica authors, writers on state affairs,

politic, politic authors, writers on state affairs, Tw. Night, 2v.143. politician, a political intriguer, Lear, 4.vi.171; Ham., 5.1.78.

Ham., 5.178.
pomander, seen-ball, Win. Tale, 4.iv.590.
pomewater, kind of apple, L. Lab. Last, 4.it.4.
Pomgarnet, pomegrainte, rooms in imsoften laving names, 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.36.
Pontic sea, Black Sea, Oth., 3.iii.457.
Poor-John, salted fish, Tem., 2.ii.26.
pop rin pear, kind of pear (from Poperinghe near Ypres), Rom. and Jul., 2.1.38.
popularity, contact with the common people.
1 Hen. 4, 3.ii.60.

porrentine, porcupine, Ham., 1.v.20.
porridge, pottage or soup, 1 Hen. 6, 1.ii.9,
port (i) gate, Troil. and Ores., 4.iv.110; (ii)
bearing, Hen. 5, 1.Chor.6; rank, wealth,

bearing, Hen. 5, 1.Chor.6; rank, wealth, Mer. Ven., 3.li.283. portage (i) venture (what the sailor traded on his own), Per., 3.i.35; (ii) port-holes, Hen. 5, 3.1.10.

bearing, conduct, Oth., 1.iii.139.

posy, Lor. Comp., 45.
, argument, assertion, Troil. and Cres.,

Possession, possessed as by an evil spirit, Com Er., 5.1.44.

posset, nown, 'night-cap' of bot milk and spiced liquor, Mac., 2.1.6; verb, curdle, Ham.,

post, sheriff's nost, sheriff's notice-board, Tw. Night, 1.v.140; door-post of tavern, Con. Frr, 1 n 64.

postern, side-door, Win. Tale, 1.ii.438. post-haste, speeding-up, Ham., 1 1.107; haste-post-haste, immediate, Oth., 1.ii.37.

post-haste, immediate, Oth., 1.1..37.
posy, inscription in-side a ring (e.g. Mer. Ven.,
5.1 150), Ham., 3 n.147.
potential, powerful, Oth., 1.ii.13.
potents, potentates, John, 2 i.358.
pother, commotion, Cor., 21.208.
potting, drinking, Oth., 2 in.72.
pottile, wo-quart measure so tankard, Oth.,

pottle, pouncet-box, perforated scent-box, 1 Hen. 4,

1.111 38.

1.11 58.
powder, sait, 1 Hen. 4, 5.iv 112; powderingtub, prine-tub (used of treatment for veneral
discose), Hen. 5, 2.178,
practic, practical, Hen. 5, 1.151,
practice, intrigue, treachery,
5 1 339; Lear, 1.1175.

practisant, performer of a stratagem, 1 Hen 6, 3 11 20.

practise, use some device, Lear, 3.ii.57; plot, John. 4.1 20.

praemunire, compass of a praemunire, open to a charge of maintaining papal authority in England, Hen. 8, 3 n.340.

prætor, koman magistrate, chiefly concerned with law, Jul. Cass., 2 vs. 34. preambulate, to go before L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.68. precedence, what is said before, Ant. and Cleo.

precedent, original, Ruch. 3, 3.vi.7; token, Ven. and Ad., 26, adp., earlier, Ham., 3 iv.98. preceptial, preceptial medicine, suitable precepts or advice on conduct, Much Ado,

precipitate, fall headlong, Lear, 4,vi.50. precipitation, extent of the fall. Cor, 3.11.4 precise, scrupulous, puritanual, M. Meas. 1.111.50 (also at 3.1.95 and 98, where the Folio reads 'precip').

precisian, puritan-like adviser, Mer. Wires Win., 2.1.5.

Win., 2.1.5.

Meas., 4.1.70

pre-confract, engagement of marriage, M.

Meas., 4.1.70

precurrer, forerunner, Phoenix, 6.

precurrer, foreshadowing, Ham., 1.1.21.

predominance, spherical predominance, compusion of planetary influence, Lear. 1.ii.118.

predominant, in the ascendant or influential position, All's Well 1.i.185.

pregnant (i) clear, Oth., 2.1.232; weighty, significant, Ham., 2.ii.207; apt to respond or act, Ham., 3.ii.59.

prejudicate, pass judgment on a matter before

prejudicate, pass judgment on a matter before it is formally raised, All's Well, 1.4.8. premeditation, cold premeditation, discouraging consideration for any future scheme, 3 Hen. 6.

premised, sent before their time, 2 Hen. 6.

prenominate, name beforehand, Troil. and Cres. 4.v.250; prenominate crimes, already mentioned, Ham. 2.143.
pre-ordinance, decree already made, Jul.

Cace, 3.1.38.

preparations, accomplishments, Mer. Wites Win. 2.11.206.

prerogative, precedence, Tam. Shrew, 3.1.6; All's Well, 2.1v.39.

presage, prophecy, signs of future happenings, presentiment, Son., 107, 6; Rich. 2, 2.11.142.

3 m 1.2; in position, in the statement, Oth., 5.3 m 2.38.

SSESSION, possessed as by an evil spirit, 5.5 mescription, title founded on usage or antiquity, 3 Hen. 6, 3 m. 94.

SSER, noun, 'night-cap' of hot milk and spiced liquor, Mac., 2.n.6; verb, curdle, Ham., 1 v.68.

1 v.68.

5.1v.101 presentment, dedication of book to patron, Timon, 1.1.29.

press, authority to impress soldiers, 1 Hen. 4, 4.11 12.

press, pressing to death, refers to the pressing to death, with weights, of accused who would not plead, M. Meas, 5, 152 pressure, impression, Ham. 3.i.24.

Pressure John, a fabled and mysterious king of the East or Ethiopia, Much Ado, 21.238.

21.233.

Presuppos'd, forms presuppos'd, dressed as the false letter suggested, Tu. Nught, 5.1.337.

Pretence, purpose, Com., 1.1.20; pretence of danger, malicious intention. Lear, 1.1.84.

prevent, anticipate, Ham., 2 ii 293.

Prevention, interference, anticipatory counteraction, Jul. Caes, 3.1.19.

Prick, noun, mark on dial of clock, against hour, 3. Hen. 6, 1 iv 34; to mark centre of target, Jul. Caes, 4.1.1.

Pricket, see buck.

Pricke-song, song set out in notation, Rom. and Jul., 2.1.21.

Prig., thief, Win Tale, 4.1.1.96.

Primero, card-game, Hen. 8, 5.1.7.

Primogenity, legal right of clder, Troil. and Cres., 11.11.106.

pr mero, card-game, Hen. 8, 5.1.7. primogenity, legal right of elder, Troil. and Cree, 1.m. 106. principality, Principalities, Archangels and Ang Is formed the third order of Heaveny beings, Two Gent. Ver., 2.v.148. princox, forward fellow, Rom and Jul., 1 v.84 Priscian, Roman grammarian, a httle scratch'd, has rules violated somewint. L. Lab. Lost.

his rules violated somewhat, L. Lab. Lost, 5.1 25.

pristine, former, ancient, Hen 5, 3 i.77.
privilege, justification, explanation, Mud. N.
Dr., 2 i 220.

prize, contest, play'd your prize, played your game, Titus, 1. 399, prizer (i) prize-fighter, As You Like, 2.11.8; (ii) valuer, Troil, and Cres., 2.156, probation, examingtion, Tr. Night, 2.v.119; proof, Ham., 1.i.156

proceeder, quek moceders, with play on idea of proceeding to a university degree in Arts, Tam. Shrew, 4.ii.11.

ram. sureto, 4.11.11.
process, account. Ham., 1.v.37, mandato, Ham., 4.11.63; by legal process. Cor., 3.1.314.
proditor, traitor, 1 Hen. 6, 1.11.31.
proface, may it do you good! (formula before a meal), 2 Hen. 4, 5.11.28.
progeny, race, Cor., 1.vii.12; descent, 1 Hen. 6.
3.11.61.

prognostication, according to the almanac's forecast, Win. Tale, 4 iv.778; fruitful prognostication, sign of future fertility, Ant. and Cleo., 1.ii.49.

Cleo., 1.13.49.

Prolixious, time-wasting, M. Meas., 2.iv.162.

Promethern, heat, lite-giving fire, such as Prometherns took from Heaven, Oth., 5.ii.12.

promigate, amounce, Oth., 1.ii.21.

proof, of aimour itness to be put to the proof, impenetrability, Rich. 2, 1.ii.173.

propend, incline, Trod. and Cres., 2.ii.190.

propension, inclination, Trod. and Cres., 2.ii.133.

proper-false, good-looking but deceitful at heart. Two. Night, 2.4, 27, property, a mere tool, Jul. Cacs., 4.4, 10; property of blood, kinship, Lear, 1, 1, 113, cerb, to treat as some inanimate object, Two. Night.

4.ii.88. Propontic, Sea of Marmora, Oth., 3.iii.460. propose, purpose, Much Ado, 3.i.12. propugnation, protection, Troil and Cres.,

prorogue, postpone. Rom. and Jul., 2 n 78 Proteus, sea-god who assumed various forms, 3 Hen. 6, 3.1 192

proud-pied, with many fine colours, Son

provincial, of a particular province, M. Meas , 5.1.314

o.1.311.
Provincial roses, roseites covering the laces (Proveneal roses), Ham., 3 n.270.
prune, piecn, Cym., 5 tv 118.
psattery, stringed instrument, Cor., 5.1v 48.
pudder, commotion, Lear, 3 n 50.
pugging, thieving (doubtful), Win. Tale,

4.111.7.

4.11.7.

puissance, power, army, John, 3.1.339.

puis-stocking, cloth stocking, 1 Hen. 4, 2.1v.67.

punk, halot, Mer. Wites Win., 2.11 122.

punto, thrust in feneing, Mer. Wites Win.,

2.11.24; punto raterso, backhanded thrust,

Rom. and Jul., 2.1v 26.

purchas'd, acquired as opposed to possession by descent, e.g. hereditary rather than purchas'd, .int. and Cleo., 1.iv.14.

purgation, clearance of guilt, Win. Tale, 3.ii.7. puri, flow, Lucrece, 1407. purlieu, land bordering forest, As You Like,

4 111.75

purple-in-grain, see grain

purpie-in-grain, see grain, pursuivant, messenger, Rich. 3, 3.iv.90. purveyor, other who went ahead to see to lodging, ctc., Mac., 1v.1.22. push, attack, 1 Hen. 4, 3 ii.66. push-pin, children's game, L.Lab. Lost, 4.iii.165. putter-out, of fine for one, the voyager who put down a sum with a dealer on condition that headstraid or a run with a dealer on condition that down a sam with a teater of condition that he obtained on return five times the original, but forfeited the lot if he tailed to return or keep the date fixed Tem., 3.11.48. puttock, bird of prey, kitc, Chm., 1.1.140. puzzel, a drab, 1 Hen. 6, 1.1v.107.

quail, a loose woman, Troil, and Cres., 5.150. quaint, clever, 2 Hen. 6, 3.1.274; charming, delicate Mid. N. Dr., 2.1.17; quaint mass, mirrate paths, Mid. N. Dr., 2.1.90. quaintly, artfully, Hann, 2.1.31; Mer. Ven.,

quality, artifly, Ham., 2.1.31; Mer. Val., 2.1.V.b., qualification, condition, Oth., 2.1.269. qualified, possessed, endowed, Win. Tale, 2.1.113; competent, Lear, 1.1v.34. quality, to moderate, Lear, 1.1v.34. quality, natural parts, Hran., 4.vii.113. quality, natural parts, Hran., 4.vii.113. social position, Lear, 5.iii.120; acquired shift, profession (especially of actory, Ham., 2.1.426. quarrel, cause for strife, Ham., 4.iv.55. quarrel, heap of dead (from term used of deer killed in sport), Ham., 5.ii.356. quarrer, heap of dead (from term used of deer killed in sport), Ham., 5.ii.356. and 68, keep pood quarter, watching guard, John, 5.v.20; keep quarter, have suching guard, John, 5.v.20; keep quarter, lave surfuely for a micable terms, 4.ii.176; quarter fires, camp ires, Cym., 4.ii.176; quarter fires, camp ires, Cym., 4.ii.176; quarter, fires, camp ires, Cym., 4.ii.176; quarter, fires, camp ires, Cym., 4.ii.176; quarter, fires, camp pipels of a person, 5111c, 5111c, 50 contemptionsly of a person, the string of the contemption of a person, the contemption of the contemption of a person, the contemption of the contemp

Oth. 5.1.11. queen, female, soold, 2-Hen. 4, 2.1.45. queen, female, soold, 2-Hen. 4, 2.1.45. queen, of a queeny question, difficult nature, Lear, 2.1.17; upset, disgusted, Ant. and Cleo. Lear, 2 3.vi.20.

a.vi.20, quell, slaughter, Med., 1.vii.72. quell, slaughter, Med., 1.vii.72. quell, slaughter, Med., 1.vii.72. quell, slaughter, Med., 1.i.46. questant, seeler for fame, 5.i.22; pa y to make inquiry Oth, 1.ii.46. questant, seeler for fame, All's Well, 2.i.16. questants, seeler for fame, All's Well, 2.i.16. questants, searchers, Lear, 3.vii.16. questants, searchers, Lear, 3.vii.16. L. Lab. Lad. 5.ii.603; genstive part, Ham., 2.ii.693; sharp, Per, 4.i.28. quicken, are born, Oth., 3.iil.281; come to life again, Adl. and Oleo, 4.xv.39.

quiddities, fine-spun arguments, Ham., 5 1.96, quietus, term signifying the discharge of a debt. Son., 126, 12; release from the bondage of life, Ham., 3.1.75, quillet, leful quilbble, Ham., 5.1.97, quintain, an object for tilting at, As You Like,

1 13 230

quintain, an object for filting at, As You Like, 1 in 230 quintessence, the fifth essence, underlying the four elements (earth, air, fire, water), and forming the state, so the most subtle extract or mainfestation, Ham, 2 in 307 quip, retort, sharp remails, 1s You Like, 5.iv,71, quirk, clever stroke, Oth. 2 163; shock, All's Well, 3.ii.47, turn of mind, Tw. Night, 3.iv,233, quit, ada, quit vith, of, even with, Cor. 4.v.83, quit, verb, reliase, Tw. Night, 5 i.308; release from, Hen. 8, 5.i.70, to remit, Mer. Ven., 4.i.376; to requite, Ham., 5.ii.68, quivers, inc. 2, 1i.34, quiver, agile, 2 Hen. 4, 3 ii 273, quoif, close-fitting cap, Win. Tale, 4.iv.221, quoif, close-fitting cap, Win. Tale, 4.iv.221, quoif, close-fitting cap, Win. Tale, 4.iv.221, quoid, cust, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.182 quoid, close-fitting cap, Lab. Lost, 5.ii.585, quote, indicate (as a reterence in a book), L. Lab. Lost, 2.i.245; mark out, John, 4.li 222, chserve, Ham., 2.i.112; regerd, L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.744, quititing of leve of the section of the sec

5.11.774. 5.1.1.14. quotidian of love, a fever that recurs daily. As You Lake, 3 ii 339; quotidian tertum, Mistress Quickly's terminology (a tertian fever recurred every second day), Hen. 5, 2.1.116.

R, the dog's name, or letter, because 'arre' is like a dog's snart, Rem. and Jul., 2.iv.203. rabato, kind of stiff collar, Much 1do, 3.iv.8. rabbit-sucker, baby rabbit, 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.422. race, course, John, 3.ii.39. race, herd, Mer. Ven., 5.k.72; strain, e.g. sensual race, list, M. Aleas, 2.iv.160; race of heaven, of heavenly descent, Ant. and Cleo, 1.iii.37.

1 in 37

1.31.37.

race, raze, race of ganger, root of ginger, Win.

Tale, 4.31.45.

rack, clouds drifting with the wind, Ham.,

2.31.478; leave not a rack behind, no trace, even

as unsubstantial as a cloud, Tem., 4.1.156.

rack, verb. struch, Mer. I.en., 1.1.181; distort,

misrepresent, M. Meas, 4.1.63.

rackers, distorters, L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.17.

rage, madness, Lear, 4.vii.78; martial ardour,

John, 2.1.265; a poet's rage, poet's enthusiasm,

Son., 17.11.

rage, verb, act madly, dat. and Cleo., 1.1.7.
raging-wood, raging mad, 1 Hen. 5, k.vi..35.
raisins o th sun, sun-dried grapes, Win. Tale,

ramp, harlot, Cym., 1.vi.133. rampallian, of a woman, scoundrel, 2 Hen. 4.

2.1.57

ramping, on hind legs in fighting attitude, 1 17 pt. 4, 3.1.153.

1 17 pt. 4, 3.1.153.

1 rampir d, fortified, Timon, 5.1v.47.

rampars, Otana's rangers, her virgin nymphs, (1904, 2.1ii.69.

rank, pichaps for 'rack' = easy pace, As You Like, 3.11.88.

Like, 3.11.88.
rank, ad., rank Achilles, overgrown in pride,
Troil, and Gres., 1,11.318; rank corruption,
uncheck'd, Ham., 3.1v.148; ranke rate,
greater price, Han., 4.1v.22; adv., completely,
Troil, and Gres., 1.41.186.
rankle, inflict a wound that festers, Rich. 2,
Litt 302.

ransach'd, queen, carried off, Troil. and Cres.,

Z.H.150. rap. thus raps you, moves you to this strange fit. Cym., 1.v1.50. rapture, forcible seizure, Per., 2.1.153; fit, Cor., 2.1.197.

rascal, a lean and worthless deer, so term of contempt, Cor., 1.1.157, rash, sudden in operation, 2 Hen. 4, A.iv.48;

hasty, demanding haste, Troil. and Cres 4.ii.60.

hasty, demanding haste, Troil. and Cres 4.ii.60.

rash, verb, stick, Lear, 3.vn.57.

rate, price, Ham., 4.vv.22, estimation, Tem. 2.1.103; way of living, Mer. Ver., 1.127.

rather, the rather, the sooner, 1.ll's Well. 3.v.33 ratherest, most of all, L. Lab Lost, 1.ii.16.

ratify, only numbers ratified, correct in form only, L. Lab, Lost, 4.ii.110.

Ratolorum, corruption of Custos Rotulorum (Keeper of the Rolls), Mer. Wrees Win, 1.17 ravel, ravell'd sleave, tangled skein (see sleid Mac., 2.ii 37; Two Gent. Ver., 3.ii.52.

ravin, ad., ravenous, All's Well, 3 ii 116; verb devour, M. Meas., 1.ii.123; ravin'd shark devouring, Mac., 4.1.24.

ravish, to infect, Lucrece, 778; tear out, Lear, 3.vii.37, ransh'd queen, carried off by force or guile, Troil, and Cres., Prol. 8, ranshing strides, steps of the ravisher, Mac., 2.155.

raviness, unprotected condition, Mac., 4.ii.26 ray d, bomired, Tam. Shrew, 4.ii.3. pluck off raze, obliverse, Mac., 5.ii.4; pluck off raze, obliverse, Mac., 5.ii.4; pluck off

 raze, obliterate, Mac., 5.111.42; pluck off Rich. 3, 3.1v.84; lay flat, M. Meas., 2 11.171.
 raz'd, raz'd shoes, uppers cut pattern-wise pluck Ham., 3.11.271.

Habb., 3.1.271.
reach, obliteration, M. Meas., 5.113.
reach, attanment, Ham., 2.1.64.
reach, verb, raught (participle), taken hold of, Ant. and Cleo., 4.1x.29; attain to in duration or numbers, L. Lab. Lost, 4.11.38.
read, give learned instruction, i Hen. 4, 3.1.46
re-answer, give compensation, Hen. 5, 3.v., 124
reason, noun, observation, L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.2
justice, Trius, 1.1.279; verb, discuss, Lear justice, 2.iv.263.

reave, reft (participle), taken away, Ven. and Adon., 1174. rebate, blunt, M. Meas., Liv.60. rebeck, fiddle with three strings, used as name of musician, Rom. and Jul., 4.v.130. recheat, call on horn for hounds, so of cuckold's horns, Much. 1do, 1.208. rack, recks not his own rede, hec. is not his own advice, Ham., 1 iii.51. reckless, regardless of duty, 3 Hen. 6, 5.v.7. reclaim, subdue, 1 Hen. 6, 3.v.5. recognizance, a legal bond, defining a debt Ham., 5.1.101; token, Uth., 5.1.217 recoil, to degenerate, Cym., 1.vi.127; to go back in thought, Win. Tale, 1.1.151. recollect, recollected terms, studied defton, Tw. Night, 2.v.5. recommend, deliyer, Tw. Night, 5.1.85; in-

Night, 2.1v.5.

recommend, deliver, Tw. Night, 5.1.85; inform, Oth., 1.in.41.

record, sing, Two Geat. Ver., 5.iv.6; recorded, witness'd for, Timon, 4.ii.4.

recorder, kind of diageolet, Hann., 3.ii.286.

recourse, flow. Trait. and Cres., 5.iii.55; admittance, Rich. 3, 3.v.109.

recoverable, able to be repeated, Timon, 3.iv.13.

recovery, see fine.

recovery, see fine.

recovery, see fine.

recovery, see fine.

recreation, taking food, L. Lah. Lost, 4.il.156.

rector, ruler, All's Well, 4.il.56; rectorship,

rule, Cor., 2.il.28.

red, counsel, Ham., 1.ili.51.

red lattice, window of alchouse, 2 Hen. 4,

2.il.76; red-lattice phrases, language of alchouse, Mer. Wices Win., 2.il.23.

reduce, bring sgain, Ruch. 3, 5.v.189.

reduce, bring sgain, Ruch. 3, 5.v.189.

reduce, bring state, Men. 3, 3.v.67.

reduce, bring state, Men. 3, 3.v.67.

reduced the Men. 3, 3.v.67.

respand, object to the eye, Cht. 2.i.40; observance of duty. Lear. 1, iv.265; estimation,

Troil, and Cres., 3.iil.128.

regiment, soverment, Ant. and Cleo., 3.v.195.

Troil, and Cres., 3.11.128.
regiment, government, Ant. and Cleo., 3.v1.95.
region, the heavens, Hann., 2.ii.481; region
kites, of the air, Hann., 2.ii.574.
reguerdon, noum, reward, 1 Hen. 6, 3.i.170;
verb, to reward, 1 Hen. 6, 3.iv.23.
reins, loins, Mer. Wives Wim., 3.v.20.

resoluting, union, Troil, and Cres., 4.1v 35 resolutin, adjourn, Cor., 21.65. relation, application, Mer. Ven., 4.12 understood relations, combinations rigid interpreted, Mac., 3.1v 121. Mer. Ven., 4.1243, combinations rightly

relish, nown, grafted to your relish, changed to your quality, Cor., 2.1.180, characteristic mark or flavour, Ham., 3.11.92, relish, sing, Two Gent. Ver., 2.1.18. relish, sing, Coo, Cht., 5.11.3. remainder, cut the entail from all remainders, clegal terms) give away also anything that may remain after he has parted with his (inheritance) salvation, All's Well, 4.11.201, remainder wands, food left over, Troil, and Cres., 2.11.70; remainder biscuit, As You Like, 2 vii.39.

remediate, remedial, Lear, 4.1v.17. remission, and remission, ready pardon, M. Meas, 5.1.496.

remonstrance, rash remonstrance, sudden demonstration, M. Meas., 5.1.390.
remorse, pity, Lear, 4.11.73; remorseful, compassionate, Two Gent. Ver., 4 in.13, remorseless, without pity, Ham., 2.11.576.
remotion, flight, holding aloof, Timon, 4 in.339, Lear, 2.11.112.

Lear, 2.iv.112.

render, noun, settlement of a debt or obligation, Cym., 5.iv.17; confession, admission, Tymon, 5.i.147; verb, give an account of, characterize, As You Like, 4.ii.121; Cym., 2.iv.119 rendez-vous, meeting place, Ham., 4 iv.4. renege, deny, Lear, 2.ii.73; resigns, Ant. and Cleo, 1.i.8.

renew, repeat, Hen. 5, 1 ii.116.
repair, noun, resort, Ham, 5.ii.210; verb, return, Mid. N. Dr. 4.1 61.
repastrue, food, L. Lab. Lost, 4.186.
repetition, reference to the past, All's Well, 5.ii.20.

repining, reluctant to praise, Troil and Cres . 1 111.243

replenished, full, complete, Win. Tale, 2.179. replication, reply, Ham., 4.1.13; echo, reverberation, Jul. Caes., 1.1.47.

rever beration, Jul. Caes. 1.147, reposure, placing, Lear, 2.1.68, reprisal, prize, 1 Hen. 4, 4.118, reprobance, dammation, Uth., 5.11.212, reproved, disprove, 2 Hen. 6, 3.1.40, repugn, resist, 1 Hen. 6, 4.1.94, repugnancy, resist, 1 Hen. 6, 4.1.94, repugnancy, resist, 1 Hen. 6, 3.1.40, repugre, purify again, Troil, and Cres., 3.1.21, repute, value, 2 Hen. 6, 3.1.8, require, to request, (Car., 2.11.1, requiring, request, M. Meas., 3.1.235, requit, repaid, Tem., 3.11.71, rere-mice, bats, Mul. N. Dr., 2.1.4, resemblance, probability, M. Meas., 4.11.178, resist, repel, Per., 2.11.29, resolution, certainty, Lear, 1.11.96, resolution, certainty, Lear, 1.11.96, resolved, dissolve, Timon, 4.11.437; free from doubt, answer a question, Jul. Caes., 3.1.122, resolved to correction, purposed chastisment, 2 Hen. 4, 4.1.213.

2 Hen. 4, 4.1.213
respect, noun, without respect, apart from its context, Mer. Ven., 5.1.99; rank, estimation, Jul. Caes., 1.11.59; base respects of threft, considerations of profit, Ham., 3.11.178; deliberation, Troil. and Cres., 2.11.48; upon respect, deliberately, Lear, 2.1v.23; verb, consider, Mid. N. Dr., 1.1.160; respecting, remembering, in comparison with, Win. Tale, 5.1.36 respective, respective lenity, deliberate forbearance, Rom. and Jul., 3.1.120; courteous, John, 1.1.188; to be admired, Two Gent. Ver., 4.iv.191.

4.iv.191.

respectively, very warmly, Timen, 3.1.3. respite, delay, 1 Hen. 6, 4.1.170; determin'd respite, appointed end of the time (in which my crimes went unpunished), Rich. 3, 6.1.19. set, term from card game of primero signifying

the stake on which the game turned, the loss of which ended the game—so hazard everything, make an end of matter, Rom. and Jul., J.iii 110.

resting, immovable. Jul. Caes., 3.i.61. resty, sluggish, Troil. and Crev., 1.ii.263; Son., 100, 9.

retreat, withdrawal from pursuit, 2 Hen. 4, 4.113.71.

retrograde, with apparent backward motion in the heavens, All's Well, 1.1.186; contrary, Ham., 1.11.111.

return, noun, reply, Hen. 5, 2.iv.127; verb, to send back someone, Timon, 3.v.37; to be handed over, Ham., 1.191. reverb, reverberate, Lear, 1..153. reverberate, Mills, re-echoung, Tw. Night,

Tw. Night.

reverse, back-handed thrust in fencing, Mcr. Wires Win., 2 ii.24, reversion, in recersion, in the future, Troil, and Cres., 3 ii.89.

Cres., 3.11.81.
review, see again, Win. Tale, 1.1v.556.
revolution, change, as made by time or the turning of Fortune's wheel, Hum., 5.1.88.
revolve, turn over in mind. Tw. Myddt, 2.v.128.

turning of Fortune's wheel, Halm., 5.1.88.

sevolve, turn over in mind Tw. Noght, 2v.128.

rhapsody, meaningless verblage. Halm., 3.1v.48

Rhenish, Rhine whee, Halm., 1.uv.10.

rheum. a flow of tears. sulvu, etc., bisson

rheum., blinding tears, Halm., 2m., 500; bler.

I'en., 1.iii.112; a disease characterized by such

an excessive flow, And. and Cleo., 3.ii.57;

rheumatic diseases, diseases brought on by an

excessive flow, Mal. N. Dr., 2.1.105; rheumy,

cursing the morbid condition, Jul. Caes.,

9.286.

ribaudred, ribandred nag of Egypt, Egyptian harlot, Ant. and Clea., 3.x.10. riggish, wantonly inclined, Ant. and Clea., 2 11.242.

right, ode., exactly, to the life, Troil. and Cres., 1.11.170.

right-hand, right-hand file, patricians, Cor.,

121.

Tigol, circle, golden rigol, crown, 2 Hen. 4, 4.v.36.

rien, lining of belly, Hen. 5, 4.iv.14.

ring, crack'd within the ring, coin rendered uncurent by a crack extending inside the ring round the sovereign's effigy, Ham., 2.ii.423.

ring-carrier, a go-between, All's Well, 3.v.89.

ripe, sinking-ripe, ready to sink, Com. Err., 1.178; ready prepared, Mid. N. Dr., 5.12.

rivage, shore, Hen., 5, 3.Chor.14.

rival, partner, Ham., 1.i.13; rivality, partnership, Ant. and Cleo., 3 v.8.

rivelled, wrinkled, Troil, and Cres., 5.1.21.

road, roadstead, Mer. Ven., 1.1.19.

road, roadstead, Mer. Ven., 1.1.19.

robustious, violent (in action or declamation), Ham., 3.ii.9.

rogue, vagrant, Lear, 4.vii.39; roguing,

Ilam., 3.ii.9. vagrant, Lear, 4.vii.30; roguing, wandering, Per., 4.i.98. roisting, rousing, Troil. and Cres., 2.ii.208. romage, turmoil. Ham., 1.i.107 Roman, Raman hand, the style of handwriting called Roman or Italian that replaced the English hand, Tw. Night, 3.iv.28. rondure, sphere. Son., 21, 8. rondure, sphere. Son., 21, 8. rook, squat, 3 Hear. 6, 5.vi.47. ropery, knavery, Rom. and Jul., 2.iv.142; ruse/ricks (may he connected with 'ropery').

rook, squat, 3 Hen. 6, 5 vi.47.
ropery, knavery, Rom. and Jul., 2.iv.142:
nme-tricks (may be connected with ropery'),
Tom. Shrete, 1.ii.109.
roted, learnt by rote, Cor., 3.ii.55.
rother, ox, Timon, 4.iii.12.
round, adi, roundest manner, plainest, Lear,
1.iv.53.

1 ii 136, (punning on royal = 10 shillings, noble = 6s, 8d., difference = 40 pence = ten groats), Ruch. 2, 5 v.67. As You Like, ? it 8. roynish, sourvy.

roynish, scurvy. 18 You Like, 2 it 8. rub, noun, impediment (from game of bowls), Cor., 3160; verb, rubb'd, diverted from his course, Lear, 2.n.149.
rubious, rub-veoloured, Tw. Night, 1.iv.31, ruddock, robin, Cym., 4 ii 225, rudesby, iide fellow, Tam. Shrew, 3.i.10, rue, pity, Titus, 1 i.196.

rue. 111. Trues, 11.1116.
ruffle, main, osteniation, Lor. Comp., 58;
blu-ter. swagger, Trues, 1.1.313.
rug-headed, chaggy-hair'd, Rich. 2, 2:156.
rump-fed, fat-rumped, well fed (but other suggestions put forward), Mac, 1.1116.
runagate, deserter, fugnive, Rom. and Jul., 3. 89

3, 89
runaways (not satisfactorily explained), Rom. and Jul., 3,416 (cp. ragatonds, rascals, and runaways, Rich. 3, 5,in,316).
russet, homespun cloth, so plain, gennine, L. Lab. Lost, 5,in 413; russet-pated, greyheaded, Mid. N. Dr., 3,11,21, russet-pated, rich, phy, ruthful, philable, Troil, and Cres., 5,in, 18.

Saba, Queen of Shebn. 'Saba' is the spelliused in the Bishops' Bible, Hen 8, 5.v.23. sable, black, Ham., 2.u.446. 'Saba' is the spelling

sable, black, Ham., 2.4.46.
sables, garment trummed with a brown fur, for ceremonial or leasure, Ham., 3.4.125; 4.vit.80.
sack, a white wine of Sherry class from Spain or Canaries, 1 Hen. 4, 1.4.7.
sackbut, musical instrument of brass group, like frombone, Con., 5.1v. 48.
Sackerson, a performing bear at Paris garden, Mer. II IVES Win., 1.1.239.
sacring bell, during Mass, the bell rung at elevation of Host; or bell calling to morning prayer, Hen. 8, 3.4.295.
sad, sertons, grave; speak sad brow and true

prayer, Hen. 8, 3.h.295.

sad, serious, grave; speak sad brow and true mad, is all truth and sincerity, As You Like, 3.h.290; Jul. Caes. 1.h.217; sad-cyld, of serious countenance, Hen. 5, 1.h.202; sadness, gravity, 3 Hen. 6, 3.h.17.

sate, same, sound, Oth. 4.1.266.

saffron, crocus-yellow (alluding to yellow sturch'd ruffs, etc.), All's Well, 4.v.2.

Sagittary (i) the Centaur whom medieval romaneurs represent as fighting as an archer for the Trojans, Trot. and Cres., 5 v.14; (ii) An lun with the sign of Sacittarius (but there are other explanations), Oth., 1.1.159.

sail, ships, armado of convicted sail, defeated fleet, John, 3.v.2.

fleet, John, 3.iv.2. sain, tolore been sain, said before, L. Lab. Lost

salad days, youth, Ant. and ('leo,' 1.v.73.
salamander, failed to live in fire, so of toper's
red face, 1 Hen. 4, 3.111.45.
sale-work, ordinary ready-made quality, As
inc Like, 3.v. 43.

Solique, S. Ady.

Salique, Salique lau, law limiting succession to here male, Hen. 5, 1, 16, 54

saliet ij salad, 2 Hen. 6, 4.x.8; sallets, or buwdy lines, Ham., 2, 11, 435; (ii) helmed, 2 Hen. 6, 4.x.10, salt, man of salt, tearful, Lear, 4.vi. 196; biting, Trod. and Cres., 1, 11i, 371; wanton, Ant. and Class. 2, 1, 21.

Saltiers, perhaps for 'Satyrs', Win. Tale, 4.1v.320.

Tim. Shrew, 1,ii.109.

Toted, learnt by rote, Cor., 3,ii.55.

rother, ox. Timon, 4,iii.12.

round, adi., roundest manner, plainest, Lear, 1,iv.53.

round, to whisper, John, 2,1.566.

roundel, a dance in a circle, Mid. N. Dr., 2,iii.1.

roundel, a dance in a circle, Mid. N. Dr., 2,iii.1.

roundel, a dance in a circle, Mid. N. Dr., 2,iii.1.

sandy hour, hour marked by the falling roundry. core of the falling sand in hour glass, 1 Hen. 6, 4,ii.36.

royal, gold coin, value 10 shillings, 1 Hen. 4, 2, 1.720.

Sarcenet, adj., made of firmsy silk (Saracenic) Troil. and Cres, 5.1.29; filmsy, 1 Hen. 3.1.252.

Sarum, Sarum plain, Salisbury plain, Lear 2.11.78.

Saturn, planet under which saturnine characters were born, revengeful, Much Ado, 1.m.10 Titus, 2.m 31.

Trius, 2.m 31.

Savoy, palace in Strand. 2 Hen. 6, 4 vn 1. 5

Say (1) serge, 2 Hen. 6, 4 vn 23, (n) accent quality, Lear, 5.m 144.

Sblood, by God's blood, Ham., 2 n.362

Scaffoldage, the boards of the stage, Troil. and Cres., 1 m 156.

Scald, Scurvy. Ant and Cleo., 5 n 211.

Scale, scaled scalls, scattered shoals, Troil. and Cres., 5 v 22.

Scamble, Scramble, Loby, 4 vn 146.

Cres. 5.v 22.

scamble, scramble, John, 4 m.146.

scamels (various suggestions, e.g. scamells scamews), Tem. 2.11 162.

scantling, sample, Troil. and Cres., 1 m 341 scantly, deprecatingly, Ant. and Cloc., 3.nv.6 scarre (meaning doubtful), All's Well, 4 m.38 scathe, noun, injury, John, 21.75; verb, to injure, Rom, and Jul., 1.v.82.

scatter, scatter'd kingdom, disjunted realin, Lear, 3.1.31

Lear, scaner a kingaom, distinited realm, Lear, 3.1.31.

scene, scene undividable, the locality of events unchanged, unity of place, Ham, 2.11.395.

school, university, Ham, 1.1.1.13; the learned faculties, All's Well, 1.11.1231.

science, knowledge, All's Well, 5.111 103.

scion, cutting for grating, Wim. Tale, 4.1v.93; bud, 0th., 1.11.331.

sconce, fort, Hen. 5, 3 vi.71; protection, Com Err., 2.11.34; head, Ham, 5.1.99.

scorch, cut, Com. Err., 5.1.183.

score, the score and the tally, reckonings kept by notehing a stick, 2 Hen. 6, 4.vii.32; on the score, in debt, Tam. Shrew, Ind.i. 21.

scot, scot and lot, in full, 1 Hen. 4, 5.v.114 (scot, scot and lot, in full, 1 Hen. 4, 5.v.14 (scot, 4.vii.10; rero, to cut, wound, Ant. and Cleo., 4.vii.10; rero, to cut, wound, Cor., 4.v.186, Mac., 3.11.13 (where Folio reads scorch'd-see scorch).

scring, fencer, Ham., 4.vil.100.
scrip, document, Mid. N. Dr., 1.ii.3.
scrip, scrip and scrippage, shepherd's pouch (the second element being a nonce formation), .1s
You Like, 3 ii.152.

second element being a nonce formation), .1s You Like, 3 ii.152. estriptures, writings, letter (with reference to holy writ), Clm, 3:1v.79. scrowl, indicate roughly (as a scrawl may). Thus, 2:1v.5. scroyle, rascal, John, 2:1.373. scroyle, rascal, John, 2:1.373. scroyle, rascal, John, 2:1.373. scrublod, undersized, Mer. Ven., 5:1.162. scrublods, scrupulous faction, hesitating allegiance, Ant. and Clee., 1:1ii.48. scullis, shoals, Troil. and Cres., 5.v.22. scullin, kitchen drudge, Ham., 2:1.583. scut, tail of a deer, Mer. Wives Win., 5.v.17. Scatis, by God's death, Cor., 1:1.215. scalcoal, pit coal (not charcoal), so called being brought to London by sea from Newcastle, 2 Hen. 4, 2:1.85. scal, scalf quarks, measures officially stamped as correct. Tam. Shrew, Ind.1:86. scal, scalf quarks, measures officially stamped as correct. Tam. Shrew, Ind.1:86. scalmid, mermaid, Mcd. N. Ir., 2:1.154. scalmid, s

3.ii.57.
Searny, seamy side, worst side, Oth., 4.ii.147.
Sear, sere, sere or withered state, Mac., 5.iii.23;
sear'd, withered, Lov. Comp., 14.
searcher, officer that reported on the cause of death and kept watch for cases of plague, Rom. and Jul., 5.ii.3.
Searching, searching terms, invective, 2 Hen. 6, 3.ii.31; searching wine, intoxicating, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.27.

second, supporter, Lear, 4 vi 195 sect (i) a cutting, Oth, 1.ui 331, (ii) a division, party, Lear, 5.iii.18, womankind, 2 Hen 4, 2.iv 37.

sectary, sectar Lear, 1.11.143. sectary astronomical, an astrologei,

secure, ad, free from all suspicion or cate, secure hour, fearing no danger, Ham, 1, v 61, Oth, 3 in 202; verb, to make eareless, Leur, 4...21; secure thy heart, free it from anxiety, Timon, 2 in 177.

Security, security is mortal's chiefest enemy, lack of vigilance, Mac, 3 v 32.
See, Me Scc, Rome, M Meas, 3.11 206.
Seeded, come to a head, active, Troil, and Cres., 1 11.316.

Seedness, sowing, M. Meas., 1.iv.12
seel, to close the eyes of a captured falcon by a thread through its cyclids, so to blind, Oh, 3.in.214; Mac., 3.i.46.
seeming, appearance, outward show true or false, Win, Tale, 4.iv 75; Much Ado, 4.i.55
seld, seld-shown famens, priests who seldom appear in public, Cor, 2.i.203.
semblable, adi, similar, 2 ffen. 4, 5 i 62; noun, his semblable, adi, similar, 2 ffen. 4, 5 i 62; noun, his semblable, in like, Timon, 4.ii 22.
sennet (in stage directions) trumpet notes to mark entrance or exit of a procession, Mac., 3.i.10 (8 D., 5).
se'nnight, week (from angient custom of

3.110 (S.D.).

se'nnight, week (from ancient custom of beginning day at sunset), Oth., 2.1.77.

senseless, senseless thrugs, objects without feeling, Jul. Caes., 1.1.36; senseless conjuration, addressed to the manimate earth, Rich 2, 2.1.33 3.11.23.

Sensible, the sensible arouch, the evidence of one of the senses, Ham., 1.1.57; capable of physical or spiritual feeling, Mal. N Dr., 5.1.181; Mer. Ver., 2.vib.48; capable of being felt, Mac., 2.1.36.

Sensibly, sensibly in grief, affected by grief, Ham., 4.v.147; sensibly ouldares, in spite of being subject to pain, wounds, etc., Cor, 1.iv.54.

sentence, moral saying, maxim, Mer. Vcn, Lit 9. sententious, full of wise saws, As You Like, 5.iv 60.

septement, the north, 3 Hen. 6, 1.1v 136. Sequent, following, Oth., 1 ii.41; consequent, Lear, 1.ii.102. Sequester, norn, separation, Oth., 3.1v 37; very, sequesterd, separated, As You Like,

verb, 2.i.33.

sequestration, separation, Oth., 1.iii.343 (per-

sequestration, separation, Oth., 1.iii.343 (perhaps sequel).

sere, tickle o' th' sere, easily set off (like a gun with a low trigger pressure, the sere being part of the trigger mechanism), Ham., 2.ii.322.

sergeant, balliff, Ham., 5.ii.328.

serpigo, skin discuse, Troul. and Cres., 2.iii.70.

servant, avowed lover, Two Gent. Ver., 2.iii.70.

set, stake, Who sels me else? Who puts down a stake (challenge) against me, Rich. 2, 4.i.57; (as in music), Two Gent. Ver., 1i.i.81.

setter, spy for thieves, 1 Hen. 4, 2.ii.48.

several, adj., a several plot. a private enclosure, Son., 137.9; as opposed to common land, L. Lab. Lost, 2.i.222; noun, severals, particulars, Hen. 5, 1.i.86.

sewer, butter, servant responsible for service

sewer, butter, servant responsible for service at table, Mac., 1.vii.1 (S. D.).

'Stoot, by God's foot, Trout. and Cres., 2.iii.5.

ag, harv, shap-hair'd kern, 2 Hen. 6, 3.i.367.

ale, shell, Hen. 5, 4.ii.18.

shamefac'd, modest, backward. Rich. 3,

sharmerac d, modest, backward. Ruch. 5, 1.iv.137. shard (i) broken bit of pottery, Ham., 5.1.225; (ii) wing-case or wing of beetle, Ant. and Cleo. 3.il.20; shard-borne, Mac., 3.il.42; sharded. Oym., 3.il.20; shark, shark up, gather as chance offers, Hum., 1.i.98.

sheal'd, shell'd, Lear, 1.iv.198.

shearman, cloth-cutter, 2 Hen 6, 4.n 128
sheav'd, sheav'd hal, straw hat, Lov. Comp., 31.
sheep-biter, term of abuse. Tw. Night, 2 v's sheer, pure, Rich. 2, 5 in 61, for sheer ale, 10r ale alone, Tam. Shrew, Ind 1.22.
sheat, blamed, Ham., 3 n.388
sherris, sack, from Keres in Spain, 2 Hen. 4,
4 n.101. Ship-tire, claborate head-dress, Mer. Wives Win., 3.iii.48. shift, trick, John, 4 in 7. 13 nu. 3. nil. 48.

shive, silce, Tius, 2.1 87.

shoal, shallow, Mac. 1. vn.6 (Folio reads shoal, shallow, Mac. 1. vn.6 (Folio reads shoon, shees, 2 Hen. 6, 4.1.180

shoot, reckoning, (pm., 5 vv.155; shot-free, without paying, 1 Hen. 4, 5 in. 30.

shotten, shotten herring, herring that has shed its roe and is of httle value, 1 Hen. 4, 2. vv. 122.

shough, sheggy dog, Mac. 3.193.

shouter-shotten, damaged in the shoulder, Tam. Shrew, 3.1.52.

shove-greet, shove-great shalling (same as an Edward shovel-board, Mar. Wices II m., 11.139), smooth shillars for game of shove-halfpenny, smooth shillars for game of shove-halfpenny, rauara snove-tooura, Autr. 3 (1683) in., 1.1.1333, smooth shilling for game of shove-halfpenny, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv. 182. hrewd, shrewish, Mtd. N. Dr., 3.ii.323; mishcous, All's Well, 3.v. 65; evil, Ant. and shrewd, shrewish, Wha. N. 65; evil, Ant. and malicous, All's Well, 3., 55; evil, Ant. and Cleo., 4.1x.5.
shrieve, sheriff, All's Well, i mi.174.
shrift, confession and absolution, Rom. and Jul., 2.1ii 56.
shrill-gorged, shrill-throated, Lear, 4.vi.58.
shrine, image, Rom., and Jul., 1.v.92.
shroud, shelter, Ant. and Cleo., 3.xm 71.
shrouds, ropes supporting mast, John, 5.vii.53.
shrow, shrew, L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.46.
suche, Shekel, M. Meas, 2.5i.149.
suche, shekel, M. Meas, 4.1i.194.
singule, royal ancestors, Oth., 1.1i.22.
silly, helpless, Two Gent. Ver., 4.1.72.
simplic medicinal herbs were called simples because ingredients in medieval compounds, Lear 4.v.14; Hum., 4.vii.144.
simplicity, folly, Son., 66, 11.
shanlar, simular man of orvine, hypocrite, Lear, 3.1.54; Specious, Cym., 5.v.200.
singule, to single out, L. Lab. Lost, 5.168.
singule, to single out, L. Lab. Lost, 5.168.
singule to single out, L. Lab. Lost, 5.168. shrewd. sister, Sisters Three, the three Fates, Mid. N. Dr., 5.1.327. Ir., 5.1.521.
Size, sizes, allowances, Lear, 2.iv.174; share, int. and Cleo, 4.xv.4.
krains-mates, unexplained term of reproach, Rom. and Jul., 2.iv.150.
Hom. and Jul., 2.iv.150. , 1.HL272. Shrew, 2.1.331. Shrew, 2.i.331.

Slab, sticky, Mac., 4.i.38.

Sleave, skein of silk, Mac., 2.ii.37.

Sleave, skein of silk, Mac., 2.ii.37.

Sledded, sledded Polacks, Poles on sledges,

1/1011. 1.i.63.

Sleave, hand, w'sthand, Win. Tale, 4.iv.207.

Sleave, hand, w'sthand, Win. Tale, 4.iv.207.

Sleat, slead silk, untwisted silk, Troil, and Cres.,

Slidd, By God's eyelid (cp. Troil, and Cres.,

Slidd, By God's eyelid (cp. Troil, and Cres.,

Slight, 1y Go., int. Tw. Naght, 2.v.30.

Slight, Sly God's eyelid (cp. Troil, and Jul., 2.iv.48

slipher, slippery, Oth., 3.iv.33.

Slipper, slippery, Cda., 2.iv.33.

Slipper, slippery, Cda., 2.iv.33.

Slipper, slippery, Cda., 2.iv.33.

Slipper, slippery, Lear, 1.iv.11.

Slope, wide brockes, 2 Hen. 4, 1.iv.28.

Subber, to acamp, Mer. Ven., 2.viii.39.

Smatch, taste, Jul. Caes., 5.v.46.

Smatch, taste, Jul. Caes., 5.v.46. 1372

smoke, drive from hiding with snoke, so show up faults, All's Well, 3.vl.93. smooth, flatter, Ruch, 3, Lan.48, smug, spick and spain, Lear, 4.vl.200. sneap, snub, 2 Hen, 4, 2.1.118, sneak-up, expression of contempt, Tw. Night, 2 01 90 Smipt-taffeta, smpt-taffeta fellow, over-dressed creature, All's Well, 4.v.2. smuff, huff, Lear, 3.1.26, to take in snuff, to resent, 1 Hen. 3, 1.14.51. resent, 1 11ca. 5, 1.111.11.

sob, a rest during which a horse recovers its wind, so punningly at Com. Err., 4 iff 22.

soiled, soiled horse, over fed, Lear, 4.vi.122.

sole, unique John, 4.vi.52.

solemnity, festivity, Rom, and Jul., 1.v.61. solidare, com. T.mon. 3.14, 1.v.61. solidare, com. T.mon. 3.143 sonties, samts Mer. 1 en., 2.h.39. sooth, truth. Mar., 1 n.36; flattery, Rich. 2, 3 m 1.36. sop, cake or wafer in wine, Tam. Shrew, 3.ii.172. sophister, one who makes wrong appear right, 2 Hen 6, 5 1191. sophisticated, disguised (by clothes), Lear. 3.IV.105. Sophy, Shah of Persia, Tw. Night, 2.v.161. Sophy, Shah of Persia, Tw. Night, 2.v.161. sore, see buck. sorel, see buck. Sort, mann in sort, mann y together, M. Dr., 3.n.13; mann y n sort, mann y together, M. Dr., 3.n.121; verb, ordain, Kich, 3, 2 in.36; choose, Two Gent. Ver, 3.i.92, put among, Ham, 2.n.266; suit, Ham, 1.i.109. sortance, agreement, 2 Hen. 4, 4.1.1. souse, swoop down on, John, 5.i.150. sous'd, sous'd gravet, fish treated in brine, 1 Hen. i, 4.1.12. South Sea, a South Sea of Discovery, a lengthy South Sea, a South Sea of Discovery, a lengthy voyage in the unknown Pacific, As You Like, sowl, pull, Cor., 4.v.200.
Sowter, cobbler as name of hound, Tw. Night, 2.v.113. span-counter, game in which a coin is thrown to int or he beside another, 2 Hen. 6, 4.ii.152. spavins, joint-disease of horse, Tam. Shrew, 3.n.50. speculation, vision, Mac., 3.iv.95.
speculative, with power of seeing, Oth., sperr, sperr up, shut up, Troil. and Cres., Prol. 19. sphere, the tuned spheres, the Sun, Moon and Planets were considered as carried round the earth by transparent concentric spheres, whose motions produced a harmonious sound, Ant. and Clea., 5.ii 84.

spherical, spherical predominance, influence of planets. Lear. 1.ii. 118.

spill, kill, Lear. 3.ii.8.

spital, hospital, Hen. 5, 5.i.75.

spleen, regarded as seat of anger, pugnacity, violent laughter. M. Mea., 2.ii. 122.

splinter, join (as with splints), Oth., 2.iii. 313.

sponsy, swaked in drink, Mac., 1.vii. 71.

spot, pattern, Oth., 3.iii. 439.

sprag, quick, Mer. Wires Win., 4.i.75.

springe, snarc. Ham., 1.iii. 115.

springhalt, leg-disease in horse, Hen. 3, 1 iii. 13.

square, to measure. Troil. and Cres., 5.ii. 130. 1 iii.13.

square, to measure, Troil, and Cres., 5.ii.130; to quarrel, Mid. N. Dr., 2.1.30.

squarer, quarreller, Much. ddo, 1.1.66.

squash, nnripe peasood, Mid. N. Dr., 3.1.172.

squiene, squint, Lear, 3.iv.115.

squier, carpenter's rule, L. Lab. Lock, 5.ii.474.

squier, carpenter's rule, L. Lab. Lock, 5.ii.474.

squier, squint, Lear, 4.vi.137.

staff, stares, lance sharts, Rick, 3, 5.iii.65.

staggers, disease in animals accompanied by giddiness, Tam. Shrew, 3.ii.51.

ale (i) balt, Tam., 4.1.187, dupe, Table, 1.1.304; (ii) urine, Ant. and Clec., 1.iv.68.

GLOSSARY

stamp, coin, medal, Mac., 4.11.153. stanchless, msatiable, Mac, 4 in 78. standing-bed, bed on legs, Mcr. Wires Win.. swabber, sailor who cleans up, Tw. Night. v.1vi. swaddling, swaddling clouds, wrappings for new-born infants, Ham., 2 ii 379, swarfth, swath, Tw. Night, 2 iii 139, swarfth, ad)., dark, Titus, 2.iii 72 swatth, swathing, see swaddling, Timon, 4 iii. 251. staple, wool before spinning into yarn, L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.15. Lost, 5.1.15.
starting-lole, refuge, 1 Hen. 4, 2 iv.255.
state, cons state, get up matters of state, Tw.
Night, 2 in.139, chair of authority or dignity,
Tw. Night, 2 v.42 4 iii.25i. sway'd in the back (of horse), weak-back'd, Tan. Shrew, 3.11 52 sweeting, apple, Rom. and Jul, 2 iv 77. swinge, noun, blow Troil and Cres, 1.ini.207; rerb, thrash, 2 Hen. 4, 5 iv.20 sparks, 2 Hen. 4, Tw. Night, 2.V.42 statist, statesman, Ham., 5.11 33 statute-cap, to help the wool trade Parliament made the wearing of woollen caps compulsory on Sundays, "... Lab. Lost, 5 n.281. stickler-like, as an umpire, Troil. and Cres., 5, vn.18. Swithold, Saint Vitalis, invoked as protection Swithold, Saint Vitalis, invoked as protection against nightnare, Lear, 3.1v.118.

swoopstake, to take all, Ham., 4.v.139

sword-and-buckler, arms of lower ranks, so, as epithet, common, 1 Hen 4, 1 in 230.

'Swounds, by God's wounds, Ham., 2.i. 1

sympathise, share nature, Hen. 5, 3.vn 142;

sympathized error, error shared in, Com. Err., 1, 2006 5.Yul.18.

stigmatic, marked out as wicked by some deformity, 2 Hen. 6, 5.1.215.

still, adverb, always, sull-nex'd Bermoothes, always storm bound, Ten., 1 11.229.

stillitory, a still, 'Pen. and Adom., 443.

stillitory, a still, 'Pen. and Adom., 443.

stillitory, a still, 'Pen. and Jul., 1 111.49.

stithy, sunthy, Ham., 3.1.82.

stoccado, thrust, Mer. Wives Win., 2.1.201, alla stoccada, at the thrust, Rom. and Jul., 5 1 396 table (-s), noun, wood or canvas for painting on, John, 2.1.503, note-book (so, table-book), Ham, 1.v.107, palm of hand, Mer. Ven, 2 in 145, backgammon. L. Lab. Lost, 5.11.326, verb, listed, Cym, 1 iv.5. tabor, frum, Tw. Night, 3 i 9. tabourine, soldier's side-drum, Troil, and Cres., 4 v. 775. 3 . 72. stock, see stoccado.
stock-fish, drad cod, softened before cooking
with beating, Tem., 3.0.67.
stole, garment, Lov. Comp., 297. stole, garment. Lov. Comp., 297.
stomach, wown. methation, As You Iake,
30.120; courage, ambition, Hom., 1:100
stone-bow, cross-bow for discharging stones,
Tw. Noght, 2v.43
stoop, to descend upon prey, Hen. 5, 4:1107.
store, increase, Son., 113
story, flagon. Ham., 5:160.
stover, iodder, Trm., 4:63.
straight-pight, erect. Cym., 5.v.164.
straight-pight, erect. Cym., 5.v.164. 4.v.275. taffeta, (hangrable taffeta, shot silk, Tw. Night, 2.1v.73. tag, rabble, Cor., 3.i 218. taint, noun, disgrate, Troil. and Cres., 1.11 374; tainture, evil state, 2 Hen. 6, 2.1.183; verb, discredit, Oth., 2.1.262; to be affected, Mac, 5.mi.3. take, icwiich, Ham., 1.i.163; take out, copy, Oth., 3.ii.300.
tall, of a fine specimen of manhood or shipping, Ant. and Cleo., 2.vi.7; Mer. Ven., 3.i.5.
tame, tamed piece, broached cask of wine, Troil. and Cres., 4.i.61.
tarre, to incite (as a dog), Ham., 2.ii.349.
Tartar, Tartarus, hell, Tw. Niyld, 2.v.184.
task, to contract, Cor., 1.ii.36; challenge, 1 Hen. 4, 5.ii.51.
taccel.praetie, tercel male hawk. Rom. and Jul., take, bewitch, Ham., 1.1.163; take out, copy, 2.111 122 strappado, a punishment in which the victim is hoisted by a rope, let fall, and then brought up with a jerk, to dislocate his joints, 1 Hen. 1, 2 17 230. strike, shed evil influence, Ham., 1.1.162, strike the vessels, tap the casks, Ant. and Cleo., 2.vii.95. strossers, strait strossers, narrow trousers, Hen. 5, 3.vn.53 stuck, see stoccado, Tw. Night, 3.iv.263. Stygian, of Styx, river of hell, Troit and Cres., tassel-gentle, tercel male hawk, Rom. and Jul., 2.11.159 2.11.159
tawdry-lace, necklace (originally from Saint Audrey's fair), Win. Tide. 4.1v.244.
tax, noun, censure, All's Well, 2.1.169; verb, to consure, Ham., 1.1v.18
taxation, censure, 18 You Like, 1.11.76; demand, Tw. Night, 1.v.197.
teen, grief, Tem., 1.11.64.
tender (1) regard, Lear, 1.1v.209; (ii) offer, Ham., 1.11.199.
tent. noun, roll of linen for cleaning out 2. style, itile, 1 Hen. 6, 4. vii. 72.
subscribe, sign to, sign away, Lear, 1.ii. 24,
assess, characterize, Rich. 2, 1.iv. 50; Much
Ado, 5.ii. 51; admit, M. Mea., 2.iv. 89; all
cruels else subscribe, write off all other cruelties,
Lear, 3. vii. 64;
subscription, obedience, Lear, 3. ii. 18,
succeed, follow as a natural or legal consequence, Lear, 1.ii. 137; bloody succeeding,
inevitable duel, All's Well, 2. iii. 189.
success, in whose success, as their issue Wiestyle, title, 1 Hen. 6, 4.vii.72. Ham., 1.iii.99.
tent, noun, roll of linen for cleaning out a wound, Troil, and Cres., 2.ii 16; verb, to probe, Ham., 2.ii.593.
tercel, male goshawk, Troil, and Cres., 3.il.51.
Termagant, a ranting part in the Mystery cycles, thought to be a Mohammedan deity, Ham., 3.ii.13. inevitable duel, All's Well, 2.iii. 189.

success, m whose success, as their issue, Win.

Tale, 1.ii.394; success of mischer, disastrous consequences, 2 Hen. 4, 4.ii.47.

succession, those coming after in like condition, All's Well, 3.v.21; after condition, inheritance, Ham., 2.ii.347; sufferance, forbearance, Hen. 5, 3.vi.121.

suggest, persuade, instruct, Son., 144, 2; Cor., 2.1.235; seduce, Oth., 2.iii.341

suggestion, incidement, Lear, 2.1.73.

summoner, officer who cited persons before ecclestisatical courts, Lear, 2.1.73.

sumpose, counterfeit suppose, deceptive substitutions, Tam. Sirven, 5.i.104.

surcesse, noun, essation, Mac., 1.vii.4. terministion, word, Much Ado, 2.1.221.
termiless, beyond words, Lov. Comp., 94.
tertian, occurring every other day, IIen. 5,
2.1.116. 2.1.16 tester, sixponce, Mer. Wives Wiv., 1.lii.84. testeril, see tester techny, peevish, Troil, and Cres., 1.1.95. tester, noun, sourf, Ham., 1.v.71; verb, afflict as with the tetter, Cor., 3.1.79. thane, Scots title (the thanes become earls in last scene), Mac., 5.viii.62.

Thessaly, the bow of Thessaly, the Calydonian boar that ravaged Thessaly, slain by Meleager, Ant. and Cleo., 4.xiii.2.

Thesis, mother of Achilles, Troil, and Cres., 1.iii.212. surcease, noun. cessation, Mac., 1.vii.4., sur-rein'd, overridden, Hen. 5, 3.v.19. suspiration, breathing, Ham., 1.ii.79. suiter, camp follower, Hen. 5, 2.i.108.

thick, thick-cy'd, dim unheeding eyes, 1 Hen. 1, 2.11.43; thick-pleuched, with dense intertwining branches, Much Ado, 1.11.8, thin-belly, then-belly doublet, unlined over bell, 1. Lab. Lost, 3.1.17. third, thread, Ten., 4.13. thirdborough, constable, Tam. Shrew, Ind.1.9. Thracian, Thraum singer, Orpheus, Mid. N. Dr., 5.1.49. boseful (from These, programs

thrasonical, boastful (from Thraso, bragging soldier in Eunuchus of Terence), As You Like,

5.1.29, three-man song-men, singers of three-part catches, Win. Tale, 4.iii.40, three-pile, rich velvet, Win. Tale, 4.iii.14, three-pild hyperboles, extravagant exaggerations, L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.40°. threne, direc (threnes), Photonx, 49. **
**three-crowned, see Hecate.

tions, L. Lab. Lost, 5.1.107.

threne, durge (threnos). Phoenix, 49.

brice-crowned, see Hecate.

rift, profit, Ham. 3.1:60.

through thread and thrum, good and bad, Mid.

N. Dr., 5.1.278; thrumm'd hat, witch-cap of weaver's ends, Mr. Wres Win. 4:1:63.

thwart, perverse, Lear, 1.1v.283; adr., against intention, Troil. and Cres., 1.11.15.

tickle, so delicately adjusted as to be unsafe, 2 Hem. 6, 1.1;211.

tight (i) (of ship) sound, Tem., 5.1.224; (ii) swift, Ant. and Cleo., 4.1v.15.

tinct, colour, Ham., 3.iv.91; the golden colour given by the alchemists' grand elbix to base metal. Ant. and Cleo., 1.v.36; the chiri tiself, All's Well, 5.iii 192.

tinctures, tinctures, stains, on handkerchies which would be dipped in the blood and kept as relies. Jul. Caes., 2.ii 89.

tire, head-dress, Mer. Wires Win., 3.ii.49 (so tire, tire on, to devour (as a bird of prey), 3 liring-house, dressing-room, Mid. N. Dr., 3.i.4 tistek, cough, Troil. and Cres., 5.ii.101.

tissue, fabric woven of gold thread and slik Ant. and Cleo., 2.ii.203.

tithe, tenth. Troil. and Cres., 2.ii.19.

tithing, locality (originally containing some ten families, or tenth of a hundred), Lear, 3 iv.132.

toast, toast in wine, Mr., Wire, Win., 3.v.32.

toast, toast in wine, Win., Tale, 4.ii.31.

tod, nown, 28 lbs. of wool; rerb, to make up a tod, Win. Tale, 4.lii.31.

toli, net, trap, Ham., 3.ii.338.

token, Lord's tokens, marks of plague and so of death, of infection of love, L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.423.

toll, pay the seller's due on a sale at market, All's Well, 5.iii.146.

toll, pay the seller's due on a sale at market, All's Well, 5.iii.146.

All's Well, 5.11.146, tomboys, liarlots, Cym., 1.v1.121.
tomgs, he tongs and the bones, a percussion instrument like the triangle, and clappers, Mud. N. Dr., 4.127.
top-gallant, mast above top-mast, so the very height, Kom. and Jul., 2.1v.184.
tortive, twisted, Troil. and Cres., 1.111.9.
touch, nown, inward sense or feeling, Cym., 1.1135; one touch of nature, a common characteristic, Troil. and Cres., 3.111.175; touchstone, Troil. nod. Cres., 3.111.175; touchstone, Troil. and Cres., 3.111.175; touchstone, Troil. and Cres., 3.111.175; touchstone, Timon, 4.111.387; of noble touch, of proved nobility, Cor., 4.149; zerb, to test, Timon, 3.111.65; to infect, John, 5.vii.2.
touze, to tear, M. Meas., 5.1.309.
train, noun, bait to trap, Mac., 4.111.118; verb, entice, Com. Err., 3.1145.
tranmal up, catch as in a net, so dispose of, Mac., 1.vii.3.

Mac., 1.vii.3.

translate, transform, Mid. N. Dr., 3.1.108.

trash, to curb a hound's impetuesity by adding weight to the collar so Oth., 2.1.297.

traverse, soldier's drill order, Oth., 1.iii.367; adv., quite traverse, missing aim with the lance at tilting and breaking it crosswise on the opponent, so As You Like, 3.iv.38.

tray-trip, game with dice in which three (trey) was the important throw, Tw. Night, 2.v.170.

treatise, receial, Mac., 5 v.12, treble-dated, with three man's span of life Phoenix, 17.

trey, throw of three with dice, I. Lab Lost. 5 11.232

tribunal, dais, Ant. and Cleo., 3.vi 3. tribune, officer elected by commons in Rome, Cor., 1 i.213

rick, norm furthern, M Meas., 5,1503, characteristic, Lear, 4 v.106; gift, Ham, 5,188, 4vth, ever (with reference to heraldy designs and their hatchings to indicate colours), Ham, 2 in 451. trick,

colours), Ham., 2 in 451, tricking, furnishings, Mer. Weres Wim., 4 iv 78, Trigon, the twelve signs of the Zodine were grouped in threes (trigons) to correspond to earth, air, water, fire 2 Hen., 4, 21, v. 251, triple, the third, or one of three, Am. and Oleo, 1, 12.

triumph, occasion of public rejouing or recreation 3 Hen. 6, 5.vii 43; trump-card, Ant. and Olco., 4 xiv. 20. trophy, token. Lo. Comp., 218; memoral, Ham., 4 v. 210. tropically meta-

be pushed

try, bri bring her to try, into the wind, Tem.,

tucket, signal on trumpet, Hen. 5, 4.ii.35, tuition, protection, Much Ado, 1.i.244.
Tully, Jully's Orator, Cicero's De Oratore, Tully, Tully

tun-dish, funnel, M. Meas., 3.ii.161. twiggen, wicker covering, Oth., 2.iii.140. twire, twinkle, Son., 28.12.

umber, earthy brown colour, As You Like, 1.m.108; umber'd, showing dark in the fire-light, Hen. 5, 4 Cher 9.

umbrage, shadov Mam., 5.ii.119. unable, week, inadequate, Lear, 1.1.59. unaccommodated, unprovided with civilization gives, Lear, 3.iv.106. unadvis d, unconsidered, Rom. am with what and Jul.

2.11.118

unadvis'd, unconsidered, Rom. and Jul, 2.ii.118, without receiving extreme unction, Ilam., 1.v.77.
unattainted, impartial, Rom. and Jul, 1.ii.85.
unavcided, not to be escaped, Rich. 3, 4.lv.217.
unbarb'd, unprotected, barc, Cor., 3.ii.99.
unbated, unbiunted, so of rapier without button on point, Ham., 4.vii.138.
unbotted, explain, Timon, 1.i.54; unbotted, unbinte, explain, Timon, 1.i.54; unbotted, institted, so crude, Lear, 2.ii.61;
unbonneted, without removirs the bonnet (cp. Cor., 2.ii.e., where 'bonneted' meanwith cap in hand), Oth., 1.il.23.
unbookish, unbookish jealousy, uninstructed in ways of society, Oth., 4.1.101.
unbraided, fresh and new, Win, Tale, 4.lv.291.
unclew, unit, Timon, 1.1.171.
uncoined, uncoined constancy, pure metal needing no formal stamp to give it worth, Hea. 5, 5.il.153.

unconfirmed, uninstructed, Much Ado, 3.iii.107. uncouth, unfamiliar and fearsome, Titus, 2.111.211.

2.11.211.
unction, ointment, Ham., 3.iv.145.
underborne, lined, Much Ado, 3.iv.20.
underrest, support worthly, Cor., 1.ix.72.
under-skinker, tapster, 1 Hen. 4, 2.iv.22.
undertaker, venurer, Tw. Night. 3.iv.302.
undoubted, fearless, 3 Hon. 6, 5.vii.0.
unexpressive, beyond all praise, As You Like.
5.ii.10.

unhair'd, too young for a beard, John, 5.ii.133.
unhoused, without domestic responsibility.
Oth., 1.ii.26.

unhous'led, not have taken the sacrament, Ham. 1v.71.
unamproved, waiting to be given shape or purpose, Ham, 1196, union, peat, Ham, 5.11.264, unkennel, disclose itself, Ham. 3 1179, unkind, unnatural, Lear, 3 1v.70; Timon. unkind,

unlimited, poem untamed drama not observing unities of time and place, Ham., 2 ii 395, vumarn'd (of a hawk), still untrained by man,

rumann'd (of a hawk), still untrained by man, ktom. and Jul., 3 u 1 i.
unmoving, as if unmoving, Oth. 4 u 56
unpayed, castrated, Cym., 2.un.31.
unpink'd, still lacking their pierced pattern
Tam. Shrew. 4 1.117.
unpregnant, barren of purpose, Ham., 2.u 562
unprizable, beyond price, in value or worthicssness, Cym. 1.iv.86; Tw. Nught, 5 i.49.
unproper, not reserved for one man, Oth.,
4 168 4.1.68.

4.168.

unrespective, thoughtless, Rich. 3, 4.129.
unrespective siere, for what we no longer heed,
Troil. and Cres., 2 11.71.
untented, incurable, too deep for the tent to
clean and cure, Lear, 11.7300.
unvalued, priceless, Rich. 3, 1.1v.27; of no
worth or rank. Hain., 1.iii.19.
unyok'd, unjok'd humour, unrestrained mood,
1 Hen. 4, 1.ii.189.
upcast, throw at bowls, Cym., 2.1.2.
up-spring, up-spring reels, a style of dance,
Ham. 1.iv.9.
urchis, hedgeheg, Trius, 2.iii.101; hobgoblin
Mer. Wrees Win. 4.1v.48.
urinal. doctor's glass for testing urine, Twa
Gent. Ver. 2.1.35.
usance, interest. Mer. Ven., 1.ii.40.

Genl. Ver. 2.1.35.

usance, interest. Mer. Ven., 1.1ii.40.

use, custom. Ham., 1.ii.134; m use, in trust, Mer. Ven., 4.1.378; interest. Son., 6.5.

usuring, profiteering, Tumon 3 v 110.

usurp'd, usurp'd beard, new-acquired beard like a soldier's, Oh., 1.iii.339.

utis, week beginning with a feast-day, so frolic, 2 Hen. 4, 2.iv.19.

utter, cll. Rom. and Jul., 5.1.67.

utterance, lo th' utterance (a outrance), in a fight to the death, Mac., 3.i.71.

vade, fade, Son., 54, 14.
vail, noun, sinking, Troil, and Cres., 5.viii 7,
rrb, lower, M. Meas., 5.i.20; lower in tol en
of submission, Cor., 3.i.98.
vails, dues, Per., 2.i.148.
valanc'd, fringed (with a beard), Hum., 2.ii 418.
validity, worth, All's Well, 5.iii.190; strength,
Ham., 3.ii.184.

value, volued file, the list giving the gift valued in each item, Mac., 3.1.94.
Vanity, Fanity the purpet. Lady Vanity was a character in Morelity plays, Lear, 2.11.33.
vantbrage, armour for forearm, Troil, and Gres.,

variet, squire, Troil. and Cres., 1 i.1; but often used abusively; varietry, mob, Ant. and Cleo.,

5.1.56.
vastidity, measureless space, M. Meas., 3.1.70.
vaunt, first part. Troll. and Cres., Prol.27.
vaunt-couriers, forerunrers, Lear, 3.11.50.
vaward, advance-guard, Hen. 5. 4.11.130.
velure, velvet, Tam. Shrew, 3.11.57.
velvet-guards, see guard.
vent (1) vent of hearing, ear, 2 Hen. 4, Ind. 2,
(ii) full of vent, but on the scent Cor., 4.v.223
ventage, stops of wind-instrument. Ham.
3.11.348

ventage, 3.ii 348.

ventricle, one of the three divisions into which the brain was held to be divided, L. Lab. Lost, 4.ii.66.

venue, veney, thrust. L. Lab. Los, 5.1.52; hit at fencing, Mer. Wires Win., 1.1.259. verbatim, orally, 1 Hen. 6, 3.1.13.

verge, circle bmit, 2 Hen 6, 1 iv 22. Veronesa, a ship charter'd from Verona Oth.. 2 1, 20

via, inherection, go on, 3 Hen. 6 21132 vice, The Vice was a character in the Morahty plays presented often as a bulloon, so Ham, 3 w 98.

vie, to call against or stake at eards, so to compete with, 11d and Clee, 5 n.98 vigil, rec of a feast-day Hea 5, 4 ni 45 Villago, villain, slave, 2 Hea 6 4 vii 45 viol-de-gamboys, rold da gamba, being held b twen the knees like the cello, Tir. Night.

1 m 24.

1 in 24. virginalling, fingering, as if playing on the virginals, II in. Tale, 1 in 125. virtue. valour, Lear 5 in.104; the most excellent characteristic. Timon, 3.v.8. virtuous, potent, Mid. N. Dr., 3 in 367. visit, shangly-isited, terribly afflicted, Mac., 4 in 150° punish John, 2.1179. visitation (in two senses), affliction (of love) and visit. Tem., 3.132.

waft, carry by sea, John. 2.1.73; becken, Mer. Ven., 5.1.11; move, Win. Tale, 1 11.372 waftage, transport (by ferry), Troil. and Cres., 3 11.10.

waftage, transport (by 'erry', Troil. and Cres., 3 ii.10.
wafture, motion, Jul. Caes., 2.1.246.
wag, to go about, Trius, 5.11.87.
wage, wag'd e.ual, met on equal terms (like equal stakes), Ani. and Cheo., 5.131.
waist, of ship, mid part, Tem, 1 ii.197.
wake, noun, celebration on some holy day, beginning the evening before, Lear, 3.vi.73; rerb, hold night revel, Ham, 1.iv.8.
wall-ey'd, discolouration of eye, giving it threatening look, John, 4.ii.49.
wan, go pale, Ham., 2.i. 547; Ani and Cheo., 2.121 (may mean, lost its youthful colour).
wappen'd, worn out, Timon, 4.ii.38.
warder, lation, 2.ii.245; defence, Mer. Wives Wirn, 2.ii 222.
warden, baton of rank, Rich, 2, 1.ii. 118.
warder, baton of rank, Rich, 2, 1.ii. 118.
warder, baton of rank, Rich, 2, 1.ii. 118.
ware, bed of Wae, at Waite in Hertherishire, famous for its size (now in the Victoria and Albert museum). Tr. Night, 3.ii. 41.
warp, distort, All's Well, 5 iii. 12; change, As Tem Like, 2.vi. 187; warp'd, distorted, Lear, 3.vi.52; the authority Hum, 5, 1921.

3.v1.52

warrantise, authority, Ham., 5 1.221.
warranty, permission, Oth. 5.n 63
warren, game preserve. Mich. 1do. 2 1.191.
warrener, game-keeper, Mer. Wires Win.,

warrener, game-keeper, Mer. Bires Wim., 1.N 25.

wassail (originally the salutation on drinking) cerousens, Ham. 1 v.9.
waste, waste beanks, unused pages, Son 77, 10.
waste, waste beanks, unused pages, Son 77, 10.
waste, noun, what is damaged (as in legal sense of damage to an extre by owner), Rich. 2, 2.103, decointion, Ham., 1.h.198; werb, wasted time, past time, Son., 106, 1.
Wat, hare, Ven, and Adom. 697, watch, a water, insomnia, Ham., 2.li.147; timepiece, L. Lab. Lost, 3, 1.182; verb, to tame hawk by denying it sleep, Tam. Shrew, 4.l.179, water, brilliance of damond, Truon, 1.1.20, water-gall, secondary bow Licreee, 1588, watering, drinking, 1 Hen. 4, 2.v.15, water-work, water-colours, 2 Hen. 4, 2.1.141, weals sinte, Mac., 3.iv.76, wealsmen, statesman, Cor., 2.l.50, weather-tend, shelter, Tem., 5.l.10, weather-tend, shelter, Tem., 5.l.10.

weather-fend, shelter, Tem., 5.1.10. weed, garment, Mid. N. Dr., 2.1.256.

GLOSSARY

weet, to know, Ant. and Cleo., 1.i.39.
werd, Werd Subers, the Fates, Mac., 1.iii.32.
welkin, sky, Tem., 1.ii.4.
westward-ho, cry of boatmen going up
'Thame. Tw. Night, 8.i.131.
wezand, windpipe, Tem., 3.ii.87.
wharf, river-hank, Hain, 1.v.33.
Wheeson, Whitsun, 2 Hez. 4, 2.i.85.
whelk, pimple, Hen. 5, 3.v.199.
whelk'd, in sprals, Lear, 4.v..71.
whiffler, official who.goes shead of procession
to tlear the way, Hez. 5, 5.Chor.12
whinid'st, very mouldy, Troil and Ures., 2.14.
whipping-cheer, served with the lash, whim st. very moute, from the lash, 2 Hen. 4, 5.1v.5. whipsing-cheer, served with the lash, 2 Hen. 4, 5.1v.5. which, one whipster, insignificant enough to be whipt, Oth. 5.1v.247. whirliging, like Fortune's which, Tw. Night whitsi, hushed. Tem., 1.4.378.
whitsi, hushed. Tem., 1.4.378.
whitsi, hushed. Tem., 1.4.378.
white, noun, play on white on target and name of Bianca, Tam. Shreps. 5.11186, adj., fresh (not cured), Lear, 3.vl.31.
white-lim'd, white-washed, Titus, 4.1198.
whitise-time, bleaching-time, Mer. Wives Win., 3.11115.
whittle, small knite, Timon, 5.1178.
whoreson, bastard, Lear, 1.1.22.
wild, weald, 1 Hen. 4, 2.1.54.
wild-goose chase, form of cross-country horse-racing, Rom. and Jul., 2.iv.69.
wild mare, see-saw, 2 Hea. 4, 2.iv.237.
wiltui-blame, deliberately oulpable, 1 Hen. 4, 3.1177. 5 1.362.

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winking, blind spell, Ham., 2.ii.136.
winnowed, select Ham., 5.ii.187.
winter-ground, cover as against winter's winter-ground, cover as against w frost, Cym., 1.0.230. wise woman, witch, Tw. Night, 3 iv.97.

wood, mad, frantic, Mrd. N Ir., 2.1.192. woodcock, a fool (like the stupid bit 1), Ham...

woodman, hunter, Cym., 3.vi.28; so, of women, M. Meas., 4.iii.158.
woollen, in the woollen, in blankets and no sheets, or in the grave (the shroud being by law of wool), Much Ado, 21.26.
woolward, with woollen inner garment, L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.698.

working, causing a working of the feelings, Hen. 8, Prol. 3.

world, yo to the world, marry, Much Ado, 2.1.287; woman of the world, married woman, As You Like, 5.111.4.

worm, small snake, Ant. and Cleo., 5.ii.242. wort (1) vegetable, Mer. Wives Win., 1.i.110; (11) unfermented beer, L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.233. worthy, deserved, of praise or blame, All's Well, 4 m 5.

wett, 4 m 5.
wrangler, opponent, Hen. 5, 1.1.264.
wrest, noun, key for tightening harp-strings,
Troil. and Cres., 3.11.23; verb, draw out,
Titus, 3.11.44; misconstrue, Much Ado,
3.11.30.

3.1.30.
writhled, wrinkled, 1 Hen. 6, 2.jii.23.
wroth, misfortune, Mer. Ven., 2.jx.78.
wry, leaving path of virtue, Cym., 5.1.5.
wry-neck'd, fife, played with the head turned away, Mer. Ven., 2.y.29.

yare, quels and efficient, Ant. and Cleo, 3.vii.38 (of ships); M. Meas., 4.ii 53; yarety, Ant. and theo, 2.ii.215.
yaw, (of ship) to steer unsteadily, Ham., 5.ii.114.
yawn, gape in sunnise, Ham., 4.v.9.
yelad, tade, 2 Hen. 6, 1.i.32.
yeleped, (alled, L. Lab. Lost, 1.i.23).
Yead, Yedward, Edward, Mer. Wives Win., 1.i.140; 1 Hen. 4, 1.i.129.
yearn, give, Hen. 5, 4.ii.26.
yellowness, jealousy, Mer. Wives Win., 1.ii.97.

1.111.97. yellows, jaundice (of horses), Tam. Shrew.

3.i..50.

yeoman, yeoman's service, invaluable service (from the reputation the yeoman class had won in war), Ham., 5.ii.36.

yerk, stal), Oth., 1.ii.5.

yest, yeast, froth, Win. Tale, 3.iii.91; yesty, frothy, showy, Ham., 5.ii.186.

yoke, noun, pair, Mer., Wires Win., 2.i.156; rerb, pair, yok'd, married, Oth., 4.166.

younker, younger son, novice, Mer. Ven., 2.1.16.

2.11.14.

yravish, ravish, Per., 3. Gover. 35. yslaked, silenced, Per., 3. Gover. 1.

wise woman, witch, Tw. Night, 3 iv.97.

zany, a fool's 'stoege', Tw. Night, 1.v.84.

zenith, the culmination of his life, Tem.
1.11.181.

zodiac, year (in which sun completes its cours through the Zodiac), M. Meas., 1.ii.161, Zounds, by God's wounds, Oth., 1.i.87.